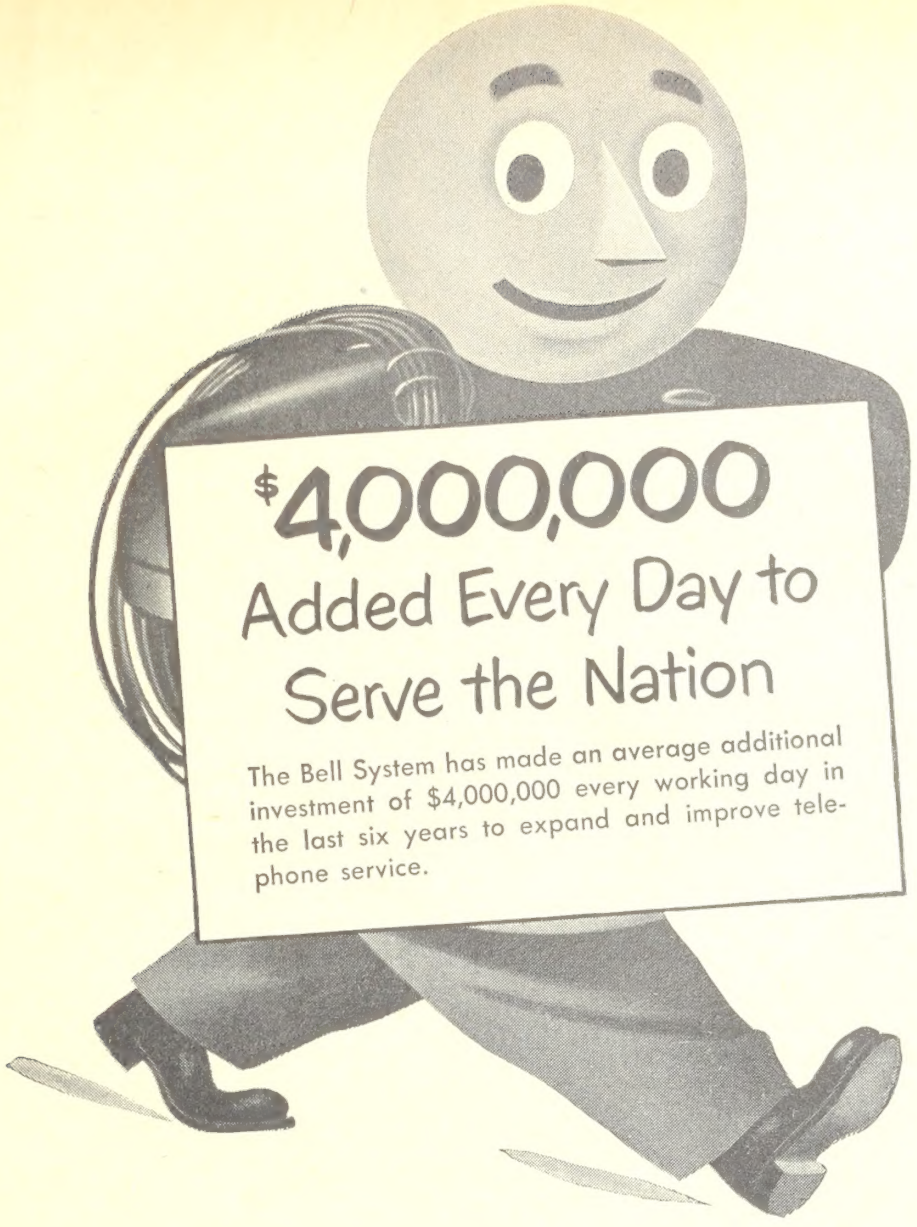
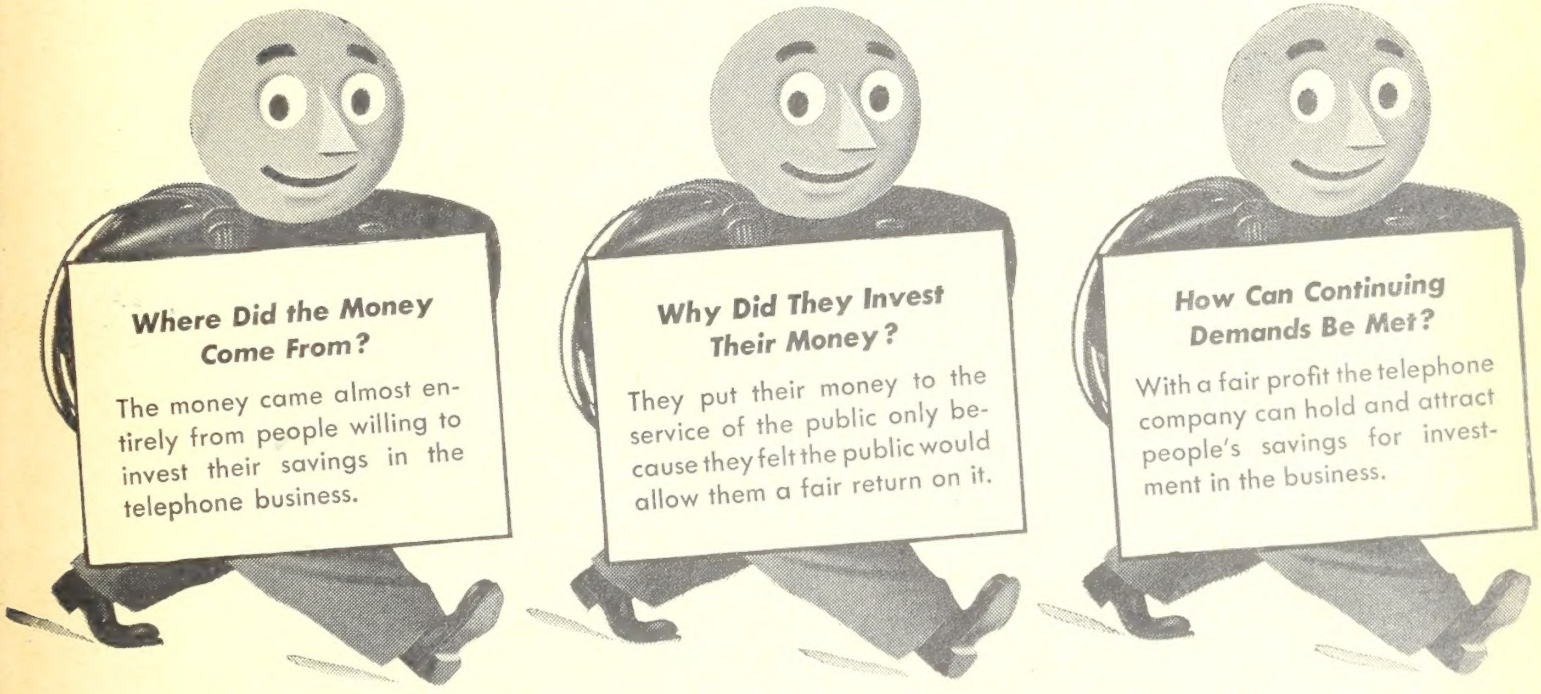
125929


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/harpersmagazine204alde

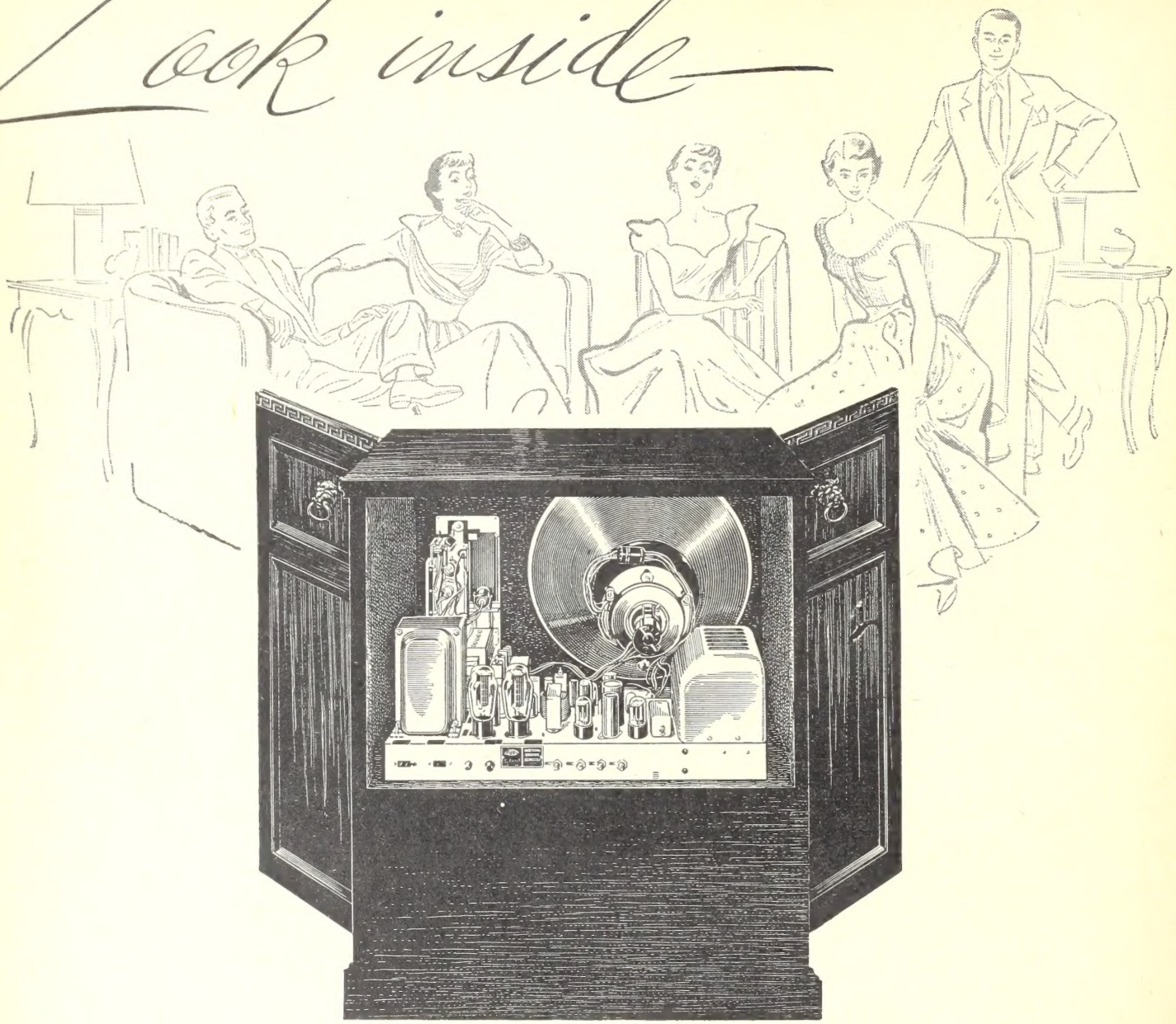




BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

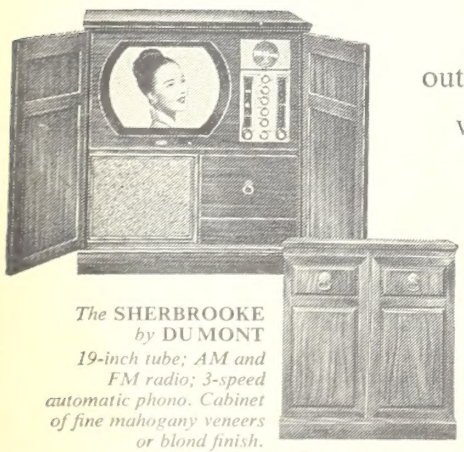
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Look inside—



—then compare!

SEE WHY DU MONTS DO MORE



The SHERBROOKE
by DU MONT
19-inch tube; AM and FM radio; 3-speed automatic phono. Cabinet of fine mahogany veneers or blond finish. Styled by Herbert Rosengren.

You need not be an expert to see for yourself the reason for Du Mont's outstanding performance. This is television's most precise instrument, built with more tubes, extra-size parts, and a solid, orderly design that reflects expert engineering and painstaking craftsmanship. Look at the Du Mont chassis. Compare it with others. Then you will know why owning a Du Mont is full assurance of long years of satisfaction.

DU MONT

First with the finest in Television

Copyright, 1951, Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc., Television Receiver Division, East Paterson, N. J., and the Du Mont Television Network, 515 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

125929

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 204 CONTENTS—JANUARY 1952 No. 1220

Personal & Otherwise. *Mostly about our contributors* 8

Letters 16

Can Eisenhower Save the GOP? . . . . . GORDON HARRISON 21

Percentages. *A Poem* . . . . . VICTOR KELLER 26

Corruption in Washington . . . . . BLAIR BOLLES 27

The Nutmeg Eater. *A story* . . . . . HAZEL HECKMAN 34
Drawings by Oscar Liebman

The Easy Chair. *The Sixty-Cent Royalty* . . . BERNARD DEVOTO 41

Truman's Guns-and-Butter Man . . . . . ROBERT J. DONOVAN 45
Portrait by Ivan Opffer

A Taxi up the Khyber . . . . . JULIAN DUGUID 51
Drawings by Claire and George Louden, Jr.

The Unseemly Economics of Opulence . . . . J. K. GALBRAITH 58

Solemn Ceremonial. *A Poem* . . . . . EARL DANIELS 63

The Queens of the Flowers. *A Story* . . . . GLEN HALEY 64
Drawings by Arthur Shilstone

Old Age's Gain . . . . . MARTIN GUMPERT 72

The Night We All Had Grippe . . . . . SHIRLEY JACKSON 74
Drawings by Herbert Danska

North to Find Iron, Part II . . . . . JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN 79
Map by Sigman-Ward

Flight 609 . . . . . ROLFE HUMPHRIES AND CHARLES G. BELL 88

After Hours . . . . . MR. HARPER 90

New Books . . . . . CHARLES POORE 96

Books in Brief . . . . . KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON 100

HARPER & BROTHERS—PUBLISHERS

Harper's Magazine; Published monthly by Harper & Brothers; 50 cents a copy; $5.00 a year. Vol. 204, Serial No. 1220, Issue for January 1952. Publication office, 99–129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising offices, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Copyright, 1952, by Harper & Brothers. All rights reserved.

in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

AMERICA has long prided itself on being essentially a "practical" nation. But today the word has suddenly gone out of fashion. With Europeans deploring a possible Americanization of their continent, Americans themselves have become embarrassed by the national faith in practical achievement, have begun to question their "spiritual" and "contemplative" values. Does this mean that the country has reached a cultural turning point? Examining the question in a stimulating, unexpected, and highly provocative manner, ***Jacques Barzun*** investigates the real base of "America's Romance with Practicality," past and present.

IN ONE of the most startlingly deflationary articles of our time, ***John Gerrity*** describes "The Truth About the Drug Menace" in the United States; while ***Theodore H. White*** turns the reader's attention from Asia to another tremendous potential trouble spot—"the last great colonial continent in the world"—in a challenging explanation of why "Africa Is Next."

RUSSELL LYNES contributes a traveler's notebook on Italy, illustrated by four pages of on-the-spot drawings by ***Steinberg.*** And in fiction there will be a second story by ***Hazel Heckman,*** who appears in this issue, with the same setting and some of the same characters who appear in "The Nutmeg Eater;" and also a new story by ***Wallace Stegner.***

HARPER'S MAGAZINE: FREDERICK L. ALLEN, *Editor in Chief;* RUSSELL LYNES, KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, ERIC LARRABEE, CATHARINE MEYER, ANNE L. GOODMAN, *Editors;* JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN, JOHN FISCHER, RICHARD H. ROVERE, *Contributing Editors.* DAVID FREDERICK, *General Manager;* WALDO W. SELLEW, *Advertising Director;* FRED M. SINGSEN, *Assistant to the Publisher;* JOHN JAY HUGHES, *Circulation and Promotion Manager.*
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS: CASS CANFIELD, *Chairman of the Board;* FRANK S. MACGREGOR, *President;* RAYMOND C. HARWOOD, *Executive Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer;* FREDERICK L. ALLEN, WILLIAM H. ROSE, JR., EDWARD J. TYLER, JR., *Vice Presidents.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE; Published Monthly; 50 cents a copy; $5.00 a year; two years, $8.00; three years, $10.00. Foreign $1.50 a year additional. Volume 204. Serial No. 1220. Issue for January 1952. Composed and printed in the U. S. A. by union labor at the Williams Press, Albany, N. Y. Publication Office, 99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33d Street, New York 16. *Copyright 1952 in the United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.* *Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.*

Four weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as new, are necessary for change of subscriber's address.
Please address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to Subscription Department, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y.

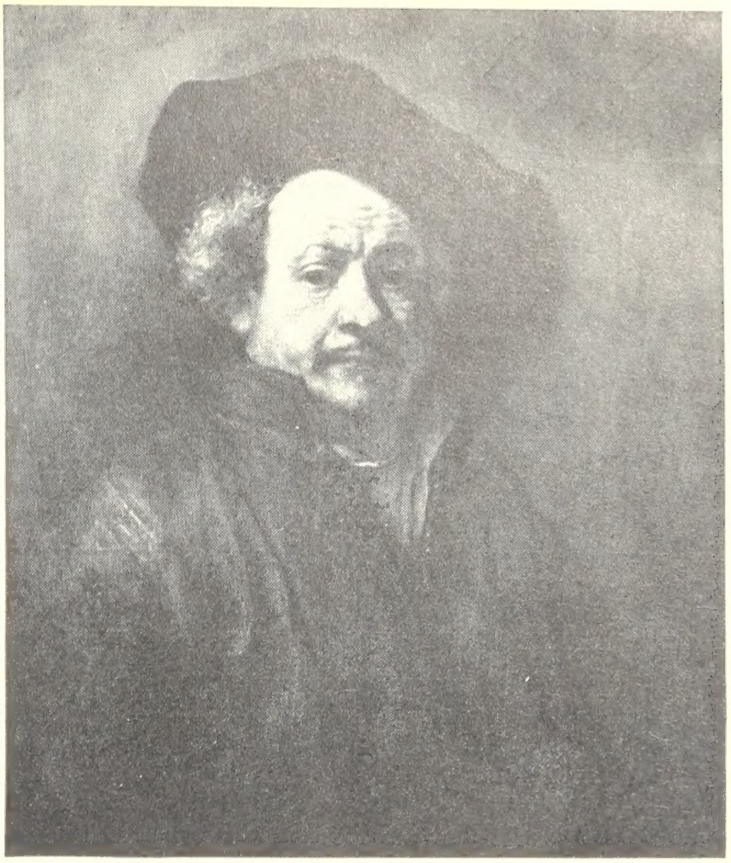
Introducing AN EXCITING NEW WAY—PARTICULARLY FOR FAMILIES WITH CHILDREN—TO OBTAIN A WELL-ROUNDED EDUCATION IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF ART

ALL MINIATURES ARE NOW OF THIS SIZE

24 FAMOUS PAINTINGS

—IN FULL COLOR—BY

Rembrandt



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

PRICE FOR THE FULL SERIES (*including 32-page Album*) $1.25

Reproduced in miniature by **THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART**

THIS STRIKING SET is an example of one of the most exciting developments in art education—both for adults and young people—ever undertaken. For more than two years, The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has been making fine Miniatures, in full color, of its most famous works of art—in order to enable cultivated people everywhere to build up gradually *a full replica in their own homes of a great art museum.*

The Museum now prepares a separate set of 24 Miniatures every month, *in the new large size shown above.* Eventually they will include the most interesting and most representative work of every period, every school, every great painter. With each set of 24 Miniatures an Album is provided in which the prints can be affixed in given spaces; and under each one you find fascinating information about what is pictured. Thus each Album, with its Miniatures, is *like a guided visit through the Museum under the instruction of an expert.*

In effect, the project is like a comprehensive university course, carried on by the staff of the Museum, in both the history and appreciation of art. Yet the plan is of such a nature that it can be understood and enjoyed by persons of all ages.

A SUGGESTION: To acquaint yourself *visually* with the project, we suggest that you send for this single set of Rembrandts. Or, if you wish to subscribe now on a continuing basis, *you can do so with the right to stop whenever you please,* just as you might wish to stop going on "guided personal visits" through the Museum. On this basis, you will receive with the first Album, and with every sixth thereafter, a handsome Portfolio in which the Albums may be kept for constant enjoyment and reference. The price for each series is $1.25, with Album.

★ ★ ★

PLEASE NOTE: Since The Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club, of New York, act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All matters having to do with distribution are handled by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC. A31
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

AS A DEMONSTRATION . . . please send me the 24 Miniatures of REMBRANDTS IN THE METROPOLITAN, with Album (price, $1.25).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU WANT SUCCEEDING SERIES with the privilege of stopping at any time. *The series immediately following will be 24 famous American water-color paintings by Eakins, Sargent and Winslow Homer.*

DO NOT ENCLOSE MONEY · A BILL WILL BE SENT

POSTAGE AND HANDLING CHARGE, WHICH WILL NOT EXCEED 10¢ PER SERIES, WILL BE ADDED

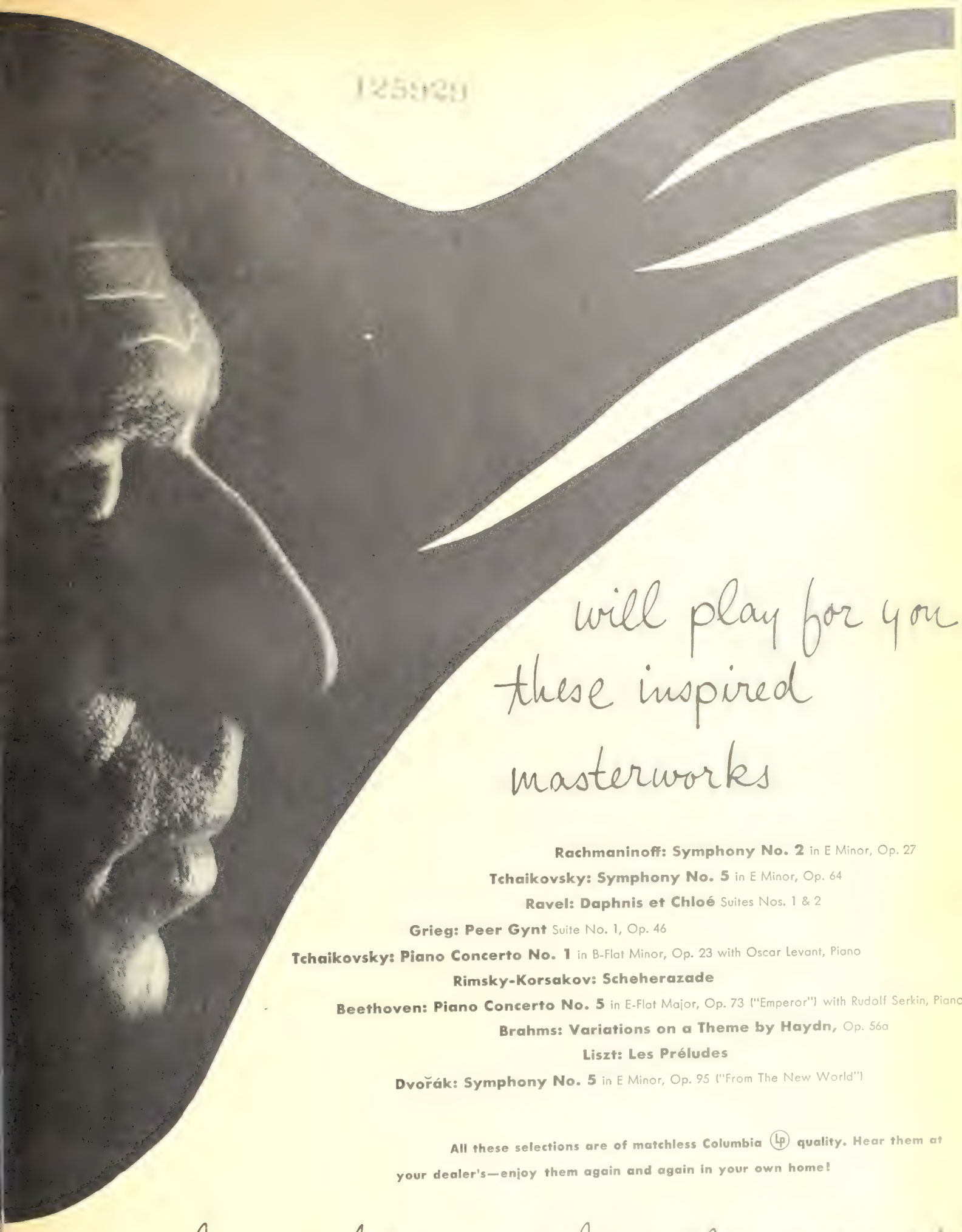
Quiet please!

The great
Philadelphia Orchestra

WITH EUGENE ORMANDY
105 MEN OF GENIUS
AND THE FINEST COLLECTION
OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
IN THE WORLD

Exclusively
on Columbia LP Records,

125929



will play for you
these inspired
masterworks

Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2 in E Minor, Op. 27

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Op. 64

Ravel: Daphnis et Chloé Suites Nos. 1 & 2

Grieg: Peer Gynt Suite No. 1, Op. 46

Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1 in B-Flat Minor, Op. 23 with Oscar Levant, Piano

Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5 in E-Flat Major, Op. 73 ("Emperor") with Rudolf Serkin, Piano

Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a

Liszt: Les Préludes

Dvořák: Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Op. 95 ("From The New World")

All these selections are of matchless Columbia (Lp) quality. Hear them at your dealer's—enjoy them again and again in your own home!

world's largest library of long playing records

(Lp) The exclusive trade-mark of Columbia Long Playing Records

Personal & Otherwise

Basic English, as you probably remember, is an 850-word language devised by C. K. Ogden, the English philosopher, as a kind of vest pocket Esperanto. It had quite a vogue for a while. Even Prime Minister Churchill, speaking at Harvard eight years ago, endorsed it as "a deftly wrought plan for an international language capable of very wide transactions of practical business and of interchange of ideas."

A good many people wondered, at the time, how Mr. Churchill himself would interchange ideas if he were limited to Basic English's dehydrated vocabulary. (It was Simeon Strunsky who pointed out that the Basic English translation of Mr. Churchill's most famous phrase is "blood and eye-water and face-water"—which may be basic but is certainly not English.) But the idea of a universal language is perennially attractive, especially when nations are having more than routine difficulty in getting along with one another, and you couldn't blame Mr. Churchill for thinking that "it would certainly be a grand thing" to be able to move freely about the world and find everywhere a "medium of intercourse and understanding."

As a matter of fact, Russia's Prime Minister Stalin seems to have toyed with the same idea at about the same time. Maybe he even got it from Churchill. At any rate, those were the days when Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt were indeed moving pretty freely about the world, and just a few weeks after Mr. Churchill spoke in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the three chiefs of state got together half a world away in Tehran. Joe (or J.V., as he signed himself later at Potsdam) was host, as it were, and darned if he didn't turn up with his own brand of basic English! It wasn't exactly the King's variety, but it was considerably more idiomatic than Professor Ogden's. It was also more basic, and I'm not referring to the fact that its vocabulary consisted of only one eighty-fifth as many words (though that, in itself, is going some).

As reported in *Time,* the Marshal's stab at a universal language consisted of two phrases. One, which seems to have reflected a considerate—if a trifle blunt—hospitality, was "The toilet is over there." The other, which was unfortunately tinged, as P & O remarked at the time, with a certain want of confidence in his colleagues, was "What the hell goes on here?"

For all their obvious merits as vehicles "of practical business and of interchange of ideas" these phrases were, shall we say, skimpy. But they were a start, at least, and when the Big Three met at Yalta a little more than a year later, Stalin had doubled his fluency. To be sure one of his two new phrases—"So what?"—had a surly tone, but the other—"You said it!"—couldn't be improved upon as "a medium of intercourse and understanding." We recommend it to J.V.'s henchmen in their current international negotiations.

On the whole, then, Stalin's basic English seems to P & O to have the edge on Professor Ogden's. It is at least English. Of course it isn't ample enough, as it stands, to compass

all the ideas and all the practical business of mankind. Stalin is, however, probably much too busy these days to dabble any further in linguistics. Besides, there is reason to doubt that he is really interested any longer in international understanding. P & O suggests, therefore, that UNESCO or some other United Nations agency take over the project and appoint a committee to supplement the fifteen-word vocabulary Stalin devised. As a matter of fact, we suggest a committee of one, consisting of a certain Anita Ekberg, of Sweden, who has already worked out her own basic English, consisting of precisely five words.

Maybe you read about Miss Ekberg in *Life* a few weeks ago. You certainly did if you noticed her picture, because she is the "Miss Sweden" who turned up at the recent Miss America contest in Atlantic City (as guest of honor, not a competitor) and stole the show. Well, Miss Ekberg got along with only these five words: *yah, no, hamboorger, El Morocco,* and *ice cream.* There may be a couple of other concepts that would be required in a language fully adequate to all the exigencies of international affairs, but we doubt it. As far as we can see those five cover everything from the Monroe Doctrine to Point Four. Anyway, Miss Ekberg seems to have made out all right—a whole lot better than the Russians are going to make out if they confine themselves exclusively to J.V.'s international vocabulary.

The Mess—and the Pottage

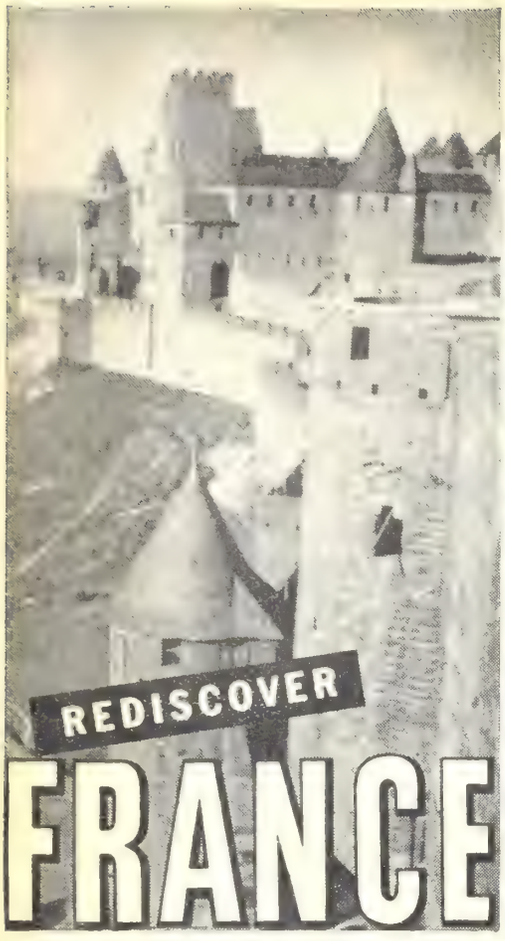
We Americans have often been apologetic about the messiness of our civilization. We look about at our roadside dumps, at the spasmodic tornadoes of gum-wrappers on subway platforms, and at the sodden banks of garbage between which industrial waste sluices down old stream-beds to the rivers and the sea, and we think wistfully of a scrubbed village square in Holland, a flawless boulevard in Paris, or a meticulous farmyard in the Black Forest. It would be nice, we think, if America weren't so untidy.

Sometimes we feel the same way about our politics. Back in the twenties, for instance, when we got a glimpse of the political sewage which had flowed through the capital during Harding's Administration, some of us talked, not without a touch of envy, about the disciplined efficiency of Mussolini's new regime in Italy. Not that we wanted fascism, of course, but the idea of political discipline does have its attractions when you look at the disorderly machinery of democratic politics.

Of course it is not just our political machinery that is untidy; the machinery of our industrial system is messy too. It is interesting to observe, for example, that the teams of British technicians, workers, and business executives who have been visiting America to study our industrial system under the auspices of the Anglo-American Productivity Council, are frequently struck by the sloppiness of our machines. As one team said, in its official report, "We found the standard of cleanliness of machines to be lower in America than in Britain. The attitude toward machinery cleaning in America seems to be that it is largely unproductive." And they concluded (in terms not unlike those which Lincoln Steffens once applied to American politics) by pointing out that "There was certainly no evidence that the dirtier machines were working any less efficiently."

Somewhere in all this there is a paradox which is inherent in the American experience. There are dozens of ways it might be stated: efficiency is a by-product of waste; nothing succeeds like a mess; waste not, have not. It is against all logic, as well as against proverbial common sense, but it is the clue to American history just the same.

THERE are three articles in this issue which touch, obliquely or directly, on this paradox. The first in the editorial line-up is ***Blair Bolles's*** "Corruption in Washington" (p. 27). Mr. Bolles, who has been a political reporter in Washington since 1934, and was director of the Foreign Policy Association's Washington Bureau from 1944 till the bureau was closed in 1951, is not merely viewing with alarm. He is discussing the basic economic and political causes which underlie the current spate of seedy graft and influence-peddling in the capital—a tawdry sort of corruption, more in the old courthouse tradition than in the great tradition of federal corruption which flowered in Grant's and Harding's Administrations. And in the process, as you will see, he produces his own version of the American paradox: that by



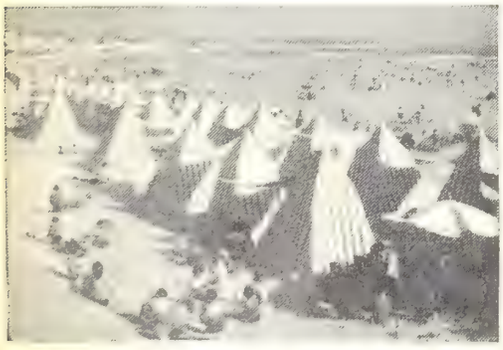
in the Smart Thrift Season

The map of France is studded with treasures for the mind and eye. In this friendly land you'll find good living has become an art.



FRENCH COOKING IS WORLD FAMOUS

After Paris, get a car and probe the secrets of the varied provinces. Steep your soul in beauty and build memories for future years.



A BEACH IN THE VENDEE REGION

Come when you will, it is always the right time *somewhere* in France. And hospitality knows no calendar. Save, in the thrift season.

See your travel agent or for booklets, maps, etc., write Dept. O1, Box 221, New York 10

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES • NEW ORLEANS • MONTREAL

setting up government agencies to protect the nation from exploitation by private interests we have vastly increased the temptations and opportunities of the chiselers.

Mr. Bolles has been at work for over a year on a book called *How to Get Rich in Washington,* an analytical history of corruption in the federal government from 1944 to date, which W. W. Norton will publish in February. He is also the author of *Tyrant from Illinois: Uncle Joe Cannon's Experiment with Personal Power,* which came out about a year ago. This was a study in American dictatorship and a guide to the workings of Congress. His articles have appeared in many newspapers and magazines, including *Harper's.*

FURTHER along in our line-up you will find an article by ***J. K. Galbraith*** called "The Unseemly Economics of Opulence" (p. 58)—a title which itself implies another version of our basic paradox. If P & O doesn't misread his article entirely, Mr. Galbraith is in effect saying that America is far too rich to be able to afford an efficient economic system—and if that isn't a paradox, what is?

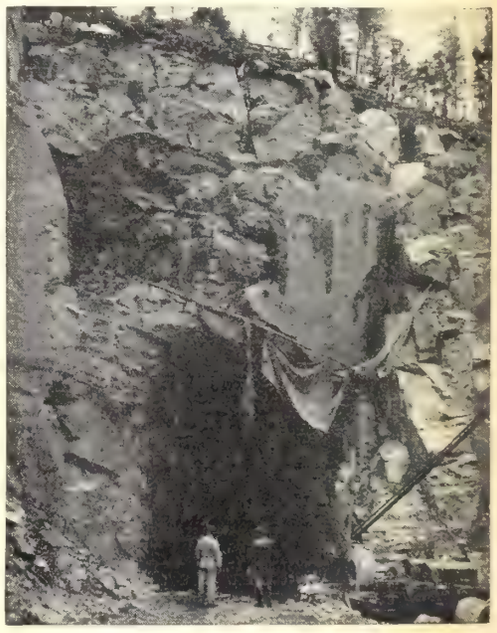
Mr. Galbraith is a professor of economics at Harvard, and he has had a distinguished career in both practical and theoretical economics. Before the war he taught the subject at the University of California, Harvard, and Princeton, and from 1940 to 1943 he served the government as an economist and administrator. As head of OPA's price division in 1941-42 he was, as he once remarked, "the first really large-scale price-fixer, at least since the middle ages," and for two years he had all the markets in the United States under his management. After the war, as a member of the Strategic Bombing Survey, he directed the investigations of the effect of air attacks on the German and Japanese economies, and later was in charge of economic affairs in those countries for the State Department. He has written for and been a member of the board of editors of *Fortune* and is the author of an important book which Houghton Mifflin will publish in March under the title *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power.*

THE thing that made P & O link ***John Bartlow Martin's*** article, "North to Find Iron" (p. 79), with these other two is a brief passage in which he quotes the maintenance chief's account of what happened to some construction equipment being moved thirty-five miles through the Labrador winter wilderness.

> One tractor broke through the ice of a lake when they were only halfway there [the chief recalled]. We decided it was expendable, left it, and went on with the rest and *they* broke through.

The things that counts, here, is the matter-of-fact tone in which that tractor is abandoned. It wasn't left to drown because the men were careless or lazy. They worked twenty-four hours trying to raise a bigger tractor later, finally got it up on the ice, lost it again when "the whole bloody works went in—ice and derrick and tractor and all," and finally had to blast a path for it through the ice all the way to shore. They got their construction job done on time, too, as you will read in Mr. Martin's extraordinarily vivid narrative. But that first tractor stayed where it sank; it was expendable. Which is another way of saying that the men who are pioneering this vast subarctic iron-mining project could not afford not to be wasteful. So, here we are again.

As we reminded you last month, in our P & O comments on Mr. Martin's first article on the Ungava



Tunnel at Mile Post 12
Courtesy of M. A. Hanna Co.

project. Mr. Martin has been interested in mining and miners for years, and has written about them for us before. No one who read it will forget his magnificent article on "The Blast in Centralia No. 5," an account of a mine disaster (and its consequences) which deserves recognition as one of the literary masterpieces of our generation. (We printed it in our March 1948 issue, if you want to look it up.)

The map of the Ungava region was made by Sigman-Ward.

Well, there are the three articles we are talking about. Taken together they should make a healthy dose for the man whom our friend Tom Ferril of Denver once described in these pages as "the cultured person who simply cannot admit that any generation of civilized men ever had put up with anything like the vulgarity he has to endure."

> He makes a last stand for what he calls the "humanities," but confesses a losing struggle against the rising world flood of bestiality, materialism, degeneracy, ignorance, slipshod education, bad workmanship, political corruption, and balance-of-power intrigue.

As Tom said, a fellow like that needs to be told a few things. And one of the things he needs to be told is what these articles add up to tell him: It's a mess all right, but the pottage does have two chickens in it. The pot is clean only when it is empty.

First in 1952

• • • The good old sport of kings seems to have died out in the modern world as a kingly occupation. The sport of Prime Ministers has become the writing of history; and the sport of Presidents, its reading. We have it on good authority, incidentally, that President Truman, an enthusiastic reader of American frontier history, got really interested in Walter Prescott Webb's article in the November issue of *Harper's*. But we have no idea how the President will react to (if he reads) ***Gordon Harrison's*** "Can Eisenhower Save the GOP?" (p. 21) in this issue.

Mr. Harrison is the author of



SURPRISE

awaits YOU in SOUTH AFRICA!

Nowhere else can you bridge the centuries quite so magically . . . leave modern hotels and gay cafes and—in a measure of minutes—find yourself a visitor to scenes older than Man's memory . . . magnificent scenes splashed with color, homes of exotic tribes and wondrous wildlife.

Mountains, valleys, plains, vast natural game reserves, waterfalls that dwarf Niagara—these and other amazingly contrasting experiences are in store for *you. Your Travel Agent will tell you* how comfortably and pleasantly you may travel to and throughout South Africa.

Beautifully illustrated literature may be obtained from your Travel Agent, or write Dept. B, South African Tourist Corporation.

South African Tourist CORPORATION

475 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 17, N. Y. • Telephone OREgon 9-3676

SATOUR

From the cool limestone caves of historic Cresta Blanca Winery . . .



CRESTA BLANCA

Wine of Sheer Delight

CALIFORNIA TRIPLE CREAM SHERRY

Enjoy this rich, sweet and mellow wine with the smooth, creamy body of a fine liqueur... Cresta Blanca Triple Cream Sherry derives its incomparable flavor from unhurried aging in small oaken casks.

CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Whether you are changing your address for a few months or permanently, you will want to receive every issue of Harper's promptly. When advising us [illegible] please indicate *both* the old and new address. Please allow four weeks for effecting this change. Address all correspondence to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 E. 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.





Ponte Vedra

The INN

Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida

Incomparable Ponte Vedra . . . with miles of golden beach, the roaring surf on one side and a quiet lagoon on the other.

The graceful INN boasts its own Golf Club . . . a Championship 18-hole course; Racquet Club . . . all weather tennis courts with pro; Bath Club with ocean and pool bathing. An exclusive year-round resort of truly breath-taking beauty.

•

For brochure and information address
James H. Crawford
or Robert F. Warner, Inc.
Representatives
New York • Washington
Chicago • Boston



ENGLAND Summer 1952

HOME OR HOTEL IN LONDON?

Professor, Physician, and Producer, all of USA, chose our Kensington Home for their London stay.

Why not try this way too?

We are hosts to American guests the whole year round and shall be glad to give you details about our Kensington Home upon request.

MR. and MRS. K. A. BRAD
24 Elm Street Great Neck, N. Y.



The School—
the College—
the Junior College—

or the Vocational School you seek will probably be found in the "*Schools & Colleges*" Section of this issue.

If you want catalogs of any schools or colleges advertised, or not advertised, in this issue, we'll gladly have them sent for your study and guidance.

If you need authoritative and impartial suggestions about schools or camps, we can assist you as we have thousands of parents, guardians, etc., *for over 50 years.*

Address **Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,**
Director of Educational Guidance
HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16

Cross-Channel Attack, the history of the Normandy invasion, published last month as one in the ninety-volume series to be called "The United States Army in World War II." (See the mention by Charles Poore in "New Books.") He is a Harvard Ph.D. (1950), a former newspaper reporter and college English instructor, and is now working on a history of conservative politics in the United States. He makes no major claims for the study of history as the way to grace but thinks it has a present value. He wrote to us, "As we thrash around with McCarthyism and communism, statism and free enterprise, loyalty and free speech, isolation, intervention, liberty, and leadership, any scraps of truth from the past might conceivably be of some use. In any case I think history is always rewarding in bouncing back ideas and current problems with a fresh stimulating twist."

In "Was D-Day a Mistake?" (*Harper's,* August 1951), Mr. Harrison bounced a very lively issue in military history, with political implications that haven't yet settled to earth.

• • • There is no such place as Picket Rock, Kansas, the setting for "The Nutmeg Eater" (p. 34), ***Hazel Heckman's*** first story in *Harper's.* On a hill in Montgomery County, Mrs. Heckman says, there is a heap of boulders thickly inscribed with Indian markings and named, collectively, Picket Rock. But perhaps the town exists under some other name in every state in the Union.

"The people of such a town," Mrs. Heckman writes, "lived together then, and they do now, in an enforced intimacy. Their trades and their lives overlapped. When a man died the townspeople dug his grave. The church bells tolled his age. His life was a well-thumbed chronicle which his neighbors knew by heart. His mortal achievements, including the names of his posterity, were read aloud from the red-carpeted rostrum. His neighbors granted him absolution for his lapses, he could have no *secret* iniquities. He was laid to rest among the people he had known, and among their fathers."

Hazel Heckman was born on a stony farm in Montgomery County, Kansas, attended Kansas University, and taught in rural schools. She has done newspaper work in Kansas and Oklahoma, and has had some verse, short stories, and articles published. She now divides her time between a house in Tacoma, Washington, and a remote island in Puget Sound. She is married and has one son.

Oscar Liebman, who illustrated "The Nutmeg Eater," was born in Brooklyn and educated in New York; he covered the Pacific from Australia to Luzon during the war as a medic with the 6th Army. On a scholarship to the Art Students League, he studied under William McNulty; he has made illustrations for books, magazines, and advertising agencies.

• • • Last year ***Robert J. Donovan,*** member of the New York *Herald Tribune* Washington Bureau, made the acquaintance of a fellow-native of Buffalo, Manly Fleischmann, in an important, though unpublicized, job and decided that here was an administrator who deserved to be better known. "Truman's Guns-and-Butter Man" (p. 45) introduces the official who, more than the flamboyant price-controllers, actually regulates the industrial production of the nation.

Mr. Donovan is currently assigned to "covering" the President, and this beat has taken him from the White House to every last whistle stop of the 1948 campaign, to Wake Island, to Key West—some 50,000 miles. And he has also covered the House, the Senate, and the State Department.

During the depression, a high-school principal helped young Donovan get a job as a night copy boy on the Buffalo *Courier-Express.* Working there, he managed to study at the University of Buffalo. From being a reporter (on the rape and murder beat) on the *Courier-Express,* he moved on to New York in 1937 and a job with the *Herald Tribune,* covering City Hall, "in the wonderful days of LaGuardia."

During the war he was in the Army and went with the Second Division from Normandy to Czechoslovakia, part of the time as a front-line rifleman. After V-E Day he worked for *Stars and Stripes* and for the European edition of the *Herald Tribune* in Paris. Back with

the *Trib* at home, he was assigned to the United Nations Bureau and then went to Washington in 1947. He is married and has three young children.

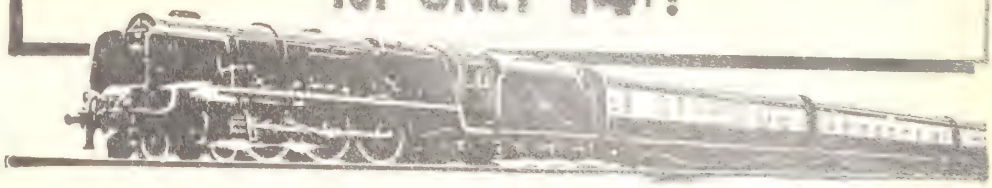
Ivan Opffer made the drawing of Manly Fleischmann, one more in the huge gallery of portraits of distinguished persons whom he has drawn or painted. Born in Denmark, Mr. Opffer was the son of the publisher Emil Opffer, who came to Mexico and then to the United States early in this century. He studied in this country at the National Academy and in Paris, and has exhibited both here and abroad.

• • • When *Julian Duguid* shared "A Taxi up the Khyber" with the gun-toting Gul Akbar (p. 51) he was struck by the fact that for the first time in history there is political peace in the border region which used to be called, in the days when England ruled India, the Northwest Frontier. "Such murders as there are, and there are many," he says, "are purely private affairs." Never before, since the days when Alexander the Great marched through the Khyber Pass on his way to the Indus well over two thousand years ago, have the tribesmen of the border country been free to concentrate on their personal enemies without having to wage marauding warfare against rival tribes or peoples.

The reason for the change, as Mr. Duguid says in his article, is simple enough: for the first time in history nobody is trying to conquer or suppress the tribesmen with armed force. It is a point worth noticing these days, when so many nations seem to think they can enforce neighborliness with armed strength.

Mr. Duguid has been an explorer and traveler on several continents. His first book, *Green Hell* (1931), records an expedition he made with three others into Bolivia's Gran Chaco, following the route taken by one of the Spanish Conquistadors in 1557. He has also published *Tiger-Man* (about a Russian jaguar-hunter who joined and eventually led the Gran Chaco expedition), two historical novels, and a religious autobiography. He is at present a special correspondent for the BBC, with forthcoming assignments in Israel and South Africa.

Imagine...your train seat reserved for ONLY 14¢!



Just ONE of many Devaluation Bargains for your BRITISH holiday!

BEFORE YOU LEAVE secure ALL your British travel needs. That way you'll effect the greatest savings . . . and have a pleasant, carefree trip!

- **RAIL TICKETS** and reservations. **MILEAGE COUPONS** permit "go-as-you-please" rail travel at great savings. Coupons *not* obtainable in Britain—take along an ample supply.
- **CHANNEL STEAMER SERVICES** between Britain-Ireland, Britain-Continental Europe. Cabin reservations, too.
- **TOURS** by rail/motor-coach/steamer — delightful and inexpensive.
- **SIGHTSEEING TRIPS** of London and other centers of interest.
- **HOTEL RESERVATIONS** at any of the 41 outstanding hotels of The Hotels Executive.

PLEASE CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or write Dept. D-23

NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Plaza
CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. La Salle Street
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. 6th Street
TORONTO, ONT., 69 Yonge Street

BRITISH RAILWAYS

FOR MORE VACATION FUN
Get The GIMLET
THE MAGAZINE OF RESORT-VACATION TRAVEL
FOR 24 YEARS TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELER'S GUIDE



CANADA thru FLORIDA, THE SOUTH, and Enroute, Nassau, Cuba, West Indies. TWO HUNDRED PAGES Illus. *Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: Bellingroth Gardens Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Natural Bridge, Va., one of 7 natural wonders of the world, etc. NOW ONLY 50c Doubleday's, Brentano's, Leading N. Y. C. Hotels & Terminals or send $1.25 for Year's Subscription. (2) issues or 75¢ a copy postpaid to The Gimlet, 551 5th Ave., New York City, Dept. 80.*

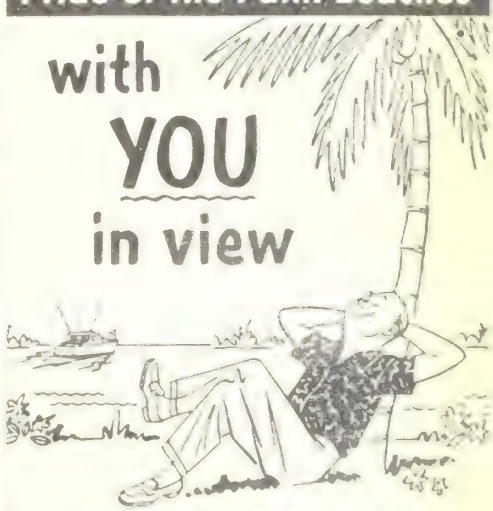
Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

Niagara Falls, Canada — GEN. BROCK
Ste. Adele, Que. — STE. ADELE
Philadelphia, Pa. — BARCLAY
Baltimore, Md. — SHERATON-BELVEDERE
Washington, D. C. — SHOREHAM
Virginia Beach, Va. — CAVALIER
Richmond, Va. — JEFFERSON
New Berne, N. C. — QUEEN ANNE
Jacksonville, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON
West Palm Beach, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA
Delray Beach — FATIO HOUSE
Hollywood, Fla. — SEA CREST MANOR, SEA BANKS HOTEL
Miami, Fla. — THE COLUMBUS, TOWERS
Miami Beach, Fla. — FLAMINGO, ISLE DE CAPRI, MACFADDEN DUEVILLE, SEA VIEW
Ft. Myers, Fla. — FRANKLIN ARMS
Boca Grande, Fla. — BOCA GRANDE HOTEL
Sarasota, Fla. — ORANGE BLOSSOM
St. Petersburg, Fla. — GULF WINDS VILLAS & APTS., SOPENO, TIDES HOTEL, VINOY PARK
Tampa, Fla. — FLORIDAN

RECOMMENDED HOTELS IN THE BAHAMAS
Nassau — BRITISH COLONIAL, BALMORAL, ROYAL VICTORIA, FORT MONTAGU, WINDSOR, BUENA VISTA

Use American Express Travelers Cheques
To Protect Your Travel Funds

Pride of the Palm Beaches
with YOU in view



Hotel **PENNSYLVANIA**
LUXURY RESORT HOTEL

Everything you can possibly want in the way of Florida fun and sport — plus quiet refinement for complete relaxation. Air-conditioned dining room.

EUROPEAN PLAN RATES
All rooms with bath.

Dec. 15 to Jan 15 and Mar. 15 to April 15
Single from $8.00 Double from $10.00

Jan. 15 to Mar. 15
Single from $10.00 Double from $12.00

For reservations or FREE folder and detailed information write
Edward F. Nash, Mgr.
Hotel PENNSYLVANIA
West Palm Beach, Florida

Other Kloeppel Hotels in Florida
George Washington in Jacksonville
Jefferson in Jacksonville
George Washington in Washington, D.C.



For the real holiday spirit

HOT TOM & JERRY

made with

Jamaica Rum

Beat 2 egg yolks until thick. Beat 2 tablespoons sugar gradually into 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Combine. Add ⅛ teaspoon allspice. Blend well. Stir in 3½ oz. Jamaica Rum. Place in 2 cups, fill with boiling water. Top with nutmeg. Serve for festive enjoyment.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
(of Jamaica), Ltd., Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.



Camping

is an experience every boy or girl should have. Under expert supervision it affords immeasurable pleasure in a most healthful form—sleeping in the open, instruction in swimming, horseback riding, nature study, craft work, boating, and—most important of all—how to live with others.

Send Your Child to Camp This Year

Let us help you in the selection of a summer camp for your boy or girl—a question demanding the greatest consideration. Do not delay. Hasty decisions are likely to be regretted later. You will find suggestions among the announcements contained in the School and Camp Sections of this and following issues. We shall be glad to furnish additional information and send you booklets of any camps you may have under consideration. Write to:

Camp Information Bureau
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street New York 16, N.Y.

Claire and George Louden, Jr., who made the drawings for "Taxi up the Khyber," are a husband-wife team of artists, who are now living in New York and concentrating on drawings and paintings of people in distant lands. They have traveled extensively in Africa, Asia, and Europe, doing research on the spot. These drawings are based on their experience on the Indian subcontinent during Partition and the mass migration of peoples between India and Pakistan.

Mrs. Louden is a graduate of MacMurray College and has an M.A. from Columbia. She has studied also at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center and the Art Students League; she was working as an art instructor at the Kamehameha Schools in Hawaii at the time of Pearl Harbor and thereafter did occupational therapy with war victims. In Japan she taught at the U. S. Armed Forces Institute and at the Tokyo Education Center.

Mr. Louden is a graduate of Texas Christian University and studied also at Columbia and the Art Students League. After release from the Army in the Far East, he became artist-illustrator for the Adjutant General's Office in Tokyo.

• • • "The Queens of the Flowers" (p. 64) is the second story we have published by ***Glen Haley,*** whose "I'll Call You Eager" (August 1951) was not only Mr. Haley's first published story but one of the most popular pieces of fiction we have run in years. The setting of "The Queens" is a small town in Colorado, the state where Mr. Haley grew up, went to college, taught English, and found (in one of his English classes in Paonia) the girl who later became his wife. In western Colorado, too, when Mr. Haley was a child, his father went through two adventures in fruit farming which were disastrous for the family fortunes but which may have given young Glen some impressions to store up and call upon in writing "The Queens."

Mr. Haley is a veteran of three and a half years in the Army. He and his wife are now living in Burbank, California, where he works nights in an aircraft plant and uses daytime for writing and for putting final touches on a new house. This strenuous existence began last year when Mr. Haley gave up his job teaching in a Los Angeles junior high school in order to find more time for writing. This mode of finding leisure will strike many people—*not* junior high school teachers—as a strange one. But, at any rate, it has resulted in the writing of at least two delightful stories and the building of one satisfactory house.

The illustrations for "The Queens of the Flowers" were made by ***Arthur Shilstone,*** who, like Mr. Haley, spent three years in the Army. He is a graduate of Pratt Institute and does art work for a number of magazines and book publishers and for advertising agencies. His water colors have been exhibited at the National Academy.

• • • Last month in *Harper's,* Dr. Laurence Farmer discussed the problem of old people in this country, specifically the problem of where to live. "People's chances to grow older and older are becoming ever better," he said, "but many of us who are familiar with the conditions under which millions of our old people live, wonder to what end their life span has been extended."

This is the truth, and no shifting of emphasis to the compensations of growing old can change it. Yet, seeing the whole subject from another point of view, it is possible to add some light to the picture and to produce another truth. This is the task of ***Dr. Martin Gumpert*** in "Old Age's Gain" (p. 72).

Dr. Gumpert is the author of *The Anatomy of Happiness,* published last summer by McGraw-Hill. He was born in Germany, studied medicine at the University of Heidelberg, and received his M.D. degree at Berlin. In this country since 1936, he is now an American citizen and is practicing medicine in New York. He is a research fellow of the Goldwater Memorial Hospital and a fellow of the American Geriatric Society. In addition to the literary and medical books which he wrote in Germany, he has published *Heil Hunger! Health Under Hitler, You Are Younger Than You Think,* and other books and articles.

• • • *Harper's* is in a way honorbound to publish ***Shirley Jackson's***

"The Night We All Had Grippe" (p. 74). We feel at least an editorial responsibility for the welfare of the person referred to as "Baby" in this piece, for she (christened Sarah) appeared in *Harper's* as an offstage character in the famous piece from her mother's hand which we published in May 1949—"The Third Baby's the Easiest." The easiest—for the mother to have, perhaps, but not to keep covered on a cold night, it seems.

Shirley Jackson, who is married to the writer, Stanley Edgar Hyman, was born in California, went to Syracuse University, lived for some time in Bennington, Vermont, is now (with her growing family), a resident of Connecticut. She says it was too cold in Bennington—might be, for a family prone to grippe and nocturnal rambling about the home.

As a writer and mother, Miss Jackson has a private book-child sweepstakes. Early last year, she was even, three and three, with the publication of *Hangsaman,* but late in 1951 she was again one child up, with the birth of a son, Barry.

Herbert Danska, the illustrator who mapped and illuminated the events of that night of grippe, has no children of his own but called upon the resources of his neighbor on Long Island in getting the likeness of Baby and her father. "If there had been one more child then, I couldn't have got them in," he said.

Mr. Danska received his art training at Pratt Institute and has made drawings for the *New York Times,* the *Reporter,* and other magazines, and is now working on illustrations for children's books. He teaches editorial illustration at the Workshop School in New York; he and his wife, who is a public-school teacher in Roslyn, Long Island, have just converted an old brick attached house into a modern one.

●●●"Percentages" (p. 26) is ***Victor Keller's*** first poem in *Harper's,* though Mr. Keller used to be an editor with the house of Harper. He is Kansas-born and Harvard-graduated, lives now near Philadelphia. Besides having gone through infantry combat in Europe during the last war, he has worked as an assignment writer and in public relations.

"Solemn Ceremonial" (p. 63) comes from ***Earl Daniels,*** who is professor of English literature at Colgate University and the author of *The Art of Reading Poetry.* Like Mr. Keller he has had verse published in a number of magazines.

It is so rare to find a poem signed by two authors that when we read "Flight 609" (p. 88) by ***Rolfe Humphries*** and ***Charles G. Bell*** we inquired about its origin. Mr. Humphries, it seems, flew back to New York last spring from delivering a lecture at the University of Chicago, where he had renewed an old acquaintance with Mr. Bell. En route he read a prose pamphlet by his friend (who is a professor at Chicago) and found its closing paragraphs "so eloquent and so apposite to the pleasure I felt in that particular flight, as well as air travel in general, that I could not resist turning it into a more metrical arrangement, with an omission here and there, and an addition or two of my own."

We mourn a great loss to American journalism. Harold Ross, editor of *The New Yorker,* who died December 6, made a unique and valuable contribution. Gathering about him an exceptional group of writers, artists, and editors, he encouraged and disciplined in them an objectivity of view, a scrupulousness for accuracy, a style seemingly effortless but always elegant, and a subtlety and richness of humor which made *The New Yorker* an ornament to our American culture. Completely unlike any other magazine, unaffected by journalistic fads, intent only on being excellently itself, it was a model of editorial originality and consistency. Though the magazine from week to week was the work of many hands, always Ross goaded, guided, and curbed it; to that fact its special quality—modest, gracious, unvexed, and courageous—was overwhelmingly due. To his colleagues who now must carry on without him we convey our sympathy for the loss we share with them, and our good wishes as they face the difficult task of continuing to produce a very distinguished magazine without the aid of its inventor.

ONLY A FEW HOURS
TO BLOSSOMING
SPRINGTIME IN NEAR-BY
MEXICO

Sunshine, spring weather and gaiety in the garden that is México, are only a few hours away! Because of the exchange, you can stay for triple-vacation time—many pleasure-packed weeks! Bring the family, and make Mexico your winter home. Health and relaxation at medicinal spas, glorious fun at beaches and in the capital. Make a winter rendezvous with happiness in MEXICO, where every month is June!



DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO
Juárez 89 México, D. F.
offices

LETTERS

The Real Bull's Eye—

To the Editors:

Your Dulles article in the November *Harper's* ["Bull's Eye for [illegible]"] is [illegible] I consider the most dramatic and important part of the story.

On the last day and in the last hour or two of the San Francisco meeting of the many nations who joined in signing the Japanese treaty, Gromyko managed to get the floor and proposed amendments. Thereupon, Dulles, who carried the ball for the whole operation from its beginning, replied to Gromyko. That reply of Dulles should and in my opinion will rank as one of the great state papers in the history of our country. Its essence was to show that the Gromyko amendments were skillfully and subtly designed to make Japan completely helpless and to give exclusive dominion over the seas around Japan to the Soviet Union. If I correctly recall . . . the total effect of the Gromyko proposed amendments would have been to make Japan the helpless victim of Soviet aggression, and would have even made the United Nations utterly helpless to protect Japan against seizure by Russia.

Never, so far as I have been able to observe, has Russia shown its hand as Gromyko did in his cynical, cruel, and despotic proposals.

Not only did Dulles completely demolish the Gromyko proposals but with majesty of understatement did [illegible] with a map just what it was that [illegible]

James N. Rosenberg
New York, N. Y.

Fact and Fiction—

To the Editors:

For a good many years I have been reading *Harper's* intermittently, and I have never yet found a number that didn't have at least one *article* that was worth the price of a year's subscription. . . . But it does seem to me that of all the lugubrious tripe that ever blustered its barefaced trespass onto the pages of a legitimate magazine, your *short stories* take the cake. Utterly without moral and asinine in conception, they start out with a flourish and march grandly down a cow path for a piece—a very short piece—then get tangled up in the brush and pretty soon end up drunkenly somewhere back of where they started. The one redeeming feature about them is that exactly once a hundred times a single story comes along that is as good as the other ninety-nine are collectively bad. . . .

And Bernard DeVoto! If ever there was a writer suffering from literary schizophrenia and worditis, he's it. I read him avidly and always, of course, and suffer accordingly. . . .

I enclose herewith the price of my first subscription. . . .

A. O. Modlin
Missoula, Mont.

To the Editors:

In a recent circular from your circulation department you ask if the fiction published in *Harper's* is: too modernistic, too heavy, too light, just right.

My answer is none of these. It is too gloomy, too heartbreaking. There are many persons in this world who bear heavy burdens true, some become psychotic) bravely and cheerfully, but I haven't met any of them in recent pages of *Harper's*.

I am seventy, a retired teacher living on $52.50 a month . . . in a small house by which I try to add enough to the $52.50 to prevent starvation and pay taxes. Also I am lame, having had a crippled foot since 1925.

But I still curl my hair, polish my fingernails, read your non-fiction from beginning to end, play bridge and canasta, try to circumvent old man H.C.L., vote the Democratic ticket (with some misgivings), and remember Grandma Moses when the going gets tough.

Lydia A. Rickart
Kansas City, Mo.

To the Editors:

Will you please pass along to Glen Haley my feeling of genuine enjoyment for his story "I'll Call You Eager" [August]. Good-hearted and honestly wrought, I'd call it. A stand-out among the overripe stuff purveyed as "life."

A. E. Peters
Rockford, Ill.

Cancellations—

To the Editors:

Something has been bothering me for a long time. In every issue you seem to get a flood of letters from enraged subscribers (most of whom seem to reside in Georgia), canceling their subscriptions and denouncing your "pinko propaganda." What I'd like to know is how you manage to hold people like this as long as you do (and they almost invariably claim to be readers of at least twenty years' standing). Do they surreptitiously resubscribe after every denunciatory blast so that they may have the pleasure of blowing off in the next issue?

So be it, I enjoy your magazine very, very much.

Brad Sebstad
Marinette, Wis.

To the Editors:

Well, this does it! I have just got around to reading the September issue of *Harper's*. Heretofore I bought my copies from the stands. No longer. (Please find check for subscription.) This might take up the slack created by Mary V. F. Riggs, not of Georgia and not a Taft Republican. I was really quite impressed by some of the letters ap-

What's your score on these questions about WILLIAM FAULKNER

and the works for which he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature

Question 1. Why was Faulkner awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature?

Question 2. Which of his novels revolves around [illegible] mares that are in reality symbols of Southern social problems?

Question 3. What is the uniquely satisfying connecting link in nine of Faulkner's best known books?

Question 4. How does Faulkner's private life bear out his love for his mythical "Yoknapatawpha" County?

Question 5. What is the best way to begin reading (or re-reading) the works of William Faulkner?

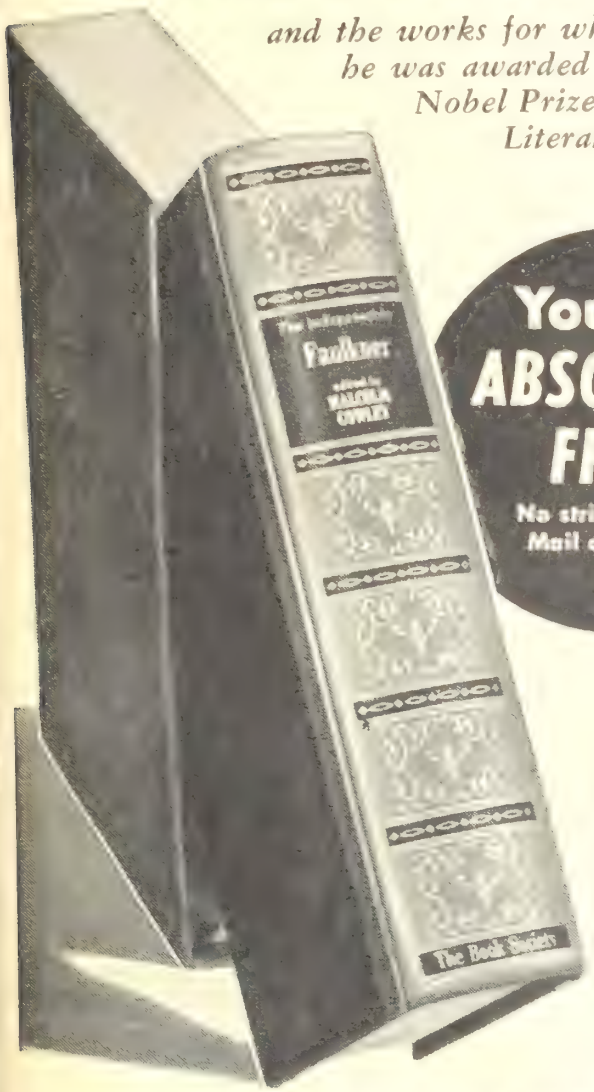
Answer 1. "For his powerful and artistically independent contribution to the new American novel," Faulkner was also recently awarded the famed [illegible] of the "most distinguished work of American fiction during the past 5 years."

Answer 2. "Sanctuary" — the best known and most violent of all his novels wherein appear the incredibly wicked Popeye and his victim, Temple Drake.

Answer 3. The link is Faulkner's mythical Yoknapatawpha County, in Mississippi, whose mythical population of 15,611 persons include all those amazing Faulkner characters who live, love, hate, rape, pray, decay and die in these nine books . . . the townsmen and backwoods farmers, the housewives and "madams," the planters and poor whites . . . some heroic,

Answer 4. Except for a few visits to Hollywood [which for Faulkner have been eminently unsatisfactory] he has spent the last 25 years in Oxford, Mississippi, the town where he grew up and less than 40 miles from New Albany, where he was born September 25, 1897. He has always been happiest in the Mississippi country about which he has written so eloquently.

Answer 5. With this superb Book Society edition of William Faulkner, [illegible] containing eighteen stories [listed at left] which form THE SAGA OF YOKNAPATAWPHA COUNTY, 1820-1945. This is, in effect, a complete new work selected from Faulkner's best published novels and stories with his own account of one of his famous fictional families **written especially for this volume.** And this big 762-page book is yours **absolutely free** when you mail the coupon below.



Yours... ABSOLUTELY FREE!

No strings attached! Mail coupon below today!

BEAUTIFUL EDITIONS INDIVIDUALLY SLIP-CASED Books you will be proud to keep in a prominent place in your library.

IF YOU answered the first four questions correctly, you're a Faulkner "expert." If you answered but three, you're still pretty good. But regardless of how many or how few you knew, there's a *unique new way* for you to get to know all the answers about Faulkner and other outstanding writers of all time.

How? *The Book Society way!* Book Society's editions are especially designed to give you a comprehensive, 4-dimensional picture of an author—and not just in "samplings." You get *complete* works plus representative cross-sections of his (or her) writing efforts plus, often, intimate letters, personal notes, and so forth. And, to help you understand the author as a human being—so you may know the physiological and psychological factors that made him write as he did—a famous "scholar" of that author always introduces him to you. (Noted critic Malcolm Cowley "introduces" William Faulkner to you in this superb edition.)

and here's why you are being given this 762-page William Faulkner absolutely FREE

The answer is simple. We're so sure you're going to like The Book Society idea that we will send you—*absolutely free*—this 762-page volume of William Faulkner. You *keep* the Faulkner, whether you like The Book Society or not. Now, The Book Society is *not* "just another book club." You're not required to take any set number of books per year. There are no commitments now or ever to buy any other books. You can cancel membership at any time and for any reason. Your first selection, the 768-page James Joyce, for $2.39 (the Society's regular low price), will be sent along with your William Faulkner. *Send no money.* And remember, as a member you are under no obligation whatsoever.

IN THIS ONE 762-PAGE BOOK YOU GET ALL THIS FAULKNER FREE WHEN YOU MAIL COUPON

The Saga of Yoknapatawpha County

In this "saga" each period in time is introduced by editor Malcolm Cowley. The saga can be read continuously, as a novel, or dipped into, as an anthology.

1. The Old People — covering the period from 1820-1859 — contains these stories: A Justice, Wedding in the Rain (From *Absalom, Absalom!*), Red Leaves, Was.

2. The Unvanquished — from 1864-1874 — Raid (From *The Unvanquished*), Wash, An Odor of Verbena (From *The Unvanquished*)

3. The Last Wilderness — 1883 — The Bear

4. The Peasants — 1900 — Spotted Horses From *The Hamlet*

5. The End of an Order — from 1902-1928 — That Evening Sun, Ad Astra, A Rose For Emily, Dilsey (From *The Sound and The Fury*)

6. Mississippi Flood — 1927 — Old Man (From *The Wild Palms*)

7. Modern Times — from 1928-1940 — Death Drag, Uncle Bud and the Three Madams From *Sanctuary*, Percy Grimm, Delta Autumn

APPENDIX — 1690-1945 — The Compsons

Many other magnificent Book Society editions soon available...

. . . including *Joseph Conrad, Ring Lardner, Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, Dorothy Parker, Plato, Edgar Allan Poe, Oscar Wilde, John Steinbeck, Rabelais*—all great books you'll read and reread. All Book Society editions average about 700 pages (two to four times as much text as most standard-size books). Handsomely bound and slip-cased.

The International Book Society
2 Columbus Circle, New York 19, New York

SEND NO MONEY! MAIL COUPON!

Also YOURS for 7-Day FREE Examination

Your first Book Society Selection

The 768-page JAMES JOYCE

In this one volume you get **complete:** Joyce's [illegible] autobiographical novel, "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"; his great 3-act play, "The Exiles"; [illegible] recent collection of 15 [illegible] "Dubliners"; plus [illegible] sages" from "Ulysses" [illegible] Wake." [illegible] Introduction by Harry Levin of Harvard. Yours for 7-day **FREE** examination together with your **absolutely FREE** [illegible] of the 762-page edition of William Faulkner.

Yours ABSOLUTELY FREE
The 762-page WILLIAM FAULKNER

The International Book Society, Dept. 158
2 Columbus Circle, New York 19, N. Y.

I want to take advantage of your introductory offer to send me FREE the 762-page WILLIAM FAULKNER along with my first Book Society selection, the 768-page JAMES JOYCE [illegible] same time, and also free, enroll me as fully privileged member of The Book Society, which permits me to receive other Society books at [illegible]

With each purchase of 4 selections, I will receive a FREE selection as a bonus book. However, I understand that I am in **no way** obligated to take any specific number of books [illegible] I may accept or reject as I choose. And I [illegible] JOYCE within 7 days and owe you [illegible] [illegible] NEITHER [illegible] absolutely [illegible]

NAME .....
Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

pearing under "July Rockets" in the Letters Column. I was especially impressed by the notion that the happiness of two human beings, one Negro and one Caucasian ["My Daughter Married a Negro"], was a "subject too foul" to be handled in a "nonchalant" manner. I was casually impressed too by one R. A. Rozeboom who had not heard of Rovere and Schlesinger. I have heard of Hitler, but who in hell is Rozeboom?

I will turn to the pages of *Harper's* each month with the hope that the traditions which have given the Rozebooms and Riggses of these United States the right to think as they do . . . will continue to be upheld in your magazine. . . .

ROBERT L. HARPER
San Francisco, Cal.

Please, Mr. Hemingway—

To the Editors:

I was much interested in C. Hartley Grattan's "The Trouble with Books Today" in your November issue. Mr. Grattan has certainly hit the proverbial nail on the head when he says, ". . . intellectuals are driven into salaried employment to survive" and later, "what drives them to jobs is the difficulty—nay impossibility—of earning a decent living from writing alone." He adds that some of the writers therefore commit the sin of selling to the slicks, to Hollywood, or to the radio, in return for a goodly sum.

That is all right. Then he gives Mr. Ernest Hemingway's epigrammatic opinion of the matter: "Most whores usually find their vocations."

I will not quarrel with Mr. Hemingway about the reputation of *A Farewell to Arms* and *The Sun Also Rises,* but I've seen his latest books gaudily dressed and walking the streets.

MRS. W. E. SIKES
Manhattan, Kan.

Smokejumpers—

To the Editors:

Mr. DeVoto's interesting article on the smokejumpers [November] made no mention of the conscientious objectors who volunteered for this service during the war. Their readiness and efficiency contributed to the maintenance of forest-fire control during this interim period. As their pay was nominal and their service good, perhaps *Harper's* may care to give their work acknowledgement: it has received little from other sources.

J. V. G. FORBES
Carlinville, Ill.

Socialist Devils—

To the Editors:

In his provocative article on the British economy in the October *Harper's,* Robert Heilbroner (a former student of mine, and one of the most brilliant) has raised some fundamental issues. My major complaint against his argument is the implication that the apparent maldistribution of resources points to failure of the Socialist regime.

It is well to present a balanced picture. Let us see what has happened. (In the following table, the figures represent percentage rises.)

	U.K.	Italy	U.S.
Industrial Production, 1946-50	41%	25%*	18%
National Income, 1946-50	30%	....	33%
Cost of Living, 1945-50	21%	103%	30%
Employment, 1946-50	18%	−3%**	9%
Wages (weekly), 1945-50	22%	43%***	34%****

* 1947-50.
** 1947-49.
*** 1937-50 (hourly).
**** Manufacturing.

In this table, I have compared relevant variables for the United Kingdom, Italy, and the United States. I have included Italy because the Italian government has applied the old classical medicine of wage- and price-cutting and, therefore, has been the subject of eulogy by defenders of the capitalist system operating in the old-fashioned manner. The over-all picture suggests a better record for Socialist England than for classical Italy or the hybrid United States.

Nor is this the whole story. The rise of British exports of 77 per cent (in quantity) from 1946 to 1950 was a gain beyond the expectations of most. No country in Western Europe has tried more courageously to expand her exports, restrict nonessential imports, and make the sacrifices of consumption and investments necessary to pay her bills.

The British achievements are also evident in the much broader distribution of income. From 1938 to 1948, per capita consumption of the working classes rose by 22 per cent and declined by 18 and 42 per cent for the middle class and the wealthy, respectively.

That a labor government dared impose sacrifices on its people in order to pay its bills is evident not only in the rise of exports and investments, which reflect current denials to the people, but also in budgetary surpluses in 1948, 1949, and 1950, despite a tax burden of 40 per cent of national income as compared to one of about 25 per cent in the United States. The courage of the Labor Government is also evident in the success with which wage rates were kept from rising excessively.

It is well to remember that since 1914, long before the Socialist Government came in, the British have had one crisis after another; that the coal mines were more troublesome before 1939 than after 1945; that the recourse to the pricing system did not work nearly so well in re-establishing the British export position in the interwar period as the composite use of incentives and planning in the years 1946-1950; that the exclusive recourse to incentives and price adjustments is out in times of crisis both in Great Britain and in the United States.

I would be unhappy if this note were interpreted as a plea for a socialist system here. The point is that poverty, crisis, and need of haste call forth measures and changes or institutions that are not required when surplus resources are available. The Labor Government made many mistakes, some of them serious. But we ought to try to be fair. The American business man who visits Great Britain and comes back to tell us that the British are slipping badly should realize (1) that similar tendencies are evident in all older regions and (2) that mass-production methods usable here may not be appropriate in the smaller markets served by the British.

SEYMOUR E. HARRIS
Cambridge, Massachusetts



Schools and Colleges



THE schools and colleges whose announcements appear in this section all will send catalogs or further information on request. If you wish counsel on an individual problem, Harper's School Bureau will be glad to advise you from an informed and impartial viewpoint. Address Mrs. Sarah D. Dennis, Director of Educational Guidance, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

NEW YORK

OAKWOOD

A Quaker coeducational school. International, interracial. Grades 8 to 12. Fully accredited. College prep, general courses. Work program. Sports. Country location. 70 miles from New York City. Moderate rates. 156th year. Catalog.

WILLIAM M. CLARK, Principal, Oakwood School,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

INDIANA

MILITARY ACADEMY

ULVER

On Lake Maxinkuckee. 8th grade. Thorough preparation for leading colleges. Accredited. High scholastic standards. Develops initiative, courtesy, poise, character. Leadership training. All sports. Senior Basic ROTC. Catalog. 16 Pershing Walk, CULVER, IND.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE

B. S. DEGREE IN 27 MONTHS

Founded 1884 World-Wide Enrollment.

Mech., Civil, Elect., Chem., Aero, Radio (Telev.) Engineering; Bus. Adm., Acct. Extensive campus. New and modernized buildings . . . up-to-date labs. Low cost. Prep. courses. Personalized instructions. Heavy demand for graduates. Placement service. **Enter Sept., Jan., March, June. Write for Catalog. 3412 College Ave., Angola, Ind.**

ILLINOIS

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

Fashion Merchandising, Modeling, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Photography, Window Display, Coeducational. Attractive residence for girls. Entr. February 4. Write Dept. 721.

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS, 750 N. Michigan, CHICAGO

FERRY HALL

One of the oldest, most distinguished boarding schools for girls in the Middle West, with a fine modern plant. Accredited college preparation; also general course. On Lake Michigan near Chicago. Superb campus for sports. *Catalog.*

FRANCIS G. WALLACE, Box 17, LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

Graduates in 135 colleges, service academies. Accredited. Small, conference-type classes. Highest War Dept. rating. Modern buildings. Sports include golf, flying, riding. In Wisconsin's Land o'Lakes. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog.

1212 DE KOVEN HALL, DELAFIELD, WISCONSIN

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

PERKINS SCHOOL

A year round special school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five home-like, attractive buildings. 30 acres of campus and gardens. Summer session in Maine.

FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M.D., Dir.,
BOX 11, LANCASTER, MASS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HIGH MOWING SCHOOL

Co-educational and college preparatory on the concentrated units of the Waldorf School Plan. Time also for credit work in Painting, Music, Ceramics or Drama. Forest and garden projects as well as sports. Cultural and peaceful atmosphere. Starts with 8th Grade.

MRS. BEULAH H. EMMET, *Principal*
WILTON, N. H.

HOLDERNESS

Thorough college preparation. Emphasis on straight thinking. Grades 9-12. Limited to 100 boys. Team sports. Excellent skiing, hunting, fishing in beautiful White Mts. Glee club, debating, arts, crafts. Self-help program. Founded 1879. Episcopal.

DONALD C. HAGERMAN, Box 50, PLYMOUTH, N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS

MARY A. BURNHAM SCHOOL

For girls. Thorough college preparation. General and post graduate courses. Music emphasized. Art, secretarial. College town advantages. Riding, Skiing, Swimming. Mensendieck system for posture. National enrollment. 75th yr. Summer School. Newport, R. I. *Catalogs.* Mrs. GEORGE W. EMERSON, Box 43, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

STONELEIGH-PROSPECT HILL

For Girls. Thorough college preparatory; 7th-12th gr. General courses. Small classes. Art, music, dramatics. All sports. Modern bldg. 150 acres. Professional instruction in riding, skiing. Mensendieck system for posture.

MRS. GEORGE WALDO EMERSON,
Box E, GREENFIELD, MASS.

CONNECTICUT

EDGEWOOD SCHOOL

Boarding and Day School for boys and girls from Nursery School to College. Excellent college record. Carefully selected faculty. Art, crafts, music, dramatics, shop. Special English for foreign students. Remedial reading. Country life on 20-acre campus, 30 mi. from N. Y. All sports. Est. 1910. MRS. ROSA I. MASSER, Principal,
GREENWICH 6, CONN.

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

One Subject Plan has increased number of honor students 50%. Fully accredited. ROTC highest rating. Modern buildings. 2 gyms, pool. Excellent health record. Upper School, grades 8-12. Separate Junior School, grades 1-7. One Subject Plan booklet (Upper School) and catalog:

DR. J. C. WICKER Box 801, FORK UNION, VA.

HOME STUDY

YOU CAN EDUCATE YOUR CHILD AT HOME



Kindergarten through 9th grade. With Calvert courses mothers can give their children a sound education at home. Calvert-guided instructions. All lessons, books provided. Students transfer successfully. Start any time. Unique Crafts Course. **Catalog.** Give child's age and grade.

CALVERT SCHOOL 71 E. Tuscany Rd. Baltimore 10, Md.

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN— EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. Our tests discover causes of difficulties and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.

Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 46 years' experience

Write Edward B. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY

Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

PEDDIE

An endowed school. Boys thoroughly prepared for college and for life. Fully accredited. Junior School. Small classes. Public speaking course required. Sports. New gym, playing fields, golf, pool. 240 acres. Summer session. 49 miles New York City. 87th year. Catalog.

DR. CARROL O. MORONG, Box 1-B, HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY

BMI

Teaches boys how to study. Fully accredited grades 4-12. Graduates in 80 colleges. Also Business, General courses. Junior School. Senior ROTC. Summer session. 71st year. Write for catalog.

Box 251, BORDENTOWN, N. J.

PENNSYLVANIA

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE

Senior college coordinating academic and military. Defense-minded America needs college men trained in military. Military College R.O.T.C.—earn Commission. Degrees in eng., arts, sciences, bus. adm. Enter Feb. 6. *Write for catalog.*

DEAN OF ADMISSIONS, Dept. F, CHESTER, PENNA.

MARYLAND

MARYLAND COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

A.B., B.S., Degrees. Liberal Arts, Merchandising, Sec. Sci., Home Ec., Dietetics, Music, Drama, Secretarial, Kindergarten Tr.; Riding, Sailing, Sports. Advantages of Baltimore, Annapolis, Washington. Estab. 1853. Enrollment 34 States, 4 Foreign Countries. *Send for Catalog:*

Box H-12, LUTHERVILLE, MARYLAND

SUMMER CAMPS

8 HAPPY WEEKS

ULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS On Lake Maxinkuckee

Three separate camps. Regular Academy instructors. Excellent recreational, living, health and dining facilities. Nautical [illegible] NAVAL (boys 14-18). Naval training, sailing, boating, shore drill, optional tutoring. HORSEMANSHIP (boys 14-18), jumping, polo, horse shows under expert [illegible] WOODCRAFT CAMP (boys [illegible]) Indian and Nature lore, handicraft, campcraft, coaching athletic activities. Nationwide enrollment. Separate catalogs. 16 Lake Shore Walk CULVER, INDIANA

SUSQUEHANNA

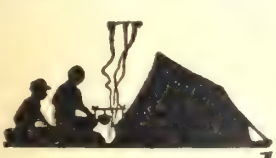
Boys 5-16. Mountain camp at [illegible] Milford, Pa. 34th Year. 825 Acres. [illegible] plete course in horsemanship. 85 HANDS. Own farm. All sports. 3 age groups. Skilled leader for each 4 boys. Personal development our aim. Booklet.

ROBERT T. SMITH NEW MILFORD, PA.

SHATTUCK SUMMER SCHOOL-CAMP

Six weeks recreation and [illegible] groups. Regular Shattuck faculty and facilities. Basic military training. [illegible] sports. Dietitian in [illegible]

DIRECTOR OF ADMISSION [illegible]

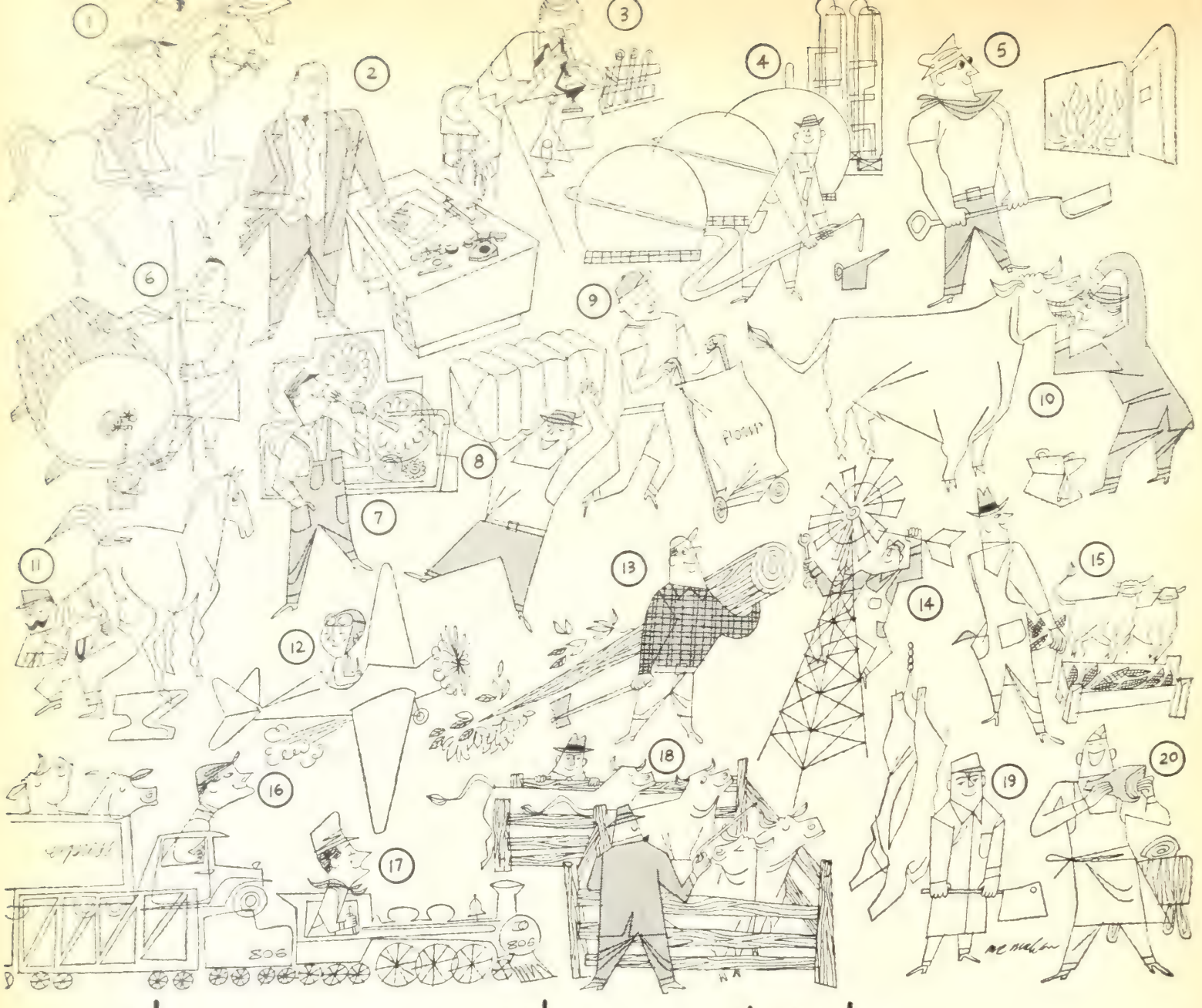


This Summer— Send your youngster to camp while you enjoy your Vacation

DO NOT DELAY the selection of a summer camp for your boy or girl. Hasty decisions are likely to be regretted later. You will find suggestions among the announcements contained in this issue. We shall be glad to furnish additional information and send you booklets. Address

Camp Information Bureau

HARPER'S MAGAZINE 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.



How many people does it take to produce a steak?

When you plank the cash on the counter for a slice of sirloin, some of it may represent *your own pay* for the part *you* played in getting that steak to your table.

We'll make ourselves clear.

It takes a lot of people to help produce that steak in this mid-20th-century economy of ours.

The people we've put in the picture above, for instance. And many, many others. Though you may not realize it, some product you, yourself, help make or sell or service may play a part in producing steaks.

1. **The cowboy** or range hand who looks after the cattle.
2. **The banker** who finances land, herd and equipment.
3. **The chemist** who makes insecticides, serums and fertilizers.
4. **The oil refiner** who provides the fuel for the power machinery so many ranchers use.
5. **The steelmaker** who provides a multitude of items, from fencing and branding irons to filing cabinets.

6. **The brewer**
7. **The sugar refiner**
8. **The cotton ginner**
9. **The flour miller**

who furnish some of the by-products used to make the livestock feeds with which ranchers and feeders supplement grass.

10. **The veterinary** who looks after the health of the cattle.
11. **The blacksmith** who shoes the horses and repairs ranch machinery.
12. **The airplane pilot** who sprays ranges and fields, destroying pests.
13. **The lumberman** who provides the wood for corrals and barns and pens.
14. **The windmiller** who makes the machinery that keeps man-made ranch water holes working.
15. **The feeder** who takes lean range cattle and puts about 25% more beef on them by intensive feeding.

16. **The truck driver**
17. **The railroader**

who haul cattle to market and meat to you.

18. **The stockyards man** who provides "room and board" for the livestock, and the **commission man** who is sales agent for the producer.
19. **The meat packer** who processes and distributes the beef.
20. **The retailer** who is the final link between all these people . . . and *you*.

American Meat Institute *Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.*

Harper's
MAGAZINE

Can Eisenhower Save the GOP?

Gordon Harrison

IT MAY be that before these words reach print General Eisenhower will have declared himself a Presidential candidate, or will have stated that he does not choose to run. But as I write he is waiting; the indications are that he is waiting only to be chosen, first by the Republican convention and then by the electorate; and furthermore that even if he says no, the pressure upon him to run will continue to be heavy.

And that puts it up to us. It is time to consider, before campaign tension makes consideration too difficult, what such a choice would mean. Above all we need to consider what it would mean to install Eisenhower in the White House *at the head of a Republican administration.* The hard reality behind the hero's glamour and the great man's charm is this: in a democracy even a general cannot stand above or outside of the normal political machinery by which lesser men rule. The leader of the nation is first of all the leader of his party and ever since we have had political parties no man has succeeded at the larger task who failed at the smaller.

For many people one of Eisenhower's greatest virtues is that he is so doubtful a Republican that Democrats can seriously talk of nominating him. These people dream of a nonpartisan administration to take the politics out of politics—of pure leadership in a political vacuum. For others, both party professionals hungry for patronage and Truman-haters so anxious for a housecleaning that they don't care what soap is used, Eisenhower has the pre-eminent virtue of being the one Republican almost sure to capture the bulk of the independent vote. Support from these groups both sentimental and selfish is strong and important. But the primary drive to nominate the General comes from another source.

The leaders of the Eisenhower movement want Eisenhower first of all because they do

During his current work on a history of conservative politics in America, Mr. Harrison, author of the recently published Cross-Channel Attack, *got this interesting perspective on what Eisenhower's problems will be if he chooses to run.*

not want Robert Taft. This is a fact of such importance that it should never be dropped from view. Eisenhower backing comes in large part from the Republican groups, chiefly on the east and west coasts, who have been anti-Taft since 1940. To call these groups a wing of the party is to exaggerate their coherence. They agree only on being generally internationalist in foreign policy and in disliking the ultraconservative, old guard, Midwest isolationist faction that forms the articulate center of the Taft support. They agree, moreover, only at election time. Although they have controlled every party convention since 1940, when the elections were over they stopped spinning like a harmony top and separated into their individual colors. They have no pre-eminent leader now that Dewey is on the shelf. They include a dozen obstinate individualists and they are torn by personal jealousies. Look, for instance, at Pennsylvania where Hugh Scott, Dewey's lieutenant, and Senator Duff, who repudiates Dewey's leadership, are both campaigning for Eisenhower and where Harold Stassen, a somewhat flirtatious Eisenhower backer, has ties with the anti-Duff, pro-Taft Grundy faction and has made a bid for McCarthy support. Such confused political alliances are typical, and they underline the fact that if Eisenhower is nominated he will find himself not the leader of a party, not even the leader of a wing of the party, but an individual among individuals, faced with the problem of creating at the same time an administration and a party base for it.

In 1840 another general confronted a similar problem and his troubles have an oddly modern ring. The Republicans of 1840 were the Whigs. Although the parallel between the two parties is not exact it is close enough in certain essentials to be instructive. The Whigs were in general, like today's Republicans, the conservative party and had been through similarly shattering experiences. Jacksonian democracy in the eighteen-thirties had effected a political revolution, not only sweeping most of the places of power but capturing all the popular issues. Against it the conservatives, who became Whigs but remained weak and divided, struggled to save themselves from their own divisions and their profound unpopularity at the polls.

The Whig leader of Congress in 1840 was Henry Clay, a man sixty-three years old who had spent his life in politics, most of it in Congress, and most of it trying hard to be President. Despite his ambition, however, he was a man of strong conservative principle. It was Clay who had challenged the Jackson Administration on the basic issue of the day which focused liberal-conservative antagonisms—recharter of the national bank—and it was Clay who insisted on keeping that issue alive long after the party weathervanes had turned the other way. But though Clay was the recognized leader of the orthodox conservative core of the party and was virtually unchallenged in Congress, his party by 1840 had acquired an embarrassing galaxy of talent and leaders. From the Democrats they had taken over a splinter wing of conservatives with such powerful men as Nathaniel Tallmadge, John Tyler, William Rives, and Hugh Lawson White. From the Anti-Masons, a short-lived third party, they took the brilliant political lobbyist, Thurlow Weed, William Henry Seward, and Thaddeus Stevens. From the diehard New England Federalists they inherited Daniel Webster.

These men agreed on only one thing—hatred of Andrew Jackson and his handpicked successor Martin Van Buren. They hated Jackson not primarily because they disagreed with his policies but because Jackson had been able to draw support directly from the people and over the head of Congress. He threatened thereby to escape the checks which conservatives could always maintain in the legislature. He threatened to establish what conservatives always dreaded above all, a direct popular democracy. The Whigs raised the cry of executive usurpation and welcomed all allies whatever their positive political creed. Significantly one hears echoes of that cry today though only a spattering of applause. It has a similar political excuse now but only slight appeal because the foreign affairs context is such a tangle of technicalities that even the Truman-haters seem to have lost their way.

In 1840 the issue seemed charmingly clear and simple and the party looked for a leader who would keep it clear. Clay had too many enemies among the disparate elements who

called themselves Whigs. Above all he carried Nicholas Biddle and the United States Bank in his political baggage and the Bank had proved a Medusa's head at the polls. The Whig convention, skillfully managed by Thurlow Weed, settled on William Henry Harrison, whose outstanding qualifications for the job were his victories in America's last war and his complete neutrality on the issues of the day. For Vice-President the convention compromised on John Tyler, an anti-Bank and states' rights man. The political strategy was threefold. First it got rid of Clay and issues that would have divided the Whig coalition. Second, it played for party harmony by running one candidate who had no ascertainable political principles and another who, if principles counted, was not a Whig at all. Third, it made a bid to capture with the glamour of a military hero masses of voters who had no other sympathy with Whig conservatism.

THE strategy of an Eisenhower nomination today would be similar though by no means exactly similar. The Whig party division into an orthodox wing and a variety of splinter groups more or less on the liberal fringe is strikingly paralleled in the present Republican party. So is the plethora of Whig leadership. It is unquestionably military glamour that makes Eisenhower so pre-eminently available. Abetted by widely publicized and perfectly genuine personal charm, the general not only can win votes from the plainly bedazzled but can give many soberer people a comfortable illusion that the very complicated issues of the day are not so complicated after all. Yet though the Republicans face a similar problem of reconciling quarreling groups and propose a similar solution, Eisenhower clearly cannot be nominated like Harrison as a man without a program.

In 1840 the Whigs were able to drop out the embarrassing Bank issue by putting forward a man who had never been connected with the Bank and had taken no stand on it. In 1952 the nomination of Eisenhower would not dismiss the foreign policy issue. It would in general repudiate the orthodox Republican stand and accept the Truman program. Specifically it would repudiate the views of the powerful Taft faction.

II

TAFT has made this battleground perfectly explicit and evidently intends to fight there to the end. It is worth recalling some chronology. Just before Eisenhower left for Europe in January last year he declared at a press conference his conviction that America and Europe had a common aim and that the United States should stand ready to "devote assets and resources" to the establishment of a collective force for defense against the Soviet Union in Western Europe. He was then on his way to study European defenses and make recommendations on American participation. The next day Taft in the Senate touched off the "great debate" with a speech answering in advance the questions Eisenhower was to study. Bluntly Taft stated the premises from which he has never fully retreated: his conviction that Russia would not start a war, that the Atlantic Pact was a great mistake, that no American ground troops should be sent to Europe, that the United Nations was a failure, and that the primary aim of American statesmanship should be the defense of America narrowly conceived as keeping the enemy away from our shores. The speech was a full-dress attack not only on Truman but by its timing on Eisenhower and the internationalist groups of the Republican party. It was a siren invitation to all people to return so far as possible to the comfortable Republican days before the great depression when government was cheaper and quieter and America concentrated on making money and keeping out of trouble. While it conceded that the threat of communism, more serious than the threat of prewar fascism, demanded special vigilance, chiefly by the air forces, the clear implication was that communism was only a temporary disease. Against it America needed to put up special but temporary quarantine barriers. Beyond that we did not have and could not afford to undertake any general responsibility for world health.

In the course of the next few weeks Taft seemed to temper his views on the need to send ground troops to Europe and commentators guessed that he was unwilling to challenge Eisenhower's popularity at least until the General had committed himself.

Subsequent events showed that Taft did not shrink from that challenge but only awaited the opportunity to make it explicit. He set the stage with a plea that foreign policy be the major issue of the 1952 campaign. Eisenhower, as expected, supported both the President's program and the need to carry it out without congressional straitjackets. Taft's thoroughgoing rebuttal a few days later can only be read as an invitation to his party to make an unambiguous choice between Taft with a foreign policy issue or Eisenhower with none.

It would be a mistake, however, to regard Taft's stand as simply a political maneuver. He speaks as a party leader who deliberately and self-consciously stepped into Vandenberg's shoes. He is clearly concerned with purging the Republicans of the Vandenberg heresy and of leading them into what seems to him a sounder foreign policy. He accepts the priority of the foreign policy issue. He obviously is deeply disturbed at the headlong way America has been picking up her world responsibilities. If he does not quite believe in old-fashioned isolationism, he apparently does believe in so slowing the trend toward internationalism that at the rate the world is now traveling the distinction becomes largely verbal. Taft, in short, wants not only to be President; he wants his ideas to prevail. That means that he will fight almost equally to get the nomination himself and to prevent its falling to Eisenhower.

If he fails, the bulk of the Republicans undoubtedly will close ranks and back Eisenhower. The General's personal popularity makes it almost certain that his nomination would be tantamount to election. But what then? Then according to the official prophets the party would forget its late divisions. Loyalty to the chief would focus the blind men's elephant into a whole animal again.

III

That was the prophecy and the dream, too, in 1840. But it turned out otherwise. Harrison's first move on election was to try to persuade Clay to become his Secretary of State. One can hardly imagine Eisenhower making such an offer to Taft. But even if he did, Taft would no more entertain the notion than Clay did. Clay chose to keep his independence and his power. He still held the Whig Congress in his hand. The President, he was confident, would come to Clay when he wanted something or the President would not get it. After Clay's refusal, Webster was given first place in the cabinet and came soon to dominate it. Harrison lived only one month in office but even in that short time the struggle for power between Clay and Webster, involving both a matter of policy and a matter of patronage, had brought an open break between the Whig party leader in Congress and the administration.

The break was enlarged into a schism under Tyler. Tyler was a Whig only in the sense that he was not a Jackson Democrat. He could remain a Whig only so long as the Whigs refrained from carrying out Whig policy. In Tyler's weakness and heterodoxy Clay saw his chance to fight for the succession. Fully conscious of Tyler's long record of opposition to a national bank, Clay introduced a bill in Congress for recharter and arrogantly jammed it through, rejecting every compromise suggested from the White House, even though these went very far toward establishing an institution acceptable to the majority of the Whigs. Clay drove his wedge into the party deliberately, brutally. In so doing he lost the national bank to two Presidential vetoes, but he won the main prize—the party nomination of 1844.

The Tyler-Clay fracas over the Bank can be viewed simply as the tough infighting of an ambitious politician. But it can also be seen as a struggle created by the reassertion of traditional party principles against an administration elected without and even contrary to those principles. In both views it has some significance for our times.

Taft, of course, is not Clay. His grip on a Republican Congress would probably not be so tight. He lacks Clay's personal brilliance and popularity, yet he seems at least Clay's equal in party management. How brightly his ambition burns is his secret. Certainly he has worked hard to be President and his defeat in 1952 would not necessarily put him out of the running for '56 or '60. He is curiously almost exactly the same age as Clay was in 1840, and Clay was not only nominated in 1844 but made a strong bid for the nomination in 1848. If Taft is weaker personally than

Clay, he is probably stronger in the issue he has chosen and in his stubborn devotion to that issue. The possibility that Taft in an Eisenhower administration might choose, both for personal reasons and reasons of policy, to pursue the kind of intransigent opposition with which Clay in 1841 split the Whigs at least cannot be lightly dismissed.

In Eisenhower he would face an opponent considerably abler than Harrison. Harrison was in every way, even as a soldier, a mediocrity. Though vain, he had the special sensitivity of mediocrities in high places. An easy mark for flattery, oversensitive to personal slights, he cast his political favor in the direction of his own peace of mind. If only because of the personality clash, a break with the arrogant Clay was perhaps unavoidable.

Eisenhower is in every way a success and wears the mark of success. He has, as far as one can see, no chips on his shoulder and no acute susceptibility to flatterers. He has had long experience in a political world in many ways more devious and delicate than the circles of Washington, though this still leaves him ignorant of the rules of the professional political game especially at the local patronage level. The General's war record shows a man brilliantly able to handle people and to reconcile the most diverse points of view, the subtlest antipathies. There is probably no other man today who would have a better chance of healing a party sick with too many individuals. But the question remains whether personal leadership would suffice to check the sort of wrangling that tore the Whigs in 1841. The question remains whether even Eisenhower could woo Taft from Taftism, or, failing that, whether by the alchemy of which Eisenhower is admittedly a master he could blend isolation and intervention and come up with a middle road impossible to define but somehow navigable. Eisenhower has worked that kind of magic in the past. He could just possibly do it again, but it is at best a long shot gamble in which the price of failure would come high to the nation.

Generals characteristically dream of becoming national leaders in response to the voice of the whole people. In some sense the voice of the people might be heard in the riotous, raucous, log-cabin and hard-cider campaign of 1840. In another sense it might be detected, muted and listless, in the balloting of 1848 to select honest, faithful Zachary Taylor. Yet in both cases it was a voice without words. If it expressed anything, it spoke only a desire to escape from too clamorous issues by shouting three cheers for a man who had taken no stand on anything. It was at heart no more than the affirmation of the old human yearning to shuffle off responsibilities on a hero in a crisis too complicated and too pressing to be resolved simply and pleasantly. The impulse stirring both the generals and the people is understandable but in both it is naïve. The people may postpone the crisis but in the end they either solve their own problems or pay for their failure with their liberty.

As for the generals they find that popular acclamation is a heady, powerful tonic, but after election they wind up in the lap of a party confronting the age-old petty problems of politics and forced, whether they like it or not, to play the game without epaulets as it has always been played.

IV

Insofar as Eisenhower is expected to offer anything more than change, his strongest bid for support is the supposition that he could clean out the political house and provide strong leadership in the world crisis. But before he can do either he must build his own political mansion. That means at the very beginning forming a cabinet, distributing patronage, and lining up the party in Congress. It means, in short, confronting in concrete inescapable terms the party divisions which more directly than the voice of the people put him in power. Will his Secretary of State be a Dewey man or will he be a man acceptable to Taft? Will the Duff faction get the patronage in Pennsylvania? Can the Administration sell some kind of modified internationalism to the Taft supporters in Congress on a *quid pro quo* basis, or will it try to go its own way, asking the Midwest to swallow its convictions in the interest of party harmony or depending on the support of a bipartisan coalition?

Again the experience of history is discouraging. Both Harrison and Taylor found that cabinet making and patronage forced choices among competing cliques and widened

existing party divisions. Harrison allowed his cabinet to be dominated by Webster, thus setting the stage for an open rift with Clay. Taylor let his cabinet fall largely under the sway of Seward. The dominance of Seward threw Taylor, a Southern slave-holder, into the arms of the Northern antislavery wing of the Whig party and did much to turn the Southern Whigs into the Democratic party fold. Seward's influence also contributed largely to the split between Taylor and Clay over the famous Compromise of 1850. In distributing patronage both Harrison and Taylor gave the nod to one faction of the party and so alienated the others.

It would be bad history and rash prophecy to say that any of the difficulties of the past either were inevitable then or will be repeated now. What does seem inevitable is that if Eisenhower is nominated and elected, he will have to face the problems inherent in the leadership of a divided party, and he will have somehow to solve these problems before he can hope to emerge as a national leader.

The Republican party faces a more serious dilemma. Having thrown the major issue of the day into the campaign, it is hard to see how they can duck the fact of their own division on that issue either during the campaign or after. It would seem that if they now choose Eisenhower they are committed either to a public conversion or an internecine war.

For the average voter the emotional attractiveness of an Eisenhower candidacy must be considerably soured by the sad contrast between the symbol of unity and the fact of a political shambles. It must also be soured by the reflection that however clear Eisenhower's own sense of direction (and it now seems clear only in foreign policy), he will have to drag along a quarreling and often muddled party which to date has shown neither a sense of direction nor a disposition to acquire one. History gives full credit to the creativeness of great individuals. History does not even rule out miracles. But on the record Eisenhower would need the full measure of both to surmount the obstacles that a confused Republicanism would place in his way.

Percentages

VICTOR KELLER

So, LIFE—in view of viruses and germs and poisons;
Lightning; falling objects; fire; local customs;
Pistols; swamp gas; nitroglycerin; narrow margins
Of allowable error in adjustments to the medium
And temperature; volcanoes; lockjaw; valvular lesions;
Dietary deficiencies; daggers; dirks; carbines;
Tuberculosis; things to stumble on; machine guns;
Lusts; potassium cyanide; dengue; botulism;
Poison berries; beasts that break out of confinement;
Tainted meat; quicksand; grenade-guns; field guns;
Carbon monoxide; cocci; cholera; embolisms;
Bacteria; fights; gangrene; grand mal; high-tension
Wires; bulbar poliomyelitis; crimes;
Escaping gas; lakes; highway accidents;
Flies; family curses; puppies; poison mushrooms;
Bubonic and pneumonic plagues; ticks; broken dams;
Heart breakings; heights; fear; chance entombments;
Fungi; bombs; blows; water moccasins;
Earthquakes; requited sins; sarcomas; landmines;
The impossibility of watching over anyone;
The impossibility of changing place with anyone;
And the possibilities—
So, life's almost impossible, but, love, not quite.

Corruption in Washington

And What Lies Behind It

Blair Bolles

THE corrupt abuse of the federal government for personal profit has lately exceeded anything known in those two outstanding past epochs of political sin, the Grant and Harding Administrations. Not that any thieves of the first magnitude, like Grant's Secretary of War Belknap and Harding's Secretary of the Interior Fall, enliven the current scene. What sets modern Washington apart from Washington after the Civil War and Washington after World War I is the present-day democratization of corruption. Washington is the source of extra-legal favors for far more Americans than those fortunates who had ready access to the government in previous epochs, and, while the great majority of public servants remain honorable and responsible, the favor-seekers have found more officials ready to fulfill their wants than seem to have been available in evil times that lie behind us.

The revelation in 1951 by congressional committees and alert newspapers of the spread of human weakness through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Internal Revenue Bureau, and other federal agencies has generated a move for the moral reform of Washington. This reached such strength last October that a subcommittee of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee, headed by Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, recommended the establishment of a Commission on Ethics in Government. But although the existence of such a commission might frighten or convert some crooks to honesty, it is improbable that officials who ignore the old Commandments would honor whatever new ones the commission produced. Actually, preoccupation with the improvement of morals could have the effect of keeping alive the opportunities for corruption. Such preoccupation diverts us from the real issue which corruption symbolizes. For the key fact is that Washington festers from a political problem which underlies and generates the moral problem. The first must be solved before the immorality can be rooted out.

The political problem of the federal government lies in the fact that it has taken over the role of J. P. Morgan & Co. and does not yet know how to play it. In the old days American business turned to the bankers of the country, among whom the Morgans were by all odds the most powerful and influential, for loans and for capital funds. In effect these bankers decided who should have money for the relief, reorganization, or expansion of their firms and who should not. If a great banker favored his friends, as Morgan the Elder certainly did, this might occa-

Blair Bolles has been making a thorough investigation of corruption in Washington, which he summarizes here and will present more fully in his book entitled How to Get Rich in Washington, *to be published by Norton next month.*

sion criticism but involved no taint of corruption; for the funds which he dispensed were private, not public.

Now, however, the situation has changed. Washington has become the financial center of the United States since the revolutionary tax law of 1944 began to channel into the federal Treasury a large portion of the money which private citizens used to invest through Wall Street or their own brokers in business expansion. In 1929, the last year before the Great Depression, the federal Internal Revenue Bureau collected 2.8 per cent of the value of all the goods the country produced. In 1949 the taxes amounted to 15.6 per cent of the national product. The government also diverts money from private to government use by the enormous loans it floats. In 1929 the value of federal securities outstanding was one-fifth of the country's gross national product; in 1949 the value was about equal to the gross national product. The shift of the money center to Washington has made private enterprise dependent in large measure on public financing for its survival and expansion. Yet the government—though it has clear-cut plans for using Treasury funds in foreign-aid programs—has no coherent, well-worked-out policy for the disposal of such funds in the United States. And the vagueness of policy invites favoritism in the use of the funds, which is quite another matter with public funds than with private ones.

One reason why the Truman Administration plays J. P. Morgan clumsily is that it is heir to another institution which generally is considered an antibiotic for Wall Street. That institution is the New Deal, which the Administration keeps alive as a theory, at least, under the name of Fair Deal. The confusion arising from the government's attempts to mingle the two roles has obscured the purpose of government from many officials in responsible positions. The Morgans, father and son and partners, had a good sense of financial values; otherwise their bank would have failed. The New Dealers had a good sense of social values; this filled them with their pioneering zeal and gave them a goal for government in the prewar Administrations of Franklin Roosevelt. The modern administrators in Washington, however, often show only a vague notion of either social or financial value. Operating with public funds, they lack above all a definition of the "public interest."

The collision between the government as dispenser of capital (Morgan) and as social and economic equalizer (New Deal) creates the opportunity to get rich corruptly in Washington. One can see this strange result in the fate of the idea of the welfare state. The idea —born of the conviction that it is the duty of government to improve the lot of Americans lagging in the race for comfort, security, and opportunity—gave an intellectual focus to the aims and activities of Roosevelt's Presidency. Although the money may often have been unwisely distributed, at least there was a definite and defensible public purpose behind its distribution. Now, however, while the federal officials still blow the trumpets loudly for the welfare state, this institution has been undergoing a subtle change into the rich man's welfare state, a monument to privilege instead of to equality. With no plain purpose to guide them, many officials put the money and authority of Washington at the disposal of those who don't need help or who don't deserve it at public expense.

The philosophy of government produced by the Roosevelt New Dealers has not turned out to be strong and flexible enough to be adapted to good times. The Rooseveltians flourished in years of national poverty. The prosperity which the United States has enjoyed since World War II smothered their spirit. Moreover, Congress has not passed laws which realistically accommodate New Deal attitudes to the current facts of political life. President Truman has got rid of most of the New Dealers and put the agencies symbolic of the welfare state under the control of practical men. These men seldom act on the New Deal notion that the federal government is responsible for the welfare of all the persons in whose name it acts, even though they profess this notion. Yet while the old idea has been losing its vigor, the agencies established to give form to the idea survive. The gigantic apparatus of government built up to promote welfarism under Roosevelt, and expanded during World War II and afterward, is still the dispensary of money and of favors more valuable than money. The centralization of national power in this federal apparatus simplifies the task of

the modern seekers of privilege. Instead of having to milk the nation, they have only to milk the nation's government. The billions gathered in taxes and borrowings make Washington a magnet for favor-seekers. The New Deal apparatus provides the means for satisfying them.

For example, the Civil Aeronautics Board, established under Roosevelt to regulate commercial aviation in the public interest, has degenerated into the defender of the private interest of established airlines in keeping the skies closed to new competitors. The Federal Power Commission, expanded under Roosevelt to promote conservation and to safeguard the consumer, now takes its cue from the great private producers of power and fuels. The Maritime Commission, created under Roosevelt in a revolt against the high subsidies paid to shipbuilders and ship-operators, now pays subsidies higher than before. The transformation of the Commission into the Maritime Administration has not improved it. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation for four years has been lending money without distinguishing between private and public interest. Whether or not the Defense Production Administration, a recent creation of the Truman Administration, has channeled funds toward big business engaged in military production, to the harm of smaller industry, as has been frequently charged, the fact that it would be in a position to do so illustrates how arbitrary are the powers enjoyed by such agencies.

II

By coincidence, the history of modern privilege in the federal government begins in the year Congress lifted the United States to its present high tax plateau. That was 1944. Measured against present standards, internal revenue collections before that year were a trifle. At their height in Roosevelt's prewar Presidency they reached $6,700,000,000 in 1941. Two years later they were $21,040,000,000. The 1944 law boosted them to $40,425,000,000. There above Everest they have remained with slight variation. Since 1944 the government has poured back into the nation about $46,000,000,000 in various manifestations of its Wall Street guise.

The pattern of irresponsibility and carelessness in official use of the taxpayers' money was set in 1944 by fraudulent overpayments which some military officers made to industrialists in the settlement of World War II contracts. This tendency to be generous to individuals at the expense of the public showed itself later in the bargain prices at which the government sold its surplus merchant ships and other surplus property, and in advances to RFC borrowers who went bankrupt almost immediately upon obtaining their loans. Lately this confusion about the nature of "public interest" has been underlined by the interest in armaments which the fear of Russia excites. The determination to remain militarily strong has given rise to what we can call "military socialism." Under military socialism the government pays the owners of factories and shiplines, by subsidies and other indirect or tax devices, to produce goods or perform services that have no measurable economic value to the American public but ostensibly are useful to the government in developing its military strength. The new superliner, America's answer to the *Queen Mary*, which is to be launched in the spring, is a good example of the abuse of the taxpayer that sometimes marks military socialism. The maritime law authorizes the government to pay one-third of the cost of building a ship as a subsidy; the United States Lines, the owner of the superliner, was reluctant to build it unless the government subsidized 60 per cent of the cost; the Navy Department provided the Maritime Commission with a reason, based on military security, why the higher subsidy should be paid, and the arrangement was completed to the satisfaction of the United States Lines. The ship in reality does have economic as well as military value; but it was in the name of security that the Commission widened the Lines' profit margin.

Interest in obtaining these favors from Washington has risen as the flow of money into the Treasury has become more rapid. Conversely interest has risen also in squirming around the tax laws. Great sums have been "distributed" by the government in gifts of money through the device of not collecting money. Merchant ship and airplane lines subsidized by Washington receive a tax favor which improves their competitive

position vis-à-vis the nonsubsidized lines. The revenue act of 1950, passed to finance the beginnings of the rearmament program inspired by the outbreak of the Korean war, authorized the Administration to postpone the collection of taxes for five years on the sums spent by industry to build new plants for defense production—another phase of military socialism. In ten months the Defense Production Administration postponed most of the tax payments on nine billion dollars' worth of plant. The lack of a guiding purpose and the drive for speed in rearmament led to some successful conniving by firms to get the tax favor for the erection of factories which they had planned long before there was a war in Korea.

Another kind of tax favor has been provided by the Internal Revenue Bureau and the Department of Justice. Reversing their position from the days when they prosecuted Al Capone for nonpayment of income tax, they have permitted "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, a former Capone pal, and other racketeers to deduct from their taxable income large sums under the general heading of "miscellaneous." The Internal Revenue has shown consideration for racketeers also by settling government tax claims against them for a small percentage of the total amount due.

In contrast to its kindness to Greasy Thumb, the Bureau forced Joe Louis, the retired heavyweight boxing champion, back into the ring with its demand for full payment to the last cent of his delinquent taxes.

The essence of corruption infects the various devices for redistributing government funds—the donation of money, military socialism, the subsidy, the tax favor—because they are invoked for some and closed to others on a capricious basis. The evil lies in discrimination. The history of corruption shows that a good many officials simply adopt friendship as their standard for determining who is to get it and who is not. Given the failure of the Capitol or the White House to define exactly the purpose and role of the agencies which administer the favors, it is easy for the custodians of government authority to jettison old abstractions like "public interest" and "equal justice and opportunity for all" in favor of a personalized approach to their duties. Undoubtedly the great majority of officials steadfastly try to honor their responsibilities and to make decisions on the basis of merit and justice. But those who have fallen into the modern way command the sluice gates of the Treasury.

III

The flamboyant record of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation shows the effect of the friendship principle on the government's management of its responsibilities as the successor to J. P. Morgan.

The RFC has been generous in a haphazardly democratic way. Anybody who selfishly wanted a loan that would not benefit the nation one whit could get it from the RFC if he found the right lawyer or had the support of the right politicians in the days when William Boyle led the Democratic National Committee. The corporation has pandered to greed without being snobbish about it. It helped the deserving and undeserving. It thrust money on the proprietors of roadside snake farms, cultivators of cactus plants for sale in dime stores, dental clinics, paperboard makers, mattress makers, television manufacturers, canneries, movie houses, cafés, drug stores, truckers, a trailer manufacturer, a maker of fluorescent lamps, a rainbow trout factory, and some very dubious fellows who wanted to be concessionaires for the roulette room in a Nevada hotel. In a kind of perverted way, it was dedicated, before the revelations of the Fulbright Committee forced a clean-up in the spring of 1951, to an ideal cause, to the cause of small business.

Borrowers in great numbers began to hammer at the doors of the RFC in 1948, when Congress authorized the agency to make direct loans "to aid in financing agriculture, commerce, and industry; to encourage small business; to help in maintaining the economic stability of the country; and to assist in promoting maximum employment and production." The corporation had antedated the New Deal by two years, and it had been an important adjunct of the New Deal's effort to revitalize the American economy. Until 1948, however, most of the Corporation's loans had been limited to private lending agencies and large enterprises like railroads. The new law shouted, "Come one, come all."

The law accentuated the J. P. Morgan aspect of the federal government. In 1948 the

United States was hovering half-way between the system of free enterprise and a system of state-controlled money. Superficially the times gave the illusion that free enterprise had been firmly re-established as the irrevocable American way. But free enterprise wants a steady flow of private money in the form of investments, and this flow was missing. One permanent result of the New Deal is the distribution of a far greater share of the national income to labor and farmers than they received a quarter of a century ago during the swan-song period of all-out free enterprise. Instead of buying stocks in speculative enterprises, farmers and labor tend to put their money into savings banks and insurance companies, which in turn ordinarily make sure-thing investments instead of risking their capital on new ventures or the expansion of old ventures. This cautiousness cut down the underwriting opportunities of the Morgans and other old-line investment houses. The tax laws further restricted these opportunities. Before the Depression the United States invested 18 per cent of its national income in business enterprise. In 1949 private investment had fallen below 10 per cent, and 18 per cent was flowing to Washington in taxes and a larger amount in borrowings.

THE revised RFC was in a position to take up some of this investment slack. The amount of the loans the agency made between 1948 and 1950 increased rapidly over the amount disbursed before 1948. Congress had directed the RFC to lend money "in the national interest," but the agency defined this requirement strangely. Applicants for loans who had no friendships in the RFC and employed no lawyer or political intercessor whom the RFC recognized as a friend were likely to get nothing, no matter how neatly their proposals fitted the public interest. Other applicants who had friends or used friendly intercessors often got what they were after, whether it was in the public interest or not.

The American Lithofold Co. of St. Louis provides a famous example of this kind of discrimination. The RFC turned down Lithofold three times. When Lithofold retained Vice-Chairman Boyle as its attorney and Boyle phoned to Chairman Harley Hise of RFC, Lithofold got the loan it wanted. The absence of clear-cut techniques for sorting over the loan applications was frankly underlined in the testimony of Joseph Casey, a lawyer with a large RFC practice, before the Fulbright Committee in the spring of 1951:

> You have a situation in the RFC where there are no standard practices. There is no group before whom you appear at one time. There is no rule by which this loan is granted or that one is not, that you can judge yourself by. It is a matter of rule of thumb in each individual case.

"Is it a matter of filling out the forms, presenting a balance sheet, and presenting the facts, and that is all there is to it?" Senator Homer Capehart of Indiana asked Casey.

"Senator," said Casey, "you would never get a loan on that basis."

The friendship principle stimulated corruption in the RFC in a number of ways. The sale of friendship was one of them. Many of the fortunes made in California in 1849 and the lush years following belonged not to the gold miners but to the foresighted men who sold the miners the necessaries of life, who owned the ships that moved the gold around Cape Horn, and who traded in real estate in the towns around the mines. So it was with getting rich from the RFC. Those who assisted the borrowers for a price often made more money than the borrowers themselves. These intercessors had some sort of entree to the RFC, such as a friendship with a director, or a friendship with a friend of a director. The intercessor might be an attorney in private practice, or an official of the government, like James Finnegan, the former Collector of Internal Revenue in St. Louis. The fruit of this friendship was on the market. The intercessors did a brisk commerce.

ANOTHER source of corruption in the friendship principle is the opportunity it has given borrowers to take mean advantage of their trusting friends within the RFC. The story of the Ribbonwriter Corporation of America is interesting in this connection.

Ribbonwriter in January 1949 submitted to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation a request for a loan of $400,000. The company had a new gadget to market—an attachment

for the typewriter that would enable a typist to make five copies of her work without using carbon paper. Ribbonwriter was a Florida corporation; and the Florida advisory committee of the RFC and the director of the Jacksonville agency of the RFC recommended that Washington turn down the application.

In Washington Charles B. Lewis, loan examiner for the RFC, disagreed with Floridian opinion. He recommended approval, and the RFC board took his advice. The agency refused to buy Ribbonwriter's gadget, but it advanced $300,000 to Ribbonwriter on May 16, 1949; the company went bankrupt on July 29, 1949, and two weeks later the receiver found that Ribbonwriter had less than $100 cash in hand. Florida lawyers of the RFC passed on to Washington reports that some of the owners of Ribbonwriter were making personal use of the loan.

Why did Charles B. Lewis, who had been the president of two banks in Georgia, propose that the RFC make this sour loan? The reason came out during the investigation of the RFC which a special subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency made in 1950 and 1951: for forty years he had been a friend of Wiley L. Moore, a director of Ribbonwriter.

"I relied all along on Mr. Moore's guarantee," Lewis told Senator J. William Fulbright, the chairman of the subcommittee.

Among friends in Washington a man's word is as good as his bond, or perhaps better. Friendship means trust. Lewis understood that along with the transportation system of Jacksonville, Florida, Moore "owned" the Georgia Life Insurance Company in Atlanta. The first vice-president of the Life Insurance Company of Georgia wrote to Fulbright, "We wish to advise that Mr. Moore is not and never has been in any way connected with our company. Insofar as we can determine, this Mr. Moore not only has no interest in our company, but has no connection with any company of a similar name that could have possibly confused Mr. Lewis."

Fulbright. Mr. Lewis, do you know whether Mr. Wiley Moore is a stockholder in the Ribbonwriter Company?

Lewis. He told me he was.

Fulbright. How much stock does he own?

Lewis. He did not tell me.

Fulbright. Mr. Moore *did not own any stock.* . . . You do not know really whether Mr. Moore, your friend, put any money at all in this, do you?

Lewis. Only his word. I have not checked the record of it.

In his reliance on friendship as a guide, Lewis had the example of his superior, William Edward Willett, Director of the RFC, to follow. Willett was a friend of C. Edward Rowe, a judge from Athol, Massachusetts. They had worked together as national bank examiners in 1933. In 1949 Rowe was a director and owner of one-third of the stock of the Harrington and Richardson Arms Company, a maker of shotguns and shells in Worcester, Massachusetts. Business was poor, and the firm sought a loan from the RFC to tide it over to the next year's hunting season.

The agency's examiner in Boston refused to recommend the loan. Rowe thereupon went to Washington to see Willett. Willett greased the way for Rowe's loan application in spite of the opposition in Boston. He hand-picked an examiner from the Washington office and assigned him to Rowe's case. He did Rowe the unusual favor of letting him confer with the examiner. The loan went through. Willett's examiner recommended a credit of $300,000 for Harrington and Richardson.

"I did it as a personal favor to Judge Rowe," Willett told Senator Fulbright to explain the special assignment of the examiner.

"Isn't it a fact," Fulbright asked him, "that because he was an old friend, you did depart from the usual ruling and did extend this favor to him?"

"That is a fact, yes, sir. I would do it for any friend."

IV

The elevation of friendship into a principle of government has been stimulated by President Truman himself. Like Grant and Harding, he is an honest man, but he has been attracted by many political confidence men.

For the sake of his friends, he stomached a long succession of moral horrors when he was chained to the Pendergast machine in Kansas

City, and to demonstrate his loyalty to the old machine Truman, upon becoming President in 1945, pardoned fifteen of the sixty-three persons who had been found guilty of fraud in the Jackson County (Kansas City) elections in 1936. He has underlined his devotion to the principle by his loyalty to members of his own staff who have put a blemish on the concept of democratic government as the equalizer of opportunity. Furthermore, in 1950, when the Fulbright Committee was plugging along with its investigation of the RFC, Truman reappointed as directors of the Corporation the two men whom the committee had found most willing to recommend loans on the friendship basis; the other three directors, the President dropped. These who stayed on, Ed Willett and Walter Dunham, were friends of Truman's administrative assistant for patronage matters, Donald Dawson, and usually eager to please the Democratic National Committee.

Despite the President's special sense of loyalty, Congress and public indignation lately have forced the Administration to make some reforms. The RFC now is managed by one man instead of by five. The President let Chairman Boyle of the Democratic National Committee resign after the Hoey Committee of the Senate, with the indispensable help of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, exposed Boyle's use of his political influence at the RFC for a legal fee. At this writing Truman has dismissed Internal Revenue Collectors Delaney of Boston, Johnson of New York, Finnegan of St. Louis, and Smythe of San Francisco and he expressed approval of the suggestion by Boyle's successor, Frank McKinney, that collectors hereafter be appointed on the basis of merit.

Those actions may signify an interest in better behavior by government officials, but they do not get rid of the basic temptation which lures officials to apply the friendship principle corruptly in their daily work on behalf of the public. As long as the money flows in a torrent to Washington, as long as Washington therefore remains the magnet of business men seeking finance capital in the various forms the federal government has it available, and as long as neither President nor Congress formulates a realistic set of standards to guide officials in the dispensation of that capital, so long will the moral tone of Washington remain low.

The federal government has an enormous power in its authority to lend or not to lend money, to grant or to withhold tax favors, and to determine whose business it will finance in the name of military socialism. This is the power of economic life and death. It can choose the companies that are to survive. Those which cannot obtain private financing and need its help and to which it lends money or pays subsidies or whose taxes it reduces are the companies that will live on. Those whose requests it turns down limp along weakly or fade away. The designation of these "chosen instruments" often takes place as haphazardly as blindfolded children pin the tail on the donkey at a birthday party. True, this Administration has attracted to its ranks a dismaying number of officials whose behavior under such circumstances is sleazy and disreputable. The fact remains that a sound study of what it means for the government to take over the mastery of American capitalism will do more for morality than a new Moses with a new Decalogue trying to overwhelm evil without getting rid of the occasion of evil.

The Nutmeg Eater

A Story by Hazel Heckman

Drawings by Oscar Liebman

THE finest garden in Picket Rock, where gardening annually assumed the significance of a spring rite, was always that of a simple fellow by the name of Jesse Jonas, who had a strange addiction. He was addicted to nutmeg.

It was not a noxious habit. To be sure the little house where Jesse lived with his mother was permeated throughout the winter by the odor of the spice, the way a spiceball will flavor the entire contents of a closed dresser drawer; but it was not an unpleasant smell, and as far as people could see the spice did Jesse no harm. Certainly, he seemed a harmless fellow.

Jesse made a strange appearance. His vague blue eyes protruded slightly, and his broken teeth were stained with nutmeg, and his thin body was warped and stooped from a childhood injury and from the burden of the heavy manual labor which was the only kind he was able to perform.

But he had uncommon strength in his long hands and arms, and he did well whatever job was assigned to him, whether it were cleaning a privy pit or filling in an open grave after a funeral service (jobs no one else could be persuaded to do); and such of the townspeople as liked a job well done held him in respect.

He was a quiet man, and people liked that. He talked to himself a good deal, mumbling and gesticulating, as the lonely and the eccentric frequently do, and there were times when he seemed morose and withdrawn, moving quickly and nervously and failing to reply when spoken to. But there were other times, and those were more frequent, when he was strangely animated, whistling queer tunes of his own making and smiling foolishly at everyone he met.

"Well, there goes Nutmeg," Zack Kaufmann would say, watching Jesse's odd sidling canine-like progress down the street. "Happy as though he had good sense."

"Well, I'm not sure he ain't," Charlie Hamblett said once. It was one of Charlie's bad days. "I'm not sure I wouldn't rather have what he's got than what I've got."

But the people of Picket Rock worried about Jesse sometimes, too. It was a part of the town's solidity that its citizens took seriously the responsibility of caring for the unfortunate and the poor. "Whatever will become of him when his mother goes?" they asked.

As a matter of fact, so far as finances went, Jesse and his mother got on as well as most; indeed, a good deal better than some. Old Pleeny Jonas, Jesse's father, had been a veteran of the Civil War and every month Grandma Jonas, as she was generally called, received a pension check. And Jesse was a good worker. *He* really looked after *Grandma,* people said. In winter, while Jesse did the housework, even to the washing and ironing of her tiny high-necked dresses, or prepared his garden for spring, Grandma sat beside the fire with her little feet on a padded stool and crocheted dozens of intricate lace doilies; and in summer she tripped about the neighborhood making calls and giving the doilies

away. There was not a home in Picket Rock, save that of Sabina Trenton, who did not believe in doilies, that did not have at least one of Grandma Jonas' creations on a stand table or across a chair back. A small plump woman, with short silver-white curls worn in the fashion of her girlhood and tied with a ribbon, Grandma was a sight to behold as she went about the town with her reticule and her lavender knitted shawl, her tiny feet encased in a pair of high-topped button boots.

The Jonas house, which was very small and neat, sat halfway between Asa Steffen's and the rambling combination house, office, and apothecary shop occupied by Dr. Bombach. It was not a bad place to live. Asa and his wife were stingy, but they were kind where kindness cost nothing; and Dr. Bombach and his wife Lila, a tall shy intelligent girl, were as open-handed as they come.

THE Bombachs had not been in Picket Rock so very long before Grandma Jonas came to call on Lila. "The strangest little woman came to see me today," Lila reported to Doc as they sat at supper that evening. "She was straight out of one of Louisa Alcott's books, even to the reticule and the shawl. She told me in the most ordinary manner, the way I'd tell you I bought a dozen eggs at the grocery, that she had dropped her son on his head as a baby and that he had never been bright since."

"It might be true," Doc said.

"Oh, I know the son," Lila said. "Only I'm not sure as to the exact degree of his brightness. His name's Jesse, or that's what his mother calls him. The boys all call him 'Nutmeg,' because he eats them. Have you ever run across anything like that in your travels?"

Doc looked up. "You mean anyone who eats *boys?* Many times. It's not at all rare."

"Nutmegs, silly," she said. "He's an addict."

Doc laid his fork down. "Look," he said, "do you lock your doors at night when I'm gone?"

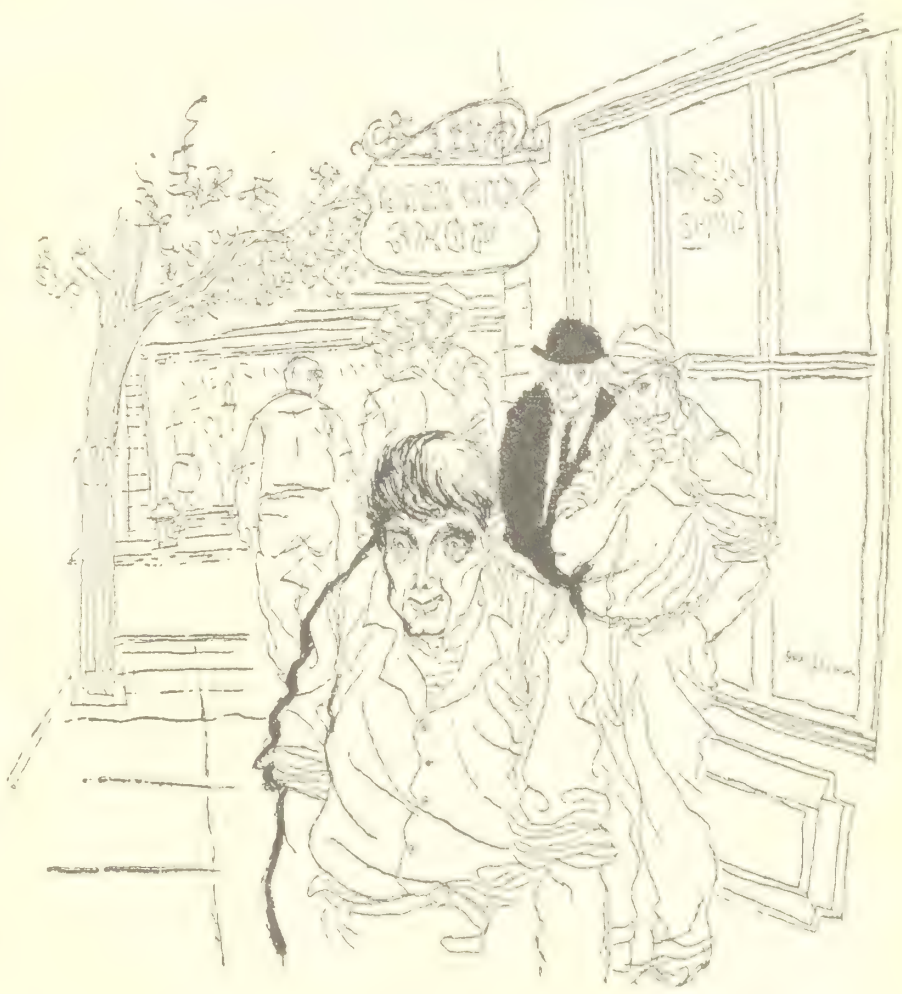
"Of course," she said. He knew very well that none of the doors *had* locks and that no one locked a door in Picket Rock. Lila had gone over to Mrs. Steffen's once to borrow a cup of sugar and Mrs. Steffen had called to her to come on in. "Isn't the door locked?" Lila had asked. "Bless you, no," Mrs. Steffen said. "Nobody locks doors here. Suppose you were to have a spell? The neighbors would have to chop the door down to get at you." Lila had repeated that to Doc.

"Well, see that you do," he said, taking up his fork again.

"Anyway, Jesse's harmless," she said. "He just has to have nutmeg the way I have to have coffee of a morning before I'm civil, and the way we both have to have music and books."

"Now I've heard everything." Doc said.

"He's musical, too," Lila said. "He improvises the strangest little monotunes. And



He was strangely animated, whistling queer tunes.



Grandma crocheted intricate lace doilies.

he listens when I play. I saw him standing at a corner of the woodshed the other evening." She didn't say that the sudden sight of him there had sent shivers down her spine and that a favorite phrase of her mother's, "We'll all be murdered in our beds," had popped into her head.

"His mother told me she saw when he was a baby that Jesse couldn't learn," Lila went on, "and so she never sent him to school at all. But I was talking to him the other day about building some cold frames and he came up with the number of panes of glass I would need before I could get my pencil out of my pocket. Do you remember Thoreau's story of the half wit who came to Walden and told Thoreau he was 'deficient in intellect,' which caused Thoreau to wonder if there was much difference after all between the half and the whole? And have you noticed his garden?"

"Whose garden? Thoreau's?"

She gave him a playful clout. "You ought to see his radishes," she said. "I'm green with envy."

"You're *brown*," he said. He caught her hand when she would have taken his plate away. "You spend so much time outside that I can still feel the sun on your skin when I come home at night." He moved his chair back and drew her down on his knees. "Are you happy here?"

"I love it here," she said honestly. "There's something about these people. Take Mina Bettis. She takes in washing. But she holds her head up, the way she ought to do, and comes to call on you like anyone else. And Sabina Trenton's probably the most respected woman in town. But when she came into Picket Rock as a girl they say she brought a baby and no husband; and then just went ahead and behaved herself and people forgot all about her never having been married, the way they should have. She could very well have come into town posing as a widow, but she didn't. She just lived so decently and with such dignity that people forgot she had ever made a mistake."

"Play something," Doc said. "Play something light and sweet and haunting. Before the telephone rings again and I have to drive out ten miles to treat a case of cholera morbus or to doctor a horse for spavin."

Lila went to the piano. She sat on the bench and let her fingers get the feel of the keys. She was not an accomplished musician. She played by ear mostly and only for her husband's pleasure or her own. Now she began to make up a melody. Doc would be asleep in a moment; he was dead tired. She cupped her hand about the chimney and blew out the flame in the lamp. The moonlight made a silver filigree out of the lace vine over the arbor and the Madonna lilies were like pure patches of moonlight in the Jonas garden. The lights were already out in the Barney house. Was Old Man Barney, who had been a freight wagon driver on the Oregon trail in his early youth, dreaming of a headlong flight from Indians? A pinpoint of light shone from between the drawn blinds of the bedroom Asa Steffen occupied with his gaunt wife Ada, and in the back room of the livery stable she could see that the nightly poker game was already in progress.

There was no light in the Jonas house. "I go to bed with the chickens and sleep like a baby," Grandma had said. But now, as Lila played, the thin stooped figure of Jesse emerged in his linen duster, and came down the steps and stood underneath the chinaberry tree in an attitude of listening.

"Don't get up," Lila told Mrs. Jonas. "I can't stay. I have bread in the pans." She sat on a low chair facing the window and watched the tiny withered hands feed the fine thread. "I thought maybe Jesse could spare me a few tomato plants to fill out a row." Neat flats of vigorous young plants filled the window shelves, sturdy green

peppers and velvet-leafed tomatoes and Swiss chard, the bright labels from the packets pasted along the side.

"I'll see he does," the old lady said. "But you stay a minute. Jesse's so busy with his garden I get hungry for talk."

"He has a fine garden," Lila said. "He really has a green thumb." She wondered what they found to talk about. She thought of the moment of realization when you first knew your son could never be like the sons of other women, the time of acceptance, the moment relived in the lonely darkness of a sleepless night. The rasp of a file came from the woodshed, where she supposed Jesse must be at work.

"He's at it early and late," the old lady said petulantly. "It's all he cares about. You'd think a plant was human the way he coddles them along and the way he grieves when one withers up and dies."

The house was immaculately clean. The windows gleamed and the curtains were freshly washed and ironed. A heap of freshly ironed clothing lay on the sideboard and one of Grandma's tiny old-fashioned tucked Mother Hubbards hung behind the door.

"Jesse was late with his ironing this week," the old lady complained. "He's not put it away yet. He *had* to get outside." She swept a heap of ribbons and bits of lace from the ironing board into a paper sack. "He likes little fripperies," she said. "He's forever pressing them."

"He's certainly a fine housekeeper," Lila said, embarrassed. "I've never seen a *woman* do better."

"It's the way I brought him up," the old lady said modestly. "Jesse's a good boy." Her thin lips moved, counting stitches. "There's not many women as favored as I am, to have a son with them for fifty years."

Lila considered that, trying to visualize Jesse as a boy. She saw a thin frail figure peering between the pickets at the passing school children. To what degree had he been aware of the difference?

"He's took a great notion to you," Grandma said brightly. "He likes to hear you play."

As well not repeat that to Doc, Lila thought, getting up to go.

"Of course he's got his little ways," Grandma said. "And he might not be as bright as some. But if he had been he'd have married likely and then where would I be? In an old folks home somewhere with nobody to care about me in my old age."

Lila repeated the remark that evening to Doc.

"Well," Doc said, "I've seen many another woman try to keep her children from growing up."

"I think she dropped him on purpose," Lila said. "Not too much; just enough to keep him with her in her old age!"

It was several weeks before Lila went again to the Jonas house, but she saw Jesse frequently. It had turned dry and he worked in his garden from early until late, patiently hilling the earth about the tomatoes and the young corn and carrying water from the cistern to pour into sunken perforated cans about the roots. Working in her own small plot or sitting beside the window with her solitary supper tray while Doc was out on call, Lila liked to hear the steady sound of his hoe scraping earth and the monotonous tunes he sometimes whistled. There was a kind of earthiness about the tunes, it seemed to her, an almost Pan-like quality; as though they had to do with roots and stems and leaves and loam, as though they had to do with the fertile earth in which he delved.

She tried to recapture the tunes sometimes, to play them back, but they had an elusive quality, as though they were not for normal human beings to capture and reproduce.

Occasionally, Jesse went by with his pick and shovel, bound for a day's work. Lila always spoke and smiled pleasantly and sometimes she made some comment about the weather, which remained alarmingly dry.

One afternoon in early June, when Lila had crossed the lots to the Jonas house to inquire about a box of strawberries, and was about to knock, she was arrested by the sound of Grandma's voice raised in anger. The timbre of patient old age and of childlike gentleness was missing and in its place was the shrillness of an angry shrew.

"I tell you you're not to take another drop from the cistern! There's hardly enough now to prime the pump and you've not washed for a solid week! Let the garden die and good riddance! If you don't stop pouring water on it I'll go out some night while you're asleep and hoe it all up!"

As Lila stood, too startled to turn and go, the door opened and Jesse came outside. His body seemed more stooped than usual, as though his mother's words had fallen upon him like physical blows, and his face was a pasty gray. His blue eyes held the frightened, cringing look of a whipped dog. He did not appear to see Lila at all. She stepped to one side and he sidled past and went down the steps and around the smokehouse, padding along in his old soft shoes.

Grandma stood in the doorway. Beyond a slightly heightened color in her wrinkled cheeks, she seemed unperturbed. She held a web-like doily in one hand and her steel crochet hook in the other, and her silver-white curls were meticulously arranged and tied with a purple ribbon bow, which gave her an absurd little-girl look.

"Come in," she welcomed Lila. "I haven't seen you in weeks. I know the young don't have much time for the old. The old can't expect it."



I saw him standing at a corner of the woodshed.

"It's not that," Lila said. She sat uneasily on the edge of the indicated chair, and kept seeing Jesse's gray, punished-looking face and hearing the shrill old voice raised in anger. "I've had a lot to do."

"I know, dear," Grandma said. She took up her crochet again. But, then, she must have felt Lila's eyes upon her, for she looked up. "Jesse's being a bad boy," she said. "He uses the water on his garden and spends all his time out there. He's not done a wash for more than a week."

A JAR of stock sat on the table. Its heavy fragrance filled the little room. The kettle hummed on the range and Grandma's cat came and purred against Lila's sandaled feet.

"Go on," Grandma told the cat. "Get out now."

"He's not bothering," Lila said.

"He'll have you all hairs." The old lady made a quick chain and fastened it into the medallion pattern with her hook. "Of course you can have the berries," she said. "I've been meaning to send you over some."

"I won't take them without pay."

"Then I'll pay Jesse," Lila said when the old lady made a deprecating gesture.

Grandma's eyes met hers levelly. "Don't ever give Jesse money," she said. "People here know not to pay him for his work; they bring the money to me. He's not competent to have money."

Jesse had come into the lean-to. Through the doorway from the kitchen, Lila could see him quietly opening and closing drawers. Grandma did not look up or interrupt her work; but when she spoke her voice, although controlled, had an unpleasant edge, and the tone of command employed by one accustomed to being obeyed.

"Jesse," she said, "go on back to your work. Pick Mrs.

Bombach some berries. You'll not find anything there you need."

He went quickly, with a backward look at Lila. In his eyes, dark now, was a singular look of desperation. He left the door ajar and again Lila heard his padded footfalls on the walk.

She arose to go. There was that about the house that made her uncomfortable, an uneasiness and a kind of tension. She could not forget the rasping sound of Grandma's voice and now it occurred to her that there were two people present besides herself; this gentle, picturesque old lady with her absurd curls and another, who had dropped her son on his head as a baby and now knew a complacent satisfaction that he had not grown up mentally and gone away to live a normal man's life.

Grandma did not try to keep her. When Lila said, as she always did, "Don't get up," Grandma remained in her chair.

"I'll send Jesse over with the berries," she promised. Her crochet hook stopped. "But don't try to pay him. He'd as likely as not drop the money into the cistern, just to hear the splash."

Lila was halfway home when the meaning of the scene she had witnessed came to her. The impact was so great that she stopped on the sidewalk and stared at her feet. . . . Jesse had been looking for nutmeg! She deprives him of it, Lila thought. She uses it to *control* him, the way you would use sugar to reward a horse or toss out fish to make a seal do tricks! She doles it out or withholds it, according to whether Jesse has been a "good" or "bad" boy!

It was an incredibly cruel thing to do.

THE weather continued hot and dry. Looking out across her own dying garden, Lila saw Jesse, a dejected figure in his linen duster, scrabbling in the dry earth. The hot winds had come and the leaves of the corn curled and burned and the small immature tomatoes cooked on the vines. A sudden epidemic of summer grippe struck the town, and Doc went almost day and night. Lila, too, came down with the disease.

It was while she lay on her cot in the open window of the darkened room above stairs one night that she caught a glimpse of Jesse's linen duster in the pale wash of moonlight that filtered through the chinaberry tree. He was kneeling and carefully drawing water, with a tin pail and rope, from the Jonas cistern.

By the middle of July a breathless heat had settled over the town. The roads lay ankle deep in dust and a film of dust covered the leaves of the trees and shrubs, making them gray instead of green; and people, generally, had given up hope of rain.

On a Sunday afternoon Lila attended a funeral service for an old lady who had been one of Doc's patients. The mercury stood at a hundred and twelve. The floral pieces withered in the closeness of the church and by the time the procession reached the cemetery the flowers as well as the mourners were wilted and drooping. Aware, while the last rites were being spoken, that she was the object of scrutiny, Lila looked up. Jesse, his long hands clasping the handle of the shovel, stood waiting to fill in the grave. He was staring at Lila, and his eyes were profoundly sad.

The minister said his "amen" and the crowd began to disperse. People gathered in little knots in the shade of the dusty maple trees and shook hands and exchanged comments about the heat and the drouth. As always after a funeral, Lila marked the increased preoccupation of the attendant living with the affairs of their daily lives. It seemed to her that there was invariably apparent after an interment a spirit of release, of almost holiday, as though the living, made newly aware of the brevity of life by this passing, congratulated themselves upon their own survival.

She saw Will Brewster, hopelessly crippled with arthritis, limp away from the grave in an almost sprightly fashion and climb into his rig and set whip to his horse.

She was aware of Jesse standing close.

"They're all dead," he said. His Adam's apple worked and his face was contorted with grief. "The little plants is all strowed around on the ground, dead." He turned away and began to lay the wilted flower sprays to one side upon the grass. . . .

It came to Lila suddenly that, aside from his having named the number of panes of glass Lila would need for the cold frames, these were the first words she had ever heard him speak.

An hour later, as she sat at supper, Lila saw him return home. He would be talking to himself, she thought; his head was bowed and his free hand drew patterns in the sultry air. Without so much as a sidewise look at his ruined garden, he leaned his shovel against the tool-shed wall and climbed the steps and entered the Jonas house.

It was a good time of day. A breath of coolness had come with evening and the sticky fragrance of the petunias came in through the open window, and the shouts of the children out for their after-supper play. Lila looked about the pleasant room. The book covers looked companionable and the finish on the old piano glowed softly and the round-bellied pewter teapot gave back a little of the color from the sky.

Now she saw that Dad Barney had come out on the porch of his daughter's house and had settled himself in his accustomed place in the little wicker rocker he occupied every night. She saw the flare of the match and then the wreath of smoke from his pipe, and then saw him sit back, the way he always did after his pipe was lighted, and lift his feet to the porch railing.

Lila went down and talked to him sometimes. He was often tiresome, as most old people are tiresome, but she liked to hear him tell of his days on a freight wagon, and to visualize the times. As he talked, his voice grown thin with age, she often ceased to see the shrunken old figure in the rocking chair and saw the other instead; Dunbar Barney, strong and youthful, swinging his whip and shouting to his team. She heard the long call down the line as the wheels rolled, whips cracking and men shouting and clouds of dust swirling about the covered wagons. The pull of adventure, the smell of it, the lift of it. . . .

Lila was there, now. She was to ride with young Dunbar in the lead wagon. There would be long days in the open, nights under the stars, the smell of fires and wind-swept prairie, the sage brush and the far purple hills to be crossed tomorrow and tomorrow. She felt the lurch of the wagon, the strength of the dark-eyed young man beside her. . . . She saw the shrunken spare figure on the porch.

"Good Lord, Lila," she said aloud, and went to light the lamp.

It was while she stood beside the table, holding the chimney and adjusting the wick, that she heard a gentle scratching or tapping at the back door. She set the chimney in place and went to open it.

Jesse Jonas stood in the path of light that fell across the porch. She knew at once that there was something strange about him. His body and its shadow, in the dim light, looked strangely misshapen, as though he had knocked and half turned to go and had then turned back, throwing his body into a contortion of uncertainty.

She resisted a sudden impulse to latch the screen from the inside.

"Hello, Jesse," she forced herself to say calmly. "Did you want something?"

He did not reply. He still wore the linen duster in which he did his garden work. Now he put his hand into the pocket and extracted a length of folded tulle ribbon, such as is used on floral sprays, and proffered it.

Puzzled, she accepted it, unrolled it to its full length. It was pale lavender, and might have come, she thought, from the grave he had filled this afternoon. Worked along its length, in coarse gold thread, was the word: MOTHER.

Lila looked up. "Well, thank you," she said uncertainly. "It's very pretty."

But Jesse was gone, with that queer sidling motion, off the porch and down the steps and out of the light.

It was Syd Benton who found Grandma Jonas when he went, early the next morning, into the Jonas house to deliver the milk. Mrs. Jonas had asked him to bring it in in warm weather and put it into the ice box. And that was what he had been about to do when he saw the body of the old lady, half fallen out of her chair. One hand still held a web-like doily and her steel crochet hook lay in her lap.

She had been strangled to death by a length of lavender tulle.

All of the drawers in the kitchen and the lean-to stood open, as though the killer had been searching for something hidden. But there was no evidence of robbery. The old lady's gold watch was still pinned to the pocket of her Mother Hubbard, and her reticule lay, untouched, on the cushion of the chair.

The Easy Chair

The Sixty-Cent Royalty

Bernard DeVoto

MR. GRATTAN devoted the last part of his lead piece in the November *Harper's* to the economic status of writers. "Personal & Otherwise," discussing it further, pointed out some social implications. It was an interesting exchange but it left a number of issues still to be discussed.

We may start toward them by way of Mr. Grattan's remark that "writers cannot write good books at any level of excellence if they are badgered to death by economic worries." (What good book isn't at some level of excellence?) The remark is something less than true. Some writers who are badgered—almost—to death by economic worries are writing good books now. For the last two centuries at least most writers of good books always have been; if economic security were a prerequisite to good writing, how much would there ever be? The desperation in which good writers lead their lives differs from that of the mass of men only in that it is not, especially among novelists, quiet.

Writing is one of the hazardous occupations. Maybe it will not be when there are a new heaven and a new earth, but the trump is not due to sound for quite a while. Till it does we had better be chary of the proposition, which always glimmers offstage when literary people discuss this problem, that society ought to support writers so they may be free to do their best work. In the sum the work that writers do is certainly a health, hope, and glory of a nation's culture but nations have always left the support of letters to the comparatively small number of people who value them. It simply refuses to accept the writer's calling at the valuation which those people and writers themselves set on it. It certainly would not accept that valuation if it were to assume responsibility for them. Yet it does preserve secure the function that they serve. Prodigally careless of the single life, it is scrupulously careful of the type. No convulsion or disintegration is severe enough to impair the function seriously; there are just three occupations that are always continuous, the priest's, the doctor's, and the writer's.

It is idle to lament that a radio comedian or a movie gal with a voluptuous bust is paid five hundred thousand dollars a year whereas a good novelist, one who is fortunate beyond most of his peers, makes five thousand dollars a year, a literary critic five hundred, and a poet fifty. Society perceives no evil or injustice in that fact. The comedian serves twenty million people, the novelist a few thousand, the critic a few hundred, and the poet a few. Society will insist on thus counting heads, and on most rewarding those who most entertain or beguile it, till philosophers become Senators or the New Jerusalem is built. Meanwhile such standards as it does set for writers are remarkably undemanding.

Low as they are, however, and this also is extremely important, they are much too high to be met by most people who try to be writers. If there is an explanation for the fact that a wildly disproportionate number of people want to be writers as compared with those who want to be painters or musicians, doctors or engineers, salesmen or mechanics, it is too complex to be taken up here. (But observe one part of it: the publicity, the prestige, the influence, and even the money with which society does in fact reward writers—some writers.) At least 90 per cent of them never will be writers. Ninety

per cent of the people who frequent writers' conferences, or who take college or night-school or correspondence courses in writing, or who submit manuscripts to agents or magazines or publishers, will never publish anything. That lugubrious fact is almost instantly apparent to every writer, editor, publisher, or teacher of writing who may read their stuff. Yet there is no way of making them accept the reality. If an unqualified person wants to be a mechanic, commonly at some point in his apprenticeship his master will be able to convince him, if he has not by then learned from his own performance, that he lacks what the trade requires. If he wants to be a professional man he usually learns that he has chosen the wrong calling before he enters a graduate school, or when he applies for one, or during his course there. The world hopes that these people will find in other occupations a means of support, their true bent, and some personal pride and satisfaction. But frequently an unqualified person who wants to be a writer goes on for twenty years or more making the circuit of writers' conferences, taking courses, writing stuff that cannot be published, and hoping that a light will be given him. It never will be.

Let's get on to writers and let's leave novelists till some other time. Fiction is an art, which means additional considerations, though part of "the trouble with books today" is that more often than other writers novelists tend to disregard readers—or else fail to learn their job well enough to serve readers satisfactorily. More often than other writers they assume, or rationalize, that the onus is on the reader. It isn't. There is no ordainment of God, law of nature, or act of any governing body that requires anyone to read anything that any writer writes. On the contrary, a necessity is inherent in the nature of both writing and mankind: if a writer is to be read, he must interest his reader, whoever the reader may be. An ability to interest readers is a necessary part of his make-up; knowing how to is a necessary qualification for his job.

"NON-FICTION" is an unsatisfactory term but we have not invented a better one. Well, a writer of non-fiction has got to combine a number of qualifications. He must have some liveliness of personality. He must be not only intelligent but able to think clearly and analytically. He must be interested in and inquisitive about the world, society, man, human experience, and ideas. He must be sensitive and receptive to them. He must be able to appraise their manifestations: must have a specific, if not necessarily profound, kind of sagacity. He must be a reporter in just the way a newspaper legman is and a researcher in just the way a scholar is, and also with specializations unique to his trade. Finally, he must be able to communicate in prose the product of his other qualifications, and this means both an inborn gift and an expertly developed skill. A good writer has one or more of these qualities to a high degree. In addition he is usually versatile and he always has what Veblen called the instinct of workmanship—an involuntary determination, beyond the apparent requirements of the job undertaken, to do it as well as he can and a desire to do it as well as it can be done.

All these attributes are relatively common but the combination is, as the record shows, extremely rare. A writer so endowed, however, is, within the limits of his ability, free to choose the kind of work he will do, the audience or audiences he will address. We may remember that there is no call. Nobody ever became a writer because the public required him to. Occasionally accidental circumstance points the way but usually a writer has taken it of his own intent and desire. He enlists. He knows beforehand what the war is and on what terms it must be fought.

He is doing what he most wants to do; his work, his livelihood, is the activity that gives him most satisfaction. He knew in advance that that fact would be his principal gain and reward from writing. He could hardly begin without realizing that it must outweigh every tangible return and saying, Be it so. Writing good non-fiction, the pursuit of knowledge, the life of ideas, scholarship, art are callings which cannot very often make those who follow them rich. For a big income they substitute a greater measure than most other occupations afford of such intangible returns as respect for the job and belief that the trade is important, pleasure and satisfaction in the work itself, a sense of using what is best in oneself, the esteem of some people whose

esteem one wants, self-direction, and a very great measure of personal and intellectual freedom. These are but frail defenses against the vicissitudes of life, especially economic strain and hardship. They are even frailer defenses against the knowledge of his failure to be better than he is; and this is something that every workman who is worth a damn, whatever he works at, must feel. Nevertheless, two things: Those intangible returns are inestimable, and anyone who does not think they are had better move on to something else.

No doubt it would be a more admirable world if all good writers could count on incomes adequate to their needs, or if they could spend their time doing only the writing they most want to do, working on nothing but the books that are closest to their hearts. But it is not that kind of world. It permits few people, whatever their vocation, to spend their lives at the top of their bent, doing nothing except what bears on their purest ambition. And there is no reason why it should exempt writers from working under handicaps more readily than anyone else. Indeed one may soberly acknowledge that there may be less reason, or at least fewer feasible occasions. As society is composed, the number of people for whom any kind of writing is important can never be large. This fact is evil in no eyes but a writer's, and he must blame not mankind but its creator. In any event, that is the way things are, it is a known and accepted condition. To waste emotion lamenting it is both weak and silly.

A few good writers of non-fiction make a comfortable, sometimes luxurious living from their books. Most good writers cannot. But writing any book is an optional and voluntary act, no one forces the decision to write it on its author, and within narrow limits he knows what conditions he must be prepared for. If he doesn't, he needs instruction in the nature of reality, and additional instruction from a publisher, who will tell him that at 15 per cent on the retail price a four-dollar book will return him sixty cents per copy sold in the United States.

Take, for example, the kind of literary criticism practiced by the most erudite, abstract, and esoteric critics. Perhaps ideally it ought to be so exigent a cultural necessity that every worthy volume of it would command a large audience. But there is only a minute audience for it—exceedingly few people feel any concern about the discussion of any literary matters—and the critic fully understands this hard fact. He writes his book because that is what he most wants to do, or because he believes that writing it is a service to the common culture and he is willing to make personal sacrifices in order to perform the service. Writing such criticism has got to be either a spare-time or a part-time occupation. But with few exceptions writing any books of non-fiction has got to be a part-time occupation. A book may require five or ten years of preparation, and writing it may take two more years. What are a writer's family expenses for seven or twelve years? The royalties on ten thousand copies of a four-dollar book are six thousand dollars.

The writer who supports his part-time vocation by other kinds of writing has marked advantages over one who does so by work outside the profession. A second job means an additional set of interests, preoccupations, strains, worries, and exterior and interior problems. It may be that nothing in his second occupation develops his professional skill or adds to his drawing account of experience, judgment, and usable material. He cannot often make one activity team up with the other, and since someone else is buying his time he cannot arrange the jobs to make the most effective use of it. There is a danger that, psychologically, his writing may get tainted with dilettantism. And though some people may find this unpalatable, subsidized writing, even when the subsidy is one's own hard labor, is in some danger of being precious and unreal. A good writer has to be in competition. Like ideas, writing needs the proving ground that the marketplace affords.

All this is illustrated by what Mr. Grattan calls the drift of writers to the universities. Some good writers have joined it and certainly some of these have found it a satisfactory answer to their problems. But unquestionably too some who have joined it were neither complete nor good writers and others have found it harmful. Read their house organs, for you will find few of these people in periodicals of general circulation, or read their books. You will

sometimes find good writing. But often you will find bad writing, bad because it is unworkmanlike prose and bad because it issues from lax thinking. The freedom to serve their central interest which the campus was intended to secure for its authors has diminished instead of enlarging them. They tend to be captious, querulous, and condescending, to form cliques and coteries, to set up tests for sanctity and salvation that neither heaven nor writers but only amateurs regard. The inescapable suspicion of their academic colleagues makes them defensive or aggressive. An inner accusation that they quit under fire will not be stilled. What has taken sanctuary on the campus sometimes turns out to be not the charter of our liberties but Greenwich Village.

A more wholesome answer is journalism, what Mr. Grattan calls free-lancing, what the literary call hack work; using one's professional ability on subjects less close to one's heart than the primary interest. A good writer's mind and pen are not for hire but the work they produce is in all circumstances for sale. And there is always a wider salability as a writer is willing to write about a greater variety of subjects. Mr. Grattan says that free-lancing is becoming an extinct occupation. A more accurate statement is that there are fewer magazines where writers of his generation (and the Easy Chair's) can practise the techniques they originally learned, and they must therefore master additional techniques. The range of opportunity for honest writing is as wide now as it was a generation ago, in fact wider, and there is more good writing and more call for it. Besides, there is always the continuous function, supplying the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time. The description, analysis, and interpretation of the contemporary scene, in whatever aspect and from whatever point of view, is the mainstay of journalism. It requires a writer to be versatile and expert but the kind of writer we are talking about is. Mr. Grattan represents the breed. And a writer who is versatile and expert can also make journalistic use of his central interest, his heart's desire, without betraying it or his reader or himself. Only in the currently academic bohemia does journalism mean inferior work; among writers it equates with skill.

Of course a writer may so jealously resent interrupting the work which is the center of his interest that he will refuse to interrupt it: time is too precious to be spent on temporal things. If so, he must live on what it makes for him: college teaching or any other job would also interrupt it. We may honor his dedication and rank him among the saints. But there is no more reason to feel sorry for him than for anyone else who makes sacrifices for what means most to him. And if withdrawal from the world is one way to saintliness, another one is grappling with the world.

Few writers can be affluent but a man who writes good books can make a decent living if he is also an expert professional. That is no slight or trumpery condition. It means that he has got to master his trade, not half-master it. He has got to write clearly, forcibly, entertainingly, not partly so. He has got to interest readers, in order to interest them he has got to write for their sake, and in order to do that he has got to know how. Forget about venal and meretricious writing: it has always been abundant. The principal reason why there is not more good writing is not some new pressure to write meretriciously but what it has always been, that there are not enough good writers. Not enough writers want to be good, and of those who do, not enough in fact are. Not enough are intelligent and gifted, not enough master the job, not enough hold themselves to the fullness of the job.

It is true that the publishing system encourages mediocre writing, but not true that it discourages good writing. A publisher has to stay in business and if he cannot get good books he must publish mediocre or bad ones. But there is no publisher who will not publish more good books than he does whenever he can get more. They simply do not come into his office, and he cannot discover or commission or subsidize them in sufficient quantity. It might be otherwise if all good writers could spend all their time writing only what they want to—but the probability that it would not be otherwise is very great. In any event, when any sizable percentage of mankind, which includes a lot of people besides writers, can do only what they want most to do, the end of publishing and of writing will be in sight. For then will doomsday be near.



Truman's Guns-and-Butter Man

by

Robert J. Donovan

WHEN President Truman and Charles E. Wilson selected the one man who was to be chief of the nation's two key industrial mobilization agencies they stepped far outside the standard tradition that defense production has to be bossed by some giant of finance or industry. From an unpublicized corner of the mobilization establishment they chose Manly Fleischmann, a bright and amiable lawyer from Buffalo, who ten years ago had helped to pioneer the wartime development of the priorities system. Now forty-three years old, Fleischmann has twice interrupted his career for civilian or military service of his country and has given a third of his adult years to the national cause. He is a practical, independent, decisive man with zest for the good things of life. Forcefully shouldering the double role of Administrator of the Defense Production Administration and the National Production Authority, he is representative of the rare type of government executive whose judgment is unfettered by political loyalties and whose decisions are unhampered by past ties with business, labor, or other of the big interests.

Fleischmann's devotion to the public interest is matched by his pleasure in his family, in good books and music, the law, tennis, and trout fishing. He is a heavy-set man of medium height, with ruddy complexion and a large head capped with thick wavy black hair; he likes cigars and Scotch whiskey. A humorous, unharassed gentleman, with flashes of youthful earnestness, he can on Sunday charm children with imitations of animal calls and on Monday jolt a Congressman who has blustered into his office demanding a larger allotment of hog bristles for a constituent brush manufacturer.

One exasperated member of the House of Representatives, having emerged recently from an unfruitful visit to Fleischmann's

office, fumed, "The people at home are going to think I am a hell of a Congressman if I can't get them ten tons of steel down here."

A HEAVY share of the responsibility for making America's remarkable guns-and-butter economy function rests on Fleischmann's burly shoulders. The mobilization structure is triangular. At the apex stands Defense Mobilization Director Wilson, the President's alter ego, who has general direction of all programs.

At one corner of the base is the Economic Stabilization Agency with its multifarious controls over prices and wages. At the other corner—Fleischmann's corner—are the closely allied DPA and NPA, which control production. As their head Fleischmann occupies a position corresponding to that formerly held by Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the old War Production Board, under whom Fleischmann worked for many months in World War II before entering the Navy and being assigned to the Office of Strategic Services.

The two agencies administered by Fleischmann devise production programs and schedules, allocate scarce materials, issue priorities, and control the use of production facilities. They are charged, on the positive side, with expanding the nation's basic industrial capacity, maintaining a flow of weapons to the armed forces and materials to the atomic energy program, yet somehow diverting enough for civilian production to prevent disruption of the economy.

This means that Fleischmann is the man whose decisions determine how many television and radio sets will be built next month or next year. He decides—he and his large staffs of technical advisers and managers—how much steel Detroit may have for passenger cars, how much rubber Akron may have for tires.

It is for him to rule what quantities of critical materials can be spared for export to America's allies—an authority which extends his influence into the heart of the European economy. And at home, if towns wish to build schools or highways, they can do so only within the limits of materials Fleischmann authorizes. By his order new construction of racetracks, gambling casinos, and amusement parks must cease.

His regulations control absolutely the countless thousands of daily transactions in the United States in the basic materials of steel, copper, and aluminum. He has complete power to allocate scarce chemicals and critical metals like cobalt. A manufacturer will flourish or founder depending on whether Fleischmann's agencies allow or deny him materials with which to make his products.

It is ironic that the man who exercises the greatest control over the economy in peacetime history should come from the conservative 42nd New York Congressional District. In the Elmwood District of Buffalo, where no Democrat has been elected to Congress in the present generation—nor for years before—"planned economy" has long been considered a pretty radical concept, and a good word for Roosevelt or Truman is regarded not only as a political absurdity but as something of a social boner as well.

Fleischmann's only active participation in politics was in 1938 when, at the age of thirty, he managed the campaign of John Lord O'Brian, Republican candidate for Senator from New York, who was defeated by Bob Wagner. But, although he has been a Republican off and on, Fleischmann now lists himself as a Democrat, chiefly because of his approval of the Administration's foreign policy. He considers Truman a good President and has a deep personal admiration for him, particularly for his extraordinary energy and his ability to rise to courageous decisions in international crises.

The contrast between Fleischmann and his political background is sometimes funny—even to him. After an appearance he had made before a congressional committee in executive session a nationally syndicated columnist came out with a report indicating that Fleischmann in his testimony had practically kicked small business right out the back door of the mobilization program.

Homeward-bound for a weekend Fleischmann was miserable over the publication of this report, which completely misrepresented his views. From the beginning he had been determined—and it is still his policy—that big business was not going to grab more than its share this time, large though that share might be. In a depressed mood he dropped in at the Buffalo Club, a conservative city club founded in 1867 with Millard Fillmore as its first

president and Grover Cleveland as one of its later members, and lo! he found himself a hero among fellow-members who had read the column.

"Fleisch has finally seen the light," they gloated. "Very sound views—especially his testimony on small business."

Fleischmann has contempt for certain of the extreme obsessions in Washington over loyalty. When the required investigation of his own loyalty upon his taking office with the NPA in the summer of 1950 was completed in a matter of only a few days he expressed disgust to a colleague.

"I must have been a mental eunuch all my life," he said.

II

The Fleischmanns of Buffalo gave their six sons books and music and broad fields to romp in. Manly's father, the late Simon Fleischmann, a lawyer with a statewide reputation, was a Jew. His mother, the former Laura Justice, who now lives in St. Petersburg, Florida, is a Quaker.

Simon, a hard-working man with a caustic wit, who was as independent politically as Manly is, had two strong avocations. One was music. He was a proficient musician and for years played the organ in the Unitarian Church of our Fathers in Buffalo. It was there he met Miss Justice, daughter of the City Treasurer, who was a church member. His other avocation was educating his sons, and all six—in order, Edwin, Justice, Dudley, Manly, Lawrence, and Adelbert—were sent to college and some of them to graduate school.

Simon had always lived in Buffalo, where he had been a one-term Councilman and secretary and legal adviser to the late Mayor J. N. Adam, but to give his boys space in which to play he moved to a big house on the edge of Hamburg, a town in the lovely farm and vineyard country twelve miles south of the city. There, on July 15, 1908, Manly was born.

The Fleischmann place was the neighborhood playground. In the basement there was a boys' printing shop, and in the yard, a baseball diamond. There were also a tennis court and, in winter, a toboggan slide. In their home life the entire family spoke with the thees and thous of the Quakers. When two of the Fleischmann brothers would get into an argument on the baseball diamond, they would shout, "Thee did"—"Thee did not." But if one of them argued with another boy, it was "You did," or, "You did not."

The Fleischmann boys were invariably about the brightest in their respective classes, and Manly especially had a reputation of being able to get near the top without ever seeming to bother a great deal with work or reading. He played the saxophone and, with the fervor of the twenties, organized a dance band under the flattering name of "The Moonlight Serenaders." During summer vacations in high school and college he worked variously as a grass cutter in Buffalo parks, farm hand, bank clerk, and bellhop on passenger boats plying between Buffalo and Duluth.

He arrived at Harvard at the peak of the Jazz Age with his saxophone, a ready appetite for H. L. Mencken, and a high aptitude for classwork and for hell-raising. Toward the end of his junior year Fleischmann, already on probation, was expelled as a consequence of a noisy party.

Looking back on it now, he regards his dismissal from Harvard—which, fortunately, proved only temporary—as one of the molding events of his life. At a decisive time the shock caused him to change direction. Determined not to return home in disgrace, he went to see an acquaintance who was a contractor in Dorchester, at the other end of the subway line from Harvard Square, and through him obtained a job as a ditch digger. While working, he set about trying to persuade Harvard authorities to readmit him.

"My obvious desire to reform," he recalls, "finally impressed the dean sufficiently to let me go to summer school and rejoin my class in September."

After graduation from Harvard in 1929 he entered the University of Buffalo Law School where, after a year, he got off on another detour, though of a different nature. He and his brother Dudley set up the Fleischmann Agency on Main Street and obtained a number of advertising accounts of small brokerage and clothing companies. The one-year history of that get-rich-quick venture is well summed up in the recollection of one of the agency's staff: "We agreed to smoke a cigar every time we made a profit; we didn't smoke many cigars."

Fleischmann returned to law school and was graduated second in his class, outranked only by Miss Winifred C. Stanley, who was subsequently elected to Congress. His work was so outstanding that he argued a case in the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court the same day he was admitted to the bar. Soon Manly and his brothers, Justice and Adelbert, formed the legal firm of Fleischmann Brothers, a name which brought them some ribbing from fellow lawyers.

"They said it sounded like a firm of greengrocers," Manly remembers.

Fleischmann already had achieved a considerable reputation among lawyers and judges in New York State when, in April 1941, with war approaching, John Lord O'Brian, who had become chief counsel to the Office of Production Management, predecessor agency to the WPB, brought him into the organization as assistant general counsel. O'Brian had known him intimately not only since their association in the senatorial campaign, but since Manly was a boy.

Following O'Brian's practice, Fleischmann has drawn acquaintances from home to work in Washington. In a dozen or more important positions in the DPA and NPA, there are smart young lawyers and business men from Buffalo and vicinity, who are sometimes referred to in Washington as "the Buffalo herd." One of Fleischmann's top officials in the NPA, an upstate New York neighbor, first encountered him in a bathtub at Harvard in a mix-up over rooms; a staff member of the DPA once slugged it out with teen-age Manly on the way home from dancing school. The issue: whether a certain girl was a good dancer.

THE right of the government in a national emergency to control distribution of scarce materials, to allot the use of a manufacturer's facilities, and to compel a producer to accept a defense contract is taken for granted today. It may not be so well remembered that this right was not entirely taken for granted—and indeed that the concept had been only partially evolved—in the spring of 1941 when Fleischmann joined the OPM as assistant counsel in charge of the priorities section of the legal division.

Under Baruch in World War I, it is true, there had been priorities, but they were voluntary and without statute or sanctions. Such a method was wholly inadequate to the immense problem facing America at the start of World War II. Development of the modern priorities system and the drafting of the myriad regulations by which it was put into effect throughout industry and then modified and perfected was a legal undertaking of extraordinary scope and complexity for which there was virtually no precedent.

Fleischmann plunged into this responsibility at the age of thirty-two. Before he arrived on the scene Congress had enacted the so-called priorities statute authorizing the President to assign priorities to delivery of materials for naval construction. Starting from this utterly inadequate law Fleischmann and his colleagues, all working under O'Brian, built piece by piece the intricate legal structure through which the United States passed from a free economy to the rigidly controlled economy of total mobilization—the legal structure upon which the present mobilization also is solidly based.

One of the troubles bedeviling defense production in 1941 was the refusal of some companies to disrupt their traditional relationships with customers to accept military contracts. Fleischmann had a great deal to do with evolving the principle that the government in such circumstances could compel a firm to accept a defense contract involuntarily—a proposition at first deemed so bold he had difficulty obtaining approval of it even within the WPB.

The draft finally submitted to Congress of the Second War Powers Act, a law which a decade later was still suitable as a model for the Defense Production Act of 1950, was written by O'Brian, Fleischmann, Milton Katz, and Geoffrey S. Smith. Fleischmann personally wrote many of the basic WPB regulations, including the original Order L-1 ending business as usual in a large segment of industry and limiting manufacture of certain types of vehicles and other products. This order, issued on August 31, 1941, is sometimes regarded as the true point of departure for all-out American war production in World War II.

Fleischmann became much more than just a "semicolon boy," to use the late Fiorello LaGuardia's favorite characterization of law-

yers. "It got to be common," an old WPB associate says, "for problems that were not legal problems but questions of method, procedures, and management to be brought to him for the reason that he gave them good answers. He did not just watch his own corner."

By mid-1943 when war production had become an ordered and sufficient operation Fleischmann was eager for a Navy commission, which was fine with the Navy except that he was overweight. Every day after dawn, therefore, in a sweatshirt and pants, he rumbled out of his Virginia house like a piece of light field artillery and lumbered down to the Potomac River and back, a distance of a couple of miles. After due exertion, he was commissioned a Navy lieutenant, assigned to the OSS, and shipped to Lord Mountbatten's theater in the Indian Ocean. Enjoying every minute of it, Fleischmann was an operations officer in Ceylon and then on Ramree Island off Burma, helping direct espionage behind enemy lines in Burma and Thailand.

After the Japanese surrender the State Department offered him the post of general counsel to the Foreign Liquidations Commission.

"I might say," he candidly told a congressional committee later, "I had intended to return to private life, but I accepted that position in order to get a ride home in an airplane instead of coming home by ship."

His work with the commission lasted several months; then he returned to Buffalo and to an excellent law practice, in which he specialized in appeals cases, some of which he argued, successfully, in the United States Supreme Court.

In this interim between emergencies he taught law of one sort and another at the University of Buffalo Law School and was a founder and first president of the Buffalo Council on World Affairs. He also undertook another job, the results of which seldom fail to impress Congressmen dubious about having a lawyer running the nation's defense production.

The Sterling Engine Company, of Buffalo, had gone bankrupt, and Fleischmann was appointed receiver. When he stepped in, the firm had about $3,000 in cash assets. When he stepped out two and a half years later, cash assets exceeded $1,000,000.

III

One afternoon in the summer of 1950 a few men sat in a plain office of the Department of Commerce and agreed, laconically, that they had an impossible number of things to do all at once. The worsening Korean war was daily placing a greater strain on inadequate American military resources. Congress was preparing to authorize a new industrial mobilization. And the huge task of organizing this mobilization and getting it rolling fast enough to ready the nation for a possible war greater than that raging in Korea rested in the first instance upon these men.

In the group was Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer, who had the responsibility for establishing the National Production Authority in his department. With him was the newly chosen NPA Administrator, General William Henry Harrison, president of the International Telephone & Telegraph Company, and his assistant, George Wilde. There was also Manly Fleischmann.

Sawyer had asked O'Brian's advice on the selection of a general counsel for the NPA and O'Brian had suggested Fleischmann. Accordingly, after persuading the Economic Co-operation Administration to withdraw an appointment it had just given Fleischmann to head the ECA mission to Indonesia, Sawyer brought him into the NPA as head of the legal division. Eleven months after this meeting Fleischmann was in full charge of the defense production program, under Charles E. Wilson's general supervision.

As administrator of the DPA Fleischmann is boss of a five-hundred-member planning agency which determines basic production policies. As Administrator of the NPA, which employs five thousand persons and is the actual operating agency, issuing priorities and so forth, he is responsible for carrying out these policies.

Separation of the functions in two agencies is an administrative monstrosity resulting partly from the hasty growth of the mobilization establishment and partly from a personal tug-of-war between Wilson and Sawyer. It has produced a ludicrous bureaucratic situation, which technically works like this: DPA Administrator Fleischmann sends a program determination to Secretary Sawyer, where-

upon Secretary Sawyer directs NPA Administrator Fleischmann to put it into effect. *Technically*, that is. Actually, Fleischmann, deploring the arrangement, runs the two agencies as one. For the most part the two are quartered in the same building. Fleischmann draws the single salary of $20,000 a year as DPA Administrator.

He and Lois, his wife, and their thirteen-year-old daughter Alison live in Alexandria in an old house which he describes as "good enough to keep out some of the larger birds." Cheerful, capable, thoughtful Lois Fleischmann, who used to teach in Buffalo, is the kind of person, a friend recounted, "who can still be unruffled at six o'clock when Manly has called at five to say he is bringing seven people home to dinner."

In the eleven months between his return to his old job of drafting production orders and his rise to the top spot Fleischmann advanced by stages, first succeeding Harrison as NPA Administrator when Harrison went to head the DPA, and then taking over both posts after Harrison had returned to private business. In that period his most important accomplishment lay in persuading Wilson, over Wilson's and Harrison's doubts and against the opposition of much of the steel and automobile industries, to adopt the Controlled Materials Plan.

This plan, around which all other industrial controls revolve, is a mechanism developed in the WPB (over Fleischmann's initial objection, curiously) for rigidly controlling steel, copper, and aluminum usages, with the allocation of various other less basic materials made incidental thereto.

When Harrison organized the NPA he is said to have remarked, "Let's get the working people from business down here, not the chairmen of the boards who would be lost without their pushbuttons." Fleischmann is no pushbutton administrator, but a man who knows the workings of his organization minutely through long experience.

His strength, with industry as well as with Congress, lies in his knowledge of the theory and practice of defense production and his persuasive logic. Tough table-pounding is as foreign to him as jujitsu. It has been remarked that he succeeds by "*not* throwing his weight around." On the other hand, no one pushes him around. A member of Congress once looked him in the eye and said, "Never mind steel for the defense effort; I want it for my constituents." Fleischmann told him coolly, never mind his constituents; Fleischmann wanted steel for defense production and that was where it was going.

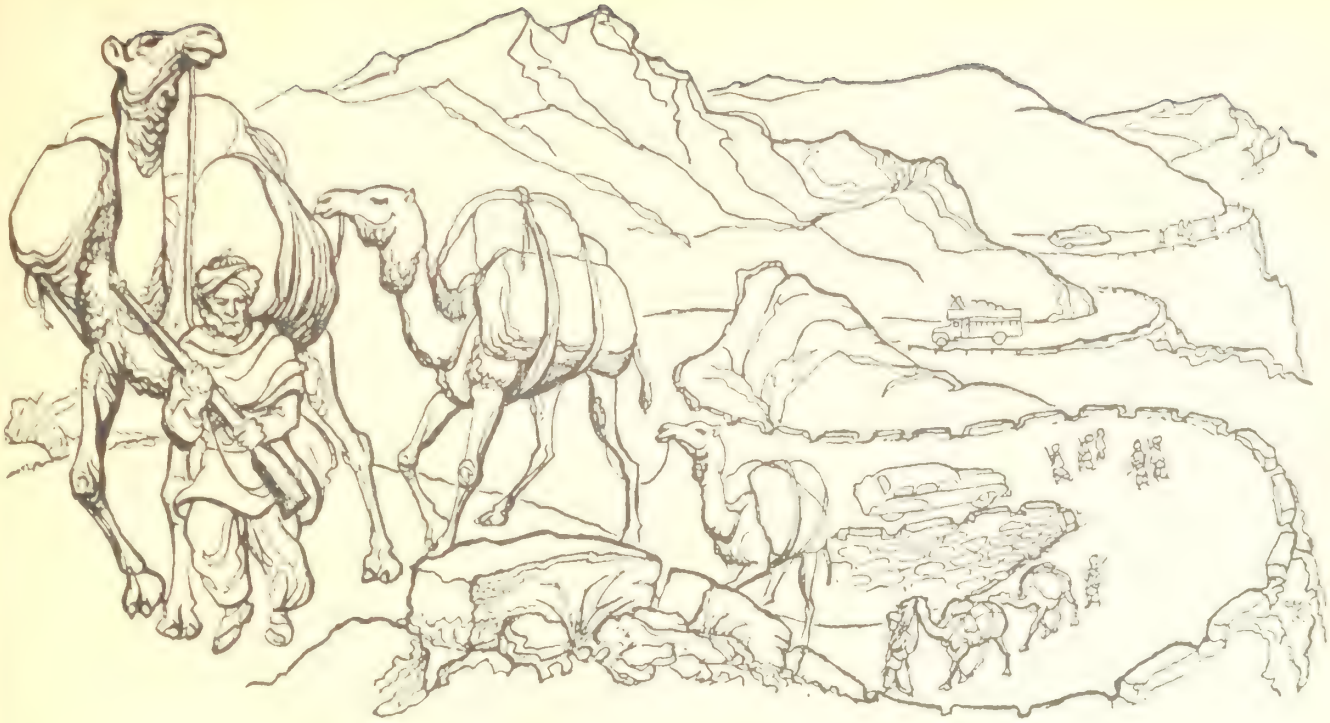
The pressure of conflicting interests on Fleischmann is tremendous. It is as though, he says, he is always living at the bottom of the ocean. Work days of twelve or fourteen hours are insufficient to enable him even to catch up with his problems; so, he explains, he operates on a principle of "selective neglect."

He has, however, a talent for dissipating tension. One day he stepped before a circle of glum-looking steel executives who were disgruntled over the Controlled Materials Plan.

"Well, gentlemen," Fleischmann began in his deep, soft voice, "the CMP is a howling success." The scowls deepened. "The consumer thinks it's a success and the steel industry is howling."

Scowls evaporated in an explosion of laughter, and the men got down to business.

At the age of forty-three Fleischmann is looked upon as one of the ablest administrators in Washington, at a time when Washington sorely needs competent administrators. He has no political ambitions. It is his intention to return to his law practice when his present task is finished. But even if he does, he will be back in Washington in future emergencies. We have been developing in this country a class of gifted administrators—like Paul G. Hoffman, Robert A. Lovett, William C. Foster, and Gordon Gray—who have a way of moving in and out of the government as they are needed. Fleischmann is still much younger than these men, but those who have noted the grasp and effectiveness with which he is handling one of America's biggest jobs believe he is rising to their class.



A Taxi up the Khyber

Julian Duguid

Drawings by Claire and George Louden, Jr.

I MET Hajji Gul Akbar Malik within sight of the Fort of Jamrud, in the mouth of the Khyber Pass. Behind us, the Vale of Peshawar lay dusty-gold in the sunlight; and, ahead, was that slash in the hills down which the conquerors came when they wanted to master India. It was a place drenched in the destiny of countless human beings and, as Hajji Gul Akbar Malik is in person much of that destiny, I propose to paint his portrait. He is a man of importance to all of us for he lives at a dangerous crossroads. From his house in Pakistan he could walk, without straining his legs, to Persia, Afghanistan, and Russia, China, India, and Kashmir. His name means Chieftain Great Flower Who Has Made the Pilgrimage to Mecca and he accepted a ride in my taxi in order to visit some friends, whose home was on the Afghan border. In return, they invited me to lunch on the roof of another chieftain's house and made me feel warm and welcome.

This alone was a major miracle, as anyone who knew the Northwest Frontier in the days when we British ruled India will be only too pleased to witness. For the first time in history, there is political peace along the Border. Such murders as there are, and they are many, are purely private affairs. They give work to policemen, not to soldiers.

Hajji Gul Akbar Malik was a man of sixty-five. He was thickly built for a Pathan, and he walked with the springy step of one who was born to the hills. He had steady dark brown eyes with enormous steel-rimmed spectacles and a beard which was mainly red,

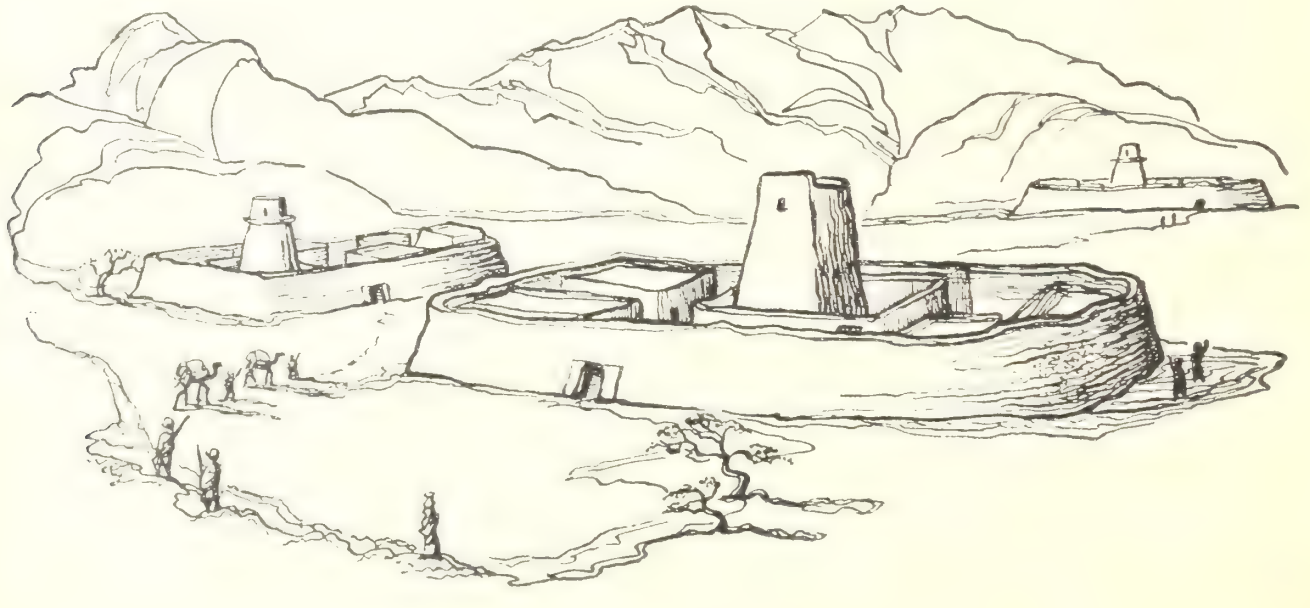
though the dye had worn off round the corners. He was dressed in baggy cotton trousers, a shirt, a white coat and sandals, while his turban was erected round a skull-cap, most beautifully embroidered with gold thread. His waist was encircled by a sash and his shoulders by a heavy leather cartridge belt; and he carried a .38 revolver which was made in a local factory. He was a grave and dignified old man and, in his own mountainous country, where every rock can conceal a sniper, an exceedingly formidable person. He had a high code of honor, which included the placing of a bullet through the head of anyone who wronged him. He could also be trusted to ambush the enemy of one of his friends. In short, he was one of those tribesmen who caused the British to keep several divisions in a constant state of alertness along the turbulent Northwest Frontier.

Paradoxically, the British were fond of these brave and intelligent marauders, even when they had to fight them to keep Peshawar unsacked.

Now, with the British gone and Pakistan a Dominion, Gul Akbar was almost unemployed. That was why he waited in Jamrud, in the hope that some wandering tourist would offer him a ride up the Khyber in a smooth American car. It gave him a feeling of importance to be whirled round the hair-pin bends at forty miles an hour and return full of news in the evening. Yet, as little as four or five years ago, such a notion would have struck him as incredible. All his life he had fought against the British; but today he had ceased to be at war . . . if one excepts the business in Kashmir and a couple of personal vendettas which kept his eyes on the hills in case somebody moved behind a boulder. I do not believe he expected a shot in the Khyber itself; but his caution was the mark of a lifetime.

I LIKED Gul Akbar on sight. I liked his name, the Great Flower . . . some large red bushy chrysanthemum; and I tried to discover what made him the kind of man he was.

Here, the local domestic architecture gave more than a hint of character, for it showed what people expected from those who came to visit them. The houses were tall and mud-plastered, with bits of straw sticking out of them in a rough and bristly stubble, and one big timber door constructed to defy a battering-ram. The roofs were flat, with high parapets to prevent a bullet from the hills from piercing a woman as she slept. In the corner of the roof was a tower, with convenient ledges for riflemen and large flat stones embedded to shield the marksman's head. The tower leaned outward at the bottom, and a narrow slit or two enabled the careful householder to fire at unwelcome callers who were trying to meddle with his door. Each family lived as a garrison, with animals inside the walls, on a thin hair trigger of watchfulness. Gul Akbar took me to some caves in the middle of an open hillside where the people used to gather when the British shelled their village in reprisal for some act of banditry. But the



houses were not built against the British. They were designed against neighborly vendettas, which were ancient long before the British and may outlast them for centuries.

Such a life put a premium on loyalty toward those who meant one well; and a dagger or a bullet for one's enemies. Gul Akbar obeyed these rules and, because he was skillful and fortunate, had arrived at sixty-five, which was nearly three times the age he was entitled to expect at his birth. I asked him to demonstrate the dagger thrust which is famous in tribal warfare. It was far and away the most deadly that I have ever seen on my travels. It was a downward and sideway rip, entering the body an inch below the breastbone and following through into the stomach. His eyes gleamed behind his spectacles as he made the mimic gesture, poking his finger at my shirt. To him, it was part of the artistry by which he stayed alive.

II

Gul Akbar was born in the year when Kipling started to write. Gul Akbar has proved the more durable, for Kipling's world has vanished. Victoria, Queen-Empress of India, has given way, by request, to the equal sovereign Dominions of India and Pakistan within the framework of the British Commonwealth. The British were the first colonial power to act upon the principle of wardship. The question they have in mind when thinking of their subject races is not "How long can we keep these people?" but "How soon will they be adult enough to run their own affairs?"

For this is the era of the underdog: of his urge to rule his own house, to make his own mistakes, to meet the larger nations on at least an assumption of equality. The British had recognized this for a long time in India. They were training the Indians in self-government. Indeed, the only ultimate difference from what they expected to happen was the Moslem split from the Hindu.

The British, and also the Hindus, hoped India would remain one nation. This had obvious economic advantages. The Moslem western Punjab grew too much wheat for itself and could help to feed the rest of India. Jute was grown in Moslem Bengal but processed in Hindu Calcutta. The railways, canals, and dams were built for a single country. Yet all these arguments failed because of Moslem fears of injustice. They could not accept the arithmetic that, in the whole subcontinent of India, there were three hundred million Hindus and one hundred million Moslems.

Gul Akbar, of course, is a Moslem. He belongs to that desert brotherhood which stretches from the Straits of Gibraltar, through North Africa, Egypt, and the Middle East, through Persia, Afghanistan, and parts of Soviet Russia and, in India, almost to Delhi. Kashmir is overwhelmingly Moslem. Islam is a pungent rallying call. Moslems may murder one another, and very often do; but the cry, "Islam is in danger," can make them forget their vendettas. When Britain ruled India as a whole, Hindus and Moslems intermingled under the cloak of an impartial law. In the courts nobody was favored, and all men trusted the judges even when trying to outwit them. In the villages there were Hindu temples and also Moslem mosques, and religious strife was rare. It was in the cities such as Lahore that, at the time of the rival festivals, the mobs were held in check by a tiny force of Englishmen. Without the British police, with the Indian army in reserve, whole cities would have been looted and burned. It was out of this simple fact that Pakistan was born.

Rightly or wrongly the Moslems, who trusted British law, had no such faith in the Hindus. They felt they had nothing in common with those who would be able to keep them in perpetual political minority. They worshipped different gods, held different views on caste, married different women, and partook of different food.

So, on August 15, 1947, the Indian Empire split. In a terrible cloudburst of bloodshed, some thirteen million people moved across the new-made frontiers. Six million Hindus walked eastward: seven million Moslems walked west. A million people died in the religious massacres that took place.

Both sides were guilty of murder on a scale that had never been approached since the British came to India. Both sides look back as on a nightmare, which they know might return again if war broke out over Kashmir. It left an acrid taste in the mouths of both Indians and Pakistanis, who are peaceful peo-



ple enough until something urges them to madness. It is part of their deepest tragedy that their tempers can be fired so easily.

It was thus, with fire and steel, that Gul Akbar awoke one morning to find himself a Pakistani.

When I asked him through an interpreter if he would like a ride in my taxi, he replied with great dignity that he would. He excused himself for a moment and returned with a smart little rifle, which he handled as if he loved it. He remarked with a certain primness that it was a useful Japanese model, a .25, which had seen some service in Burma. Perhaps he noticed my expression, for he said with even more primness that he had neither bought nor stolen it. It had been given to him by a friend. I would not dream of disbelieving his solid churchwarden's gravity; but it did occur to me to tell myself that Burma is 1,500 miles away, across the whole stretch of India. What route brought it to the Khyber, and who passed it on its way? Gul Akbar snuggled it affectionately, glanced sharply up at the hills, and observed that no one knew when one would bump against an enemy.

As a matter of fact, I was surprised that he used a foreign rifle. A day or two previously, I had been taken to the strangest factory in the world—the famous cottage industry in Kohat, some twenty miles south of Peshawar. There, in the mouth of a valley, with hills rising behind it for a thousand feet and more, was a squat little commonplace village. I left my car to approach it, and a number of shaggy tribesmen with blankets round their shoulders stopped talking in order to watch. Wazirs, Afridis, and Afghans, they had walked for hundreds of miles to inspect or purchase a rifle. It was part of their national dress . . . they would have felt unclothed without it; and never in my life have I heard so much clicking of rifle bolts and triggers as I heard that afternoon. In the distance, there were bursts of firing where elderly gentlemen like Gul Akbar were testing out the goods.

The proprietor of the factory was quite willing to show me round the works. He was a gentle, narrow-faced man with a skin that bloomed like an olive. He led me from house to house, up one dusty alley and down another till I did not know whether to laugh or to admire what I saw.

I saw the whole unlikely procedure. There were mud-built beehive forges, fanned by bellows made from goat-hide. Here, axletrees, surplus from the railway yards, were heated for the home-forged anvils. Presently, long steel bars about half an inch in diameter emerged from the ringing metal. So far, there was nothing surprising. Men have burned and twisted iron for many thousands of years. But to produce from an ordinary axletree a weapon with bore and rifling needs something more than brawn; and the machines that brought this about were the work of a mechanical genius. His name was already forgotten, but a man who could think like that in the harsh dry hills behind Peshawar could have made his fortune in America. It is odds of thousands to one that he could neither read nor write.

The proprietor, smiling gently, said he found it no longer necessary to steal bolts from military rifles. They were still, of course, the best, being tempered as he could not temper them in his little beehive ovens; but after fifteen years of experiment he had learned the trick of copying them. His own

were good enough for him and for the tribesmen round about. They were too soft for rapid fire, but were perfectly safe and reliable for about four hundred rounds. When he showed me a finished rifle, with a brand-new shining butt, I noticed that bolts were but one of the things he had learned so cleverly to copy. For, pressed in the unvarnished wood, was the large imperial crown and the big black letters V. R. which marked our British rifles when Victoria was Empress of India. There was even a deep broad arrow, which is the stamp of British government property.

It is one of the smaller ironies that, even today in England, it is a dreadful military crime to leave a bolt in a rifle overnight. This arose from the tribesmen's habit of oiling their naked bodies and creeping into the barrack rooms throughout the Northwest Frontier in search of English bolts. The tribesmen concern us no longer, but the regulation continues.

III

In the four years since Partition, the Frontier has altered beyond knowledge. No army is needed to suppress it; and the chieftains themselves are co-operating in a shrewd and responsible way. They refused the British offer of schools because they felt that officials in their villages would lay them open to taxation. Now they have welcomed the schoolmasters; and one hears astonishing stories of maturely bearded tribesmen with rifles across their shoulders learning to write with chalk upon slabs of local slate. I saw little portable radios in the arms factory at Kohat. Gul Akbar himself had been invited to talk from Radio Peshawar—an occasion which gave him prestige and a touching child-like pleasure. He turned a little pink as he spoke of it, marveling that he had not recognized his own recorded voice. I told him that this was the experience of all professional broadcasters, and he warmed to the compliment perceptibly.

What caused this tremendous change? It was really quite brilliantly simple. Within three months of Partition, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the founder of Pakistan, issued a proclamation. It contained an offer of friendship to the people inhabiting the most ferocious border in the world. It said in effect:

"Tribesmen are no longer enemies. They are brother Pakistanis, brother Moslems. Their help is needed as equals to create a great new country. In recognition of these facts, all garrisons will be withdrawn and be replaced by a force of police. It is a waste of valuable people always to think of them as rebels."

This appeal was immediately successful. Gul Akbar and his friends are intelligent. They came in and pledged their loyalty, and now feel they are partners in their country. Of course, this is not to say that the British could have cooled the frontier on lines as simple as that. It was the appeal to Moslem brotherhood which drew the men from the mountains.

The new peace along the Border did not alter the social pattern or the signs of the British occupation. On the way up the Khyber Pass, while Gul Akbar sat beside the driver, I peered through the windows of the taxi. The road reeled giddily upward in a series of flattened corkscrews between steep,



bare yellowish hills. On the fangs of many of these hills little watchtowers pricked against the skyline. They were built in Victoria's days to cover the passage of troops on their march to the head of the Khyber from ambush by men like Gul Akbar. At almost every turn in the road there were regimental badges and crests, cut ten feet high in the living rock to commemorate those who fought to keep the Border quiet. The Sussex Regiment, Probyn's Horse, the Guides, and the Khyber Rifles were only a few that I noticed. As we drove at a fast pace upward, past the great red fortress of Shagai which blocked the Pass like a bung, we often swerved to avoid the reckless downward traffic. The camels came softly enough; but the tall blue busses from Afghanistan, carrying passengers and hundredweights of tea, rocked dangerously going round the corners. There were also American cars, from the U. S. Embassy in Kabul. I had met quite a number of Americans in Dean's Hotel in Peshawar. They were quiet, thoughtful men who were keeping an eye on Russia, and they ate with their diplomatic bags beside them before racing south to Lahore. Some thirty American schoolteachers are employed by the Afghan government; and I wished them luck in their task.

Presently Gul Akbar spoke, without taking his eyes from the hillsides which might still hold a private enemy. He suggested we stop the car and that he and I should have a shooting match at a mark chosen by the interpreter. I felt he was being polite, that he was probably short of bullets, and answered that much as I enjoyed these things my eyesight was not what it was. Whereupon, Gul Akbar chuckled in a fat soft smug kind of way, and the words came tumbling out of him. Even his back was complacent, like a cat which has got what it wanted. Soon the interpreter remarked:

"He says: 'Tell him I too am old, but that I can still shoot straight. Moreover, I have had five wives and could have another tomorrow if I could find a girl who pleased me.'"

This seemed to be going too far, even between members of a Commonwealth. I could see no connection whatever between eyesight and loss of virility. The interpreter hurriedly explained. He told me the custom of the Frontier was to marry away from one's village. On the day fixed for the wedding the bridegroom's party set out, but was stopped by the bride's relations at the edge of their village territory. There, they gave the bridegroom a mark, some small white stone on a mountain; and until he made it fly the marriage could not take place. Short-sighted people, in Gul Akbar's code, did not deserve a wife.

I felt suitably humbled and unwed.

We lunched at Landi Kotal, almost at the frontier of Afghanistan, on the roof of a chieftain's house. The air was as dry as good sherry, and a great brown hill rose behind us to a sky of impossible blue. On the floor of the roof was a carpet which would have cost a fortune in London, and two boys with silver water vessels looked after us while we washed. This washing was urgently needed, especially after the meal because although we all had plates we had neither knives nor forks. Gul Akbar helped himself comfortably from an enormous dish of rice in which four large chickens were buried, gleaming and sticky with oil. A hand like the paw of a bear disappeared as far as the wrist and emerged with a nut-brown chicken which he tore apart and ate. His fingers had a beautiful coaxing movement by which they rolled the rice into balls before stuffing them into his mouth without staining a hair of his beard. I copied his example exactly, and am bound to say enjoyed it. We wiped our plates with bread from a loaf that was three inches thick and more than four feet in diameter. It was this bread which Gul Akbar used to take on his long marauding expeditions against the regiments whose crests I had observed on the steep road up.

Coffee was served on the roof. We drank it from crimson cups which had been made in Imperial Russia. This trade with Russia is traditional, and the Soviets have tried to continue it.

No women, of course, took meat with us for this is a purdah country. In the larger cities of Pakistan, many women are shedding the veil; but two generations at least will pass before it happens up on the Khyber.

After lunch, I went for a walk through the deserted British cantonment. There is little enough to report of it, except that the barracks are still there. They stand in rows in the sunlight, and in one I found a school which is used for the children of the Pass. I

found also, crumbling and abandoned, two concrete open squash courts with crows flying above them. They gave me an odd sensation: that desolate, time-imprisoned feeling with which excavations affect me. It was as if an archaeologist had been digging at the roots of a prehistoric past. Yet only five years ago, one could have heard the noise of squash balls . . . that peculiar flat crack . . . as the officers played in the evenings before they changed into mess jackets.

It made me a little sad to see the dregs of a vanished empire, as finally ended and done with as that of Alexander the Great, who also passed this way. I thought of the men who had died in defense of what they felt to be right. For they were right in their hour. The frontier had to be defended, or Peshawar itself would have been sacked and the plains of India flooded by ruthless tribesmen.

It is not the fault of the British, who put much fine work into India, that history has passed beyond them.

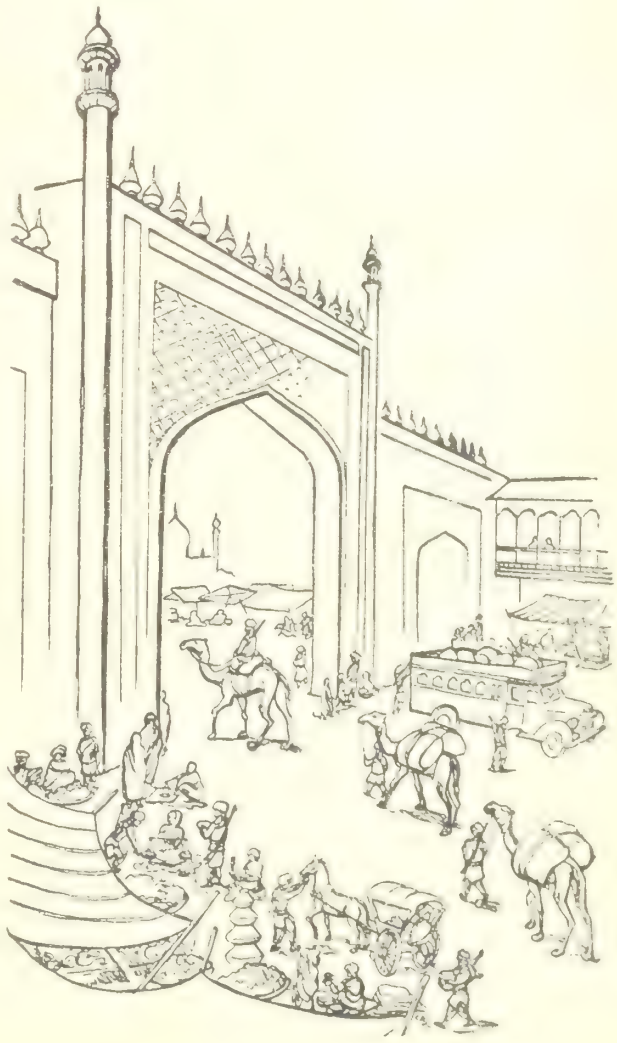
IV

This sense of archaeology, of a clean break with the past, is shared by the Pakistanis. They do not resent us as people. Indeed, they are astoundingly friendly to those who were once their conquerors. Yet their pride in their country is burning, and they do resent those signs of conquest which can still be seen in their streets. At first, they did nothing to dislodge the statues of Queen Victoria which stared down their principal thoroughfares. The Queen-Empress is usually depicted in a benign and gracious posture, while bending dark-skinned ladies approach her with tributes from the East. There is one such statue in Lahore. It stands at the top of the Mall, under a huge umbrella-shaped stone cupola. It expressed the turn of the century, when Britain was colonially supreme, but I thought it looked strangely out of date.

Now, the Pakistanis are removing it. Their action is not anti-British. It simply expresses their opinion that Victoria Regina Imperatrix has been outgrown by Pakistan.

So she takes her place in history beside those who have captured India and have later been superseded. She has joined a magnificent company. Alexander and his Bactrian Greeks, whose features can still be seen among some of the hillmen near Peshawar; Asoka's kingdom in the north; the Moguls, the Afghans, and the Sikhs. Their richly civilized debris is displayed in Lahore Museum, where Kipling's father was curator and the Lama spoke to Kim. Zam-Zammah, Kim's bronze-green cannon, still guards the road outside. Here, in a tall cool gallery, the Queen will take her place. She will have to get used to the statuary, much of which would not have amused her in the days when her taste was law. There are a number of Hindu goddesses, bulging and flamboyant with fertility, of whom she would not have approved.

Yet, on balance, she might well be content. She might reflect on old Gul Akbar. She had a deep streak of statesmanship, and I think she would applaud the people who have found a place in society for that tough and impregnable man. She might admit that a new Dominion which can solve the Northwest Frontier is capable of doing almost anything in the difficult world of to-day: if only it can weather Kashmir.



The Unseemly Economics of Opulence

J. K. Galbraith

THERE is a deeply held belief, the Puritan antecedents of which are clear, that if a wealthy man admits even to himself that he can afford a measure of recklessness in his expenditures, an angry God will strike him dead—or certainly take away his money. This holds also for nations. The utmost reticence must be observed in talking about the affluence of the United States. It is permissible to concede, even with a certain amount of pride, that the United States is a wealthy country. But to conclude that in peacetime this opulence excuses a certain amount of social waste is to invite the divine fury that immolated Sodom and Gomorrah. Yet a great many things about the United States can be explained only by its wealth.

For example, not even the genius of the adman has been wholly equal to the task of proving that the paper, ether, and skills employed in, say, cigarette advertising are related to any urgent public need. As with cigarette-advertising so, presumably, with highway billboards, redundant service stations, glossy packages, bread that is first denatured and then fortified, high-pressure salesmanship, singing commercials, and the concept of the captive audience. All, in one way or another, are apparently the result of incentives which guide the energies of men not toward but away from maximum social efficiency. Few would insist that these activities are in response to any very pressing desire of the American people. By the standard of what people would have, were they to vote on the matter, the American economy is undoubtedly a wasteful one.

However, much of the discussion of such waste in the American economy—that which concerns economics rather than taste—has missed the point. Economists and a good many others have pointed to the vast energies devoted to selling and advertising with shock or alarm. Those who make their living by it have replied, both in anger and in sorrow, that it isn't wasteful at all. Some bold spirits, with a knack for generalization, have said that all critics of such expenditure are subversive. The truth does not lie in between but elsewhere. Our proliferation of selling activity is the counterpart of comparative opulence. Much of it is inevitable with high levels of well-being. It may be waste but it is waste that exists because the community is too well off to care much.

II

IN A COUNTRY where, as the result of maximum exertion of all, only a bare minimum of food, clothing, fuel, and shelter can be provided, it would indeed be intolera-

Professor Galbraith's striking theory of the meaning of waste in the American economy, outlined here, is part of his forthcoming book, American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power, *to be published next March.*

ble to have some firms or industries tacitly restricting production and sustaining prices. The price of such a monopoly in, say, the coal-mining industry would be an insufficiency of coal in relation to what consumers desperately need. This might be partially offset by a somewhat greater supply of food. The men and resources who, under more ideal circumstances, would be employed in the mines, would, as the result of the restriction there, find employment in agriculture. But the consequences for the insufficiently heated public would be far from ideal.

Similarly such a community could ill afford to have any considerable fraction of its labor force concocting sales slogans for its limited supply of bread, writing advertising copy for its meager stock of clothing, putting its few vegetables into cellophane packages, or otherwise bringing the arts of direct salesmanship to bear on its poverty-stricken consumers. In such a land the whole force, male and female, of J. Walter Thompson, Du Pont Cellophane, and Mr. Elmo Roper should without question be at work producing potatoes, beans, and coal so that people might be slightly less hungry and cold.

In fact, in such a community, this labor (perhaps after an appropriate rehabilitation for manual employments) would have no choice but to seek these pedestrian occupations. It is not necessary to advertise food to hungry people, fuel to cold people, or houses to the homeless. No one could make a living doing so. The need and the opportunity to persuade people arise only as people have the income to satisfy relatively unimportant wants, of the urgency of which they are not automatically aware. The social inefficiency of a wealthy community, if such it may be called, grows with the growth in wealth that goes far to make this inefficiency inconsequential.

Thus, while the forty-two million dollars' worth of skill, art, and paper spent in 1949 for cigarette advertising and the twenty-nine million dollars devoted to alcoholic beverages served no urgent social purpose, the same is true of the cigarettes and the liquor. It is not clear that the community would be better off if those now engaged in selling tobacco and liquor were employed instead in the production of more and cheaper cigarettes and whiskey. (Both the alcoholic and the cigarette hangover seem now to be sufficiently institutionalized.) It is not certain, always assuming peace, that James H. Blandings and the other employees of Banton and Dascomb are needed in any alternative employment—they are not needed, as all recent history shows, in the production of potatoes. The alternative use of the resources which a wealthy community appears to use frivolously will always be in other frivolous employments. It will be in the production of things of no very great consequence by any standards.

III

It is worth while to examine a little more closely the relation of advertising and selling expenditures to a state of relatively high opulence. These expenditures are made for a variety of purposes. The department stores advertise for no more complex purpose than to let customers know what they have, what they would especially like to sell at the moment, and at what prices. The same motive lies behind an appreciable amount of consumers' goods selling in general. In one way or another the vendor has always had to cry his wares; the modern techniques that are brought to the service of this particular task may be no more costly or no more raucous than those that have been used throughout time.

This kind of salesmanship invites no comment on grounds of social efficiency. Indeed the New York housewife who was forced to do without Macy's advertising would have a sense of loss second only to that from doing without Macy's. However in a consumers' goods industry shared by a comparatively small number of sellers—a characteristic industry of the contemporary American economy—advertising and selling activity is assumed in modern economics to be undertaken for one or both of two further purposes. It may be, simply, an instrument of commercial rivalry. Energetic and retributive price competition having been forsworn as self-destructive, the firm turns to its salesmen and advertising agency to find new customers and to win customers away from its rivals. The firm is seeking, in the economist's terms, to move its demand curve to the right. Such an effort to get more business is necessary, in a world where others are doing the same, if the

firm is merely to hold its own. Only the very disingenuous can suppose, or argue, that this form of selling effort is merely to make the customer aware that the firm has something to sell. Americans would indeed be mentally retarded if they still had to be advised that the American Tobacco Company has Lucky Strikes to dispose of.

It is also generally agreed that the firm may be seeking, often implicitly, through its advertising and salesmanship so to establish its own personality that it will be protected in some measure from other firms which do not reliably observe the convention against unorthodox price cutting. If a firm is able to persuade the public that its brand of toothpaste, pancake flour, razor blades, or aspirin has qualities that are unique, or if it can merely get shoppers to name its brand without thought when they go into a store, then it is protected in some measure from the rivalry of other firms who are trying to sell the same product at a lower price. In so enhancing the market power which it has over its own brand, it acquires some freedom to move its own price without inviting loss of custom. The price cuts of other firms can be viewed with some equanimity. Economic theory has given much attention to this process of "product differentiation" in the past fifteen years. As a motive, either overt or implicit, for advertising and other selling expenditure its importance has been considerably exaggerated. Simple interfirm rivalry is almost certainly far more important. Still, it is a recognizable phenomenon and the wastes associated with efforts to build up what have been termed "brand monopolies" have been greatly deplored.

There could be no great volume of selling expenditure of either of the two sorts just described except in a wealthy community. In such a community the money dispensed in any given purchase is not of high importance to the person spending it—in the language of economics, the marginal utility of money is low. In such a community, also, a great many different purchases are made by each individual. The result is that no single purchase is worth a great deal of thought; there are too many of them for each to be considered in detail. Accordingly the purchaser is a ready subject for the attentions of the advertiser and the salesman. The customer allows himself to be influenced by imaginary or contrived virtues, because he is not sufficiently under the pressure of want to learn whether or not these virtues are imaginary. He yields to the influence of suggestion because he is not obliged, by want, to think about his actions. On going into a store he repeats a brand name that has been iterated and reiterated on the radio because the money he is spending is not of sufficient importance to justify his ascertaining whether there are better and cheaper alternatives. Those who are persuaded that the buyer is victimized need to realize that, in the first instance, he is the victim of his own comparative well-being.

The opportunity for product differentiation—for associating what amounts to a measure of monopoly power with the brand or personality of a particular seller—is almost uniquely the result of opulence. A hungry man could never be persuaded that bread that is uniquely softened, sliced, wrapped, and enriched is worth more than a cheaper and larger but anonymous loaf that will fill his stomach. A Southern cropper will not, as the result of advertising, develop a preference for one brand of cooked, spiced, and canned ham over another. He will buy plain sidemeat. No one would advertise the sound effects of processed breakfast foods striking the milk to Scottish crofters who have only the resources to buy oatmeal. In such communities all the commercial advantages lie with the producers of plain bread, sidemeat, and oatmeal.

For the same reasons, the tendency for commercial rivalries, in the absence of price competition, to be channeled into advertising and salesmanship would disappear in a poor community. One cannot be certain that the convention against price competition, itself, could be maintained. The nicotine addict, who now automatically buys one or another of the standard brands of cigarettes, would, under the whiplash of necessity, become an inviting market for a cheaper product. The firm that provided it would acquire customers with a rush. Something very like this happened during the early years of the depression when millions of impoverished smokers turned enthusiastically to the ten-cent brands of cigarettes. In any case, for maintaining the convention against price competition, it is a great help to have customers who do not care —even if, on occasion, they think they do.

THERE is a legend, with a great appeal to romantic men, that Americans are a nation of salesmen because they have some peculiar virtuosity in this craft. There are more salesmen, and salesmanship is more highly developed, in the United States than elsewhere in the world. But the explanation lies not with national character but with national wealth. The latter means, of course, that there are more goods to be sold. But even more, it means that psychological, not physical, considerations control desire. The biological minimums are covered. As a result that modern practitioner of applied psychology, the salesman, gets his opportunity. Sent to practice on Indians or Chinese or even French peasants he would be a dismal failure.

Many of my fellow economists will have difficulty in sharing the equanimity with which I here view selling costs and the so-called wastes of distribution. Economics began in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when men were really poor. Two of its great pioneers, Malthus and Ricardo, held that grinding poverty was the fate of man—any surplus wealth, above the requirements for bare subsistence, would be promptly absorbed into the additional mouths that wealth itself would spawn. In such a society inefficiency was, indeed, an evil thing. It denied bread to the hungry and clothing to the naked even though, if these became available, they launched a new cycle of conception and birth that re-established the common poverty. Western man, as the result of an unsuspected prefference for comfort over procreation, and aided by some inexpensive appliances, has escaped from this cycle of poverty. In the United States, in recent times, for most people the biological minimums of food, clothing, and even shelter have been covered as a matter of course. By comparison, the further wants of man are comparatively unimportant. Economists, nonetheless, have stuck firmly to their conviction that anything that denies the community additional goods or services, however casual their significance, is the greatest of sins. They have brought the mentality of nineteenth-century poverty to the analysis of twentieth-century opulence. They have worried far too much about partially monopolized prices or excessive advertising and selling costs for tobacco, liquor, chocolates, automobiles, and soap in a land which is already suffering from nicotine poisoning and alcoholism, which is nutritionally gorged with sugar, which is filling its hospitals and cemeteries with those who have been maimed or murdered on highways, and which is dangerously neurotic about normal body odors.

IV

IT IS now time to relent slightly and make some needed overtures to orthodoxy. I am here suggesting how, in spite of the apparent inefficiencies of the American economy, we still manage to survive. We survive—and this is another story—partly because of our capacity for technological change and the extraordinarily favorable organization of the American economy for encouraging it. But we survive partly because social efficiency itself is not as essential as it has been thought to be in an economy which has escaped far above the poverty line. This is not a mandate for a total neglect of efficiency. For one thing there are still many poor people in the United States. They bear the higher prices associated with monopoly and the higher costs of distribution along with those who can afford them and who, as the result of their escape from physical to psychological standards of consumption, actually encourage such expenditure. There are still many who would live fuller and better lives if elementary goods were produced more abundantly and more cheaply. Housing is a case in point.

Let me say a word directly about the inefficiency which follows from monopoly. The effect of monopoly power on the use of economic resources has classically been supposed to be too little employment in the monopolized industries. There is some evidence that in the United States the most damaging effect is, in fact, in encouraging excessive employment in the competitive industries. This part of the economy provides special opportunities to the man who is seeking employment or to employ himself. In a model competitive society he can always get employment by sufficiently lowering his wage; where there are parts of the economy, like agriculture, which still conform to the model, these offer that valued opportunity to the independent job seeker. There is a strong possibility, especially when there is less than full employment in the economy, that these industries will

attract a heavy surplus of workers. By crowding into this part of the economy they lower, unduly, the returns to those already there. This has been the fate of American agriculture in the past and perhaps also of the textile, clothing, and needlework trades.

In agriculture the problem has been made especially acute by a higher birth rate than in the cities, which requires that there be a steady migration to the cities if any given ratio of rural to urban employment is to be maintained. During the depression years the farm-labor force grew substantially as the result of the virtual stoppage of migration to the cities and the return of those who had previously migrated. Even in more favorable times, overemployment in agriculture raises serious problems of maintaining standards of education, health, and welfare at civilized levels in the regions of dense rural population.

Also in one way or another nearly all of the great American fortunes are based on the present or past possession of a measure of monopoly power. It is to oil, railroads, steel, copper, urban real estate that yesterday's fortunes and the higher of today's unearned incomes trace. Agriculture, bituminous-coal mining, textile and clothing manufacture have produced few men of great wealth. Income inequality, like monopoly, distorts the use of resources. It diverts them from the wants of the many to the esoteric desires of the few—if not from bread to cake at least from Chevrolets to Cadillacs. Unnecessary inequality in income—unnecessary in the sense that it does not reward differences in intelligence, application, or willingness to take risks—may also impair economic stability. The saving or spending of income that accrues in large chunks to relatively few people is subject to far more erratic impulses than the saving or spending of income of wage and salary earners.

Accordingly, there are good reasons for continuing to worry about social inefficiency. At the same time no one should be at a loss as to why we survive it.

BEFORE taking leave of the unseemly subject of opulence, one of its further consequences must be observed. There is a widely held view that the economic management of the United States is a task requiring the utmost wisdom and subtlety. As a corollary, the utmost peril is implicit in every government decision. In the two years prior to the Korean war brave men shuddered at the consequences of reducing taxes (or not reducing them); of passing a public-housing bill (and of not passing it); of the perils associated with peril points in tariffs (and of the consequences of not reducing tariffs); of the ruin that awaited the dairy industry in untaxed and colored margarine and the ruin that awaited the cotton grower if discrimination against cottonseed oil continued.

The time may come when the strength of the American economy will turn on the quality of government decisions but it will be in war or under the threat of war. It has not turned on such decisions in the past. The consequences for general economic welfare of most government decisions on economic matters has been imperceptible.

The first reason is our nearly universal tendency to confuse close decisions with important ones. The most difficult decisions are, normally, the least important. They involve a choice between courses of action which are almost equally favorable—or, on occasion, almost equally unhappy. Different men assess the effects of the alternative courses of action differently and the very closeness of the outcome causes them to marshal their arguments elaborately. Our much-used dialectic of exaggeration is also brought liberally to bear in the argument. Infinite benefit is pictured for one course, utter disaster for another. Were the choice in fact between great good and great damage, the decision would be so obvious that it would not be debated.

The other reason that government decisions have been relatively unimportant is that we have frequently been able to choose the wrong course rather than the right one because wealth has acted as a solvent for such error. None of the real sources of well-being—the endowment of physical resources and the education and energy of the people—are ever seriously compromised by any government decision. Hence, while unwise government decisions may, in the past, have affected the rate of economic growth, it has been but rarely that one could identify their consequences. This is at least implicitly recognized. Alarm over pending actions by government on economic matters, which frequently reaches al-

most pathological proportions when the decision is pending, almost invariably evaporates completely once the action is taken.

Wisdom in economic policy is not to be deplored. But one of the profound sources of American strength has been the margin for error provided by our endowment. In the United Kingdom, especially in recent times, there has been little latitude for mistakes. Government policy on economic affairs has had, accordingly, to be far more precise than it has ever been with us. An Eightieth Congress occupying the House of Commons or a sizable cadre of Missouri Democrats in Whitehall, would, on many occasions in the past two decades, have brought about a fairly prompt liquidation of what remains of the British Empire.

Wealth does more than provide a margin for error. In the United Kingdom and other Western European countries, social reform—the provision of additional income, services, and security for the underprivileged—has been at the fairly direct expense of the privileged. The clash of interest between those who have and those who have not is obvious and inescapable. With the single exception of the emancipation of the slaves, no measure for the assistance of any group in the United States has brought an *identifiable* reduction in the income of any other group. The costs of free education, social security, assistance to farmers, and like measures of domestic welfare have been deeply disguised by the general increase in income. (In modern times they have also been small in comparison with the far greater costs of defense and war.) Had the assessment of these costs been directly against the static incomes of those who paid but did not benefit, the debate concerning them would have been a good deal more bitter than it was. Wealth, and especially growing wealth, has not only been a solvent for mistakes. It has also been a solvent for what, in their absence, might have been grave social strains.

Solemn Ceremonial

EARL DANIELS

The children buried small rabbit in the orchard,
Compelling the cat who caught it to attend
Its funeral for the good they thought it might do him.
Form was everything rabbit could ask for end.

Although there was argument first about the ritual,
At the last none knew whether Catholic prevailed
Or Methodist, but differences were settled.
A drum was bell, the corpse was decently veiled

In the second-best dress of a doll. Procession started,
Cigar-box coffin borne under summer skies.
The solemn mourners felt time stopped and waited;
God's approval had not been their surprise.

But how could grown-ups be so careless, casual?
Their attending, unlike the cat, they could not compel.
Perhaps, if age took death like this for granted,
Always six or seven would be well.

The children buried the rabbit in the orchard.
They thought they should return, they never came.
Ripe apples fall now round a slanting shingle;
Grass grows where they forgot to carve a name.

The Queens of the Flowers

A Short Story by Glen Haley

Drawings by Arthur Shilstone

It was Papa's idea for us to go over on the Western Slope after the Fletcher Shows went busted in Salida, Colorado. He knew a fellow, Roy Martin, with a fruit ranch near McCord, and Papa said Roy would give us all jobs, even Mama and me and the two boys. Of course I'm thirteen and old enough for quite a lot of work, but Cecil is only nine. Harold is eleven, a bad age.

We expected to just stay until we got some repairs on the Model A and bought some clothes, but then Papa hired on as a mechanic at the coal mine above McCord and seen the chance to make a real stake—maybe buy an interest in a Ferris wheel, he said, instead of just greasing one.

But we had to have a place to live that winter, and that's how we went to see old Mrs. Wallace. She was a real old woman who lived all alone. Everybody said she was either going to die or move to California, one, and she wanted someone to take the place and look after it.

I sometimes wonder how things would have turned out for us if we hadn't gone to see Mrs. Wallace that day. It's a cinch if we, any of us, had known what was going to happen afterward we would have sure steered clear of the place. And still who knows? Maybe it was better the way it worked out. Maybe what happened would have happened anyway.

They sent me in to see her. I'm a good hand with old people. It was a pretty nice big old wooden house with a scraggly front porch. There was some kind of flowers, or what was left of them—this was late September—planted all over the front yard. Mrs. Wallace wasn't in the house—she was out in back, sitting on an apple box turned over on its side, digging away at a bed of some more of those flowers—she had them just planted everywhere back there. She was sitting there with her legs spread apart under her dress as only a real old lady would sit, and when she finally took me in through her glasses she spoke real pleasant.

"Hello, little girl," she says, "you'll have to excuse me, I'm trying to get my beds into shape. It's quite a task for an old body like me."

I said it did look like quite a job. I asked her what kind of flowers they were.

"Peonies, child. The most beautiful peonies in the world have been grown right here in McCord. Mr. Wallace my father took peonies to the St. Louis World's Fair, you know, and won the blue ribbon."

Old people, the lonely ones, they don't care what you come to see them for, they just glom right on to you and start talking, and the best thing is to listen for a while. She talked about how hard it was for her to do anything and how badly the flowers was run down and how she wished she could get a man in to help her out. I broke in then and told her why I was there. She was a little doubtful about Harold and Cecil. But I lied and said that they was well behaved, and she staggered out front on my arm, and talked to Mama and Papa.

The boys was quiet thank heavens at the

time, and she finally decided that we could "try each other out" for a week. The last thing she said was to Papa: "Are you a flower lover, Mr. Casey?"

Mama couldn't help snickering, but Papa just sat there, looking dumb. Finally he said:

"I never been accused of it before."

"If we're going to get along well, Mr. Casey," Mrs. Wallace said with a smile, but meaning it, "you're just going to have to help me with my peonies, that's all there is to it."

"Yes, ma'am," Papa said.

After we drove off, Mama said, "Well, Casey (she always called Papa Casey—his given name is Paul) well, Casey, that's going to be good, you following that old lady around, diggin' in that old yard like a big prairie dog."

Papa swung the car around the corner so hard that it like to piled us kids all in one heap, and said, "We got to live somewhere."

PAPA certainly worked hard that fall. He left for the mine before daylight, and when he come trudging up the street around four o'clock—he rode with some other fellows—there would be old Mrs. Wallace, out on the front porch, tyin' on her bonnet as he come through the gate.

She sure run him ragged. She had a bad habit of clicking her false teeth and then smiling kind of silly and making a joke out of everything she wanted done. Papa cleared off weeds, and built up the beds where the boards had decayed and broke up the clumps of flowers and threw some away and planted others in different places. Finally he had to rent a trailer and haul in three tons of sheep manure. He said he sure felt like a fool when he told the Greeks west of town he wanted that manure just to put on some flowers.

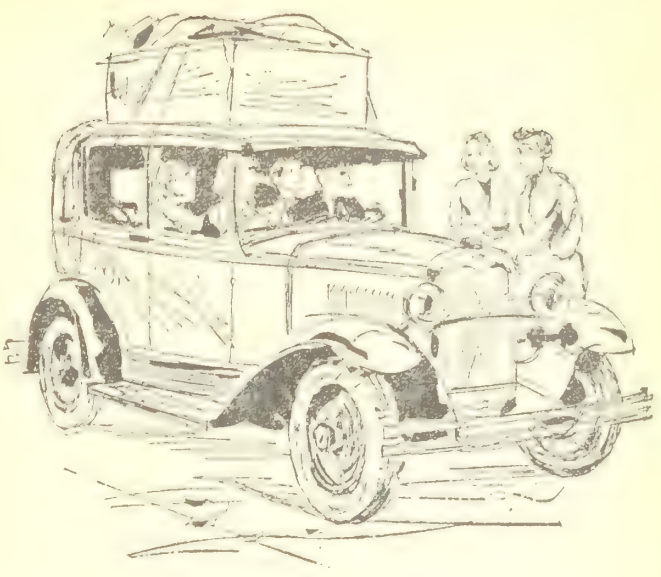
One afternoon they was working out back and I was getting supper—Mama hadn't got back from town yet—and I heard Papa growl:

"These here flowers must be quite the stuff to be worth all this trouble."

Mrs. Wallace just said in an awed way, "Oh, Mr. Casey—haven't you ever seen peonies?"

"Not to my knowledge."

Well, there wasn't any more work for a while. Mrs. Wallace lowered herself down on the back porch and put her hands out almost as if she was praying. "They're the queens,



"Are you a flower lover, Mr. Casey?"

Mr. Casey. The real queens of the flowers. And these are the Wallace peonies, that my father developed himself. The Wallace St. Louis Red and the Wallace Bronze—they'll take your breath away when you see them in bloom, they really will—bronze with yellow centers—red with pink centers—the loveliest things on the surface of the earth."

Papa never said anything for a minute, and then he just shook his head. That night when he come in to say good night and have a cigarette, he said, "You still pray once in while, don't you, Sister?"

I said I did.

He pulled in a deep drag there in the dark and sighed, "Well pray for a change in the weather, will you? That old lady's got me dragging my tracks out."

I would never pray for a thing like that, but the weather changed anyway. Late cold rain, and a first snow, and that was the end for Mrs. Wallace. She had a bad spell of colds, was clear down awhile, and when she got better, she went to California.

The man who run the bank come by in his car to take her to the train. He had a real old but kind of classy car, and on Sunday afternoons he rode around reared way back behind the wheel, while his wife rode in the back seat. Papa helped Mrs. Wallace into the back seat with the banker's wife and she said good-by to us real nice, as if we was family. At last she said to Papa:

"Thank you very much, Mr. Casey, for helping me with the queens; they'll repay you

for it a thousandfold in the years to come."

Mama looked up at the trees to keep a smile from running wild, and Papa he looked down at the ground and hooked his thumbs in his back pockets.

"That's all right," he said. And the big old car moved off.

"'They'll repay you for it a thousandfold,'" Mama mimicked as we went back in, "'in the years to come'—there ain't gonna be no 'years to come' for me in this hick town."

But I think even Mama sort of enjoyed that first winter in McCord, even when the snow come to stay, and the roads was bad, and it was so cold. We had a house, and each one of us kids had a room upstairs of his very own. The boys didn't do too well in school, and I had trouble in English, but I did good in arithmetic, because I used to help Mama make change when she run the baseball concession with the Fletcher Shows. I made friends with several kids that went to the same Sunday school that I did.

Papa was an Odd Fellow and we took to going to the Odd Fellow dances. Mama really loved to dance. Around eleven-thirty, if the grownups wasn't ready to leave, I would round up the boys and come on home.

But Mama was restless, even that first winter. She went to town almost every afternoon. I could hear her quick, high laugh coming from the Silver Grill when I would go by after school—but I knew better than to stop in and bother her unless it was something real urgent. And she used to try to get Papa to go down after supper for a few beers, and sometimes he did, but he usually begged off by saying he was too tired. Mama would go anyway and nights when she got home real late there would be a big hullabaloo with Papa over it.

And yet they had the really big fight after the PTA carnival, of all things. I had told the teacher about Mama and she was asked to take the baseball booth. She used to run one with the shows and she sure did a job of it for the PTA. About everybody come around to watch at some time or other that evening. I was sure proud of her. And then afterward they took us kids home and went down to the restaurant. About one o'clock that night I woke up and heard them just going after it downstairs. After the big fireworks was past, the crying and the shouting, I went downstairs and through the hall to the kitchen for a glass of water.

They was sitting on the sofa—or Papa was—Mama was up and down. Right now she was having a cigarette and walking up and down in front of Papa. I suppose I remember Mama best with a frown on her face, as she was then. But Mama was pretty. Her hair was long and just a little red even when it wasn't tinted, and she wore it with nothing but a black band. She always looked so young.

"Don't you feel it once in a while?" Mama was saying. "Don't you ever feel like loading the kids into the car and just pickin' up and sailin' right on out of here?"

Papa was sitting there, plucking at his lip as he did when he was troubled.

Mama said, "Come on. Come on, Casey. Let's just pile everything in and head for the Coast. Pick up a show at Ocean Park, and make the big circle. What do you say?" She



I could hear her quick high laugh.

set down beside him and leaned over and looked up into his face.

"The kids is happy here," Papa said.

"Kids is happy anywhere," Mama said; "they have big times with the carnival."

"There's more than big times. This is the first real schoolin' they've had, almost. And besides, we've got this house at a real low rent—"

"Damn this house, and everything around it," Mama shouted, stood up. "You're gettin' to be a regular old woman yourself, from livin' in this house after one—tendin' flowers. . . ."

"Them flowers don't mean a damn to me," Papa shouted.

"Well, you sure spent enough time putterin' with 'em," Mama said.

After a couple minutes Papa said:

"Marie, we can't take the kids out of school. We'll have to stick around until June."

On the stairs I stopped and waited to see what Mama would answer. It took her a long time. Finally she said, in a low voice, "I'm stayin' a while, Casey, but not too long."

WINTERS go slow in McCord, but spring when it finally comes, comes fast. All at once. It seems to show up in the sky first and then to seep down through the hills making them bald of snow. Then you see it in the sods of the ditchbanks and the dry streaks in the roads. Finally the orchards get it, in buds and tiny leaves, and before you know it, the peach trees and then the apples, pink blooms and then white, all spring into glory row on row around the hills.

And Papa, when the ground begun to thaw, started puttering around out in the yard after his work was over—after all he said about Old Lady Wallace the fall before. I kind of kidded him about it one night when he had been digging up one of the beds. He was sitting on the back stoop smoking and I come out and said:

"How's your queens comin' along, Papa?"

He looked around at me with a ridge between his eyebrows. "What are you talkin' about?"

I felt kind of silly myself after I said it, but I told him then, "Well, Mrs. Wallace always called them her queens and since you're lookin' after them, ain't they your queens?"

"Oh well, hell," Papa said, "they're just a bunch of old flowers, not even that yet, but as long as I was put to so darn much trouble last fall, and as long as we're livin' here, might as well get a little of the good out of 'em." The more he talked the more on the prod he got. "I mean," he said, "I got to keep the goddam yard cleaned up, no use lettin' the weeds take over."

Mama sure got his goat one night. It was the night he found the first bud. He called us kids back to look at it as if it was really something, and about that time Mama came up the driveway. She was just back from town, and she was feeling, well, pretty good. For the first time she showed some interest in the flowers. She bent down and studied the bud, and said "Why it sure is. It sure is a peony bud."

"Yeah," Papa said, looking over her shoulder, "I just come out this evening, and there it was."

"Well, well," Mama said.

"I figured all this old stuff that looked so dead would have to go, but now I see that some of it is coming back good," he said, half to her and half to himself. And Mama, still looking at the bud, called to the boys who had gone back to playing marbles.

"Harold and Cecil, reckon you could use a good marble?" and before Papa could stop her she flipped the bud right off the stem with her thumb and finger and over at the boys.

Both she and Papa stood up, and she give a kind of a dirty little chuckle, but I didn't like the expression in Papa's eyes as he stood there gripping the hoe handle. "Oh Casey," Mama laughed, "you should just see the expression on your face." He still didn't say a word, and she said, "It's just a joke; you ain't lost your sense of humor, have you, livin' in this one-horse town?"

But the flowers come on, and they did look fine. There was some big old red ones in the corner by the fence that just took your breath away. And if Mama didn't think much of the flowers, other people did. Several stopped to look at them, one or two a day sometimes. The banker stopped one Sunday, and said Old Mrs. Wallace would be proud. He said Papa ought to take some to the County Fair.

"That would be really good," Mama said

afterward; "I can just see you goin' to the fair with your hair slicked back and carryin' a fistful of peonies—brother!"

Peach harvest come on again, and we were still in McCord, with Mama gettin' a little unhappier about it every day. She just couldn't get any definite answer, about when we would leave, out of Papa. Or out of us kids either. We were kind of used to the place by now. It seemed like home. The boys talked about roaming again but I don't really think they wanted to.

When harvest was over, we went down to the fair. We seen the rodeo in the afternoon, it wasn't much, and the exhibits. There was a woman named Mrs. Wooton, from Cedaredge, who had an exhibit of peonies, and they were really something. Papa just stood and stared. This Mrs. Wooton was there herself at the time, and she come out and said, "Do you like them?"

"They're sure all right."

I couldn't help saying, "Papa raises 'em too. We live in McCord."

Well, she just lit all up and took his hand and shook it right then. "You're the man at the old Wallace place!" she said. "I've heard you've been working with them."

"Oh, I just kind of keep the weeds down," Papa said, "but yours—they're just an all around better class of peony than them we got."

"Oh, you're wrong," she said, "give them time. You may have to replace some of the stock, and use some commercial fertilizers, but in another year they'll be twice as nice as they were this." Mama couldn't stand any more of this, she tapped Papa on the shoulder and said, "Me and the kids are takin' a walk down the midway—I got to get out of here before I vomit." So we went on.

It was getting along toward dark, but we weren't in any hurry to leave when we got to the midway. It was fun to watch the suckers and see what they were going for. It was just like old times, and it made your heart beat faster, to smell the old smells and see the lights and hear the noise. Almost as if we had never been away. Mama's face really brightened up, and she was chewing away at her gum at a great rate.

It wasn't long before we got to a baseball game. There was a fellow there, he was dark complected with long black sideburns, and he wore a cap. Kind of good looking. He held out three baseballs.

"Try your luck, Beautiful: get a kewpie for the little girl."

"What do you think we are—suckers?" Harold yelled, and Mama laughed and said, "Listen, buster, I was peddling throws when you was in knee pants." And I said, "I wouldn't have one of them kewpie dolls. I bet they didn't cost you two bits apiece."

"Well you're a bunch of hard cookies," he said. "Carnival people?"

"We was," Mama said, "but we got shanghaied."

Cecil was hungry, so Mama told all us kids to go get some hamburgers, and she stayed and talked to the fellow.

After we got the hamburgers, I spent an hour and a half throwin' the rings at another concession. I give the fellow a pretty hard time, and the crowd got quite a kick out of it. I can really toss those rings. Course the prizes is hardly worth keeping.

We stayed that night because Mama wanted to go to the dance. Papa only danced twice, and then we waited at the door for Mama. She danced about half a dozen times, I guess, with the fellow with the black sideburns. And then Mama and this fellow disappeared. Papa was really mad. We kept lookin' for 'em and lookin' for 'em on the dance floor, but we couldn't see 'em. Finally the band played "Home, Sweet Home."

Papa said, "You kids go pile in the car. I'll be back."

We didn't argue with him. We went. The boys was asleep on their feet, anyway.

It must have been an hour and a half before Papa got back. All the cars had left and we was parked all alone on the lot. The moon was up, real big and pale in a sky that was shimmery, like blue spun candy. I saw Papa, finally, comin' from the direction of the carnival. He fell down twice. I finally got out and helped him into the car, and his hands was all wet.

"Is the boys asleep?" he said. I told him they was, and he struck a match. His hands was all cut and bloody, and there was a long bloody slash across his chest, right through his shirt and underwear.

"Had some trouble," he said. "Reckon you can hold the car on the road?" He leaned back

in the seat and never said anything. I think he was kind of out of his head. Once he almost cried, saying, " Oh, Marie—Marie—Marie," and another time he muttered, "I worked him over good until he went for his knife."

He wouldn't have a doctor. I helped him clean up before he went to bed. That was when he asked, "I guess you know what your mother is fixin' to do, don't you?"

I just couldn't answer: my lips trembled too much.

"What do you think of a mother like that?"

"Don't, Papa," I said, "please don't."

After a minute he said, "That's right, honey. She's still your mother, no matter what. Always think as well as you can of her."

PAPA didn't go to work or any place. He just stayed upstairs, smoking. When I got home from school that night I was hoping against hope that Mama would be back. But the downstairs was vacant. Papa was still in his room, but he'd been out. There was a jug of wine on a chair. I woke him up around dark and asked him if he wanted something to eat.

All he said was, "Did she come back?"

"No, Papa," I said, "not yet." He didn't get up all evening. I heard him in the middle of the night, moving around, but he was in bed again next morning, and stayed again all day. Downtown at noon they said the fair was over and the carnival had moved on.

Papa came into my room late that night. He was dressed, and had his hat and coat on. He called to me in a low voice so as not to wake the boys.

"Sister," he said, "I want to talk to you."

He wasn't drinking this time, but when he worked his way down to a seat on the side of the bed, I could feel his body tremble a little. He lit a cigarette. "Sister, I feel if I stay around here, I'll go out of my mind. I got to hit the trail."

I felt like crying. But I just said, "Well, Papa, we'll just pack up and light out, then."

"No," he said, "you kids is better off here. And I got to be alone." His voice sounded really troubled. "It's hard to explain, Sister, but when a man loses his wife it strikes him deep. I always been crazy about your mother—"

"Oh, Mama'll be back," I said. "I look for it."



It was fun to watch the suckers and see what they were going for.

"I don't. I know it won't be her and me again. Now I just want to be on my own for a while. I've got to have it that way."

"What'll happen to us?"

"I'll be sendin' you money, right along."

I couldn't ask it right away but finally I controlled myself well enough to get it out. "You're comin' back, ain't you?"

"Oh sure," he said, "Oh sure I will." He said it too quick. I knew he never intended to. And what he said next proved it. "I'm no good to you."

"Oh Papa you are. We need you twice as bad as we did, now that—"

"No, I ain't no good. You kids would be better off where you had someone to look after you."

"I can look after the boys—I always have. But I need you to look after me, and to sort of lean on when the boys are too much for me. I—"

Papa squeezed my hand. "You're my brave little girl." Then he kind of brightened, or pretended he did. "You know, I'm an Odd Fellow with good standing, and they have one of the nicest homes for children, over in Canon City, that you ever saw—"

"That's the same town the prison's in," I said.

"Oh, but it's a nice place," he said quickly, "it don't have nothin' to do with the prison—"

"We won't go," I wailed, "Papa, we won't go. I'll take the boys and hide out, if you send them after us—"

"All right, all right," he said, patting my hand. "Don't wake the boys. We'll see, sister, we'll see. For the time bein' you kids stay on here and start to school. And you look after the other children till you hear from me. Will you do that?"

"Of course I will," I told him. "There ain't anything else I can do."

"All right now," he said. "Give us a kiss." Before he went out I called out to him. "Don't forget us, Papa."

I think he was about to cry, too. "Of course I won't," he said. "I'll be thinkin' of you a lot. And you'll hear from me often. Good-by, Sister," was the last thing I heard.

I guess I cried just about all night. In the morning I fixed a little breakfast, and got the boys ready for school. "Papa come in to see me late last night," I told them. "He's gone on a little business trip."

Cecil didn't say nothing, but Harold said, "He ain't gone on no business trip. He's just lit out." He's the most disconcerting youngster, at times. He started crying, which of course started Cecil off, but I talked and talked, and finally they come around. I told them of course that Papa would be back sure, in a little while, and that he would be writing to us right along.

I had a hard time with the boys as the weeks went by. When they didn't feel like doing a thing, why, of course they didn't do it. But, some days they was better about it than other days. My worst trouble was getting them home at night.

Papa sent a little money along and we got by. And it was December before the neighbors, who should have kept their noses out of it, told the town council we was living at the Wallace place all alone. They turned it over to the lodge and a fellow come to see us. He started right away harping on the Children's Home, but I told him that Papa would be back in a month, and that he would be awful put out if they did a thing like that. They didn't exactly believe me, but they did decide to hold off a while, and they hired a woman, Mrs. Kittredge, to come in and look after us. She helped with taking care of the clothes, and she baked pretty good bread except now and then you found a long gray hair in your slice. But she could no more control the boys than she could fly, and they was always hurting her feelings and then she would call me in. So I was just about looking after all three of them. Still, it was the best we could do; I realized it was her or the Home, and so we just put up with her.

Papa was first here, and then there. You heard from him in Cody, Wyoming, in Salt Lake City, and in Phoenix. He didn't write much. I felt awful low and lonely once in a while that winter. For a long time, I used to always get a little thrill out of seeing a tall, slouching man on the street, because I thought it might be Papa, and even as much as I was mad at Mama, I used to always go by the restaurant when I was coming home from town, and hold my breath, almost expecting to hear Mama's quick, loud laugh coming from inside. But I begun to get over it as the winter wore out.

And along toward spring, too, I could tell it wasn't going to be long before the lodge

would take steps. The superintendent at school had come up to visit us, and shook his head about it. I knew it was coming.

And then, one evening I was alone on the front porch, waiting for the boys to come home from wherever they had got to.

It was a springlike evening in March, and I was for some strange reason thinking about the peonies, Papa's queens, and how they would look this year, when a tall slouching man walked by on the street, as though his feet hurt. There was something in the sound of the footsteps that thrilled me, even though I couldn't see him well. I held my breath. He stood there outside the gate a few minutes, and then he opened it and come in.

"Hello," Papa said. "Is that you, Sister?"

I think I was happier to see him than the boys was, at least at first, because when they showed up around ten o'clock, he tanned them both good and sent them to bed. I can't say I felt exactly sorry for them, either; Harold especially had got awful impudent and independent while Papa was away.

Papa was quiet and kind of moody for a long time. He went back to his job at the mine. And although the snows clung to the ground yet, he often sat on the back porch in the growing dark before supper and had his smoke.

One time I come out and sat beside him. And that's when he said all he ever did say about being gone. "Pretty hard on you kids, wasn't it, while I was away?"

"Yes it was, Papa," I said. "I thought you wasn't ever coming back."

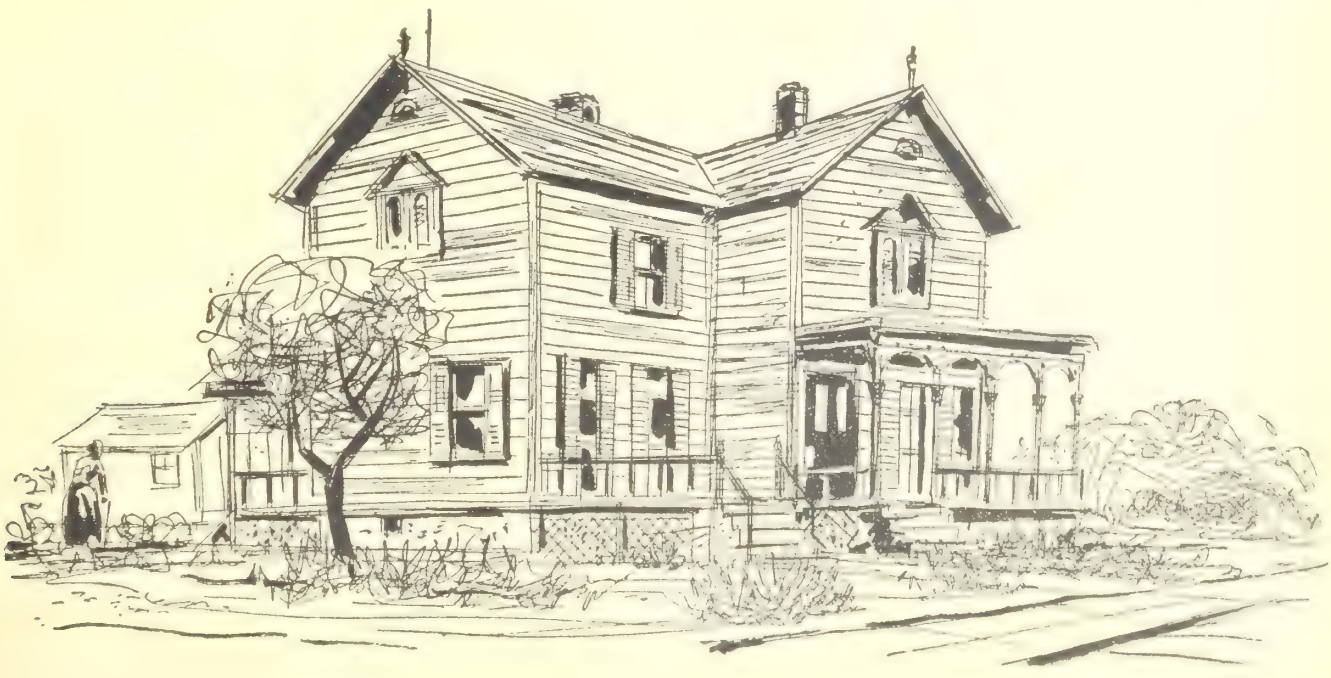
He picked up a piece of stick and rasped the rotten bark off with his thumbs.

"I didn't know either, Sister," he said, "where I would go or what I would do. I did things I'm ashamed to think about just to keep going, going on without thinking, until one morning I was laying in a hotel bed in an Arizona town, feeling low. And you know, all of a sudden I don't know how it come about, but I was thinking of this back yard, and I could see it as if it was sort of under water, everything was standing so still and straight. It seemed to me all the peonies was in bloom, looking bigger and finer than ever—especially them big reds over in the corner there."

Papa threw away the stick. "Then I asked myself—what are you running away from, Paul Casey? Why don't you go back to your home and your kids? And I hit the trail that afternoon and come right straight here."

"I'm glad, Papa," I said.

And as Papa sat there, looking out over the back yard, I couldn't help thinking that maybe he had come back to McCord because of us kids, it was pleasant to think that; and anyway he was home that was the important thing, but just the same I was sure glad that the queens was there with us, to help us pull him home.



Old Age's Gain

Martin Gumpert

We in this country like things new and shiny. But while we've made much progress with our steady flow of new models and new devices, we have also lost, or perhaps not yet acquired, a respect for oldness —in objects and in people. We do not realize that both, and especially people, can gain in value through the actual process of aging.

Human life depends on constant processes of loss and growth. Any loss or damage of substance or function in the human organism stimulates at least partial growth and repair of the injured part. Any static condition of any considerable duration means death, or at best serious illness, if it affects the body as a whole. But before the body is defeated by disease it must have exhausted all its unbelievably powerful and manifold resources for compensation and defense. The human body can continue to exist with many of its parts and functions removed or disturbed. And the human being as an entity may even improve and profit by the incapacity or destruction of some of his parts. This is what I call the principle of productive loss, and this is what happens as we grow old.

In recent months I have studied a great number of old people. Their average age so far is eighty. The oldest person I have interviewed was ninety-two, the youngest seventy-six. I deliberately chose people of over-average intelligence—statesmen, philosophers, scientists, artists, writers, and business men. Most of them had had to suffer hardships during their lives but none of them had been, or is now, excessively rich or excessively poor. One thing they all had in common: they are all pioneers of successful aging; that is, they are all still active in their various fields and as members of society. By studying them I hoped to discover the general traits which would explain the successful management of their lives and perhaps point the way to other aging citizens.

To start with my most immediate impressions: all of them were people I thoroughly enjoyed being with; people who stimulated my mind and fed my intellectual curiosity. Some of them, I suspect, would have antagonized me exceedingly in their earlier years. Looking at their pictures taken thirty or forty years ago I detected vanities, hostilities, and tensions which have since disappeared. An old age of substance means growth in beauty and harmony. From hardened, toughened fighters these old people had changed into soft, tender, warm human beings.

Regarding them with a hard diagnostic eye one might find in them nothing but an accumulation of what doctors call symptoms of regression. But if this is regression, then my thesis is proved: in human beings loss may take the character of productive gain. Old people, one must admit, do suffer a loss of sensory acuity and loss of memory, especially for recent events and for names. They tire easily and their thoughts sometimes wander. They show various signs of physical frailty and debility. But all these weaknesses

The lengthening age span has multiplied human problems, not only in social terms but also for the individual. Among medical men who have taken the lead in investigating these questions is ***Dr. Martin Gumpert, author of*** The Anatomy of Happiness.

and limitations are far overshadowed by the composite condition of successful old age—a condition giving a deep impression of lucidity, fulfillment, wisdom, and metaphysical strength for which we apparently do not have the right name.

In my collection of outstanding old people, what remained intact of their intellectual capacities was far above the level of average middle-aged intelligence. And beyond these retained functions was a process of replacement and compensation for other losses which seemed to add new color and original creative impulse to these declining lives.

Undisputed vigor is no blessing to the human organism. The majority of us in our so-called "prime of life" are so conditioned to the expedients of everyday living that we are often forced to suppress the creative wants and talents that may be buried within us. It takes a forceful fate—or the dimming lights of old age—to crack our acquired "surface" and release these impulses. I have seen, many times, the miraculous change that takes place in an old person who suddenly takes up some creative work—writing or painting or the skillful application of some new knowledge. Such a person then discovers, for the first time in his life, an existence of his own. Even if his efforts remain on the purely primitive level, he becomes aware of a new kind of inner freedom which helps him forget many of his aches and pains.

According to Dr. Walter C. Alvarez of the Mayo Foundation, it takes most of us twenty to thirty years to die, and many of our regressions are not characterized by dramatic episodes of sudden collapse, like a coronary occlusion or a hemorrhage with paralytic consequences, but by a sequence of hardly noticeable pathological incidents, like fainting spells or short dizzinesses, which he calls "strokelets." Such strokelets apparently produce minor personality changes; small neglects and defects in appearance and behavior, like the sudden appearance of spots on the clothes of people who have heretofore been exquisitely neat.

I completely agree with Dr. Alvarez's description and definition of strokelets. I do not share his pessimistic therapeutic outlook on such conditions. His advice is: make the old person as comfortable as possible, but do not give him too much treatment. Of course, I too am opposed to prolonging a miserable life by forceful sustaining measures and I recognize that definite deterioration of vital areas of the brain is irreversible. But in view of what I have already said here, I believe that the partial loss of function can in many cases be compensated for by the individual, and that the change of personality, which even the smallest cerebral accident causes, may not be an entirely negative one, may even be a change for the better. After all, Louis Pasteur led an active and highly creative life for twenty-eight years after his first and serious apoplectic stroke. Benedetto Croce, whom I saw this year, has overcome the stroke he suffered a year ago, with insignificant loss of function, and today is working harder and better than ever.

Recent studies by Dr. Hollis E. Clow of the Westchester Division of New York Hospital and by other psychiatrists show amazing improvements in many cases of senile dementia—hitherto considered hopeless—as soon as the patients were given serious medical treatment. Some of the outstanding old men and women in my own investigation have been in serious ill health for decades, and in several cases it was clear to me that their stubborn fight against their ailments helped keep them fit and increased their productivity more than if they had remained in an uneventful state of even health. A crippled hand directed by a creative brain is never worthless: the French painters Henri Matisse and Raoul Dufy continue their great work in spite of crippling arthritis; the German artist Lovis Corinth did his most important canvases with a hand half paralyzed by stroke.

Many of the disabilities of old age are insignificant in creative work or even modify the personality in positive ways by instigating greater effort to compensate for loss. Many creative endeavors do not require a sharp memory; some benefit from a poor one. Logic can substitute happily for memory of facts and figures. The failure of the senses, of hearing and eyesight, does not necessarily condemn the patient to invalidhood.

What counts is the capacity of the human organism, be it functionally intact or damaged, to maintain its moral unity of character and work, to express and continue its unique identity as a person.

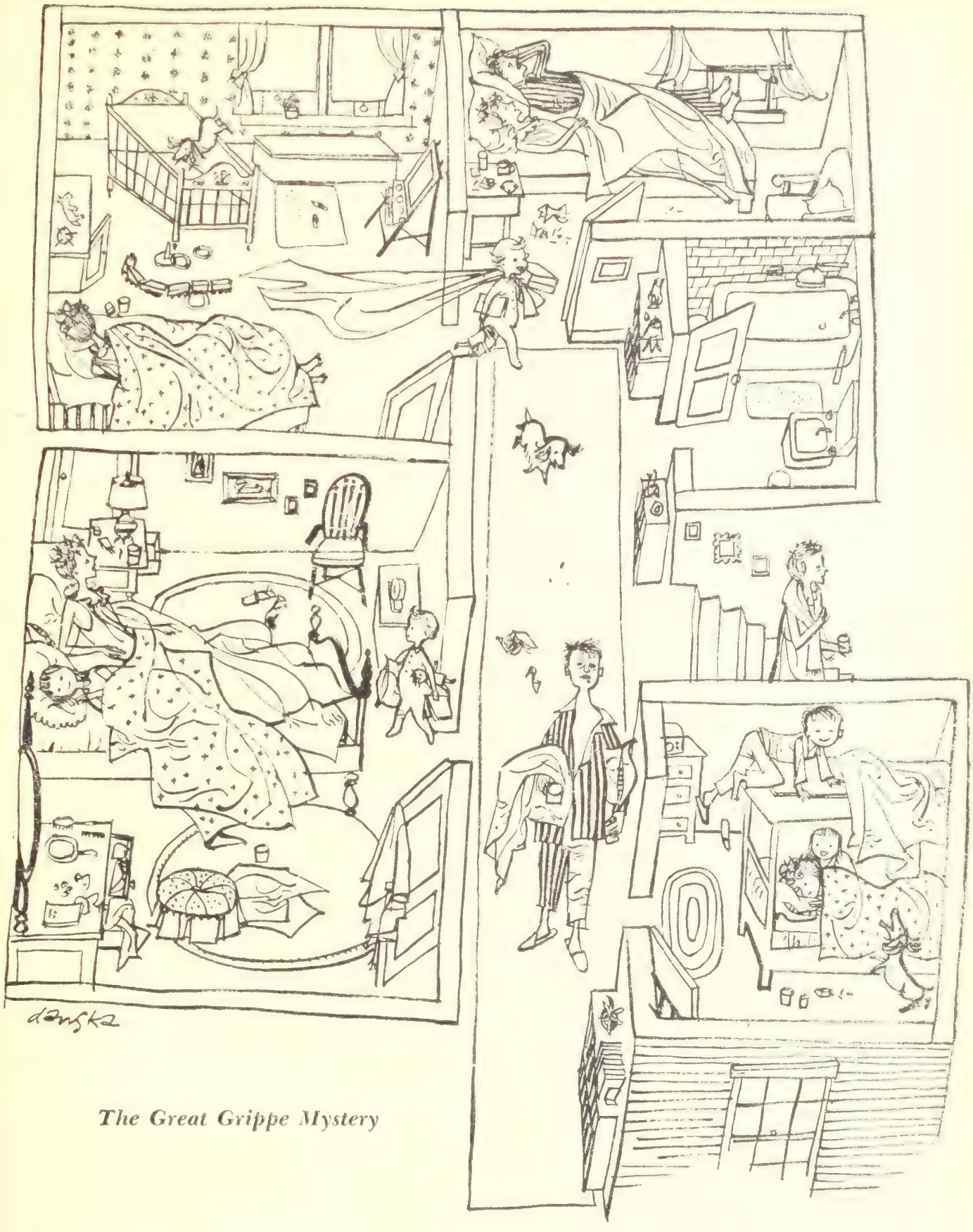
The Night We All Had Grippe

Shirley Jackson

Drawings by Herbert Danska

We are all of us, in our family, very fond of puzzles. I do Double-Crostics and read mystery stories, my husband does baseball box scores and figures out batting averages, our son Laurie is addicted to the kind of puzzle which begins, "There are fifty-four items in this picture beginning with the letter C," our older daughter Jannie does children's jigsaws, and Sally, the baby, can put together an intricate little arrangement of rings and bars which has had the rest of us stopped for two months. We are none of us, however, capable of solving the puzzles we work up for ourselves in the oddly diffuse patterns of our several lives (who is, now I think of it?); and along with such family brain-teasers as, "Why is there a pair of roller skates in Mommy's desk?" and, "What is *really* in the back of Laurie's closet?" and, "Why doesn't Daddy wear the nice shirts Jannie picked out for Father's Day?" we are all of us still wondering nervously about what might be called The Great Grippe Mystery. As a matter of fact, I should be extremely grateful if anyone could solve it for us, because we are certainly very short of blankets, and it's annoying not to have *any* kind of answer. Here, in rough outline, is our puzzle:

Our house is large, and the second floor has four bedrooms and a bathroom, all opening out onto a long narrow hall which we have made even narrower by lining it with bookcases so that every inch of hall which is not doorway is books. As is the case with most houses, both the front door and the back door are downstairs on the first floor. The front bedroom, which is my husband's and mine, is the largest and lightest, and has a double bed. The room next down the hall belongs to the girls, and contains a crib and a single, short bed. Laurie's room, across the hall, has a double-decker bed and he sleeps on the top half. The guest room, at the end of the hall, has a double bed. The double bed in our room is made up with white sheets and cases, the baby's crib has pink linen and Jannie's bed has yellow. Laurie's bed has green linen and the guest room has blue. The bottom half of Laurie's bed is never made up, unless company is going to use it immediately, because the dog, whose name is Toby, traditionally spends a large part of his time there and regards it as his bed. There is no bed table on the distaff side of the double bed in our room. One side of the bed in the guest room is pushed against the wall. No one can fit into the baby's crib except the baby; the ladder to the top half of Laurie's double-decker is very shaky and stands in a corner of the room; the children reach the top half of the bed by climbing up over the footboard. All three of the children are accustomed to having a glass of apple juice, to which they are addicted, by their bedsides at night. My husband invariably keeps a glass of water by *his* bedside. Laurie



The Great Grippe Mystery

uses a green glass, Jannie uses a red glass, the baby uses one of those little flowered cheese glasses, and my husband uses a tin glass because he has broken so many ordinary glasses trying to find them in the dark.

I do not take cough drops or cough medicine in any form.

The baby customarily sleeps with half a dozen cloth books, an armless doll, and a small cardboard suitcase which holds the

remnants of half a dozen decks of cards. Jannie is very partial to a pink baby blanket, which has shrunk from many washings. The girls' room is very warm, the guest room moderately so; our room is chilly, and Laurie's room is quite cold. We are all of us, including the dog, notoriously easy and heavy sleepers; my husband never eats coffeecake.

MY HUSBAND caught the grippe first, on a Friday, and snarled and shivered and complained until I prevailed upon him to go to bed. By Friday night both Laurie and the baby were feverish, and on Saturday Jannie and I began to cough and sniffle. In our family we take ill in different manners; my husband is extremely annoyed at the whole procedure, and is convinced that his being sick is somebody else's fault, Laurie tends to become a little light-headed and strew handkerchiefs around his room, Jannie coughs and coughs and coughs, the baby turns bright red, and I suffer in stoical silence, so long as everyone knows clearly that I am sick. We are each of us privately convinced that our own ailment is far more severe than anyone else's. At any rate, on Saturday night I put all the children into their beds, gave each of them half an aspirin and the usual fruit juice, covered them warmly, and then settled my husband down for the night with his glass of water and his cigarettes and matches and ashtray; he had decided to sleep in the guest room because it was warmer. At about ten o'clock I checked to see that all the children were covered and asleep and that Toby was in his place on the bottom half of the double-decker. I then took two sleeping pills and went to sleep in my own bed in my own room. Because my husband was in the guest room I slept on his side of the bed, next to the bed table. I put my cigarettes and matches on the end table next to the ashtray, along with a small glass of brandy, which I find more efficacious than cough medicine.

I woke up some time later to find Jannie standing beside the bed. "Can't sleep," she said. "Want to come in *your* bed."

"Come along," I said. "Bring your own pillow."

She went and got her pillow and her small pink blanket and her glass of fruit juice, which she put on the floor next to the bed, since she had gotten the side without any end table. She put her pillow down, rolled herself in her pink blanket, and fell asleep. I went back to sleep, but sometime later the baby came in, asking sleepily, "Where's Jannie?"

"She's here," I said. "Are you coming in bed with us?"

"Yes," said the baby.

"Go and get your pillow, then," I said.

She returned with her pillow, her books, her doll, her suitcase, and her fruit juice, which she put on the floor next to Jannie's. Then she crowded in comfortably next to Jannie and fell asleep. Eventually the pressure of the two of them began to force me uneasily toward the edge of the bed, so I rolled out wearily, took my pillow and my small glass of brandy and my cigarettes and matches and my ashtray and went into the guest room, where my husband was asleep. I pushed at him and he snarled, but finally moved over to the side next to the wall, and I put my cigarettes and matches and my brandy and my ashtray on the end table next to *his* cigarettes and matches and ashtray and tin glass of water and put my pillow on the bed and fell asleep. Shortly after this he woke me and asked me to let him get out of the bed, since it was too hot in that room to sleep and he was going back to his own bed.

He took his pillow and his cigarettes and matches and his ashtray and his tin glass of water and went padding off down the hall. In a few minutes Laurie came into the guest room where I had just fallen asleep again; he was carrying his pillow and his glass of fruit juice. "Too cold in my room," he said, and I moved out of the way and let him get into the bed on the side next to the wall. After a few minutes the dog came in, whining nervously, and came up onto the bed and curled himself up around Laurie, and I had to get out or be smothered. I gathered together what of my possessions I could, and made my way into my own room, where my husband was asleep with Jannie on one side and the baby on the other. Jannie woke up when I came in and said, "Own bed," so I helped her carry her pillow and her fruit juice and her pink blanket back to her own bed.

The minute Jannie got out of our bed the baby rolled over and turned sideways, so there was no room for me. I could not get

into the crib and I could not climb into the top half of the double-decker so since the dog was in the guest room I went and took the blanket off the crib and got into the bottom half of the double-decker, setting my brandy and my cigarettes and matches and my ashtray on the floor next to the bed. Shortly after that Jannie, who apparently felt left out, came in with her pillow and her pink blanket and her fruit juice and got up into the top half of the double-decker, leaving her fruit juice on the floor next to my brandy.

At about six in the morning the dog wanted to get out, or else he wanted his bed back, because he came and stood next to me and howled. I got up and went downstairs, sneezing, and let him out, and then decided that since it had been so cold anyway in the bottom half of the double-decker I might as well stay downstairs and heat up some coffee and have that much warmth, at least. While I was waiting for the coffee to heat Jannie came to the top of the stairs and asked if I would bring *her* something hot, and I heard Laurie stirring in the guest room, so I heated some milk and put it into a jug and decided that while I was at it I might just as well give everybody something hot, so I set out enough cups for everyone and brought out a coffeecake and put it on the tray and added some onion rolls for my husband, who does not eat coffeecake. When I brought the tray upstairs Laurie and Jannie were both in the guest room, giggling, so I set the tray down in there and heard baby talking from our room in the front. I went to get her and she was sitting up in the bed talking to her father, who was only very slightly awake. "Play card?" she was asking brightly, and she opened her suitcase and dealt him onto the pillow next to his nose four diamonds to the ace jack and the seven of clubs.

I asked my husband if he would like some coffee and he said it was terribly cold. I suggested that he come down into the guest room, where it was warmer. He and the baby followed me down to the guest room and my husband and Laurie got into the bed and the rest of us sat on the foot of the bed and I poured the coffee and the hot milk and gave the children coffeecake and my husband the onion rolls. Jannie decided to take her milk and coffeecake back into her own bed and since she had mislaid her pillow she took one from the guest room bed. Baby of course followed her, going first back into our room to pick up *her* pillow. My husband fell asleep again while I was pouring his coffee, and Laurie set his hot milk precariously on the headboard of the bed and asked me to get his pillow from wherever it was, so I went into the double-decker and got him the pillow



"Play card?" she asked brightly.

from the top, which turned out to be Jannie's, and her pink blanket was with it.

I took my coffeecake and my coffee into my own bed and had just settled down when Laurie came in to say cloudily that Daddy had kicked him out of bed and could he stay in here? I said of course and he said he would get a pillow and he came back in a minute with the one from the bottom half of the double-decker which was mine. He went to sleep right away, and then the baby came in to get her books and her suitcase and decided to stay with her milk and her coffeecake so I left and went into the guest room and made my husband move over and sat *there* and had my coffee. Meanwhile Jannie had moved into the top half of the double-decker, looking for her pillow, and had taken instead the pillow from baby's bed and my glass of brandy and had settled down there

to listen to Laurie's radio. I went downstairs to let the dog in and he came upstairs and got into his bed on the bottom half of the double-decker and while I was gone my husband had moved back over onto the accessible side of the guest room bed so I went into Jannie's bed, which is rather too short, and I brought a pillow from the guest room, and my coffee.

At about nine o'clock the Sunday papers came and I went down to get them, and at about nine-thirty everyone woke up. My husband had moved back into his own bed when Laurie and Baby vacated it for their own beds, Laurie driving Jannie into the guest room when he took back the top half of the double-decker, and my husband woke up at nine-thirty and found himself wrapped in Jannie's pink blanket, sleeping on Laurie's green pillow and with a piece of coffeecake and Baby's fruit-juice glass, not to mention the four diamonds to the ace jack and the seven of clubs. Laurie in the top half of the double-decker had my glass of brandy and my cigarettes and matches and the baby's pink pillow. The dog had my white pillow and my ashtray. Jannie in the guest room had one white pillow and one blue pillow and two glasses of fruit juice and my husband's cigarettes and matches and ashtray and Laurie's hot milk, besides her own hot milk and coffeecake and her father's onion rolls. The baby in her crib had her father's tin glass of water and her suitcase and books and doll and a blue pillow from the guest room, but no blanket.

The puzzle, is, of course, what became of the blanket from Baby's bed? I took it off her crib and put it on the bottom half of the double-decker, but the dog did not have it when he woke up, and neither did any of the other beds. It was a blue-patterned patchwork blanket, and has not been seen since, and I would most particularly like to know where it got to. As I say, we are very short of blankets.



North to Find Iron

The Great Ungava Mining Project

Part II

John Bartlow Martin

The country we were flying over was mountainous but we sailed through a high bright empty world above the clouds, where the sunlight was hard and brilliant and cold. We were flying over Labrador to the iron ore deposits being developed by the Iron Ore Company of Canada, a joint venture of Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd., of Canada, the M. A. Hanna Company of Cleveland, Ohio, and five American steel companies. We were flying—there is no other mode of travel—in a company cargo plane up to Knob Lake, the place in the wilderness where the company has established a permanent base camp, where its iron ore deposits are located, and to which it is building a railroad. The dozen passengers were company workmen and executives.

Outside the window close to me the propellor wash whipped little rivulets of water angrily across the riveted wing. Presently the clouds below broke a little and we could see the dark water and the dark earth. There was water everywhere—long needle-shaped lakes, round little lakes, tremendous sprawling lakes stretching as far as we could see, lakes crescent-shaped, S-shaped, X-shaped, oval, serpentine, lakes shaped like an amoeba. Then the clouds closed in, a dense flannelly whiteness, and we were descending, and suddenly close below I could see rock outcrops on high ridges, swampy muskeg between, and a long gravel runway and, beside it, a single little red shed; then we were down, making a bumpy rubbing run on the gravel.

It was cold. When we had left Seven Islands, Quebec, a suitcoat had been too warm. Seven Islands is a port on the St. Lawrence River, and the starting point of the railroad. Up here, 365 miles north, you needed wool shirt and windbreaker. The sky was gray, spitting rain, and an ice-edged wind was blowing. The Arctic was not far away. The surrounding hills looked brown and bleak and barren.

J. A. Little, the project manager at Knob Lake, drove the Company executives, J. W. Buford, Monty Vernon, Art Cavanagh, and me in a station wagon to the base camp. The road was red, red with iron ore. We crossed a stream on a low log bridge, lavender fireweed and a few scraggly spruce trees beside it, then ran up a high ridge. From here we could look out over the desolate landscape,

Last month John Bartlow Martin reported on activities at Seven Islands, Quebec, the main base of operations for the Ungava mining project. Here he takes the reader with him to Knob Lake, the actual ore center in the wilderness.

fog in the valley, mists shrouding the lakes, low ranges of bleak hills rising bald to the height of land. Ten miles across the ridges we came to the base camp, two rows of tents and Quonset huts and log buildings running up a gentle slope, a muddy street between, and when we stopped at the guest house a houseman in a white mess jacket and dark blue pants stepped out and said, "Good afternoon, gentlemen," and took our bags.

Inside, a fire was burning in the stone fireplace. On the mantel stood a stuffed ptarmigan. A gin rummy score pad lay on a card table. In a display case were iron ore samples. The furniture was upholstered in red leather. Buford, standing with his back to the fire, hands clasped behind him, said to Little, "Well, Jack, we wanted to talk to you about grades down to the yards, the passing tracks, the townsite, the exploration program, and if possible go down and see a little construction, preferably at Menihek." We all went back out into the drizzle and drove to the office halfway down the hillside.



Air and Water Routes to the Ungava Ore Deposits

In a big, low-ceilinged, bare-floored room three or four men were working with sharp pencils and slide rules, perched on high stools at drafting tables, fluorescent lights pulled low over their calculation sheets. A geological map fifteen feet long covered one wall. Buford asked, "Where you drilling now, Jack?" and Little pulled a stool up to the map and pointed with a pencil. They began talking about systems of switching trains through the mining and loading areas. Buford described the method used on the Mesabi Range in Minnesota. Little swiveled around to face a drafting table and began sketching a different plan. Buford said, "Wait a minute, wait a minute. Let's put another track in here. I would think you'd prefer to pull your loads and empties—not shove 'em," and they argued the question at length, completely absorbed.

The rough floor was covered with red dust. Red iron ore rubs off on your hands, your clothes, everything. A comptometer was chattering in a back room. On one wall hung charts showing ore analyses. Maps were everywhere. At a big center table, a young geologist was laying out aerial photos on a big topographical map like a man laying out a game of solitaire. Buford and the others had moved to his side and Buford was asking about snow removal. They talked about the wreck—already they'd had an accident on the railroad, with only seven miles of it built; about the number of crewmen they'd need on their trains and the length of the trains—Buford saying, "The trouble with a caboose is, half the time it's on the wrong end of the train and the other half they're in it cooking eggs instead of moving"; about weighing and

classifying the ore—Buford saying, "You'll have damn good weight figures if we go through with this IBM scheme we're figuring on. If you'd get what's his name, you know, he's real intelligent but he's up in the clouds, and hook him up with somebody down to earth like old Al, they could figure something out together. We're toying with an electronic scale. You could put a loaded car on the scale and in four seconds come up with a little printed card showing the precise weight. When the boat's loaded you put all the cards in a machine and, bang, you've got your total tonnage. Now it takes two people about three hours to figure it out, and it's a rat race."

Little said, "Well, if we're going to Menihek yet tonight we'd better get started." The Company was damming the Menihek Rapids, thirty-five miles away, to make electricity and bridge the river for the railroad. Buford, glancing at his wristwatch, nodded. He sent a radio message setting up an appointment in Montreal for tomorrow, rolled up his pants cuffs a little more, and went outside into the reddish mud. While they were gone I looked around the camp.

The camp consisted of about twenty-five buildings and a half-dozen tents—tents and Quonset bunkhouses where the workingmen slept, log staff houses where the professional men slept, log buildings for a gasoline filling station, garage, shops, powerhouse, laboratory, office. Two flags, one American and one Canadian, flew from spruce poles on the sidehill. Puddles of water stood in the road. The sky was light, as though somewhere the sun was shining, but it was not shining here, buildings threw no shadows, and a fine cold rain was falling, and clouds raced angrily past. By now, mid-August, fall had begun. Oddly, busy though the place was, there were few signs of life. Men stay indoors here. The sweet smell of burning spruce lay over everything. Behind the garage lay a heap of rusty oil drums. Oil drums have sprouted everywhere in this Labrador wilderness since the iron ore men came. Oil drums are almost a symbol of the twentieth century here. Few trees grew near the camp, only a little scrubby spruce; this was not far from treeline, where the Arctic barrens begin.

I went over to the laboratory, next door to the engineering office. It was a low rough log building standing in the mud but inside were long racks of gleaming Erlenmeyer flasks, glass tubing and funnels and burettes. And on the wall, pin-up girl pictures. Two young chemists wearing full beards were running an ore analysis, and at a desk W. K. Browne, the chief chemist, was charting the analyses of ore samples. He took me into a smaller building nearby, where drill samples are prepared for analysis, and to the microscopic laboratory. Browne said that when mining begins they'll probably make eight hundred analyses a day from the railroad car samples and teletype them to Seven Islands to beat the ore there. Browne will spend this winter in Montreal planning the laboratory. He now has nine chemists, all Canadian. "I wanted to get an American or two," Browne said, "but I couldn't get anybody to come up."

After a while the horn blew for supper, and men appeared in the street, walking rapidly to the cookhouse, a Quonset hut filled with long tables and benches. At one end of each table was a pile of soup bowls and an array of sauces and condiments. In the center were enamel bowls and plates of soup, hamburger, turnips, boiled potatoes, raisin pie, cake and cookies, bread, water, and tea. (Tea at noonday meal and supper, coffee only at breakfast.) The food was plain but good and plentiful. There were two sittings, wage earners first, salaried men second.

Buford, Vernon, Cavanagh, and Little didn't get back till 9:00 P. M. I'd heard their plane about dark above the low overcast, and now they were sitting around the living-room of the guest house, having a drink while the houseman set card tables in front of the fireplace for dinner. Their talk was more relaxed than I'd yet heard it and they were kidding Cavanagh, the older man, about his prowess as a co-pilot. He grumbled, "I think flying is the most monotonous, uncomfortable way to travel I know of. And it isn't safe."

Buford said, "Art, I left Cleveland at nine-thirty night before last and had a full day at Seven Islands yesterday."

Cavanagh shook his head. "I'm wondering if the world needs all this speed today. You say air travel permits you to do so many things. You think it's remarkable that we should complete this job here by the use of modern aircraft by the end of 1953 and we only started it in the fall of 1950. Well, look

at the Canadian Pacific Railroad that they built from Montreal to Vancouver in five years. And that was in '85, and they didn't have airplanes, they didn't have bulldozers, they didn't have power shovels. They did it all with wheelbarrows."

Buford said, "And they had a hell of a lot of men on the job. Thousands of them."

Cavanagh said stubbornly, "The feat was still comparable. We haven't gained a damn thing. We think we're doing so great—hell, they had to fight the Indians half the way besides."

They all laughed. Buford said, "But they didn't build a railroad that could carry the heavy loads we have to carry. They used 60-pound rail instead of 132-pound. Their heaviest locomotive was 40 tons. The economy has expanded. Your steel mills have expanded and that's why you've *got* to carry heavy loads—to supply 'em. We're just trying to keep abreast of the tide, just stay even."

Cavanagh said, "Well, they were ahead of the tide when they built the Canadian Pacific."

The waiter served their steaks on a white tablecloth. After dinner they sat around the fireplace. "Menihek," Buford said. "There's a project that staggers the imagination. That dam will take a seventy-mile lake and raise its level five feet. It'll develop 12,000 horsepower. It's changing the whole drainage setup that nature has provided since time immemorial. If you just study that—" He broke off. Then, "And yet Menihek is just a little pimple on this whole project. Just a means of supplying power. Look at the mining and the towns and the roads and the docks and the boats. And the railroad." He said, to me, "This project is so big and so new and so complex that we need a great many consultants and experts. My job is tying together all these various people, trying to avoid bottlenecks, asking questions, and getting information transmitted. We think that this is a great thing for Canada. We're proud to have a part in it."

II

Since, obviously, you can't land an airplane in this rough country until you've built an airstrip, yet the materials to build it with must be flown in, I wondered how the Knob Lake airstrip got here in the first place. W. H. Durrell, a contractor employed by the Company who became the general manager, told me. During the early years of the Company's exploration here, which began in 1942, the Company had supplied its prospectors by means of small commercial aircraft. They landed on pontoons on the lakes in the summer and on skis on the ice in the winter. It became clear that to carry heavy freight they needed bigger planes and a landing strip. In February of 1947 Durrell sent a small tractor in by plane, piece by piece. It took several flights. They landed on a frozen lake, assembled the tractor, then took it five miles overland to the site of the airstrip—"a hell of a job," Durrell recalls, "fourteen feet of snow in some places, so we had to corduroy on top of the snow."

They bulldozed the snow off the strip, then, when the earth thawed a little, leveled the runway. Beneath the thin topsoil they encountered a heavy boulder bed which the bulldozer couldn't handle satisfactorily so they flew in all the laborers they could find in Seven Islands, about twenty-five or thirty men, about half of them Indians, and these men picked up the loose boulders by hand. They lived in tents and were supplied with food and tools by small ski planes. By August the first plane landed on the airstrip. Today the DC3s come into Knob Lake ten or eleven times a day.

When I was at Knob Lake, about six hundred men were working out of there. The big jobs this year were building the dam at Menihek, building the railroad from there to Knob Lake, and exploring for new ore bodies and investigating known ones. Last April the Company sent bulldozers and trucks overland from Knob Lake to Menihek in order to build an airstrip in order to land DC3s in order to bring in heavy equipment in order to build the dam. The first two tractors and a truck made the thirty-five-mile trip all right. The next three tractors and three trucks got in trouble. Norman Delmage, the maintenance chief, recalls, "One tractor broke through the ice of a lake when they were only halfway there. We decided it was expendable, left it, and went on with the rest and *they* broke through. One tractor, a big TD14 that was down in four feet of water—we spent twenty-four hours trying to get it up on top

of the ice, got it up finally, and the whole bloody works went in—ice and derrick and tractor and all. Finally we had to dynamite the ice clear to shore. Got the damn thing up on shore, dried it out, went as far as we could with it overland then floated it the rest of the way there on two-thousand-gallon steel tanks. Well, we finally got the stuff there. In July. It built the airstrip. Now the Dougs are landing there."

The Menihek dam will be 1,100 feet long. They'll do the concrete work next year, flying in 125,000 bags of cement this winter and building a warehouse to store it in (flying in the lumber for the warehouse). It would be cheaper and easier, of course, to wait until the railroad reaches Menihek. But they want power ready to open the mines when the railroad gets there.

The railroad and mines at Knob Lake ultimately will employ about 1,000 men. So next year a town to house 2,500 people will have to be built—houses, sewage system, lighting system, everything. (A draftsman said, "When we *do* get the new town, for God's sake let's not name it Knob Lake. Can't it be Ridgeview or something like that?") The townsite has not been picked; the only thing certain is that it won't be where the present base camp is: there's an ore body under the camp. The camp was built in 1947 and one day recently they were testing a drill and when they were down three feet they hit ore. There's eleven million tons in this deposit. (While I was at Knob Lake they hit ore in digging a hole for a telephone pole.)

SO FAR, the chief geologist here, Dr. A. E. Moss, told me, the Company has located 417,000,000 tons of iron ore. It lies in thirty-four ore bodies, most of them close to the Knob Lake camp. The Company has built jeep roads to them. But these roads reach only 600 square miles. The remaining 23,300 square miles in the Company's concessions still can be reached only by canoe and float plane.

And it is largely unexplored land. In exploring it the Company has to work fast—by the end of 1953, the 20,000-square mile Labrador concession must be reduced to 2,000 square miles and by 1963 to 1,000 square miles; by June of 1962 the 3,900-square mile concession in Quebec must be reduced to 300 square miles.* Dr. Moss said, "We know there's a hell of a lot more iron ore around here somewhere and it's up to us to be smart enough to get it before the deadline." The exploration program will go all-out next year. Right now, Dr. Moss had eight seven-man parties and two three-man parties in the bush, most of them PhDs in geology but four of them prospectors, practical men who know ore, not rock types. The Company pays a $2,500 bonus for a new find. Back in 1937, before the bonus policy was instituted, an Indian guided Dr. J. A. Retty to the first ore body ever discovered up here. Dr. Moss thought some day the Indian would get a bonus.

When Dr. Moss started working here in 1942 the region was unmapped. The U. S. Army Air Force had photographed some of it on its ferry routes into Bluey West during the war and from these photos rough base maps were prepared. ("*There's* something the U. S. did for us," said H. W. Fleming, the geophysicist here, taking oblique cognizance of Canadian chauvinism.) The Company flew the area again for larger-scale aerial photos of its own. Then it sent surveyors and geologists out on the ground to make topographic and geological maps. This summer it flew the area yet again for a geophysical survey—flew an airborne magnetometer, an instrument developed from a U. S. Navy antisubmarine device that measures variations in the earth's magnetic field caused here by magnetite, an iron ore, over 10,000 square miles in six weeks. (To cover the same area on foot would have taken "a short lifetime," Fleming says.) This helped trace the iron formation, indicating the most promising areas for test drilling.

Once in the early days a geological party moving camp had swamped its canoes, soaking its field notes and so losing the summer's work.

* The Company will pay the Labrador, *i.e.*, Newfoundland, government an annual rental of five cents an acre till it begins producing ore, when it will pay fifty cents rental per acre per year, $320,000, or 5 per cent of its profits if that sum exceeds $320,000; it owns exclusive mining rights for thirty years, renewable for sixty years, and is allowed to import its machinery duty-free. In Quebec the Company paid the government $10,000 for the concession and is paying $6,000 a year during the development period and will pay $100,000 per year during the production period, receiving exclusive mining rights for twenty years renewable for sixty years.

Another time somebody's match or cigarette had set the moss on fire and though the geologists saved their camp by dumping it into a lake the fire blew up 3,000 gallons of precious gasoline. Last year a surveyor and two engineers drowned at Menihek. This summer a tractor crushed a man on the railroad right of way. Machinery means more accidents.

Dr. Moss said that although iron ore had been known since 1894 to exist here nothing had been done about it because it was remote and nobody wanted it anyway. "As late as 1945 everybody was saying, 'We don't need iron ore. There's lots of it on the Mesabi.' But they kind of got caught with their pants down. Well, this has been a geological show largely. Now we're getting into a little different phase—mining engineering. Actually, though, the mining here is really *civil* engineering. It's just like digging ground. No shafts, underground tunnels, drifts, stopes, raises. We have just seven feet of overburden —boulders and sand and gravel—to strip off and there's the ore. In the Lake Superior district they've got 150 to 200 feet of overburden. This will be an earth-moving problem. Huge shovels, large trucks." Dr. Moss's special field was the investigation and development of known ore bodies. This was being done by drilling, sinking shafts, driving sidehill adits (tunnels), and trenching. "I'm going out to one of the drill camps now if you want to come along."

In his jeep we drove up along the side of a steep rocky hill, the ore body called Ferriman #5. At the top of the hill men were sinking a shaft into the ore—a vertical hole in the ground with a rough-timbered headframe rising twenty feet above it. From the shaft came the raucous chatter of an air drill, and, standing at the edge, we could see the muddy hard hats of the drillers in the gloom not far below the surface.

On a ridge beneath the brow of another ore body, Ferriman #3, we stopped beside the drill camp, a tent camp, and from here we could see the tripods of five drill rigs scattered along the empty ridges. They were drilling every hundred feet along the strike to determine the grade of the ore and find out how deep it went. So far, the deepest hole was a little over 500 feet. The average ore body was 400 feet wide and 3,000 feet long, though some were nearly a half mile wide and a mile long. They contained an amount of ore varying from a half million tons to 54 million tons. This one here, Ferriman #3, contained 17 or 18 million tons. These were, actually, mountains of iron ore. Getting out of the jeep to go into the tent Dr. Moss said, "When we get through, Ferriman #3 and #5, instead of being two hills, will be just a couple of holes in the ground."

III

One afternoon I went down to the garage and found Delmage, the maintenance chief, worrying about manpower. With six mechanics he was trying to maintain more than two hundred pieces of equipment. He was a young man, square-faced, wearing rubber boots, brown pants, suspenders, and a khaki shirt. I asked what machinery he had. He opened up a loose-leaf notebook and read from it: "23 jeeps, 37 trucks, the biggest 5 tons. 39 tractors, from 24-ton machines down to the Beetle. 7 power shovels. 1 Northwestern truck crane. 2 snowmobiles—a wonderful gadget too, strictly Canadian-built. 4 blast hole drills—they drill a 6-inch hole and weigh 18 tons—and 11 diamond drills. 47 pumps. Jeez," he inserted, "it's fantastic when you look at it," then flipped a page and went on, ending, "That's all I have in there yet. There's a lot more."

He leaned back in his chair and we started talking about wildlife hereabouts. There were a few caribou and bear, lots of otter and mink. "And the country is polluted with fish," Delmage said. "Speckled trout, half of 'em four or five pounds. Lake trout up to twenty-seven pounds. And land-locked salmon," and presently we decided to go fishing. Fishing is my favorite sport and I'd heard that Labrador fishing was the best on the North American continent. In a heavy four-wheel-drive vehicle we jolted up over the height of land, a bare serpentine hogback, then drove to the end of the road and stopped and a covey of ptarmigan flushed, brown wings beating above white bellies, and we walked a mile through the bush, skirting a pond and treading a rocky defile. Most of the time we were walking on caribou moss. It is a light gray-green, tufted, six inches deep, and as you view it ahead of you it has the mounded drifted

quality of new snow, but underfoot it feels like foam rubber, and it is slippery as grease. We came to a narrow lake, and we separated and fished alone, and wading the cold clear water it was easy to imagine that one was the first man ever here, but on a big rock high on the hillside surveyors had painted a bench mark. The mosquitoes were terrible. They swarmed. The workmen wear masks against them. A surveyor had told me that at mealtime when you raised your mask to take a bite of food you always got mosquitoes in your mouth. We fished two hours. Delmage caught five lake trout, about two pounds each, and was disgusted and blamed the moon. I caught nothing, thus becoming possibly the only fisherman that ever got skunked in Labrador.

It was dark and very cold when we got back to camp and we went to Delmage's house, one of the ten new little houses the Company built this summer, and his baby was playing on the living-room floor and his wife had a hot dinner ready. She had come here in May 1948 right after she was married and until recently she had been the only woman here. Now there were ten wives and about ten children. Most of the women have kept house in the bush like this for years.

IV

WHO were the men who worked here? Why had they come? Well, the pilots quit airline jobs all over the world to work here, for, as one of them told me, "It's almost the last adventure left in flying." And a construction executive said, "When I heard about this job I came a long ways to get in on it. It's one of the biggest things in my lifetime."

What of the workingmen? Most come to make a stake: The wage rates are no higher than in civilization but the men can work longer hours, up to sixteen hours a day seven days a week, and there is no place for them to spend their money. But it isn't quite that simple.

Some of the men are here simply because they like the bush. One said, "Out here you feel better. You're healthier, you're eatin' well, sleepin' well, you're not housed up in a dark shop, you're breathin' better air, you feel free." And many are the rootless wanderers of the world. (The labor turnover rate is such that in a year the entire laboring force would change.) One day as I was walking through camp a wiry tense young man stopped me and asked, "Say sir, do you know anything about conditions in South America?"

One night in the cookhouse I fell into conversation with a tractor foreman and he invited me to his bunkhouse to see a specimen of manganiferous ore. While he rummaged through his footlocker, spilling wadded-up underwear and socks onto the dusty floor, I looked around. The bunkhouse, a Quonset hut, was lit tonight by naked light bulbs depending from the ceiling. Along its rounded walls ran two rows of double-decker bunks, a sleeping bag on each. Socks and towels hung drying on ropes strung from the bunks. Some of the men had made shelves out of cheeseboxes and on these stood mosquito dope, razors, shaving brushes, magazines, Lifebuoy soap, pens, ink, writing tablets. The foreman, a little man in greasy pants and jacket, said, "I'm going out tonight. Tomorrow I meet my wife for the first time in three months. In Mont Joli." He began to lay out his city clothing, telling another man, "Don't forget to iron my shirt, I'm going out tonight." A tall young man with a full black beard was lying on the bunk across the aisle, reading *Jean Christophe* in French. The foreman picked up a towel and soap and went outdoors toward the latrine. I talked to the bearded man. His name was Dan Champoux. I asked what there was to do up here. Fishing, he said. Softball. Write letters. Play bridge. Sleep when you have time.

"And read—I'm getting a lot of reading done I've always wanted to do," and he held up the book. "Mostly, though, it's work. And thank God. Thank God we don't have much spare time."

The lower bunk next to his was curtained with a blanket pinned up for privacy. Behind the blanket a man was reading. There were only a few other men in the bunkhouse, reading, writing letters, sleeping. Most had gone to the movie. "Our repertoire is quite limited," said Champoux, laughing. "Mostly Hopalong Cassidy."

He was a graduate chemist. He could make at least as much in Montreal as here and he'd only work forty hours a week instead of eighty-four. Nevertheless, he preferred this.

"I finish work and I come in here, I read a lot, talk a lot, the work is interesting, this is something big and it's good to be here in the beginning, and if I come back next year maybe I'll have a little room in the staff house instead of this bunkhouse, more privacy, it'd be like a bloody home." He was a tall slender young man, with bright black eyes, and he lay stretched full length on his back. "Then, we meet some interesting people here, amazing people, really. Take him," and he pointed upward toward the bunk above, where a man was reading a magazine undisturbed by our conversation. "He's been all over, all kinds of jobs. He's a bright bastard. Real funny, too. Not the kind I'd ever have met if I'd stayed in the city. Then there's the Newfies. The wonderful Newfies. They all say they speak English but I can't understand them half the time. And do they talk! They never stop," and he laughed and stretched. "No liquor. No women. Peace. You work hard, you sleep hard. Peace."

The tractor foreman came back in, shirtless and shivering and looking scrubbed and pink, and rummaged in his footlocker and found a quart of whiskey and took a drink, then began talking exuberantly about going out to civilization. Champoux, looking at him, said, "I don't want to go out. If I go out I'm finished. I'd most certainly get drunk and when I did come back I'd be lonesome here."

The foreman said, "The majority of the people here are fellows who want to get away from liquor."

Champoux nodded. "If they sold liquor up here I don't think I'd still be here. I know one thing: I don't want to blow what I make here, I want to save it."

"Save it so you won't have to come back up here."

"Oh I'll come back next summer. Then I'll ask for a six months' holiday and go off to Europe. And I'm not going to get married. I hope."

The foreman said, "Say Dan, any brown shoe polish?"

Champoux laughed. "Are you kidding? Jesus Christ it's bad enough to have to shine your shoes in town." Then, in a moment, to me, "Seems like everybody's heading for the bush these days. Getting too damn expensive in town." I asked how he happened to come here. Well, he was thirty years old, he'd quit school, "fooled around quite a bit," performed work of no importance, his father had "cut me off from funds," he'd gone back to school to learn chemistry, then he'd got a job in Montreal selling chemical equipment but he didn't like it and one day he happened to call on Browne, this company's chief chemist, to sell him some equipment, "and it came to me just like that, I asked him if he had a job for me. And here I am."

His blue pants were patched with adhesive tape. "You get to the point, well, where if there are holes in your socks, that's all right. You bring a lot of underwear with you and when they're all dirty you find somebody wants to make a buck and get him to wash 'em." He said the men got along well together, though half were French and half English—he'd never seen a fight or a serious argument. "I did a lot of walking when I first got here. Climbed every damn mountain around here, took pictures, walked, chased around after fossils." He laughed. "You should have seen a tree we cut down. The rings were as close together as that," and he held his thumb and forefinger almost touching. "It takes them fifteen or twenty years to grow as much as they'd grow five years most places. They must grow a month or two each year, rest of the time they're just frozen stiff. Some country. You bet."

Up near the front door a man was playing the guitar. Those near us were kidding the tractor foreman, who was dressing slowly, owing to his practice of pausing now and then for a drink, but their kidding was not malicious, and even the ribaldry about his three months' absence from his wife never crossed the invisible border of offense. They kidded him in a friendly spirit, as soldiers long together kid each other. He selected from the wad of neckties on the floor a gaudy red one with orange sunbursts and stood up a little unsteadily, reading the label on the tie: "By Sherman."

"They also make tanks," said Champoux.

"Make tanks and ties too?" he said, puzzled.

Somebody said, "What time you leavin'?"

"I don't know, what I care long as I get there?" Then to Champoux, "You know how to make a Windsor tie, Dan? Tie a tie? Come here."

Champoux said, "You come here."

"No, I ain't got my socks on." He was standing on a newspaper. Champoux got out of his bunk and crossed to him, saying, "It's been two and a half months since I tied a tie." He tied it, the foreman standing stiffly, hands at his sides. Champoux came back and lay down. The guitarist was playing a tune now and three or four men had gathered around. Champoux said, "One thing we do miss around here is music. It's not easy to get a radio that'll work well here. He," nodding toward the man in the next bunk who had drawn the blanket curtain aside, "has a phonograph and a good collection of symphony and ballet music, lots of Chopin, put the lights out and dream of your sweethearts" (flipping the ashes off his cigarette in a large gesture) "but the fellows began fooling around with the machine and he put it away."

The tractor foreman called loudly, "Hey Dan. You haven't got a good belt, have you? Mine's all greasy." He was just about all set. Now he had only to wait for the truck to take him to the airport. It was raining hard on the window.

The man in the next bunk was saying, "We get the Montreal *Star* a couple of days late."

Champoux, his head on his clasped hands, gazing at the upper bunk above him, said, "I never read them. I read the funnies and that's all. I don't give a damn about what's going on."

"The war and all, we're completely out of it."

"By the way, how's the war in Korea?"

I said I hadn't heard for several days. Champoux laughed so hard he had to turn on his side. "You see? We don't care." He was really pleased.

V

I FLEW back to Seven Islands with a party of visitors that included the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, several members of parliament, and Mr. Durrell, general manager of the Iron Ore Company. Durrell was a tall straight graying engineer of forty-eight with a quick mind and a courteous agreeable manner. It'd taken a lot of guts, he thought, for the Company to come up here after this ore. The men responsible were Jules R. Timmins of Montreal, president of the Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd., and George M. Humphrey, president of the M. A. Hanna Company of Cleveland. (Timmins' company was named for a prospector who died without wealth after finding the rich Porcupine goldfield on a grubstake from Timmins' father and uncle. Humphrey's company was named for the man who made William McKinley President of the United States.)

Durrell talked at length about the economic factors that had made this development feasible, mainly America's need for new sources of ore. Some iron men will tell you that the Mesabi and other American ranges soon will be exhausted. Others laugh, saying there's plenty of ore. There are many reasons why this is a cloudy question. One is that nobody is yet sure whether, after the high-grade ore is gone, it will prove to be economic to treat the abundant low-grade material, such as taconite. Another is a tax matter: states tax land containing "discovered" ore at a higher rate than they tax barren land, so it is unwise for the owners to "discover" ore officially till they need it. At any rate the taxable reserves in the entire American Lake Superior District, which produces most of America's ore, now total 1.15 billion tons. (A U. S. government estimate which includes non-taxable ore triples this figure.) But more important, as was proved during the recent war, rapid expansion of iron ore production is possible only in open-pit mines. The Labrador-Quebec deposits already are known to contain four-fifths as much direct-shipping open-pit ore as now remains in taxable reserves on the Mesabi. American steel furnaces are now using more than 100 million tons of ore a year and are expanding. Last year the Mesabi Range shipped 60 million tons. The Iron Ore Company plans to ship 10 million tons a year from Labrador-Quebec and Durrell told me it could ship more.

The Labrador-Quebec ore is of higher grade than most ore being mined in the United States. The Labrador-Quebec deposits possess one great advantage to America over those being opened in Venezuela and Brazil: ore can be shipped from them to American steel furnaces by a route avoiding open ocean. In wartime this would be of tremendous importance. And this Labrador-Quebec ore is much closer to the U. S. steel mill centers than Venezuelan ore. It is, in fact, not much farther from them than Mesabi ore. Durrell

said the peacetime shipping route had not yet been fully determined. Probably a third of the ore would go from Seven Islands down the Atlantic by ship to Baltimore and Philadelphia. The rest would go up the St. Lawrence from Seven Islands to Montreal by ship and from there either through the present shallow St. Lawrence canal system by canalboat or around it by rail and then to the Ohio-Pennsylvania steel mill district either direct by rail or to Lake Erie ports by boat and thence by rail, depending on railroad freight rates. The St. Lawrence Seaway is, of course, vital to all these plans. It would enable the Company to ship ore from Seven Islands in deep-draft ore boats direct to the Lake Erie ports without transshipment. This would mean cheaper steel in peacetime, Durrell said, and more steel faster in wartime. A U. S. House committee had just pigeonholed the Seaway project. Durrell said, "I really think a flat refusal from the United States, and Canada would build the Seaway alone."

The lights in the airplane were dim. The passengers sat talking quietly to one another. The land below was invisible in the dark. Durrell exclaimed, "Look," and pointed out the window. The moon was coming up over the rim of the world toward Europe, round, orange, near, tremendous. Durrell, gazing out at the night, said, "Canada needs at least thirty to forty million people. We've got thirteen million. When you fly across Canada, you see the vastness of it. The thousands and thousands of square miles with nothing on it." I asked about the future of the Knob Lake region. He said, "There's no hope of anything but mining," then hesitated. "Of course," he said slowly, "one day we might have electric smelting. You've got the Eaton Canyon. You've got the Grand Falls of the Hamilton River. A power potential of three or four million horsepower. And all the ore we've got, we don't know yet how much there is. That'd be the beginning of a Canadian steel industry."

A couple of days later in Cleveland, the Hanna president, George M. Humphrey, a tanned friendly man, told me, "We've had an exploration program for thirty years all over the Western hemisphere. The steel industry is expanding, the reserves of domestic ores are declining, and in a national emergency we would need more ore reserves. This country is built on a steel economy. There's no fear of running out of iron—we can use lower-grade ores. But it's very expensive. It's a matter of relative cost. A matter of cost."

That night as my train neared Chicago it ran rapidly through Gary and Hammond and East Chicago along the shore of Lake Michigan. Strings of lights in the darkness, dingy suburban houses, factories blue and night-lit, and suddenly from a steel mill furnace came a pale yellow incandescence in the night. The wide sky was lit red, the factories and chemical works and mills moved closer and closer together, tenements beneath a steel-girdered bridge, the whole a complex jungle as difficult for human comprehension as the bush.

Flight 609

ROLFE HUMPHRIES and CHARLES G. BELL

Through the three layers of the crossing cloud
We rose, through streams and bursts of sun, and then
Through dark and rain and sun and dark again,
Over low stratus, through rough cumulus,
Into the solid nimbus, then above,
Out and above, into the fullest blue,
An Alpine sky, and boiling white below,
The utter dazzlingness of summer snow,
And forward and far down, our tiny shadow
Racing beneath us in its iris ring
And out across the wing
Two rings of iris, the propellers turning.

Then openings of deep blue, and mountain ridges
Below, that look like mole-runs, and the land
Sprinkled with forests, and more water there
Than ever we knew of, living in our houses
Or driving cars—this precious curving earth,
Wonderful, deeply loved, and here first known,
First felt, first seen, from three miles high, that richness,
Variety in union; color; form.

Over the Appalachians and the Lakes,
The wooded valleys and the upland prairies,
The blown grass (though we can not see it moving)
Under the moving shadow and drift of cloud,
Then the rock wall of mountains, capped with snow
And streaked with fir, over the last high peaks
In the high purple air, and letting down,
By afternoon, over the redwood trees
To shoreward granite, rounding cliff and headland
By the Pacific's bowl.

And back by night
Over a land alive with light, those bright
Far galaxies of light, all linked with light,
Towns chained by roads. And it was beautiful,
In the calm mountain dawn, the low mist lying
In pools of the long ridges, coasting down
Nearer Potomac through green farm and woodland
In the clear light of morning, like returning
From planetary wanderings, safely home
To a sweet and pleasant world.

From high above
We saw America, a symbol of
Its own expanse of spirit, the good earth
Thoreau and Lincoln walked on, where men tried
Freedom for once, Quakers and pioneers.
And nowhere, nowhere else in all the world
Such breadth and hope and promise. Who can say
What it would mean to man if this should fail,
This beauty fail? And some of us were born
To this—what is there more for us to say?

This only—the impossible future holds
No more impossible miracle than we own
Here in this present. Out of the fall and rain
Of energy, the building of the cells,
The dance of atoms, and the desperate chances
Taken by reptiles, quadrupeds, and men,
We have won this present, unbelievable,
This gift, this now.

The property of spirit is transcendence.
We have much to transcend.

After Hours

THEY call it Colonial Williamsburg. Twenty-five years ago, at the urging of a local pastor and with the aid of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., its citizens began to rebuild the town from the ground up—so it would look the way it used to look when Virginia was colonial, in what they call the days of Empire. They did it, too, and at the sixth annual community night program this past November Mayor H. M. Stryker presented Mr. Rockefeller with framed resolutions expressing the city's gratitude for having made it what it is today.

Some years ago I drove into Williamsburg from the south, entering tidewater at twilight and barely making the James River ferry for a late crossing. In the rainy dark the river might have been as once it was, and the ferry might have been carrying stagecoaches as reasonably as cars. Entering Williamsburg, however, was an experience in outraged historicism. The part of town called the Restoration lies at the center, but about it sprawl the subsidiary services that try at best half-heartedly to make the plunge back into the past. The city cries out phony from the moment you come into it, and the main stem is lined with stores that are no more convincingly colonial than a WPA post office. Everywhere are the tourists, the most touristy tourists to be seen at such a purely educational point of interest. My wife and I groggily repaired to the Lodge and there ran into embattled crowds of women coming out from dinner; there had been a DAR convention at Yorktown the day before. Cornwallis himself couldn't have slept in Williamsburg that night without a reservation.

This year we came back to Virginia, looking for houses of architectural interest up and down the peninsulas (actually the proper time to do this is in the spring, during Garden Week when the private owners open many up that are normally, like Mount Airy and Sabine Hall, closed to the public). This time we arrived in Williamsburg from the north, with a motel reservation sewed up in advance, and strove to convince ourselves that only morbid fascination had caused us to return. This pretense, together with every determination to dislike the place, collapsed; for Williamsburg is irreducibly interesting—a farce from a purist's point of view, perhaps, but contagiously enjoyable. I had never realized, for example, that Colonial architects were already familiar with the Venetian blind, or that the chic style (at the time the Governor's Palace was built) was Chinese—the bric-a-brac was Chinese, the wallpaper tried to be Chinese, and the points of the classical pediments over the doorways were stretched upward like pagodas.

WILLIAMSBURG pulls in the customers, and it pulls hard. At first I couldn't see why this was, beyond the national love of history-mongering or the promise of well-ordered facilities implicit in Rockefeller support. But there is something else: Williamsburg is a fully-packaged show. On vacationing at most tourist attractions, you go see the main object of interest and once you've seen it you've had it. There is nothing to be done after dinner that can't be done elsewhere, and a resort hotel remains a hotel for all that. But at Williamsburg everything is special, twenty-four hours a day, and you can't turn around for quaintness. There is always more to be seen than you can take in at one time, and all of it is irreproachably cultural. Williamsburg also lies on the Florida run, and has a Craft Shop that is itself a drawing card, but I still think that the main appeal lies in giving a sense of getting your visit's worth. Where else do they have a full-dress pageant, harpsichord concerts by candlelight, and group singing over Scuppernong wine in a genuine tavern?

This last, where "beveragef are difpenfed," is called Chowning's. It is the hot spot of Williamsburg's night life (beer is the strongest brew available) and even attracts soldiers

and sailors from the military installations to the south around the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. A songster passes among the guests, carrying a genuine imitation pewter tankard, wearing knee britches and a bright green weskit, and urging on the singing. Unfortunately he must confine himself to that narrow selection of ditties which a cross section of Americans can be counted upon to know—"My Wild Irish Rose," "Down by the Old Mill Stream," and all the dreary rest. First it occurred to me that I had expected fake folk songs from Appalachia to be mixed with the native Virginia fakery and that it served me right to have been disappointed; then I noticed that a great deal of uproarious singing was going on all around the several rooms of the tavern. The admission had to be made that everyone was having a gay old time.

The only complaint I have with restorations is that they don't go all the way. The theory seems to be (at Williamsburg and a number of others) that you restore the building but attach some special virtue to filling it with furniture pieces of the proper period. As a result a building like William Penn's Pennsbury looks to be in solid shape—*i.e.* approximately as it must have looked during the one year that Penn occupied it. But in the interests of "authenticity" it is filled with furniture which is all too clearly old and fragile by contrast, which has lost the colors of its original state, and which never can be used or sat on. What is authenticity, anyhow? Why not put the real antiques back into museums where they won't get hurt, reproduce them as skillfully as the buildings have been reproduced, and let both house and furniture grow old again together? After all, within our lifetimes this new Williamsburg will be as old to us as the original ever was to the Burgesses.

Hell on Wheels

HAVING previously seen roller derbies only on television, and having regarded them as rowdy, rapid, and confusing, I am glad to have seen them in the flesh on two recent occasions, and to be able to report that they are rowdy, rapid, quite intelligible when you can see the whole arena of battle with your own eyes, and pretty hair-raising.

The roller derbies I saw were held in an armory in New York, not many blocks from the office where this discreet periodical is edited. You know how armories are: narrow balconies hanging from the walls but no other accommodations for spectators. Well, in this armory they had built temporary bleachers on the floor, and when my wife and I got there the bleachers and the balconies were both already packed with a good-natured, loud-shouting, and scarcely patrician crowd. The bleachers surrounded a banked wooden track in the form of an oval saucer perhaps a hundred feet long by fifty wide. Round and round this saucer ten professional roller-skaters were tooling at a terrific rate, their wooden wheels making a noise like continuous thunder on the planking. Around the outside edge of the saucer, to protect the skaters from going over the elevated rim in case of a spill, was a sort of fence with heavily padded rails. Five skaters wore orange-and-white costumes (consisting of jerseys and padded tights) and represented the Jersey Jolters; the other five wore blue and white and represented the New York Chiefs. All ten were men, but at the close of a time-period the men would retire from the track and five female Jolters would carry on the battle against five female Chiefs.

The pattern of the game was soon obvious. It is much like six-day bicycle racing, if you know that zany and alas waning sport: one or more competitors try to break away from the group and race furiously round and round the track until they have lapped the others. But what makes the roller derby a scrimmage as well as a race is that any skater may legitimately bump or jostle a skater of the opposing team and spill him. He may not use hands or do a straight-arm, but he can interfere by adroit use of the elbows and fanny.

At first the ten skaters form a compact gaggle rumbling round the track. When they are suitably arranged, the referee blows his whistle and the leaders try to break away from the others. If, let us say, a Jersey Jolter breaks into the lead, his teammates try to slow up or spill all New York skaters, by bumping them, elbowing them, slowing down in front of them. Thus advantaged, the leading Jolter puts on terrific speed and after a few blistering laps is approaching the pack from the rear. Within two minutes from the

time the whistle was blown he must pass one or more Chiefs; his team gets a point for every opponent he overtakes within the time-limit. Meanwhile the opposing skaters do their utmost to impede or spill him. What makes these battles on skates spectacular is the thirty-mile-an-hour pace at which everybody is going and the headlong way in which a spilled skater crashes to the track or gets looped over the padded fence, or even, on occasion, slips through the fence and down five or six feet to the floor outside the saucer. If there is anything more extraordinary than the endurance with which the skaters can keep going at high speed all evening, with only brief intervals for rest, it is the spills they can survive. Each one looks like a stretcher case when it happens, but in a moment—usually—the victim is up and skating hard again.

Nor when the girls take the track is there anything gentle about their contest. They seem to skate practically as fast as the men, and when they tangle with one another, the female of the species is much more deadly than the male. One gets the impression that the men, as sensible professionals, want to go on living and therefore eschew really lethal practices, but that the girls are there to demonstrate how savage a woman can be. During my first evening there was a fierce vendetta between the attractive-looking Gerry Murray of the Chiefs and the heavy-set Midge ("Toughie") Brasuhn of the Jolters. Every time they came together on the track one would elbow the other ferociously. After one such set-to Gerry retired to the fence and hung over it to get her breath, whereupon Toughie skated up and started pummeling her with her fists. Officials rushed over and separated them, but presently Gerry, a girl of spirit, was off after Toughie again, caught her, and pummeled her in turn. They went down on the floor in a thumping, heaving wrestling match; officials intervened and then were leaped upon by female teammates of one or the other; in a moment the referee was found to be lying motionless on the floor, apparently knocked out by a roller-skate kick. There was general pandemonium, the referee recovered himself and ordered Toughie off the track for the evening, and the near-riot ended.

Was it phony? A fake quarrel staged for box-office purposes? Maybe, but if so Gerry and Toughie are persuasive actors, for their mutual anger looked incandescent. Are roller derbies rigged? (Unhappily this is a natural question these days.) Well, once in a while a jam seems oddly inconclusive, as if somebody might have decided not to take full advantage of an opportunity to score; but most of the time the action is so headlong, the twenty-foot slide taken by a spilled skater is so clearly unexpected and painful, that no spectator need feel that his evening will be a tame one. Maybe the roller derby is a sort of American equivalent of a bullfight (without any cruelty to animals). There is grace in it—the sight of two skaters roaring round the saucer at top speed, stride for stride, is beautiful—and there is swiftness, and battle and almost-murder and almost-sudden-death. In fact, my chief worry at the moment is that some aesthete may come along and say that the roller derby is a folk version of the ballet, and more fundamental.

Pleasure Gardens

It may be that when you live in a country where much of the architecture that you had thought of as permanent was recently destroyed by bombing, you take particular delight in putting up buildings which are meant to look as though a stout breeze would blow them down. England was such a place last summer, and the Festival of Britain provided the opportunity. Even such ancient and solid edifices as the Tower of London became pieces of fairy-story architecture when they were floodlighted at night. The dome of St. Paul's seemed to float like a parachute over the city and the Houses of Parliament, which have an unreal look about them even in broad daylight, became wispy and frosted under golden lights. But the architecture of the Fun Fair and the Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park brought together the elements of frivolity and impermanence in the carnival spirit of a gay joke.

It was my good luck to go to the Pleasure Gardens with one of the men who designed them, Osbert Lancaster, a luxuriously mustached master-of-many-trades. Mr. Lancaster, as many American readers know, is one of England's first-rate cartoonists, an engaging

satirical writer, and a student of architecture. Together with John Piper, a painter who is most at home with ruins, he designed the Pleasure Gardens in what might be called two-dimensional architecture on a three-dimensional plan. The structures, which were not much thicker than theatrical flats, looked as though they were made entirely of ornamental iron work and glass, whereas the structural materials (none of which is rationed) were bent cane and a sort of fiber glass material. There were pools and fountains and obelisks which exuded wisps of smoke. There was a replica of the facade of the Crystal Palace (the 1851 exposition, of which this year's was a centennial celebration) at one end of the gardens, and the area was strung with beads of light in elaborate neo-Victorian chandeliers.

This was more than merely a traditional carnival architecture; it was a revolt against good works, against the heavy-handed, serious, and sterile functionalism which has become the cliché and hallmark of our time. It was intended to lift British spirits, to make people forget about austerity and housing projects and the decline of the Empire. It was meant to be fun.

The effect of exposition architecture has traditionally been to set a pattern for what is built in the few decades that follow its creation. In the past that kind of architecture has usually been massive, imposing, and serious. In the Chicago Columbian Exposition of 1893 it was the Beaux-Arts style that blossomed. In the New York World's Fair of 1939 it was a species of concrete and steel functionalism. America still sports a good many becolumned reminders of the Columbian Exposition and almost every skyscraper since the World's Fair bears the marks of the remarkable Babylon on Long Island. Could it be possible that the Pleasure Gardens in Battersea Park will leave their imprint on architecture in England and elsewhere? It is a comforting thought. It was about time to call in a cartoonist and an easel painter, both of whom know more about architectural style than most architects, to breathe a new life and gaiety into an art that has stripped itself right down to its underdrawers rather than be thought of as trying to put on an immodest display of luxury. Ornament, to be sure, can be tawdry, but that's no reason to limit one's attire to a loin cloth, to shave off one's hair and eyebrows, and try to show off one's functionalism by exposing one's muscles. Perhaps the element of gaiety is coming back into architecture as it has come back into both male and female attire.

At least one of the contributing factors which may lead to gaiety seems to be present. I have this from another cartoonist, Robert Osborn, who frequently draws for this magazine, and who has recently had a new modern house built for himself in Connecticut. Mr. Osborn wanted to have a little studio built near his house and he had found out from his contractor that it could be built most economically for his purposes out of brick. He discussed what he wanted with a young architect he knew and the architect said he didn't want to build in brick. "Too permanent," he said.

This sounds like a revolutionary idea from a profession which traditionally has wanted its monuments to stand for all time. But it takes us back to that question of bombing and the attitude of those who have seen their permanent monuments disappear into rubble. It also takes us to a question closer to home. How many people now live in the houses in which they were born? How many still live in the house in which they first lived after they were married? A home is no longer a castle; it is a stepping stone on the way to somewhere else, an impermanent residence in a country with a footloose population. With half our minds we think of our houses as pleasure gardens that express our ideas of the good life; with the other half we fret about protecting our investments—that is, how much will our house be worth to somebody else when we want to get rid of it? Maybe the time will come when we can have disposable houses built of impermanent materials that we can throw away when they no longer suit our mood or manner of living. A house is really nothing more than a suit of clothes big enough to move around in, an extra covering for our nakedness. When the disposable house is a reality I'd like to commission Mr. Lancaster and Mr. Piper to run up a Pleasure Garden for me. They have demonstrated that they know how to lift a man's spirits.

—Mr. Harper

YOU can be proud

of your part in building a better America

Something wonderful has happened in our country during the past 10 years, and you have been a part of it.

It all started during the first dark days of World War II.

One of Uncle Sam's biggest problems was how to get a thousand and one things done *voluntarily* on the home front. Public-spirited business leaders offered their services *free*.

They formed the Advertising Council to tell the story. They called upon America's unmatched communications forces to help. Soon millions of messages were going out in magazines, newspapers, radio and posters, without cost to the taxpayer.

Wars take money. So the Council got behind the Treasury's War Bond Drives, and the nation responded as it always does to a just cause.

Wars chew up raw materials fast. So the Council helped Uncle Sam conduct salvage campaigns for metals, fats and paper. Again *you* met the need.

Then came campaigns on forest fire prevention, Victory Gardens, "loose talk," rationing, nurse recruitment and many others. And each time, when they learned the need, the people acted.

But this voluntary service did not end with the war. By popular demand, it began to help such peacetime causes as Savings Bonds, Highway Safety, Community Chests, Red Cross, Economic Education, Crusade for Freedom, Better Schools, Civil Defense and Blood Donation.

Over a billion and a half dollars in advertising space and time have been given freely by American business to do these vital jobs in the public interest. Hardly an American but knows about them and has had some part in their progress.

This publication salutes the Advertising Council on its Tenth Anniversary as a wonderful example of American teamwork. Its achievements are a tribute to the whole American people—to business that supports its activities—to all those devoted workers, in so many fields, who have helped to tell you what needed doing. But most of all to *you* who *did* it!





Reminded by ads like this, contributed by the magazines of America at no cost to Uncle Sam or the taxpayer, you now own over $35 billion in Defense Bonds.



When scrap is needed quickly to keep our defense plants rolling, ads like this, sponsored by leading business and trade publications, help to make that need known.

What the Advertising Council Is

. . . *and what it does*

starts on its second decade, the rtising Council is a fine example conscience of America in action. voluntary organization—inde- nt, non-profit, non-partisan— ated to the welfare and progress our people.

is composed largely of adver- agencies and media, including zines, newspapers, radio and tele- , the outdoor and transportation tising groups.

Council's budget is contributed siness generally. Space and time ouncil programs are donated by tisers and media. Advertising ies provide free all the creative needed for the preparation of aign materials.

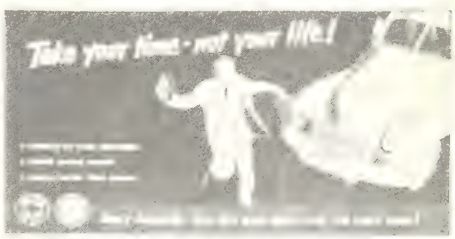
the first organized, systematic od of getting important messages public quickly; the Council an- reviews hundreds of requests for help from government agencies and leading non-profit organizations which have learned that advertising —through simplification, dramatization and repetition—gets things done.

Closely associated with the Council is an Industries Advisory Committee consisting of 38 business leaders and a Public Policy Committee which evaluates requests for campaigns. The latter includes 20 leading representatives from the fields of management, labor, education, agriculture, religion, medicine and journalism.

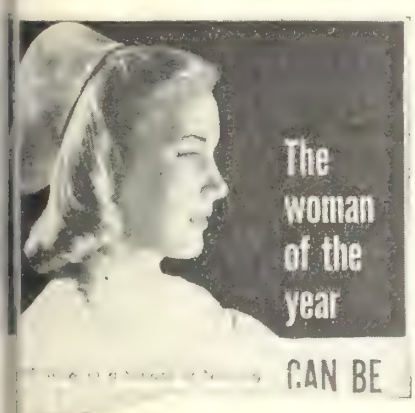
All these good Americans have accomplished much by working together. But so much *more* still remains to be done! This publication is confident that the Advertising Council will continue to do its part by giving you the facts about national problems as they arise, so that in the future as in the past, they will be met in the traditional voluntary American way.



The messages you see and hear over radio and television on behalf of national causes such as Better Schools, Blood Donors, CARE, Fight Inflation and Racial and Religious Prejudice, are scheduled by the Council. Stars, advertisers, agencies, networks and local stations all cooperate.



The posters along the thoroughfares and in your transportation vehicles often carry messages in the public interest. The space is given by the Outdoor and Transportation advertising industries.



learned of the nurse shortage from ads his, many of them contributed by daily, y and labor newspapers. During the ive years, 418,000 young women have nded.



We must increase American productivity if we are to meet our defense needs and maintain a strong civilian economy. House magazines of leading companies carry ads like this regularly.

The Council also serves American Cancer Society, American Heritage, Boy Scouts, Brotherhood Week, Christmas Seals, 4-H Clubs, Flag Day, Girl Scouts, Heart Fund, Religion in American Life, Salvation Army, United Negro Colleges, and many other projects in the public interest.

A PUBLIC SERVICE PROJECT
THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

This advertisement is contributed by

magazine as a public service.

NEW BOOKS

Confident and Unconfident Ages

Charles Poore

THE new year's first interest is the past. It had better be, as Carlyle might have told Margaret Fuller. It has so much of it, so little of anything else beyond fitful dreams of peace, Christmas bills, and squawking colds in the head. Hemingway's favorite heroine, Nostalgia, rules. The boldest notions that we shall all be discussing in 1952's books for some months to come were scribbled on yesterday's foolscap pages. A fair number of them, no doubt, can be traced right back to the Greeks. But that is another story for Maxwell Anderson. Toward the end of April, when publishers inappropriately begin their stately summer siestas, properly dated ideas will burst out. Then we can start charting the year's true literary climate. What remains to be said and seen now is that books have inscrutably independent cycles of their own, flourishing, fading, coming to life again—and playing hell generally with the calendar.

Anyway, it is a pleasure to begin 1952 by exploring some further reaches of the past in Van Wyck Brooks' ***The Confident Years, 1885-1915*** (Dutton, $6), learned, whimsical, serene, and laden with those clustering footnotes whose gossipy tone Frank Sullivan once parodied with deadly cheerfulness. This is the capstone of an immense and influential work that begins with Brooks' *The World of Washington Irving* and proceeds through *The Flowering of New England, The Times of Melville and Whitman,* and *New England: Indian Summer.*

I can think of no other story of the American adventure that is so balanced, so warmly written, and so readable. A dour rumor holds that Van Wyck Brooks has got garrulously mellow since he exploded *The Wine of the Puritans, The Ordeal of Mark Twain,* and such, under the vulnerable seat of complacency's pants. There is truth in it; mellowness is a part of ripeness, and Brooks knew more about our literature in 1915, when he was nearly thirty, than many a young fogy has learned since then. He still has the old roundhouse punch to deliver at intervals as he goes rolling down the decades with Huneker, Hamlin Garland, Lafcadio Hearn, Ambrose Bierce, Stephen Crane, Edith Wharton, Frank Norris, O. Henry, Dreiser, Willa Cather, H. L. Mencken, and company.

Only Thomas Beer ever had anything like Brooks' relish for putting in all the colors, tastes, and seasonable smells, the period furniture and the styles, as he builds his habitat groups. Indeed, he shows us the carnivores and the birds of passage, the whirling and the slow grinding of forgotten literary coteries in New York and London, Philadelphia, the South or the Far West, say, with such heaped up detail that one sometimes wishes he had not so lengthily violated their musty privacies.

Authors in Habitat Groups

YET it all makes a compelling pageantry. No sooner do we stop brooding about the effect of the passing of the wild frontier here than we have to start worrying about the drab loneliness of the small towns there. When people are too poor to enjoy the humanities we are unhappy; when they get too prosperous to be humane, we are displeased. All is the stuff of living writing, and living writing is all that matters, from Greenwich Village to the Rockies, as one ambushed

generation makes way for another, leaving drifting sparks in the night.

We are all immigrants, or descendants of immigrants. Franklin Roosevelt reminded the Daughters of the American Revolution. Yet like the equality of the characters in Orwell's *Animal Farm*, where some were equaler than others, there are groups of Van Wyck Brooks' immigrants who are immigranter than the rest. "Until Willa Cather wrote her stories," he says, "no one had ever conveyed a sense of the teeming aesthetic resources of the multi-racial West, the dawning talents of the new immigrant strains." And when he gets to the crowding, growing cities, of course, he has a field day in the same tone of voice. Shucks. Is that any way to talk? Who wants to be, even vicariously, a teeming multi-lingual aesthetic resource? The greatness of Willa Cather lies in the way she wrote—the way she understood the hearts and minds of men and women. Would Jane Austen have been a better novelist if she had spent her time trying to pick out the polyglot strains of eighteenth century Englishmen and Englishwomen?

He Chose His Own Country

John Dos Passos uses a scaffolding of old and new immigrant timbers to build his novel, ***Chosen Country*** (Houghton Mifflin, $4), and we wish he hadn't left it sticking out so prominently around the finished structure. This is his best story since *U.S.A.* and, in a sense, an answer to the grim philosophy that gave his famous trilogy such a feverish glare. It is a lavishly planned narrative of the contrasting aspects of our national experience that are finally brought together in the marriage of Jay Pignatelli and Lulie Harrington, spread over the surface of the earth and flooding through the turbulent decades before that moment in the nineteen-thirties when John Dos Passos switched, I think you might say, from Tom Paine to Thomas Jefferson.

We haven't had a novelist since Dreiser who equaled Dos Passos' driving energy in hammering together disparate elements of richness and poverty, radicalism and conservatism, industrialism and assorted arts. In the later stages of century-long *Chosen Country* we seem to be reliving chunks of *The 42nd Parallel, 1919,* and *The Big Money,* the novels that make up *U.S.A.*—and helping to answer them, perhaps, with material taken from *The Ground We Stand On* and *The Prospect Before Us.* Once again, Dos Passos' high spots are the episodes in France during World War I, when a corps of ambulance drivers was hatching a school of American novelists, and the industrial and political turmoil in America during the Long Armistice.

France, in Dos Passos' works, is seen most vividly when he is sketching Paris in the style of the impressionists; America, when he turns closer to the manner of Ben Shahn, whose eventful life has just been told by Selden Rodman in ***Portrait of the Artist as as an American*** (Harper, $6.50). To know Paris as it is today, turn to Joseph A. Barry's witty and knowledgeable ***Left Bank, Right Bank*** (Norton, $3).

Chicago's Fiery Depths

You will see a later, memorable, view of Dreiser's and Dos Passos' and Farrell's fiery Chicago in Willard Motley's new novel, ***We Fished All Night*** (Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.75). The impressive force Mr. Motley uncorked in *Knock on Any Door* is dispersed here among too many characters, too many heroes, fools, and men of destiny. As a matter of fact, you get the impression that you are reading three different novels of rough going in a tough world at once. Compare Mr. Motley's dynamic substance with the anemic phantoms that a number of more facile young novelists are pursuing these days, though, and you will see that he has a true fund of material and indignant passion to carry him through many years of saying what he has so vehemently to say. The Van Wyck Brookses of our next era will do well to keep their eyes on Willard Motley.

Scott Fitzgerald Resartus

Many critics have tried industriously to tell us what Scott Fitzgerald's special excellences were; Dean Gauss summed them up majestically in a line or so: he wrote better than a hundred thousand others in his generation. You see the justice of that in the best of Fitzgerald's novels,

Tender Is the Night, whether you read it as first published in *Scribner's* magazine, as it was revised for the book in 1934, or in a new arrangement (Scribner's, $3.50) devoutly edited and, I think, egregiously over-edited, by Malcolm Cowley.

Fitzgerald himself cut the pages loose and, with some corrections, rearranged the chapters so that they move in chronological order to make "the final version of the book as I would like it." That was in the middle of the nineteen-thirties, when Fitzgerald was suffering the slings and arrows of a life story that was to make other authors prosperous. If he had lived to see *Tender Is the Night* published in this form might not Fitzgerald, the perfectionist, have thought of other changes, in due course? At any rate, what it gains in tidiness it more than loses in lessened tension. And I for one would gladly have been spared Malcolm Cowley's improvements in syntax and taste, though they have been carried out (only to have fresh typographical errors creep in, encouragingly) with all the best will in the world. First thing you know he'll be repainting Leutze's immortally inaccurate picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware, and taking that clock right out of Act II, Scene 1, in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar.*

Two Cheers—for the Present

E. M. Forster, who is securely famous for three reasons at least: (1) that he wrote *A Passage to India,* (2) that he wrote *Aspects of the Novel,* and (3) that, like Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, and Ernest Hemingway he has been monotonously passed over for the Nobel Prize, has just published a thoughtful book after a meditative interval. It is called ***Two Cheers for Democracy*** (Harcourt, Brace, $4). A strong believer in moderation so long as it is only moderately applied, Mr. Forster obviously thinks that three cheers would go right to democracy's head at the moment, and he still has a great deal of work for democracy to do. In this collection of essays on men and books and policies and places he suggests that we still have a long way to go in providing true freedom for the artist, in combating such destroyers of the soul as anti-Semitism, in cultivating arts of agreeableness and humor, in disposing of all kinds of insularity. His views are always worth hearing, whether he is speaking ill of some pompous masterpiece or well of the long weekend, discussing three great books that have *not* influenced him—*The Divine Comedy, The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* and *War and Peace* —or one not so great that *has*—Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*—or quoting Beachcomber, the English humorist, on opera: "Wagner is the Puccini of music."

Now try to get that last one out of your head. Well, just try, anyway, before taking up Louis Biancolli's ***The Analytical Concert Guide*** (Doubleday, $7.50), an excellent book to look into before tuning up your record player, turning on your AM-FM radio, or going out to hear anyone playing anything composed between Albéniz and Wolff-Ferrari. Very little of that "Wagner spent much time on the beach at Sheepshead Bay that summer, and the sound of oyster forks can be heard distinctly in the second movement" stuff here.

Music, Music

Then, for another mood, there's ***The Rodgers and Hart Song Book*** (Simon & Schuster, $7.50), with piano arrangements by Dr. Albert Sirmay, so that you can sing till the neighbors make *démarches* the great songs from "A Connecticut Yankee," "Present Arms," "Heads Up," "I'd Rather Be Right," "The Boys from Syracuse," and a clutch of other fine shows. Although I admire Doris Lee very much as an artist, I thought her drawings were a shade decorous for the enterprise—sort of like Katharine Cornell leading the Equity troops in "Joan of Arc."

The Rediscovery of T. R.

Theodore Roosevelt, who once referred to Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* as "tales of blameless curates clad in tinmail," was the symbol of the America Van Wyck Brooks surveyed in his *Confident Years:* "the Eastern and the Northern man who was half Southern by descent while he also knew the West like any cowboy. His philosophy of 'toil and risk'"—Brooks went on to say—"suggested William James, the sage who paralleled Roosevelt as a type of the epoch, while, photographed as he often was with doubled-up fists, he shared Tom Sawyer's feeling for effect and costume.

He was to bring the Wild West into the White House in years to come, for, like Jefferson, he delighted in the company of wolf-hunters and scouts, and like Jefferson—like no other President in all the years between—he fraternized with naturalists and storytellers, novelists and poets."

T. R. also got along with politicians when he was not fighting them, malefactors of great wealth when he was not smiting them, muckrakers when he was not blighting them. All this you can see in another vast double-installment of ***The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt, Volumes III and IV: The Square Deal: 1901-1905*** (Harvard, $20 the set of two) edited by Elting E. Morison.

The rediscovery of T. R.—the young T. R. who was President at forty-two, at any rate—is becoming one of the most interesting forays of our day. If it is a symbol of confident certainty people are looking for, and they do seem to be, he had it. However, it should be remembered that he also navigated some swirling rivers of doubt, as these letters of strenuous years and battling everywhere suggest. As the present age's trespasses become taller, it may grow more lenient toward those (I'm thinking of Panama) of Roosevelt I, perhaps. But that's scarcely the best reason to advance in explaining why there is a growing interest in this Renaissance character from a renascent age.

He saw the balances of the world shifting in Europe and Asia. He decided that it might be better for the United States to be a picker up of pieces than one of the pieces someone else picked up. He warned his friends in distant capitals that Russia was on the march and would be on the march for some time to come, long before Czarist imperialism changed to Soviet despotism.

NEW BOOKS

laster Planners

Where are we, nearly half a century later? Well, to quote from hn Fischer's ***Master Plan U. S. A.*** (Harper, $3), a lucid, lively, and rkably persuasive informal report our foreign policy and the diomatists and warriors who make or rry it out, there have been some acks in the Kremlin's battlement, ut no one can guess whether the nal collapse may be forestalled for ars, or decades, or generations. In e meantime, the Soviet dictatorip remains enormously powerful d menacing." And, as Fischer ints out, we're developing a very g stick for the free world: Eisenwer's balanced force, the men and apons of a dozen nations under a gle command, which is "something far different from the loose llection of independent armies th which the allies fought World ars I and II."

That last remark, like so many in Fischer's book, brings you up with a art and then you realize the truth it. For in spite of the varying grees of supremeness exercised at r various supreme headquarters ound the globe, the democracies d fight in the past with a pretty ose collection of independent mies.

If you want to look further in- that, take an armful of memoirs the various commanders and end a week or two reading them, referably at your ease up in the rkshires.

Or dig into the formidable bulk d revealing inside stories of ***ross-Channel Attack*** ($5.25) by ordon Harrison and ***Washington ommand Post: The Operations ivision*** ($3.25) by Ray S. Cline. hese are the two newest volumes the Army's history of World War , built by trained historians—arvard-brand, in the latest inances. The books are for sale by e Superintendent of Documents, . S. Government Printing Office, ashington 25, D. C., or your bookore can get them for you. They are sed on official records and unoffil ones, with the testimony of the emy balanced against what we ought went on beyond the perimers of beachheads and green baize bles.

JACK AND JILL

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

announces a

Serial Story Award for 1952

Established in the interest of producing well-written fiction for boys and girls. The Award of $1,000 will be given for the best unpublished magazine serial submitted in a contest ending May 1, 1952.

What Makes a Good Story for Children?

The experience of editing the nation's leading children's magazine for more than a decade has convinced the editors of JACK AND JILL that a good story for children has all the qualities of a good story for adults. Above everything, it will hold the attention of its readers.

Through this Award the editors of JACK AND JILL seek to encourage authors in the production of serials that are carefully planned and executed for young readers.

Former Winners of JACK AND JILL Awards
RUTH FOSDICK JONES, for *Young Master Kaffe*
W. H. CHURCH, for *A Zoo for Mr. Duuloo*

Writers may secure a copy of the rules of the Award Contest by sending a postal card request to the Contest Editor, JACK AND JILL, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

READERS, BOOKSELLERS, LIBRARIANS, PUBLISHERS, REVIEWERS

Watch for the National Book Award honoring the most distinguished books of 1951 in

FICTION

NONFICTION POETRY

THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD GOLD MEDAL

will be awarded on January 29, 1952 at the Commodore Hotel in New York City at 5:00 P.M.

The winner in each field to be selected by the following Boards of Judges:

FICTION

Robert Gorham Davis
Brendan Gill
Lloyd Morris
Budd Schulberg
Jean Stafford

NONFICTION

Crane Brinton
Huntington Cairns
Marquis W. Childs
Luther H. Evans
Horace M. Kallen

POETRY

Conrad Aiken
Selden Rodman
Winfield Townley Scott
Wallace Stevens
Peter Viereck

●

John Mason Brown, eminent author and critic, will serve as Master of Ceremonies for this third annual National Book Award. A feature of the occasion will be an address by A. Whitney Griswold, President of Yale University.

●

Last year's awards went to William Faulkner (fiction), Newton Arvin (nonfiction), Wallace Stevens (poetry), and a special citation to Brendan Gill.

Sponsored by

American Book Publishers Council, Inc.
American Booksellers Association, Inc.
Book Manufacturers Institute, Inc.

Including the Pentagonese

NATURALLY, a certain amount of Pentagonese is talked here, but you'll be surprised to see how free the writing is from cant. As General Orlando Ward, chief of military history, observes at the beginning of *Cross-Channel Attack*—the story of the Normandy invasion—"from the national viewpoint it would seem desirable to read this volume with the self-critical eye of the vanquished as well as the pride of the victor," so as to learn something useful, something new.

In *Washington Command Post* Ray Cline says: "I have tried in general to follow the common usage of the English language. After three years of reading in Army files, I am not altogether sure how well I have succeeded." As a matter of fact, he has come through all right, making Fowler at least a liaison officer with the eternal Army of the Potomac.

It's worth fighting your way through many an ambuscade of field-manual gobbledygook and message-center mandarin to come upon the story of the thoughful brigadier who, "after some extracurricular scientific reflection in the early spring of 1945 . . . conceived the idea that the release of atomic energy for military purposes might be possible." And said so. Right out loud.

Things began to happen to him with great rapidity. The Army, apparently, was in no mood to chat with him on what you might call the suggestion-box-near-the-water-cooler level. But the security people got as interested as hell in his private affairs. And another gentleman by Act of Congress got oral instructions—from very high up—to "quit trying to find out anything about Manhattan." The atomic project, that is.

Gilded Meadows

NO DOUBT Phyllis McGinley's *One More Manhattan* was treated as a classified document in those circles during the war. Her new book, ***A Short Walk from the Station*** (Viking, $2.75), is a collection of dancing light verses overtured with an essay from this magazine, "Suburbia, Of Thee I Sing!" celebrating the pleasures of the commuter's life with sinful jubilance. Although I thought the round of gaiety that Miss McGinley ruthlessly exposes in her leafy Spruce Manor ("twenty miles east of Manhattan as the New Haven Railroad flies") seemed spectacularly urban compared to the rural amenities of Mock Turtle Bay in midtown Manhattan, I was happy to get a glimpse of existence in her gilded meadows, where:

> On terraces the sandaled women freshen
> Their lipstick; gather to gossip, poised and cool;
> And the shrill adolescent takes possession,
> Plunging and splashing, of the swimming pool.
>
> It is a beauteous morn, opinion grants.
> Nothing remains of last night's Summer Formal
> Save palms and streamers and the wifely glance,
> Directed with more watchfulness than normal,
> At listless mate who tugs his necktie loose,
> Moans, shuns the light, and gulps tomato juice.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Lise Lilywhite, by Margery Sharp In addition to a wry and lovely humor two things always emerge from Margery Sharp's novels: a scrupulous sense of order and an unashamed love of the human race Perhaps, put together, that's what makes humor. Often her books are about orderly ways of life that are on the brink of destruction—old class distinctions in England, for instance—at which she pokes fun and benediction at the same time. But she makes one feel always that in spite of time and change and temporary mad confusions, man—and woman—will come out all right in the end. This time it is the Continental system of educating and marrying off a young girl that is primarily held up to gentle ridicule Lise is the daughter of an Englishman and a Frenchwoman. Her father, self-exiled years before, returns to postwar England with his

notherless child and the French unt who has brought her up since ier mother's death. English conventionality, French social scheming, itled Polish exiles all come in for heir share of ribbing yet emerge ather endearing phenomena under Miss Sharp's engaging touch. And youth, simplicity, and goodness conquer all, as indeed they often do, nd open up for the reader the possibility of a new and better order, sprung from the disorders of the old. A satisfying novel by the author of *The Nutmeg Tree.*

Little, Brown, $3

Lie Down in Darkness, by William Styron.

This tragic book by a young Southern writer (twenty-six) seems to me, coming to it late, to have been both praised and damned more than is good for it. Admittedly it is written in the tragically romantic mood and style that others have used when writing of guilt and disenchantment in the South. But I felt nothing falsely derivative about it. His story of the disintegration of a family is a powerful one and would be just as psychologically devastating and credible whatever the background, and the fact that Mr. Styron has used a hackneyed setting so convincingly seems more in his favor than otherwise. On the other hand I don't feel that the novel—the story of a tortured father-daughter-mother relationship—is quite as outstanding a landmark of the last quarter-century as some reviewers have suggested. But it has a sweep and an intense maturity in its dark sadness which give strength full of promise for the future. Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50

The Finer Things of Life, by Frances Gray Patton.

The first thing that Mrs. Patton ever wrote was a poem which read as follows:

> The wind is blowing sof'ly
> The birds are singing awf'ly,

and her writing since then has always had in it something of that joyful sour-sweet surprise. The lead story of this delightful collection, "Grade 5B and the Well-Fed Rat," appeared in *Harper's* several years ago. Dodd, Mead, $3

Week-End at Dunkirk, by Robert Merle.

Mr. Merle, whose full name is Robert-Jean-George Merle, was in the fighting at Dunkirk and was captured there, so that although his story is written as a novel, it is also first-hand experience and all the more poignant for this fact. A group of French soldiers detached from their units have established themselves near an ambulance at Zuydcote, not far from the beach at Dunkirk. The Germans are closing in and they know that the future holds for them only three choices: death under the constantly falling bombs, capture, or embarkation with the British. But the British are taking none but British troops. The time covered is only two days, but those two days seem—as they must have seemed to the participants—to encompass a lifetime. And they were two days which proved completely to Maillat, the chief character, his already passionately held belief in the absolute wastefulness and futility of war. The story is so simple and so compassionate beneath the confusion and horror that one is almost surprised at its overwhelming impact. Knopf, $3

The Conformist, by Alberto Moravia.

In very simple terms—and there's nothing simple about it—this book is the story of a man pursued by guilt. Marcello is a young schoolboy in Rome before the war when he kills a chauffeur who tries to seduce him. No one knows of this, but Marcello spends his life trying to atone for the murder, the "abnormality." He marries a completely middle-class "normal" girl to identify himself with mediocre normality; he becomes a spy—involving the murder of a friend—for the fascist government, because for the fascists murder was normal. "If, in fact, fascism is a failure," he says, "if all the blackguards and incompetents and imbeciles in Rome bring the Italian nation to ruin, then I'm nothing but a wretched murderer." He discovers, of course, that there is no such thing as "normality." His wife has had a most unconventional life under her conventional attitudes; the political murder for which he was responsible was unnecessary, had indeed been countermanded but the order came too late.

One of the finest novels in 100 years of publishing

WE ARE proud to start 1952, our 100th year, with what we sincerely believe is one of the greatest novels we have ever published —

Clara

By LONNIE COLEMAN

THE MOVING, dramatic story of two women — one Negro, the other White — in a small Alabama town, and how they influenced each other's lives for better or worse.

At all bookstores, $3.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.
300 Fourth Avenue, New York 10

The final volume of VAN WYCK BROOKS'
prize-winning history of American writers



THE Flowering of New England was a Pulitzer Prize winner; *The World of Washington Irving, The Times of Melville and Whitman* and *New England: Indian Summer* were extolled for their brilliance. Now Van Wyck Brooks writes the last — and most penetrating — volume of this series. Here is a masterful panorama of American writers during one of our most productive literary periods, the writers closest to our time — Edith Wharton, Theodore Dreiser, Stephen Crane, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, T. S. Eliot, and a host of others.

$6.00 at all bookstores

E. P. DUTTON COMPANY, INC., N. Y. 10

Have You a SCHOOL *or* COLLEGE *problem?*

If you want catalogs of one or more schools or colleges advertised in this issue, HARPER'S will have them sent to you, and save your making a number of individual inquiries.

If you want catalogs of any schools not advertised in this issue but have heard about otherwise, we'll gladly have them sent also for your study and guidance.

If you need authoritative and impartial suggestions about schools or colleges, we can assist you as we have thousands of parents, guardians, etc., *for over 50 years.*

The coupon below is for your convenience. There are no fees involved.

Address **Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,**
Director of Educational Guidance

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y.

Please send me catalogs of the following schools and colleges:

.....

.....

.....

I would be glad to have you suggest schools or colleges. (Check)

Boys ☐ *Girls* ☐ *Coed* ☐

Age ☐

Location preferred .....

Other requirements .....

Name .....

Address .....

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Then to cap it all the man whose death he has been expiating for more than thirty years turns out to be alive. He makes to Marcello the profound statement that he needn't have felt so guilty anyhow: "We all lose our innocence. . . . it's the normal thing." So Marcello knows that "normality was precisely this desire, . . . to justify a life trapped in its own original guilt." It is a wise book but it is tiresome and the amount of mire that Marcello has to wade through to arrive at this self-knowledge seems unjustified. There is a great deal of thoughtful observation of fallible mankind, beautifully expressed, but the glasses through which Mr. Moravia observes are powerfully dark. By the author of *The Woman of Rome* and *Conjugal Love.*

Farrar, Straus & Young $3.50

NON-FICTION

The Forgotten Language: An Introduction to the Understanding of Dreams, Fairytales, and Myths, by Erich Fromm.

Dr. Fromm, author of *Man for Himself* and *Escape from Freedom,* is a distinguished psychiatrist and analyst whose thoughtful study of the universal language of dreams, with its revealing examples from his own experience as dreamer and interpreter, cannot possibly be done justice to here. Dr. Fromm's argument, however, is clear. It is that the symbolic language of dreams, respected and understood in ancient cultures, largely discredited in recent centuries, then rediscovered and vitalized by Freud, is "the one foreign language that each of us must learn. . . . The Talmud says, 'Dreams which are not interpreted are like letters which have not been opened.' Indeed both dreams and myths are important communications from ourselves to ourselves. If we do not understand the language in which they are written, we miss a great deal of what we know and tell ourselves in those hours when we are not busy manipulating the outside world." What, then, is symbolic language? It is "a language in which inner experiences, feelings, and thoughts are expressed as if they were sensory experiences, events in the outer world. It is a language which has a different logic from the conventional one we speak in the daytime, a logic in which not time and space are the ruling categories but intensity and association. It is the one universal language the human race has ever developed, the same for all cultures and throughout history." . . . Dr. Fromm does not believe with Freud that dreams are solely manifestations of our animal nature, irrational, nor with Jung that they are all revelations of higher wisdom, but that dreams partake of our irrational and our rational nature. And after reading his lucid interpretations of case histories and his explanations which other analysts may call oversimplified but which are a blessing to the lay reader, one feels that he has logic on his side and that one will never neglect a dream again. Rinehart, $3.50

A Walker in the City, by Alfred Kazin.

This is a book to be read slowly and savored greatly. It is the story of a Jewish boyhood spent in Brownsville—"*Brunzvil,* as the old folks said"—in Brooklyn. It is told through a series of flashbacks—visits—walks—both mental and physical, through Brownsville toward the world outside. I suppose there is no more exciting story, nor any older one, forever new, than that of a young person's sudden awakening to the world of poetry, music, and painting. And when it is, as it has so often been in this country, the awakening of a poor boy to whom such a world is utterly new and unknown it is moving as well as exciting. When Alfred Kazin writes of it, putting it in its setting of the sights and sounds and feel of a *temps perdu,* it is also beautiful and poignant. Decorative illustrations in the same nostalgic mood by Marvin Bileck. Harcourt, Brace, $3

The Reds Take a City, by John W. Riley, Jr., and Wilbur Schramm.

In a mixture of reportage and first hand personal accounts of survivors Professors Riley and Schramm present the story of what happens when the Reds take a city—in this case Seoul. The material is not unfamiliar but as reported by these two who were sent there as members of a team of experts immediately

Two enlightening volumes for coping with problems of personal adjustment

Understanding Fear

IN OURSELVES AND OTHERS

by

BONARO W. OVERSTREET

"Few if any writers of our day can stand comparison with Mrs. Overstreet for the depth of insight she brings to the analysis of fear and its destructive ways."—*National Parent-Teacher.*

"Because it stresses the important part the unconscious plays in perpetuating it, this book should add much to the understanding of fear." — LUCY FREEMAN, in *New York Times Book Review.*

$3.00

Mental Health and Hindu Psychology

by

SWAMI AKHILANANDA,

Author of "Hindu Psychology: Its Meaning for the West"

"It will be of interest not merely to students of Indian thought, but to every open-minded reader who finds himself socially unhappy or physiologically out of sorts." — EDGAR SHEFFIELD BRIGHTMAN, Boston University. A practical interpretation of how the wisdom of the Hindu can be creatively applied to problems of personal and social adjustment.

$3.50

At your bookstore or from

HARPER & BROTHERS

49 E. 33rd St.

New York 16, N. Y.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

after the ninety-day occupation by the Communists, it has a vivid authenticity. Rutgers, $2.75

FORECAST

Current History

One of the most flamboyant commentaries of early 1952 should be Fleur Cowles' ***Bloody Precedent,*** a comparison of the Rosas regime in Argentina about a hundred years ago with that of the Perons. The publishers say that Mrs. Cowles has reserved her "most devastating chapters" for Madame Evita. Random House will publish it on January 21. . . . In March, Houghton Mifflin will publish one of the important documents of our time, the collected papers of the late Arthur H. Vandenberg, Republican Senator from Michigan, edited by his son Arthur Vandenberg, Jr. The book, which covers the period from Pearl Harbor to the death of the Senator, will run about 125,000 words. . . . Also from Houghton Mifflin some time after the first of the year comes ***Dean Acheson and American Foreign Policy*** by McGeorge Bundy, who was Henry L. Stimson's collaborator in writing *On Active Service in Peace and War.* It will have an introduction by Douglas Southall Freeman. . . . Some time in the spring Doubleday will publish Governor Thomas E. Dewey's report on his recent trip to Korea, Indonesia, Formosa, Malaya, Japan, and Australia. . . . From Italy comes a story of the lost children of the war by John Patrick Carroll-Abbing, Founder and Director of Boys' Towns of Italy. It will be called ***A Chance to Live*** and Longmans, Green will publish it in the spring.

The Book Clubs

For January the Literary Guild has chosen Ann Bridge's new novel about the Turkish revolution. The book, which Macmillan is publishing on January 4, is called ***The Dark Moment.*** . . . The Book-of-the Month has chosen as its dual selections for February ***Mittee,*** by Daphne Rooke (Houghton Mifflin), and ***Jefferson Selleck*** by Carl Jonas (Little, Brown).

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE

Literary Agent, established 35 years. Manuscripts criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE,

Dept. B, FRANKLIN, O.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED

Highly recommended for publishing of fiction and non-fiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publications. Unestablished [illegible]. Write for [illegible]

35 West 12nd St., NEW YORK CITY, 18

ATHEIST BOOKS

[illegible] Free. TRUTH SEEKER CO.

38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

RELIGIOUS BOOK PREVIEWS & PSYCHOLOGICAL BOOK PREVIEWS

[illegible] Sociology, and Social Work.

Start subscribing with the January issue:

Price: RELIGIOUS—$4.25 per year, $11.00 for 3 years. Four issues per year; each issue has 130 pages, 35 "previews."

PSYCHOLOGICAL—$4.50 per year. Four issues per year, each issue has 160 pages, 40 "previews."

Write to either of these magazines at

31 Markham Road B Princeton, N. J.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.

(We also supply all current books at retail store prices —Postpaid, *as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of* Harper's Magazine.*)*

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE

117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 19, N. Y.

N.B. We also BUY books [illegible]

Want to see your book in print?

We know the practical way to publish, promote and sell your novel, your poetry, text book or any other kind of book.

Send for free 32-page Brochure. We Can Publish Your Book.

EXPOSITION PRESS, Dept. 3

386 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16

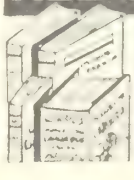
FREE CATALOG

[illegible] Melody Lingers On; also books on [illegible]

AMERICANA PUBLISHER

CENTURY HOUSE Watkins Glen, N. Y.

ALL 4 OF THESE WONDERFUL FRENCH BOOKS $1.86

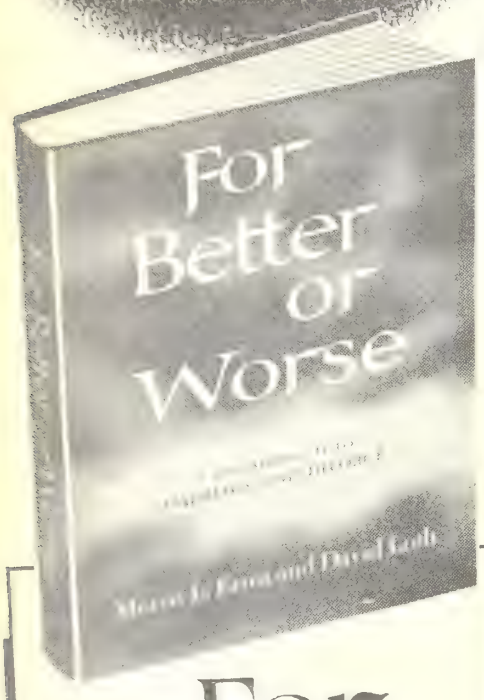


Yes, you may have the *Nouveau Petit Larousse Illustre,* the 2-volume *Histoire des Francais* and Jean Giono's great new novel for just $1.86 with French Book Guild membership! Write for [illegible]

THE FRENCH BOOK GUILD

119 West 57th Street, New York 19

800,000 Americans will be divorced this year—what happens afterwards?



For Better or Worse

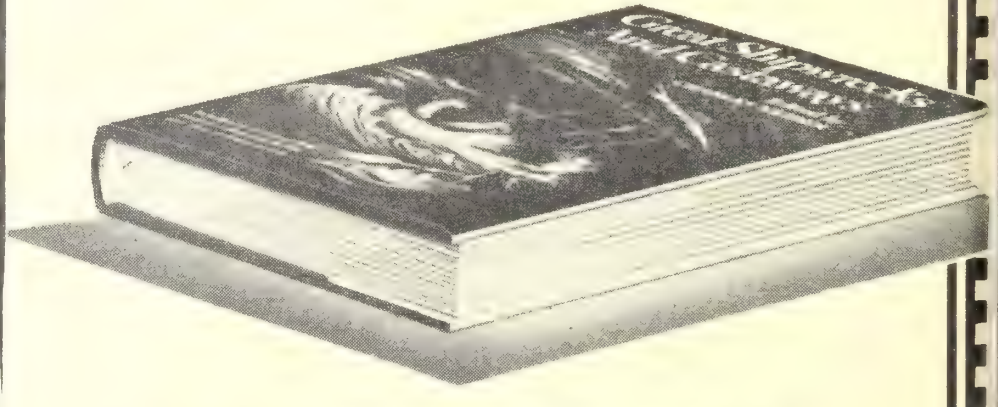
By MORRIS L. ERNST and DAVID LOTH. If this book could be put into the hands of every couple contemplating divorce, a good many broken homes might be saved. It is not a "scare" book, but a realistic assessment of the consequences of divorce—its effect on children, money problems, personal loneliness, legal headaches. Told through the personal histories of *men, women and children who have been through the mill,* its net effect is to enable people trapped in unhappy marriages to estimate with some accuracy how many of their difficulties divorce will solve and how many it will not. $3.00

Twenty eye-witness accounts of perils on the ocean, on desert islands, in savage countries

GREAT SHIPWRECKS AND CASTAWAYS

***Edited by* CHARLES NEIDER**

Meat and drink for those with a taste for the spine-tingling: a collection of sea-going adventure stories unlike anything ever published before. *Every word of them is true,* set down by the men and women who, by luck, courage and ingenuity somehow managed to survive their harrowing experiences long enough to leave the record. From the journal of the proper young lady who never expected to be shipwrecked — and still less to have to drink the blood of her own fiancé—to the testament discovered on a barren island beside its author's skeleton, these stories will glue anybody to any seat, anywhere. $3.00



ALL-TIME FAVORITES



THE NEW YORKER 25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM Nearly 1000 cartoons and drawings, representing 25 years of American humor. $5.00



DIZZY By HESKETH PEARSON. The life and personality of Benjamin Disraeli in "a witty, urbane and eminently readable book."—*Chicago Tribune.* $4.00



ROMMEL: THE DESERT FOX By BRIGADIER DESMOND YOUNG. After 1 year as a national best-seller, this is still "the most thrilling biography to come out of World War II." $3.50

At all bookstores

• HARPER & BROTHERS •

STANLEY KRAMER

producer of

"Champion" "Home of the Brave"

"The Men"

"Cyrano de Bergerac"

brings to the screen

the play that won

THE PULITZER PRIZE

THE N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS CIRCLE AWARD

starring

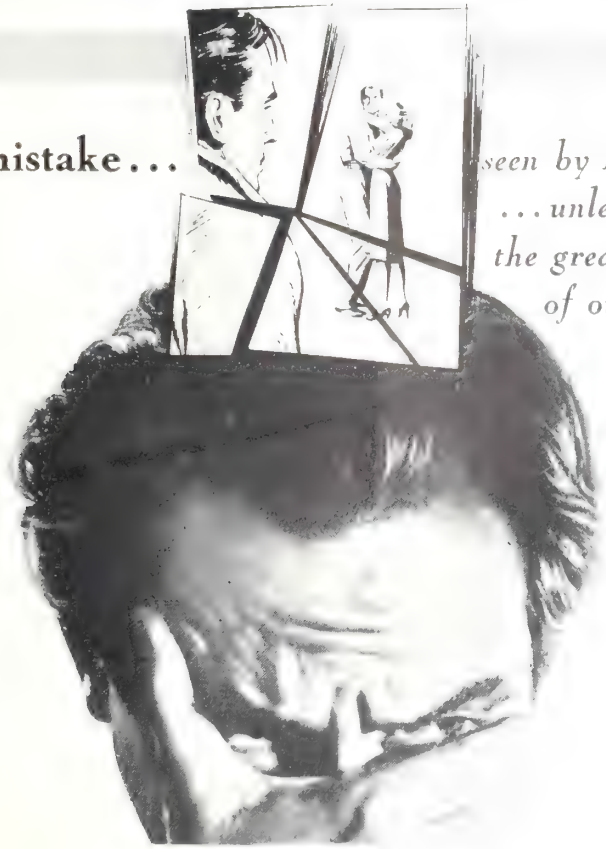
the distinguished American Actor,

Winner of the Academy Award for

"The Best Years Of Our Lives"

FREDRIC MARCH

in the greatest performance of his career



one mistake... *seen by his son ...unleashes the greatest drama of our day!*

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents
STANLEY KRAMER'S
production of

Death of a Salesman

STARRING

Fredric March

with
Mildred Dunnock · Kevin McCarthy
Cameron Mitchell · Howard Smith
Screen Play by STANLEY ROBERTS
Based upon the Play by ARTHUR MILLER
as produced on the stage by
Kermit Bloomgarden and Walter Fried
Directed by LASLO BENEDEK

The RELAXING, FUN-FILLED CRUISE WAY

to the fascinating lands of **SOUTH AMERICA**



Hilarious high-light of your southbound voyage, the traditional asse
of King Neptune's Court which marks the crossing of the Eq

Sailing on regular schedules essential to business travel . . . offering the most glamorous of holidays to those who travel for pleasure . . . the Good Neighbor Liners make a voyage for any purpose a relaxing and merry vacation. Planned and staffed for your enjoyment . . . offering congenial companionship . . . gay parties . . . deck sports . . . big outdoor swimming pools . . . complete comfort and the finest of food and service.

Fortnightly sailings from New York by

SS *Brazil* · SS *Uruguay* · SS *Argentina*

for TRINIDAD • RIO DE JANEIRO • SANTOS
SAO PAULO • MONTEVIDEO • BUENOS AIRES



Consult your Travel Agent or

MOORE-McCORMACK *Lines*

Five Broadway, New York 4

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS TO MEET EVERY REQUIREMENT—*for business*—One-way passages to any port • Round-trip passages with liber
stopovers and travel connections for all parts of South America • Combination sea-air round trips via East or West Coast of South America •
for pleasure—34-DAY CRUISES (Buenos Aires and return) • 21-DAY CRUISES (Rio de Janeiro and return) • Round trips with stopover privile
in a variety of combinatio

Harper's MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY
50 CENTS

Exposing a National Delusion:

The Truth about the "DRUG MENACE"

John Gerrity

Italy: Once Over Lightly .....

Russell Lynes and Steinberg

America's Romance with Practicality

Jacques Barzun

Twelve Other Articles, Stories, Reviews, etc.

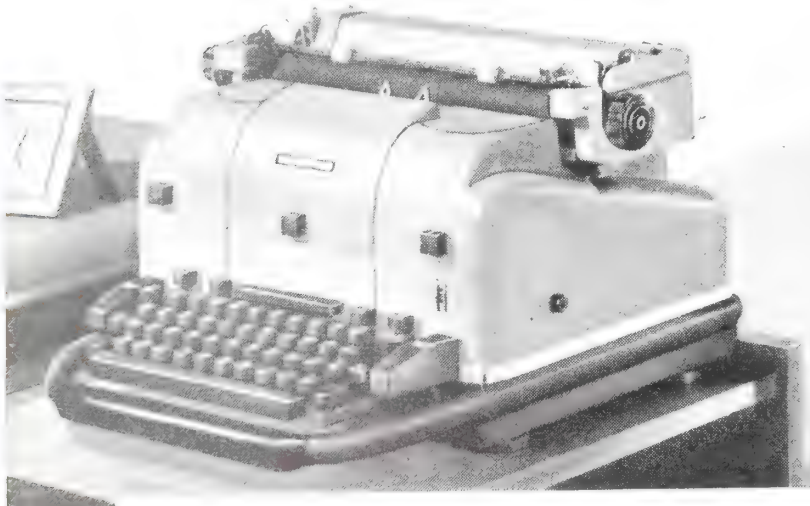
An Underwood is a Girl's Best Friend!

From the time you flick the switch of a beautiful *Underwood* All Electric Typewriter in the morning

. . . until you flick it off at the end of the day

. . . you get as smooth and clear a flow of words as ever delighted an executive!

That's a friend . . . a *real* friend!





Underwood All Electric Typewriters are specially designed to give secretaries and typists every advantage in convenience, comfort and quality of work.

Every Underwood feature contributes something really *important* to your quiet efficiency:

. . . to make every letter *better*

. . . to eliminate fatigue

. . . to get the work . . . and *you* . . . out on time!

Make your typewriter an Underwood All Electric. For your employer's sake . . . and for *yours*.

You *bet*—an UNDERWOOD is a girl's *best friend!*

Underwood Corporation

Typewriters . . . Adding Machines . . . Accounting Machines . . . Carbon Paper . . . Ribbons

One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Underwood Limited, Toronto 1, Canada

© 1951 *Sales and Service Everywhere* UNDERWOOD

Underwood *All Electric* **Typewriter** . . . *Made by the Typewriter Leader of the World*



1 · Cute Baby

This is Betsy Helveston as she appeared in a telephone advertisement in 1940.



2 · Big Girl Now

Here's Betsy as she is today. She's grown a lot and changed a lot in the last twelve years.



3 · He's Bigger Too

In the last twelve years, the number of Bell telephones has been increased from 16,500,000 to 37,300,000.

We've Been Growing Along With Betsy

While Betsy has been growing up, the telephone system has been growing too.

The figures are impressive. But far more important is what they mean in service to the people of this Nation.

Millions who never had telephones before now have them because the Bell System has added nearly 21,000,000 new telephones since January, 1940.

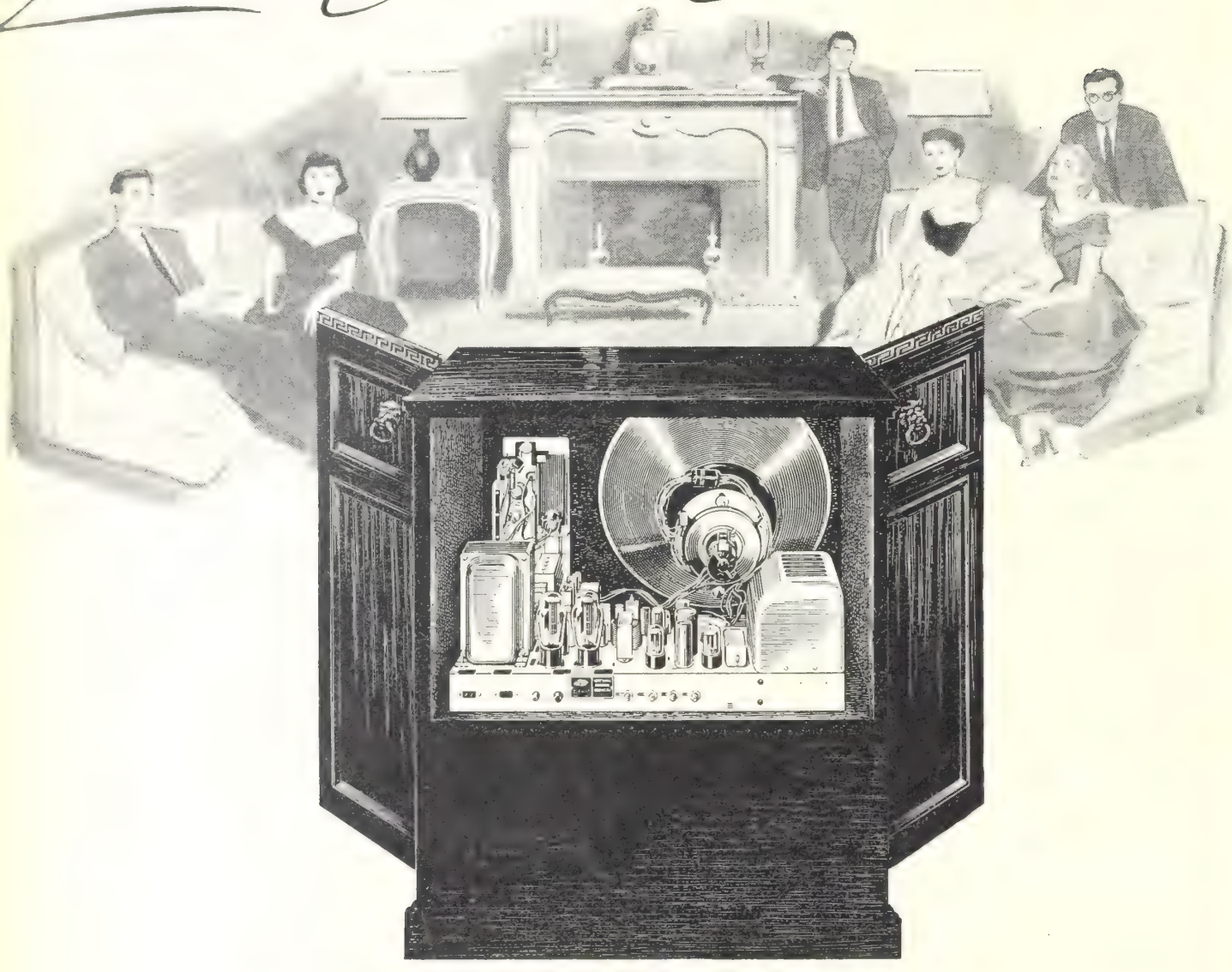
Business and industry are better able to serve the country because there are now more than three times as many Long Distance circuits.

The new coast-to-coast *Radio-Relay* system not only means better Long Distance service but also brings Television to millions more people.

Above all is the value of good telephone service to the productive capacity and security of the country. Nothing is more important to defense than quick, reliable communication.

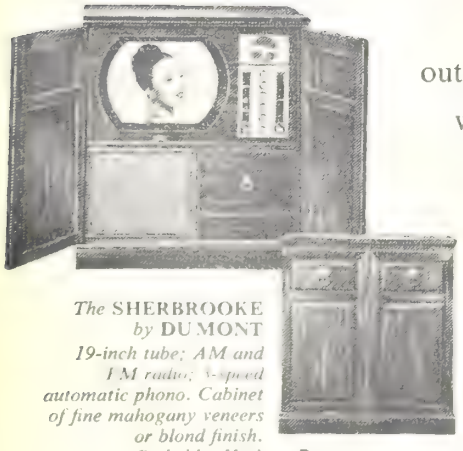
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Look inside—



—then compare!

SEE WHY DU MONTS DO MORE



The SHERBROOKE
by DU MONT
19-inch tube; AM and FM radio; 3-speed automatic phono. Cabinet of fine mahogany veneers or blond finish. Styled by Herbert Rosengren.

You need not be an expert to see for yourself the reason for Du Mont's outstanding performance. This is television's most precise instrument, built with more tubes, extra-size parts, and a solid, orderly design that reflects expert engineering and painstaking craftsmanship. Look at the Du Mont chassis. Compare it with others. Then you will know why owning a Du Mont is full assurance of long years of satisfaction.

DU MONT

First with the finest in Television

Copyright, 1951, Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc., Television Receiver Division, East Paterson, N. J., and the Du Mont Television Network, 515 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 204 CONTENTS—FEBRUARY 1952 No. 1221

Personal & Otherwise. *Mostly about our contributors* 8

Letters 20

The Truth about the "Drug Menace" . . . . . JOHN GERRITY 27

Africa Is Next . . . . . THEODORE H. WHITE 32

Pop Goes the Alley Cat. *A Story* . . . . . WALLACE STEGNER 42
Drawings by James Real

Italy: Once Over Lightly . . . . . RUSSELL LYNES 53

Italy: *A Picture Gallery* . . . . . STEINBERG 61

The Easy Chair. *Why Read Dull Novels?* . . . BERNARD DEVOTO 65

Draw Another Breath 69

America's Romance with Practicality . . . . . JACQUES BARZUN 70

Cash Me, Encash Me Again! *A Poem* . . . . DAVID McCORD 78

The First Car Is the Hardest . . . . . SHIRLEY JACKSON 79
Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

Secret Agent on Skis . . . . . STRUTHERS BURT 84

Life Is Such Stuff. *A Story* . . . . . STEWART RICHARDSON 93

New England. *A Poem* . . . . . ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN . . . 96

Can Unsponsored TV Pay Its Way? . . . . . BERNARD B. SMITH 97

After Hours . . . . . MR. HARPER 100

In Memoriam: David Frederick 104

New Books . . . . . CHARLES POORE 105

Books in Brief . . . . . KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON 109

HARPER & BROTHERS—PUBLISHERS

Harper's Magazine; Published monthly by Harper & Brothers; 50 cents a copy; $5.00 a year. Vol. 204, Serial No. 1221, Issue for February 1952. Publication office, 99–129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising offices, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Copyright, 1952, by Harper & Brothers. All rights reserved.

in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

BACK in 1948 we ran a highly popular series of portraits of potential Presidential candidates by ***Richard H. Rovere.*** This year Mr. Rovere has promised us a re-evaluation of Senator Taft, the first avowed candidate of 1952, and at this point we're hopeful that it will be along in time for the March issue.

IN A very different vein there will also be in March a portrait, by ***Naomi Lewis,*** of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the "domestic bard" who fascinated—and occasionally horrified—our grandparents. And *Senator **Lister Hill*** spreads before us an exciting picture which will look to school and college teachers and administrators like a vision of the promised land—an attainable one, too—as he argues that the proceeds from the vast oil and gas deposits of the Continental Shelf be dedicated to financing education in all the states. (Estimated value, fifty billion dollars, no less.) ***Dr. Ian Stevenson*** describing "Illness from the Inside" gives us an unusual and revealing glimpse of a doctor diagnosing his own complaints.

ON THE scientific and economic front we have ***Leonard Engel's*** startling report on the transistor, a new electronic device which promises to replace the vacuum tube and create a technological revolution; and ***Peter F. Drucker's*** analysis of this century's new frontier, industrialism.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE: FREDERICK L. ALLEN, *Editor in Chief;* RUSSELL LYNES, KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, ERIC LARRABEE, CATHARINE MEYER, ANNE L. GOODMAN, *Editors;* JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN, JOHN FISCHER, RICHARD H. ROVERE, *Contributing Editors.* DAVID FREDERICK, *General Manager;* WALDO W. SELLEW, *Advertising Director;* FRED M. SINGSEN, *Assistant to the Publisher;* JOHN JAY HUGHES, *Circulation and Promotion Manager.*
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS: CASS CANFIELD, *Chairman of the Board;* FRANK S. MACGREGOR, *President;* RAYMOND C. HARWOOD, *Executive Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer;* FREDERICK L. ALLEN, WILLIAM H. ROSE, JR., EDWARD J. TYLER, JR., *Vice Presidents*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE; Published Monthly; 50 cents a copy; $5.00 a year; two years, $8.00; three years, $10.00. Foreign $1.50 a year additional. Volume 204. Serial No. 1221. Issue for February 1952. Composed and printed in the U. S. A. by union labor at the Williams Press, Albany, N. Y. Publication Office, 99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33d Street, New York 16. *Copyright 1952 in the United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.* *Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.*

Four weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as new, are necessary for change of subscriber's address.
Please address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to Subscription Department, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y.

For Book-Lovers with Children and/or Grandchildren

AN EXSTORNRY* ANNOUNCEMENT

*about Pooh...





...Christopher Robin



...Kanga



...Tigger



...Owl *and, of course*...Piglet



*Trade-Mark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada

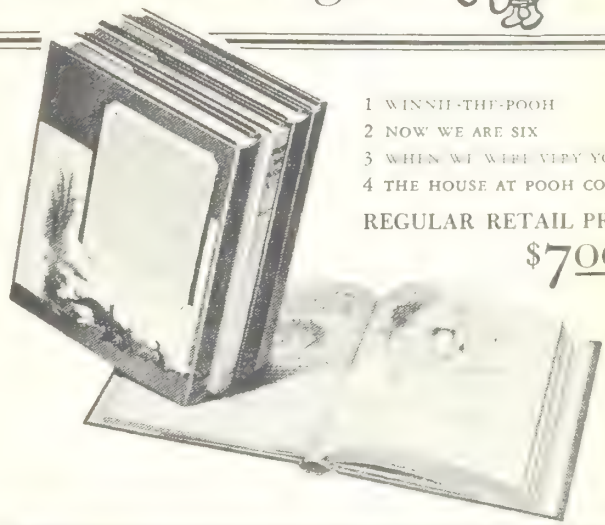
THE *Pooh Library* COMPLETE

By A. A. MILNE . . . Illustrated by ERNEST H. SHEPARD

Free — IF YOU JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NOW

and buy as few as four books a year

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT with E. P. Dutton & Co., the Book-of-the-Month Club can offer, free, to new members the complete POOH LIBRARY, in four volumes—everything that A. A. Milne wrote for children. Freshly reprinted from completely new plates, it contains the same stories, the same verses, the same enchanting Ernest H. Shepard drawings which have delighted young people for a quarter-century.



1 WINNIE-THE-POOH
2 NOW WE ARE SIX
3 WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG
4 THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

REGULAR RETAIL PRICE
$7.00

Facts about the Club every reading family should know

OUR CHOICE IS WIDE: In addition to the monthly selections, the Club makes available Special Editions of widely discussed books. *Thus your choice is wide—at least 100 books a year.* You receive a careful advance description of each selection and if you think it is a book you would not enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply say: "Send me nothing."

WHAT YOU PAY . . . AND HOW: You simply pay *the special members' price* for each selection you buy, which is usually lower than the retail price. A bill is mailed with each book you take. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

BOOK-DIVIDEND PLAN . . . WHAT IT IS: After your first purchase, with every second book you buy — from among the Club selections and Special Editions — you receive a Book-Dividend. This member-profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a fund, which is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, and these are the Book-Dividends you receive as a member.

GOOD SENSE FOR READING FAMILIES: *Why not get from the Club the monthly selections you would buy anyway?* You will usually pay less for them and you will share in the Club's Book-Dividends. And, not least, you will actually receive and read particular new books, which you are anxious not to miss, but which you frequently do fail to read — through oversight or procrastination.

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

- ☐ THE CAINE MUTINY by Herman Wouk *$3.95*
- ☐ MELVILLE GOODWIN, USA by John P. Marquand *$3.75*
- ☐ CLOSING THE RING by Winston Churchill *Price (members only) $4.00*
- ☐ THE FORRESTAL DIARIES Edited by Walter Millis *$5.00*
- ☐ THE SEA AROUND US by Rachel L. Carson *$3.50*
- ☐ KON-TIKI by Thor Heyerdahl *Price (members only) $3.60*
- ☐ FROM HERE TO ETERNITY by James Jones *$4.50*
- ☐ THE MATURE MIND by H. A. Overstreet *Price (members only) $2.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A32
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

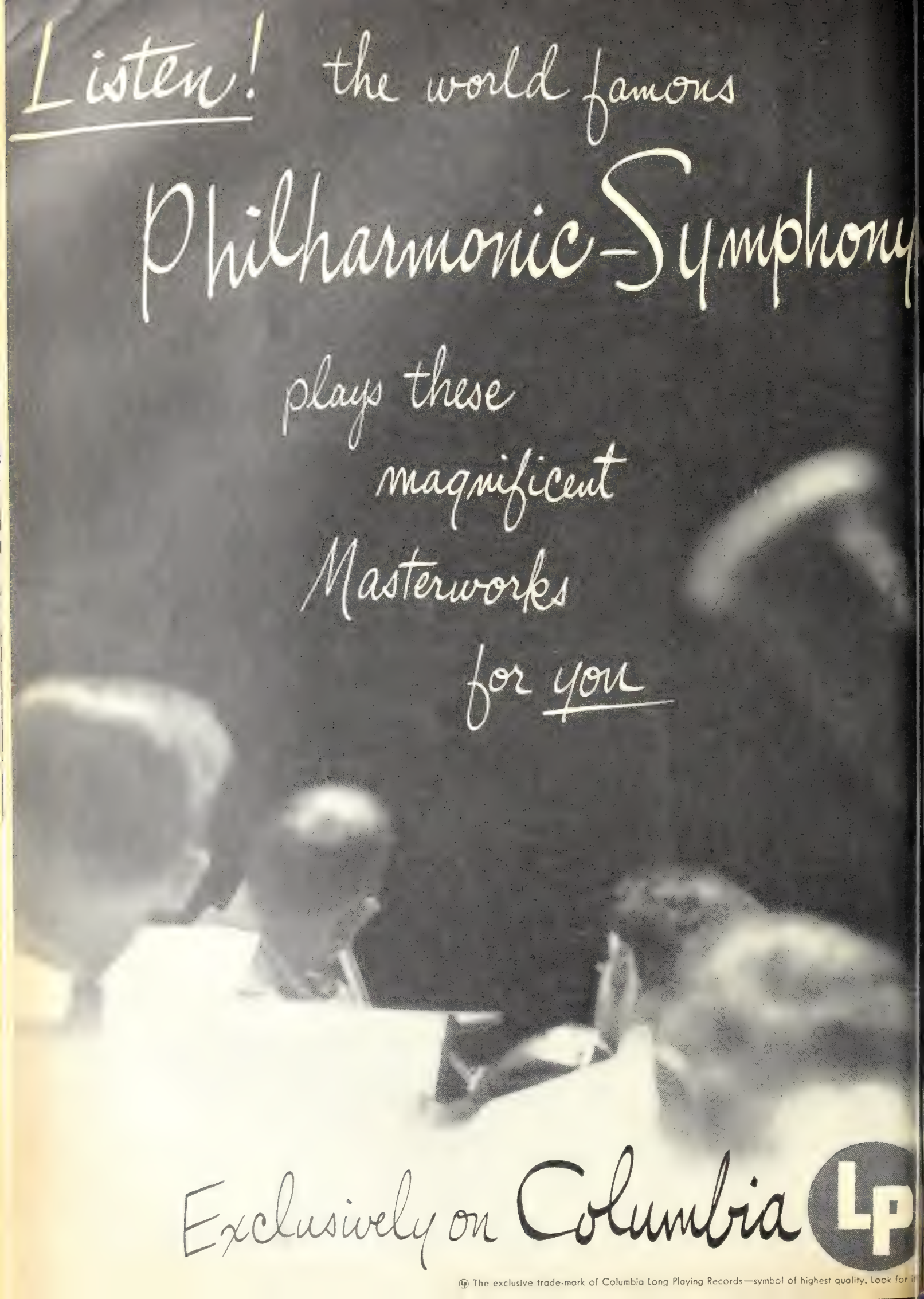
Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, the four-volume set of THE POOH LIBRARY COMPLETE with the purchase of my first book indicated above, and thereafter for every two monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club during the first year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (If any) ..... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher [illegible] but the ships to Canadian members [illegible] for duty through Book-of-the-Month Club [illegible]



℗ The exclusive trade-mark of Columbia Long Playing Records—symbol of highest quality. Look for it


Orchestra of New York
Stravinsky: Petrouchka (Complete Ballet). Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting.
Debussy: La Mer. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting.
Bloch: Schelomo, and Saint-Saëns: Concerto No. 1, in A Minor.
Leonard Rose, 'Cello, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 in E-flat Major, Op. 55 "Eroica." Bruno Walter conducting.
Brahms: Symphony No. 4 in E Minor, Op. 98. Bruno Walter conducting.
Smetana: The Moldau, and From Bohemia's Fields and Groves. George Szell conducting
Tchaikovsky: Romeo and Juliet, and Francesca da Rimini. Leopold Stokowski conducting.
All these selections are of matchless Columbia LP quality. Hear them at your dealer's—enjoy them again and again in your own home!
Records
Free Record
If you'd like to "audition" two super N. Y. Philharmonic recordings — we'll ma you a free 7-inch LP record (33⅓ rpm) containin excerpts from two great re leases. This offer is limited an may be withdrawn at any tim without notice.
Columbia Records, Inc.
1473 Barnum Ave., Bridgeport 8, Conn
Please send me the free LP record of ex cerpts from N. Y. Philharmonic recordings
Name
Street
City
State
ade-Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks," ®, LP Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Marcas Registradas

Personal & Otherwise

A GREAT deal has been said, in anger and in sorrow, about the National Broadcasting Company's recent decision to cut down the "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie" television show from a half hour to fifteen minutes. If you had never watched the show for two consecutive evenings, you would not understand what all the fuss was about. If you had, there is no need for P & O to try to explain that in this casual, apparently effortless fantasy a young Chicagoan named Burr Tillstrom created a first-rate work of art in a new and completely indigenous form. There is no way to define it or circumscribe it by exact analogy with any of the masterpieces of other times and places. It made its own aesthetic laws, and developed its own polytypic audience. All one can say is that, like the handful of other great works of art which man has produced in his long history, it created a world of its own which revealed new wonder and delight in that other world in which we live our daily lives.

Two of the four advertisers who had sponsored the show (Proctor & Gamble and *Life* Magazine) dropped it, and NBC promptly lopped off half its time on the air. In its place the network's policy-makers put a satirical show which P & O found laborious and ham-handed, and which is still, as we go to press, unsponsored.

Well, there is the story in its bare outline. "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie" still is on the air, and is still wonderful, but is sadly truncated. Maybe Burr Tillstrom can overcome the difficulties inherent in the briefer format. Some of us would be surprised if there is anything he can't do. But NBC must know that it is asking a good deal when it asks Tillstrom to rebuild daily, for hundreds of thousands of people, the complex reality of the Kuklapolitans' fantasy-world in the few minutes now left to him between the insistently unreal fantasies of the advertising copy-writers. It took Lewis Carroll a whole chapter to get us into Wonderland, and Shakespeare a whole act to get us into Titania's wood—and both of them had to do it only once, not five times a week.

THE fate of "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie" is an example of the problem which ***Bernard B. Smith***, a New York attorney whose work has brought him into close contact with the radio and television business, discusses in "Can Unsponsored TV Pay Its Way?" (p. 97). Maybe Mr. Smith's proposals are an answer—or part of the answer—to "What can be done?" Certainly he has demonstrated, in a number of previous articles in *Harper's* as well as in his other writing, an uncanny knack for applying practical leverage upon aspects of the radio-television setup about which most critics merely beat their breasts.

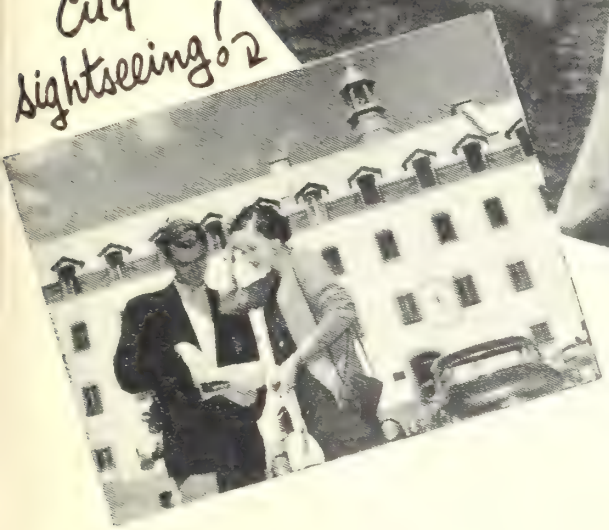
Mr. Smith is a member of the bar of the State of New York and of the District of Columbia. He was admitted to practice before the Federal Communications Commission, and has testified on radio legislation before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee. He has been actively engaged for many years in the fields of radio and television in which he represents advertising agencies, independent radio and television package producers, and such other clients as the BBC.

Canada
Vacations Unlimited!

Beauty beckons!

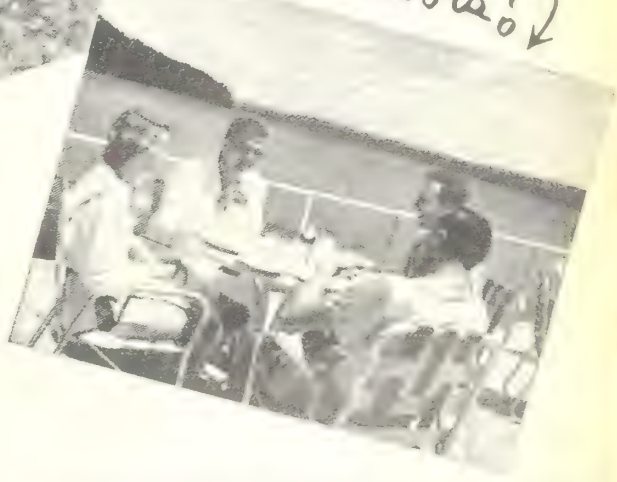


City sightseeing!



You'll love the atmosphere of Canada's colourful cities, the fun of shopping, special events.

Live outdoors!



Meals "al fresco" will highlight many a day in Canada's great northland outdoors.

Yes, all Canada beckons you with its endless vacation variety. Cool, green lakelands, storied countryside, sweeping seacoasts, great National Parks, vital cities. Golf, swim, fish, explore or laze to your heart's content. *Your* kind of vacation awaits you in friendly Canada. Write today for information, literature; see your travel agent soon.

FOR NEXT-TO-NATURE RELAXATION
... in Canada



01-1-20-52-01

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
Ottawa, Canada — D. Leo Dolan, *Director*

Please send me your illustrated book, "Canada, Vacations Unlimited."

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

Innocents, Abroad and at Home

It is almost ninety years since Mark Twain went to Italy to have a look at the masterpieces of Italian painting. As you may remember, he was not overly impressed. He saw Tintoretto's "Paradise" ("seventy-four feet long and I do not know how many feet high") and thought it "a very commodious picture." He saw pictures of "martyrs enough, and saints enough, to regenerate the world" and came to the conclusion that when he had seen one he had seen them all, since they all had "a marked family resemblance to each other."

He was frankly—in fact ostentatiously—bored by the proliferation of painted monks and martyrs, all bald, all wearing the same robes and sandals, all standing in about the same attitude, and all, without exception, "looking tranquilly up to heaven"—distinguishable from one another only by their "trade-marks": St. Mark's lion, St. Matthew's book and pen, St. Sebastian's arrows. "To me," Mark said, "there is nothing tangible about these imaginary portraits, nothing that I can grasp and take a living interest in." What he liked were the late-Renaissance portraits of "real men."

P & O was reminded of *The Innocents Abroad* while reading ***Russell Lynes's*** deceptively casual travel sketches in "Italy: Once Over Lightly" (p. 53). On the face of it, of course, Mr. Lynes is the antithesis of Mark Twain as a traveler abroad. Mark was utterly and unashamedly ignorant of the fine arts, and his companions on the *Quaker City* excursion (the first guided tour organized by a steamship company) were less cultivated than he was, in spite (or because) of their guide-bookish pretensions. Mr. Lynes, on the other hand, has long been interested in the arts, both as an amateur student and as an informed, if informal, critic; furthermore, his "guide, planner, courier, and constant delight" in Italy was his wife, Mildred Lynes, who is a professional art historian and lecturer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynes went to Italy last summer, as he tells us in his article, to make an "art pilgrimage." They were out to see the works of Piero della Francesca, and they did —in spite of "Henry," the driver of the little blue Fiat. Unlike Mark Twain, they went knowing precisely what works of art they wanted to see, and they went equipped to understand and enjoy what they saw. And yet, in spite of the very real differences between their point of view and Mark Twain's, Mr. Lynes came to at least one important conclusion which identifies him with the long and honorable tradition of American innocents abroad.

> You realize, finally [Mr. Lynes says near the end of his article], that you go to look at great works of art and you see them, if they are Pieros, with satisfaction and excitement. They are everything you hoped they would be. But they cannot stare at you with the same eyes as the paraplegic on the steps of the cathedral, or shake their fists at you like the little boys in bare feet in Communist Emilia, or smile at you like the amiable Roman woman who sees your look of bewilderment.

A hundred and twenty years ago Ralph Waldo Emerson went to Italy and visited many of the same places which Mr. Lynes visited, including Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice. In Rome, especially, he reveled in the sensuous appeal of the painting and sculpture, the fountains, the intermixture of past and present (the flowerpots standing upon blocks made of the capitals of ruined columns, the fragments of carved and fluted stone cemented into the foundations of modern buildings).

"And yet," he wrote at that time, "how evanescent and superficial is most of that emotion which art and magnificence can awake. It yields in me to the interest the most ordinary companion inspires. I never get used to men."

Curiously enough, the common ground shared by these three quite different "Innocents Abroad" is stated most seriously by the most flippant of the three. Underlying Mark Twain's Philistine wisecracks about the trade-marked saints there is, after all, the fundamental protest against the fact that in these paintings there was, or seemed to be, "nothing tangible . . . nothing that I can grasp and take a living interest in." And in saying that, Mark epitomized an outlook upon life which has long been a dominant

Absolutely FREE

No "strings" to this offer —the only condition is your love for fine books



THE Fine Editions Club

will present you with these

2 BOOKS FREE

in Superb Collectors' Editions

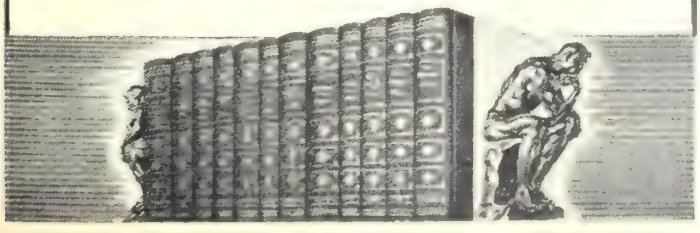
YOU ARE INVITED to accept these two fine editions as a gift of the Fine Editions Club, and receive on approval the first selection of these handsome new editions of favorite classics of all time. Each has a special introduction that highlights its meaning for today's reader.

Classics are not determined by writers or publishers —but by you—the *reader*. The lasting popularity of these books is testimony to their humanity, creative thought and eternal verity. Here are luxury editions, in bindings worthy of their great contents . . . which you can acquire to build a beautiful matched library of your own. Send for your gift volumes today.

MADAME BOVARY—*Flaubert*
Brilliant, absorbing novel, told with vivid French realism . . . of Emma Bovary, beautiful wife of a provincial doctor, who heedlessly seeks romance, and luxury. Introduction by Carl Van Doren. Illustrated by Laszlo Matulay.

CRIME & PUNISHMENT—*Dostoevsky*
One of the great novels of all time, an absorbing detective story, a psychological thriller and a revealing character study all in one. Introduction by Alfred Kazin. Illustrated.

BOOKS OF RARE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION
A Handsome Adornment to Any Home



A Great Publishing Achievement

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKS

Bound in Genuine Leather and Oxford Cloth

These new Fine Editions are *triumphs* of the bookbinding art . . . handsome, full-library-size collectors' editions to cherish for a life-time . . . to lend grace and distinction to your home. Superbly bound in maroon Genuine Leather and beautiful Oxford Library Cloth, page tops edged in 24K gold, yet they cost no more than you would pay for an ordinary novel. The Fine Editions Club will send you the two supreme volumes illustrated above FREE . . . along with the first regular selection which you may return without any obligation, if you are not completely delighted. As a member, you need not take any special number of books. You may drop your membership at any time.

"GREAT CLASSICS ARE THE MARK OF AN EDUCATED MAN"

This Coupon will make them yours

THE FINE EDITIONS CLUB, Membership Dept.
2230 West 110th Street, Cleveland 2, Ohio

Please send me ABSOLUTELY FREE the two Fine Editions of MADAME BOVARY and CRIME & PUNISHMENT, along with your Invitation to Membership with approval copy of the first monthly selection, and advance information about future selections.

It is understood that I may cancel my membership at any time and that I need not take any specific number of books. For each selection I decide to keep I will send you the special Members' price of $2.95 plus the few cents mailing charges.

Even if I decide not to become a member, I may still keep the two free gift copies.

MR.
MRS.
MISS (Please print)
ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

H2-2

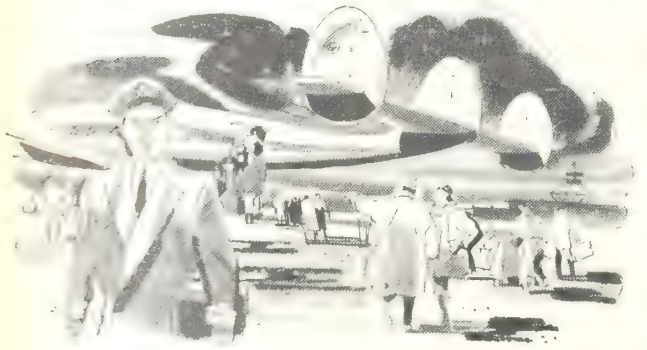
(Books shipped only in U.S.A.)



BOUND FOR A GAY HOLIDAY in Europe?...a business conference in a continental Capital? Make *this* trip a thrilling experience in luxurious air travel...at *no* extra cost. Relax in the extra room of a new-type AIR FRANCE Constellation. Enjoy the extra comfort of restful "sky lounger" chairs. Friendly English-speaking stewards and hostess serve you as *only* the French know how. You'll love every minute of it!

Go AIR FRANCE...

Enjoy these "extras" in LUXURY and GRACIOUS LIVING ...the ULTIMATE in air travel... at NO extra cost!



PIONEERS IN GLOBAL AIR TRAVEL: 33 years' experience in international luxury air service. Veteran pilots fly AIR FRANCE's world-wide routes. Seasoned travelers know and respect the AIR FRANCE reputation for regularity, dependability, and precision operational efficiency.

WORLD'S FINEST AIR CUISINE: Flawless French food at its Continental best, prepared by AIR FRANCE master chefs...accompanied by vintage wine or champagne...after dinner a liqueur. The ultimate in gracious living in the *true French* tradition!



AIR FRANCE
THE **LUXURY** WORLD-WIDE AIRLINE

"THE PARISIAN"
Luxury trans-Atlantic air travel at *no* extra cost... from New York, Boston and Montreal to Paris, Frankfurt, Berlin, Rome.

"THE PARISIAN SPECIAL"
The world-famous ultra-de-luxe AIR FRANCE flight—non-stop overnight from New York to Paris. Ten dollars additional fare. Every Friday evening.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST NETWORK OF AIR ROUTES
Serving 76 Countries on 6 Continents



PARIS
The world's most beloved city...*the* Center of fashion, good living, sophisticated gaiety.



LONDON
Britain's historic capital is rich in tradition, charming countryside, friendly people.



ROME
A vivid tapestry of past and present, the "Eternal City" is a fascinating modern metropolis.



RIVIERA
Colorful international playground, famed for sun-drenched beaches, exciting night life.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or Air France, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, PLaza 9-7000. Offices in Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Representatives in Montreal, Mexico City.

feature of the American tradition: the refusal to admire an abstraction which has no practical relation to human life as we see it about us.

It is with this pragmatic element in American culture that ***Jacques Barzun*** is concerned in "America's Romance with Practicality" (p. 70). As Mr. Barzun points out, the words "practical" and "pragmatic" are in disrepute these days among the cultivated and learned. In part, of course, this apparent reversal of traditional American values is the result of a genuine and altogether reasonable distaste for many aspects of contemporary existence. If pragmatism and practicality are responsible for the inescapable idiocies, futilities, and horrors we daily encounter, by all means let us have no more practicality or pragmatism. Let us join forces, instead, with those who exhort us to repent us of our sins and of our inner-spring mattresses.

But what if the idiocies and horrors are the result not of practicality but of a sort of public relations man's fantasy of what is practical? That is the question which Mr. Barzun's article raises and which it answers by a re-examination of the pragmatic and practical element in Western civilization as a whole, including the tradition which we recognize as American. In the process he is led, as anyone who takes America seriously must be, to William James, whose present overshadowing by his novelist-brother Henry is presumably a symptom of the hair-shirt mood among the currently disconsolate.

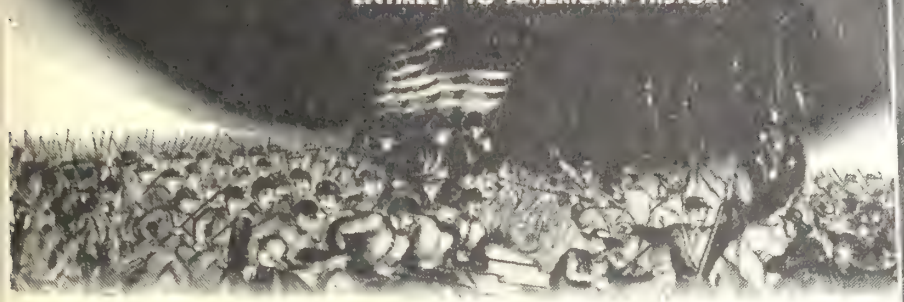
William James and his master Emerson, are key figures in American intellectual history who have by no means had their due among contemporary intellectuals, but there is reason to hope that better times are coming. The very first full-scale scholarly biography of Emerson, by Professor Ralph L. Rusk, was published in 1950—almost seventy years after Emerson's death, belatedly supplying the material upon which a just estimate of Emerson's stature may be based. As for James, Jacques Barzun himself is now completing a critical biography of him, for the "American Men of Letters Series," to be published by William Sloan

Free

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE

American History Book Society

THE ONLY BOOK CLUB DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO AMERICAN HISTORY





Your FREE membership gift

The BLUE and the GRAY

The story of the Civil War as told by participants

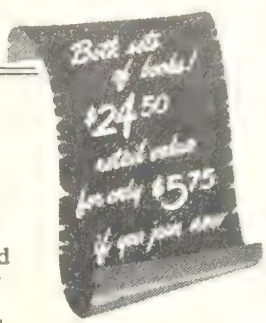
Edited by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

In two volumes, boxed. 1200 pages, with many maps and illustrations. Bibliography and index.

The glory and the sadness, the turmoil and mighty sweep of the War of Brothers, told by those who saw the struggle. Soldiers, blockade-runners, foreign observers, statesmen . . . their 450-odd narratives embrace every major campaign and battle on land and on sea, as well as recruiting, discipline, life in camp and in prison, medicine, diplomacy, and life behind the lines.

Each of the thirty-one chapters has an introduction that explains the campaign or the issue presented. No library of the Civil War is complete without this comprehensive book on its history; this stirring account, compiled from source material, of the greatest crisis that ever gripped America.

Retail price $12.00 **Your FREE membership gift**



Start your membership with

The American Constitution



Its Origins and Development

By ALFRED H. KELLY and WINFRED A. HARBISON

From faraway origins, through the birth of American liberty, through times of national crisis and times of complex industrial growth, the authors trace the Constitution as a basic fact of our national life. The *San Francisco Chronicle* said of this unique and revealing book: "... a clear picture of the factors which make our government a living and dynamic organism."

In a handsome, special two-volume edition available only to members of the American History Book Society

Retail Value $12.50 **Member's Price $5.75**

AMERICAN HISTORY BOOK SOCIETY
Dept. H-3, 11 East 36th St., New York 16, N. Y.

NOW IS THE TIME TO JOIN THE

American History Book Society

Signing and mailing the coupon enrolls you. It costs nothing to join this distinguished Society. Each month our editors select an outstanding current book. You pay only for the books you want, *after* you receive them, at the reduced, special member's price plus a small, fixed mailing charge.

When you join, we send you *The Blue and The Gray* FREE. For each additional four selections you buy, we send you a valuable Bonus Book free. And we also give you, without charge, a subscription to *Americana,* monthly magazine that among other features tells you about next month's selection.

If you do not want the forthcoming book, simply return a printed form that is always furnished. You enroll for no fixed term, and you may buy as few as four Society selections a year.

This coupon makes you a member with all privileges

THE AMERICAN HISTORY BOOK SOCIETY, Dept. H-3
11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

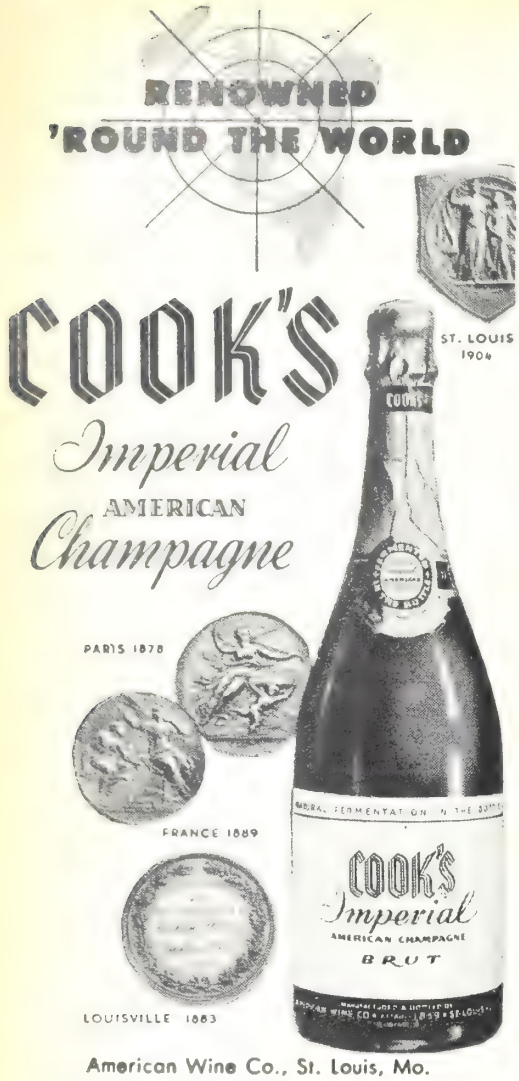


Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive, free as a gift upon joining, *The Blue and The Gray*. With it, send as my first selection *The American Constitution* at the special, low member's price of $5.75 plus 30c postage and packing charge. I will receive *Americana* free every month. I will receive a free Bonus Book for each additional four selections I buy, and my only obligation is to accept four Society selections the first year I am a member.

Name .....

Address .....

City, Zone, State .....



American Wine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR MORE VACATION FUN

Get The GIMLET

THE MAGAZINE OF RESORT-VACATION TRAVEL
FOR 24 YEARS TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELER'S GUIDE



CANADA thru FLORIDA, THE SOUTH, and Enroute, Nassau, Cuba, West Indies. TWO HUNDRED PAGES Illus. *Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: Bellingroth Gardens Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Natural Bridge, Va., one of 7 natural wonders of the world, etc. NOW ONLY 50c Doubleday's, Brentano's, Leading N. Y. C. Hotels & Terminals or send $1.25 for Year's Subscription. (2) issues or 75¢ a copy postpaid to The Gimlet, 551 5th Ave., New York City, Dept. 80.*

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

THE BERMUDIANA
STE. ADELE LODGE
BARCLAY
SHERATON-BELVEDERE
SHOREHAM
CAVALIER
JEFFERSON
GEORGE WASHINGTON
GEORGE WASHINGTON PENNSYLVANIA
Delray Beach
FATIO HOUSE
Miami, Fla.
THE COLUMBUS
TOWERS
Miami Beach, Fla.
FLAMINGO
ISLE DE CAPRI
MACFADDEN
DEAUVILLE
SEA VIEW
Ft. Myers, Fla.
FRANKLIN ARMS
Boca Grande, Fla.
BOCA GRANDE HOTEL
Sarasota, Fla.
ORANGE BLOSSOM
St. Petersburg, Fla.
GULF WINDS VILLAS & APTS.
TIDES HOTEL
VINOY PARK
Tampa, Fla.
FLORIDAN
HOTEL CLUB DE PESCA
HOTEL MONTE CASSINO

RECOMMENDED HOTELS IN THE BAHAMAS

Nassau
BRITISH COLONIAL
BALMORAL
ROYAL VICTORIA
FORT MONTAGU
PRINCE GEORGE
CARLTON HOUSE
WINDSOR
BUENA VISTA

Use American Express Travelers Cheques To Protect Your Travel Funds

Associates. It will be worth reading.

Meanwhile, look again at the conclusion of Mr. Lynes's article about Italy. The reason he will remember the Pieros less vividy than he will remember Henry, the ex-wrestler who drove his car, is, he says, that the world created on canvas by Piero is a world where all questions are answered and everything is solved for all time, whereas "nothing is resolved in Henry's world, or in the sight-seer's world," that is, in the world of practical reality where the man who hunts Pieros, and the man who can't see why he does, both have to live.

P & O is aware of having dealt pretty hurriedly, if not carelessly, with some very complex problems in commenting on these articles by Mr. Lynes and Mr. Barzun. The column creaks at the hinges as we leaf back over it. Ah, time, patience, and (as Fiorello used to say) fortitude! But we have a prefabricated conclusion ready to hand, to round out our meaning. We borrow it from a column called "Western Half-Acre" which Tom Ferril of Denver used to contribute to *Harper's* every other month. Here is what Tom said back in October, 1946:

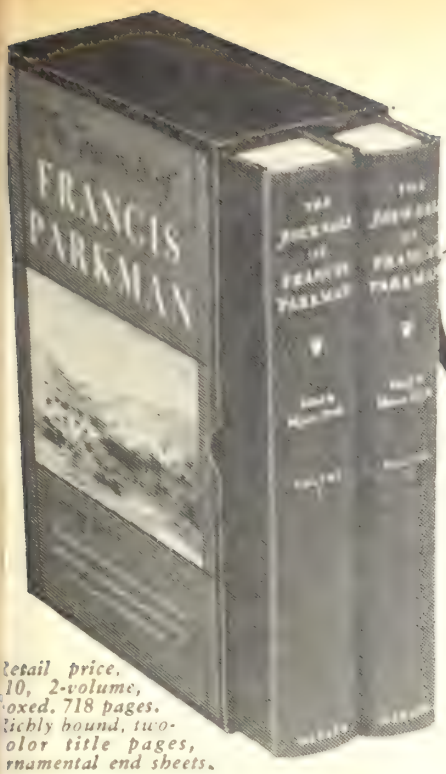
> The fugitives from the beauties of reality say that our times are mechanistic. They would be happier in a spiritual climate. So they go back to the cloister, and what cloister is it? Not that of primitive Christianity, for that would be too dangerous; a true Christian would be lynched today for the same reasons Christ was lynched. No, they go back to the rich, magnificent, sensual church that leaped from the Renaissance glorifying nature, glorifying life on earth in protest against heaven and hell. . . .
>
> Our only hope, if we want a truly spiritual life, is to go further, without compromise or evasion, on the nature-searching course we are taking. Call it materialistic, mechanistic, or what you will, beauty and prophecy will come in obliquely. . . . Philosophical deviation from nature-searching in quest of some escapist spiritual compensation is the greatest danger of all . . . our fascist - communist - ideological adventures, the effort to accelerate the coming of some universal mental complacence at the expense of our limited abilities to cope with our environment and with one another.

WHILE we are speaking of "our limited abilities to cope with our environment and with one another," we'd better take a look at another vision of Italy in this issue of *Harper's*. We mean, of course, ***Saul Steinberg's*** sheaf of pictures spread out for your delight on pages 61 to 64. Mr. Steinberg copes in his remarkable drawings with a world in which nothing has ever been solved and where there is no use asking questions. There is nothing to do but to look at it, through his eyes, and be glad you have the opportunity.

Those eyes are the eyes of a Rumanian-born artist who studied architecture in Italy; worked for Italian magazines; came to the United States by way of the Dominican Republic; ate dry corn flakes without sugar or milk, for breakfast for a week because he didn't know enough English to understand the small print on the box; became a American citizen in 1943; was a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy and served in China, India, North Africa, Italy, and Washington; has published countless drawings in *The New Yorker, Harper's,* and other magazines; has done vast murals in hotels and ships; has published two books; is married to the artist, Hedda Sterne, with whom he recently returned from an eight months' stay in Europe, mostly in Italy. A large selection of his work will be on exhibition in New York during February—so much material in fact, that it will have to be housed in at least two galleries: those of Betty Parsons and Sidney Janis both on 57th Street. If need be, it will spread out to a third.

Menaces and Marvels

••• Just as we go to press with ***John Gerrity's*** article, "The Truth About the 'Drug Menace'" (p. 27), the *New York Times* publishes a survey by Charles Grutzner indicating that marijuana, cocaine, and heroin are nothing like as habit forming, or as destructive to nerve tissue, or as serious a menace to society as the sleeping pills which are readily available in almost every community in the land. According to Dr. Victor H. Vogel of the Federal Narcotics Hospital at Lexing



Retail price, $10, 2-volume, boxed, 718 pages. Richly bound, two-color title pages, ornamental end sheets.

BOTH Free

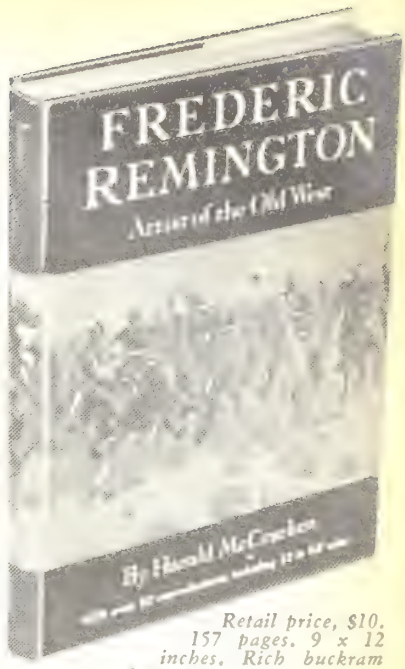
COMBINED RETAIL PRICE, $20

if you join the original

History Book Club

at this time

An extraordinary offer that demonstrates the advantages of club membership, both these handsome volumes will be shipped to you immediately: *The Journals of Francis Parkman* as our gift to you for enrolling, and the *Frederic Remington* instead of your first dividend book. (Normally you would have to wait for your dividend until *after* you had purchased four additional books.) Thereafter, with every *four* selections you buy, you will receive another valuable dividend book.



Retail price, $10. 157 pages, 9 x 12 inches. Rich buckram binding.

THE JOURNALS OF Francis Parkman

Edited by MASON WADE. The complete journals, recently discovered after more than 50 years, of America's greatest literary historian and early explorer of the Old West. Bernard DeVoto says; "A publishing event of the highest importance. Both as a historical and as a biographical document, it is a sizeable and permanent enlargement of our cultural heritage." Allan Nevins calls it, "Of first-rate importance to everyone interested in American history or letters."

Frederic Remington

ARTIST OF THE OLD WEST

By HAROLD McCRACKEN. More than eighty magnificent reproductions—32 in full color—of the paintings, drawings, and sculptures of the greatest genre painter of the Western frontier. Here, too, is the first comprehensive Remington biography – with an exhaustive bibliography and a check list of his paintings and sketches. Says Thomas Craven, in the N. Y. Herald Tribune, "I should like to see this handsome volume . . . in every American home. It is a distinguished memorial to a genuine exponent of the Old West."



How the club serves you

THE three distinguished editors, every month, unanimously select an outstanding current book of history and offer it for your approval. The book is then described in a *critical* review in *America in Books*, the club's free magazine. If you decide it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say, "Send me nothing." Savings on the selections you do purchase frequently range as high as 40%, sometimes higher; and for every *four* selections you accept, you receive a valuable Free Dividend Book. You enroll for no fixed term, and you may cancel your membership at any time after purchasing *four* monthly selections.

The Board of Editors



Walter Millis



Louis B. Wright

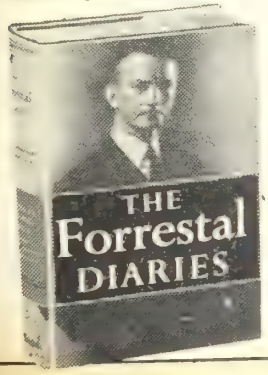


Dumas

Start your membership with

THE Forrestal Diaries

Edited by WALTER MILLIS, with the collaboration of E. S. DUFFIELD



A top best seller and one of the most important books of our generation. "*The Forrestal Diaries* were born to controversy and dedicated to enlightenment." says Charles Poore, in the New York Times Book Review. "Brilliantly and scrupulously edited by Mr. Millis with the collaboration of Mr. Duffield, it is the best book of its kind since Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins* . . . It gives a remarkably immediate sense of policies being hammered out in the heat of the day when the luxurious wisdom of afterthought was not available."

Price $5.00

MAIL THIS COUPON

The History Book Club, Inc., Dept. H 11
45 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive, free, with my first purchase, both *The Journals of Francis Parkman* and *Frederic Remington, Artist of the Old West*—the first-named as my gift for enrolling, and the latter instead of my first Dividend, normally due after I have purchased *four* additional books. I agree to accept at least *four* selections each year I remain a member, and I may cancel my membership at any time after buying *four* such books.

Name. . . . . .
(Please write plainly)

Address. . . . . .

City. . . . . Zone. . . State. . . . . .

SPANISH FRENCH GERMAN ITALIAN

Start to Speak a Foreign Language Correctly IN ONLY 7 DAYS!

Now you can learn Spanish, French, German or Italian easily, inexpensively and in an amazingly short time.
Funk & Wagnalls' **Language Phone Method** with brand-new R.C.A. high-fidelity phonograph recordings, brings you the actual voices of expert teachers speaking in their native tongues.
The phonograph method of learning a foreign language is the amazing new method you have heard about and been reading about in national publications. With this method you learn right in your own home, your teacher is always there to instruct you, your manuals always there to help you. You learn as fast as you wish, repeat lessons as often as you need.
Send today for the FREE booklet that explains this remarkable new way to learn a foreign language. Let us tell you how you can try out the Funk & Wagnalls' **Language Phone Method** for a whole week right in your own home and without obligation of any kind.



MAIL THIS COUPON

Funk & Wagnalls Company
Department HH-15, Foreign Languages
153 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me FREE descriptive booklet about your easy method of learning ( )Spanish, ( ) French, ( ) German, ( ) Italian, and tell me how I may obtain a complete Language Phone Kit for seven days' free trial.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....Zone.....State.....



The School—
the College—
the Junior College—

or the Vocational School you seek will probably be found in the "*Schools & Colleges*" Section of this issue.

•

If you want catalogs of any schools or colleges advertised, or not advertised, in this issue, we'll gladly have them sent for your study and guidance.

•

If you need authoritative and impartial suggestions about schools or camps, we can assist you as we have thousands of parents, guardians, etc., *for over 50 years.* No fees are involved.

Address
Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,
Director of Educational Guidance
HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16

ton, Kentucky, sleeping-pill addiction (and he means "addiction," not prescribed use) is a more serious problem than morphine and heroin addiction because the pills are so dangerous and so easy to buy and because the "withdrawal illness" after the protracted use of large amounts of a barbiturate is "more severe than from an opiate drug."

We mention this as one more indication that the "drug menace" hysteria, which was whipped up during the hearings of the Kefauver (later O'Conor) Committee and a New York State committee investigating crime, is beginning to subside. It is about time, as Mr. Gerrity's article makes clear.

Mr. Gerrity is a Washington correspondent whose stories have appeared in the Washington *Post,* the Washington evening *Star, Nation's Business,* and other journals. As the father of four children, he was interested in learning how much truth there was in the tales of drug-addiction among young people—and then in passing along to others his findings.

• • • "Africa Is Next" by ***Theodore H. White*** (p. 32) presents a rounded view of French Africa and of American relations with that seething world which is so little known to us and yet so important to us. When Mr. White wrote this article, he was correspondent-in-chief in Europe for the Overseas News Agency, at home in Paris and covering as his field everything this side of the Iron Curtain. He came back to America (Boston, New York, Washington) for a rapid trip last fall while his article was in the editorial works, and he has now returned to Paris as European correspondent for the *Reporter* magazine.

Mr. White declined to be called an expert on Africa, but he was fascinated by looking at Africa from France and watching the French and Americans trying to make something of the situation. His experiences in Asia as a correspondent from 1939 to 1945 had made him terribly aware of the complexity of the problems involved in the rapid development of the peoples of the so-called "Backward World."

Born in Boston, Theodore White went to public school and was graduated from Boston Latin School in the depression. On scholarship he went to Harvard and won a traveling fellowship, which he used after commencement in 1938 to take him to the Far East. He became a correspondent for *Time* and set up the first bureau *Time* had in the Orient. For seven years the only home he had was the cubicle in which he parked bags and files at the Press Hostel in Chungking while he covered the war front from Australia to Sinkiang, with Burma and Yenan on the way. Back home in the United States, he wrote, with Annalee Jacoby, his first book, *Thunder out of China,* published in 1946. Since then he has written for many magazines, including *Harper's;* in 1948, edited *The Stilwell Papers;* and has gone as a correspondent to Europe. His wife and two children are with him in Paris.

Mr. White's comment on the need for roads in the African interior made us think of Joyce Cary's memorable description in his novel, *Mister Johnson,* of the opening of the Fada road in a remote region of British West Africa. "The road, at this place, is merely a long narrow strip of hard mud, littered with half-burnt chips, which passes out of sight in both directions into the high, primeval bush. . . . On every side the enormous columns of the trees stand dusty and motionless as stone, under the dark roof of foliage. The narrow crack in that roof, which lets in a strip of light sky above the brown strip of road, is like a single knife cut, already closing. Branches reach across overhead; at a little distance the edges seem to join."

The gang of native hoe men who are building the road have no more idea of its beginning and end than Stone Age men; they hear with apprehension a strange noise, and then rush forward to greet a lorry which pounds out of the shadows. "The lorry driver, a tall Yoruba in blue dungarees, with a stub of cigarette stuck to his lips, pays no attention to them. He clanks and rattles past and disappears from sight. He doesn't even know he is the first man to drive over the Fada road."

But when the road is open, there is a great increase of small traders and rascals and trouble. Even Rudbeck, the English official whose pas-

s'n is road-building, sees that the ads bring confusion—a breakdown of native civilization, with no gain for replacing it. The road itself seems to speak to him:

I'm smashing up the old Fada—I shall change everything and everybody in it. I am abolishing the old ways, the old ideas, the old law; I am bringing wealth and opportunity for good as well as vice, new powers to men, and therefore new conflicts. I am the revolution. I am giving you plenty of trouble already, you governors, and I am going to give you plenty more. I destroy and I make new. What are you going to do about it? I am your idea. You make me, so I suppose you know.

What is this but the symbol of "Africa Is Next"?

• *Wallace Stegner* traveled around the world last year on a literary mission sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation. What he and Mrs. Stegner were doing, besides giving some seminars in the Philippines and Tokyo and some lectures in India and Siam, was to look for writers and critics in the Far East and to try to further the interchange of current writing between America and Asia. When they got home to California, they set up a small international literary service to keep their communications open, and they are still working toward this end and thus "going Asiatic" in the interest of letters and the brotherhood of man.

Shortly after his return, Mr. Stegner sent to *Harper's* the story which appears in this issue, "Pop Goes the Valley Cat" (p. 42). This is a story about brotherhood, or about justice and mercy, done in terms which are peculiarly American, even peculiarly West Coast American, but we think we feel in it the common problems of human kind. It is one of many stories by Mr. Stegner which have appeared in this magazine, the first just a year ago, "The Traveler."

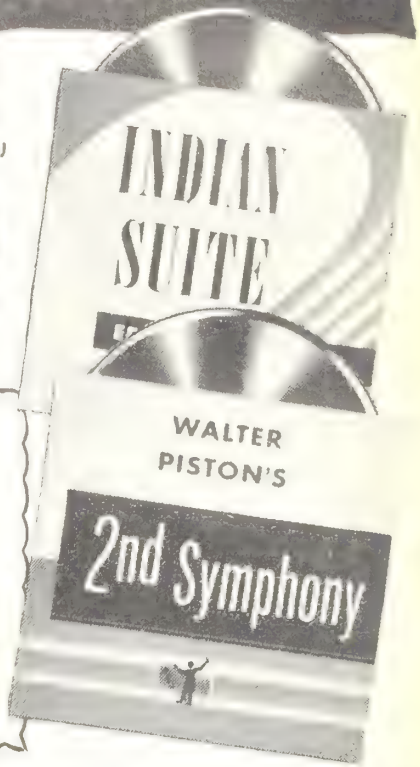
Mr. Stegner is professor of English at Stanford, in charge of the Stanford Writing Center, and, with his wife, West Coast editor for Houghton Mifflin. He has written many books, including the novels, *Second Growth* and *The Preacher and the Slave*, and a volume of short

TO INTRODUCE THESE DISTINGUISHED RECORDINGS OF
"200 YEARS OF AMERICAN MUSIC"
THE AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY OFFERS YOU . . .

One of these superb 33 1/3 rpm 10-inch Long-Playing Unbreakable Records

(Prepared by the non-profit Ditson Musical Foundation)

Regularly $4.35 YOURS FOR ONLY **$1.00**



"INDIAN SUITE"
By Edward MacDowell
Ever since its first performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1896 this lovely and melodic suite has been a great concert hall favorite throughout the world. Each of the fascinating five sections is based on genuine Indian themes—legends, festivals, war dances, romances and sorrows. 10" A.R.S. recording.

"2nd SYMPHONY"
By Walter Piston
Composed in 1943, performed by the Boston Symphony, NBC Symphony, N. Y. Philharmonic, Philadelphia Symphony and other leading orchestras—winner of the New York Music Critics Circle Award in 1944-45, this richly rhythmic score has won international fame for its composer. 10" A.R.S. recording.

SINCE the last war a great musical awakening has electrified the music-loving world—a sudden realization that the foremost music being written today is *American music*—and that American composers have been writing enjoyable melodies, important music *for the past 200 years!* In all the great concert halls the most famous orchestras, conductors, soloists, chamber groups are performing this music for delighted audiences.

And now an outstanding non-profit institution has embarked on a program of creating high fidelity recordings of 200 years of American music! Every form of musical expression is included in this program—symphonic, choral, instrumental and chamber works, folk-music, theatre music . . . music of America at work and at play; music of America growing, laughing . . . music born of the love of liberty and the love of fun, the love of good living and the love of God. Whatever your tastes—here is music for you!

HOW THIS MUSIC CAME TO BE RECORDED

Recently, the directors of the renowned Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University awarded a substantial grant to create the non-profit Ditson Musical Foundation, whose sole purpose is to record and release each month a new full-frequency recording of American music, on Long Playing records.

ARE THE RECORDS EXPENSIVE?

No, to the contrary. Because the Ditson Musical Foundation made its recordings available at cost to the American Recording Society (sole distributing agent for the Foundation's records) they are priced below most L.P.'s of comparable quality—only $4.35 for 10" records, and $4.95 for 12" records. The American Recording Society Philharmonic Orchestra engages the finest available conductors and artists, and all recordings are made with the latest high-fidelity equipment, and pressed directly from a limited number of silver-sputtered masters.

HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

Your purchase of either of the Long-Playing records offered above for only $1.00 does not obligate you to buy any additional records from the Society—ever! However, we will be happy to extend to you the courtesy of an Associate Membership. Each month, as an Associate Member, you will be offered an American Recording Society recording by a famous American composer, at the special Club price. If you do not wish to purchase any particular record, you need merely return the form provided for that purpose.

FREE RECORDS OFFERED

With each two records purchased at the regular Club price you will receive an additional record of comparable quality *ABSOLUTELY FREE.* However, because the number of records which can be pressed from silver-sputtered masters is necessarily limited, we urge you to mail the coupon at once!

AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY
100 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY, Dept. 721 H-2
100 Avenue of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y.

☐ **"INDIAN SUITE", by MacDowell** ☐ **"2nd SYMPHONY", by Piston**

(Check one)

Please send me the record checked above, for which I enclose $1.00 as full payment. As an Associate member in the American Recording Society, I will receive the Society's publication which will give me advance notice of each new monthly Society Long-Playing selection which I am entitled to purchase at the special Membership price of only $4.95 for 12" records, $4.35 for 10" records plus a few cents for U.S. tax and shipping. However, I may decline to purchase any or all Society records offered to me. With each two Society recordings I do purchase, you will send me an additional record ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Canadian Address: OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO

GO PLACES

LISTEN and LEARN A LANGUAGE by LINGUAPHONE IN 20 MINUTES A DAY

World's-Standard CONVERSATIONAL METHOD

FRENCH
SPANISH
GERMAN
RUSSIAN
CHINESE
—any of 29 LANGUAGES including the ASIATIC

NO TEXTBOOK CAN TEACH YOU TO SPEAK

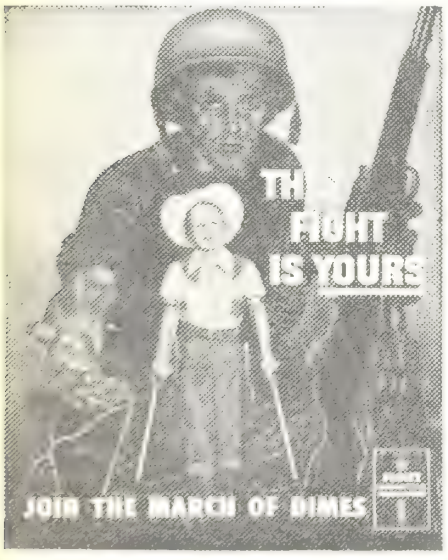
WORLD-WIDE EDUCATIONAL ENDORSEMENT

FREE book gives fascinating facts. STOP WISHING — START TALKING. Mail coupon TODAY!

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
402 Radio City New York 20, N. Y.
Approved for VETERANS' Training.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Linguaphone Institute
402 Radio City, N. Y. 20, N. Y.
Send me your FREE book. I want to learn .....
language, for ..... purpose.
Name .....
Address .....
City & State .....



CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Whether you are changing your address for a few months or permanently, you will want to receive every issue of Harper's promptly. When advising us of a change of address please indicate *both* the old and new address. Please allow four weeks for effecting this change. Address all correspondence to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 E. 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.

stories, *The Women on the Wall.* He has been working recently on a Guggenheim fellowship, writing a biography of John Wesley Powell.

James Real's drawings of Los Angeles for "Pop Goes the Alley Cat" were made on the spot, for Mr. Real lives in that city and designs books for industrial firms, mainly aircraft manufacturers. He came to New York last spring to get an award from the Art Directors' Club and, incidentally, got the assignment for this story, his first magazine job, on the strength of drawings he had done for his own amusement. Mr. Real got his art training at night school at the Art Center while working on the Los Angeles *Times* some years ago.

•••"The First Car Is the Hardest" (p. 79) is by ***Shirley Jackson,*** whose narrative of family life, "The Third Baby's the Easiest," appeared in *Harper's* in May 1949. Miss Jackson, who is also Mrs. Stanley Edgar Hyman, is the author of three books (the most recent, *Hangsaman*) and the mother of four children (the most recent, Barry, born last November). She admitted to P & O, apropos of "The First Car," that she has been seized with a fever common among car-owners—"I want a new car, something long and glittering and full of gadgets."

We refer Miss Jackson to the classic description of that fever, which is a species of mania, by Bergen Evans in *Harper's* for May 1947. "Autointoxication" he called it—"this symbiosis of the American and his car, a social phenomenon to be ranked with the Tulip Mania or the Dancing Mania . . . a love affair."

"The common man," Mr. Evans explained, "would no more submit his car to a mercenary accounting than he would enter his mother in a beauty contest. It is his romance, upholstered and on springs. It is his magic carpet, complete with radio and heater. It is his solace; he may be henpecked at home and brow-beaten at work, but in the sweet intervals of coming and going he is a god at whose slightest bidding a hundred horses leap forward. He has achieved divinity with a down payment."

The Hyman family have taken the first step. "Something long and glittering and full of gadgets" may give them over permanently to the Great American Delusion.

Bernarda Bryson, who made the drawings for "The First Car Is the Hardest," has illustrated frequently for *Harper's,* everything from children and dogs to political candidates, in moods from the sentimental to the satiric. She is Mrs. Ben Shahn in private life and the mother of three children.

••• You must remember Virginia Hill Hauser, even if you don't remember her husband, Hans, who is the subject of ***Struthers Burt's*** quiet little cloak-and-dagger piece called "Secret Agent on Skis" (p. 84). Virginia is the gal who wowed 'em on the Kefauver television serial back in March 1951. But to Mr. Burt, Hans, who figured only fleetingly in newspaper stories about Virginia, was a real, if improbable, person, and his elaborate maneuvers seemed more ridiculous than evil. "Living in the sort of country I live in, especially if one lives on a ranch," Mr. Burt wrote us, "one perceives this paradox of civilization clearly. Live stock and nature may not be reasonable, but at least they accomplish their ends, good or bad, simply and forcibly."

Except for a year at Oxford in 1906 and wartime service in the first world war, Mr. Burt has been a writer and a rancher almost ever since he got out of Princeton. Among his books are: *The Diary of a Dude Wrangler* (1924), *Escape from America* (1936), *Powder River* (1938), and *Philadelphia: Holy Experiment* (1945). His ranch is in Moran, Wyoming, out in the Jackson Hole country.

•••"Life Is Such Stuff" (p. 93) is the first published story by ***Stewart Richardson,*** who is a young editor in the office of Houghton Mifflin. Just what in his experience inspired the Noah's Ark parade of this story does not appear in the brief annals of his life in our possession. He is a native of Long Island, a graduate of Washington and Lee University, and the possessor of a master's degree from Columbia University. His main interests in life, we are told—and we hope these are *aside* from

his profession are skiing and rock climbing. His main ambition—again we have it at second hand—is to own a villa in Italy, where he went through the Italian campaign with the 10th Mountain Infantry.

•••The poets this month are two: ***David McCord,*** who is a Harvard University official and the author of many books, turns a light trick in "Cash Me, Encash Me Again!" (p. 78). During 1951 he delivered a long poem for the Phi Beta Kappa chapter at the College of William and Mary; published a new edition of *What Cheer,* under the title *The Modern Treasury of Humorous Verse;* and prepared for publication *The Camp at Lockjaw,* with illustrations by Gluyas Williams.

Last year, ***Robert P. Tristram Coffin*** ("New England," p. 96) published *On the Green Carpet;* taught poetry for one term at his regular post at Bowdoin and for one term at the University of Cincinnati; took part in various writers' symposiums and conferences; and read his poems and lectured publicly from Maine to California. His last book of poems was *Apples by Ocean;* he is now working on an epic poem.

Brotherhood Week

As Jacques Barzun reminds us in this issue of *Harper's,* we "have an almost complete sampling of the human race sheltering under the name American." The diverse streams, religious, racial, social, have managed to coexist in this country "in spite of their obvious and irritating peculiarities."

The peace which we Americans enjoy among ourselves—while continuing to maintain our singularities of belief—is strengthened by the enlightened efforts of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. Since 1934, this organization has celebrated Brotherhood Week as a period of rededication to the principles of justice, amity, and co-operation among religious groups on which it was founded.

This year, Brotherhood Week will be observed February 17-24 in thousands of American communities. The National Conference invites you to share in this time of resolution and renewal by supporting its program in your community.

CONCERT HALL SOCIETY
INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT THIS
Special Introductory Offer
..THIS LONG-PLAYING RECORD
Only $1.00
(WORTH $4.50 RETAIL)



BEETHOVEN Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-flat
OR
MOZART Piano Concerto No. 11 in F

HERE is an extraordinary opportunity for music lovers! We will send you your choice of either one of these delightful concertos, each superbly performed IN FULL by the brilliant pianist Artur Balsam and the Concert Hall Symphony Orchestra. Both are high fidelity, Long-Playing (33⅓ R.P.M.) recordings—yet you may have either one for only one dollar!

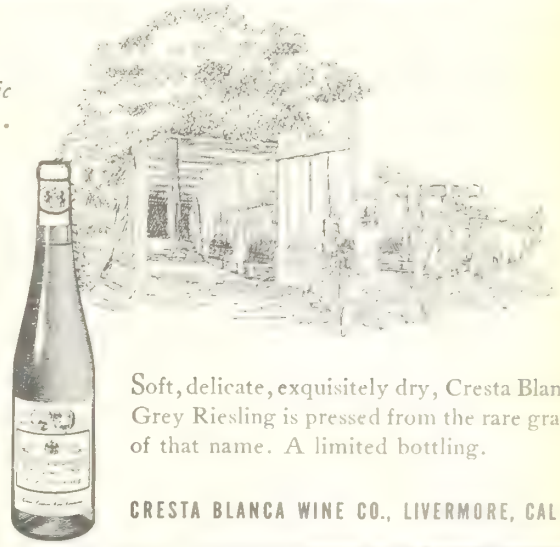
We make this special offer to demonstrate the remarkable quality of Concert Hall high-fidelity recordings. We will also send our free brochure telling how you can obtain our new series of recordings available nowhere else at any price!

Membership Limited to 3000

Only 3,000 members can own these limited-edition recordings; and right now only 565 subscriptions are still available. The whole interesting story is told in our free brochure, which we will send with the LONG-PLAYING record described above. Simply enclose one dollar with the coupon. If not delighted with the record, return it in five days and your dollar will be cheerfully refunded.

Concert Hall Society, Inc. 82
507 West 56th St., New York 19, N. Y.
I enclose $1. Please send me the [illegible] LONG-PLAYING record checked below. If not delighted, I may return it in five days and get my dollar. Also send, free, your brochure describing the [illegible] series of Limited Editions.
BEETHOVEN ☐ ☐ MOZART
(This special offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada)
Name.. ...
(Please Print Plainly)
Address.. ...
City Zone State

From the cool limestone caves of historic Cresta Blanca Winery...



CRESTA BLANCA
Wine of Sheer Delight
CALIFORNIA
GREY RIESLING

Soft, delicate, exquisitely dry, Cresta Blanca Grey Riesling is pressed from the rare grape of that name. A limited bottling.

CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.



This Summer—
Send your youngster to camp while you enjoy your Vacation

DO NOT DELAY the selection of a summer camp for your boy or girl. Hasty decisions are likely to be regretted later. You will find suggestions among the announcements contained in this issue. We shall be glad to furnish additional information and send you booklets. Address

Camp Information Bureau
HARPER'S MAGAZINE 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

LETTERS

Two-Income Families—

To the Editors:

I enjoyed reading "The Two-Income Family" by Mrs. Mavity in the December *Harper's* but, except in the case of the professional woman with great or potential ability, I think we cannot generalize to this extent.

Where need exists, it can be assumed, I think, that the red-blooded mother will take a job if she can really ease housing costs, satisfy the maw of the Supermarket, etc., and cover her extra working expenses.

There is a good chance that a professionally trained mother can provide extra material advantages. . . . But what about the intangibles? . . . In how many places are good child-care centers available, where young children can spend the day and others go directly from school?

I understand "job satisfaction," the need of the mother for recreation, and the restlessness involved in waiting for the man to "make good," but doesn't the family need this woman as its navigator over these stormy seas—just "being there" or easily available?

It seems to me that if women with average or mediocre earning ability would stay out of competition in the business world, except in case of need, young men would find it easier to get a start, possibly earlier developing the necessary "one income."

Let's not knuckle under to this fetish of job-holding for mothers generally. . . . If "being easier to get along with" and "not having to stick around the house" seem worth it to her and her husband, I do not believe that it is worth it to the children.

ELISABETH BARNES
Albany, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Mrs. Mavity has done well for the pro side of "The Two-Income Family," but she has left much unsaid. The enthusiastic young couples she quotes could well be matched by others (such as my wife and me) who are singing hallelujahs that the days of financial necessity which compelled for a time two-income living have passed.

Because we went through this period for two years when I, as a beginning newspaperman, was starting on a ridiculous salary and still we wanted to set aside money for a house and children, I have no argument with two jobs per couple as a temporary and necessary expedient. But Mrs. Mavity seems to imply that the whole social structure is changing to the extent that the two-income family expects to be one permanently.

She attributes this to the fact that the average white-collar pay check isn't enough to support a a family any more. This simply is not the case. Government statistics will show that the rise in living costs over the last ten or twelve years has been pretty well matched by the rise in personal income.

What Mrs. Mavity means is that too many young couples have become accustomed to living on a material scale which their parents never knew even in the giddy nineteen-twenties. And they aren't willing to give up the second job because it means giving up the television set and trading the 1951 Pontiac for a 1947 Ford.

My wife and I were not unhappy two or three years ago when we had five times as much money in the bank as now, one new baby, a rented four-room cottage, two jobs, and a permanent baby sitter. But now that my typically "inadequate" white-collar salary has risen to around $4,500 a year, now that we have two children, our own new if modest five-room home, *and* the 1947 Ford but no television, now we rejoice with exceeding great gladness that it is over a year since the wife and mother in this family has been obliged to meet an early bus five mornings a week.

Perhaps I'm the old-fashioned type who won't do any housework? No indeed. My wife works harder raising two lively boys than I do writing headlines (or than she would in her profession); so I am able and willing to do a washing or so each week as well as the largest part of the housecleaning. . . .

JOHN HAWKS SCHMIDT
Des Moines, Ia.

To the Editors:

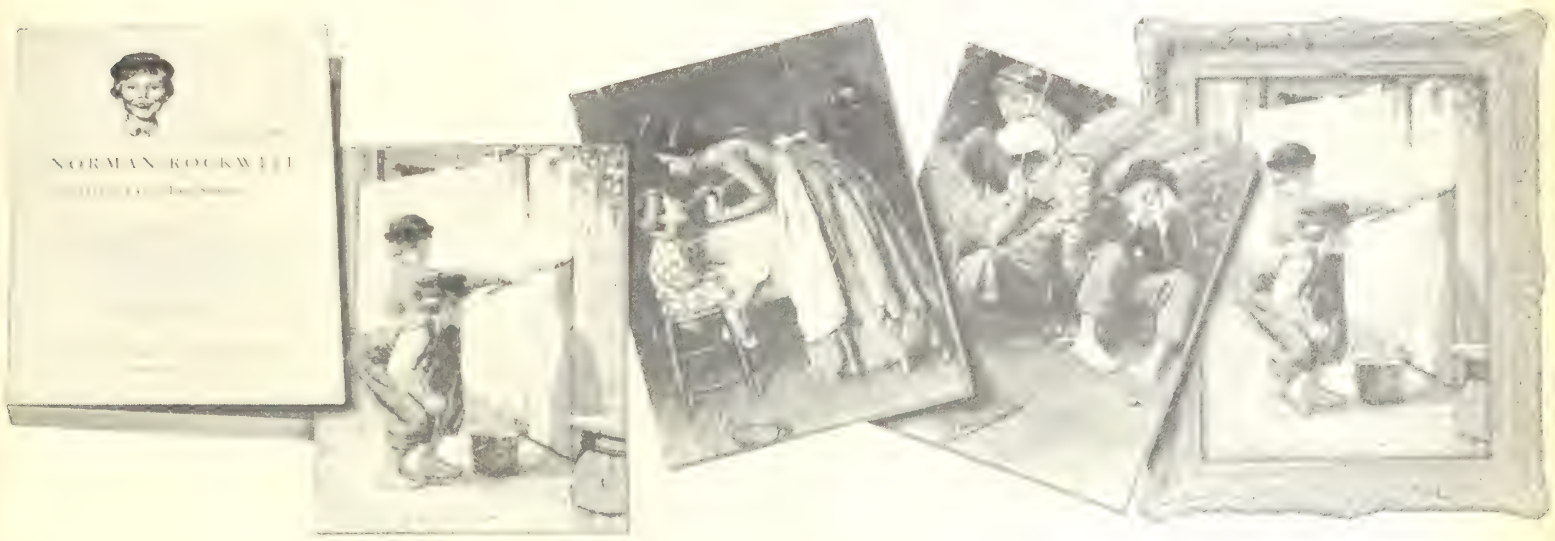
I am so violently agitated by Mrs. Mavity's article in the December issue that I cannot take time to do an adequate research job in order to refute just one of her statements: "The child-care centers in the areas that provide them offer a satisfactory solution to the outstanding problem of the low-income family." Every child-care center that I know anything about, and I am acquainted with those in New York City and Westchester County, is inadequately staffed and poorly equipped. State funds to maintain them are not only grossly insufficient but are equivocal from year to year as to whether they will be forthcoming or not. . . .

The crying need, as expressed by educators all over the country, is for child-care centers that will really take care of children in terms of supervision and nourishment both emotional and physical. There is an unspeakable dearth of such centers and no competent plans to provide them. . . . I'm very much afraid

THIS $20 box of Norman Rockwell's paintings is YOURS

FREE! Frei! *Gracieusement!* GRATIS!

if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *now*



BECAUSE we are offering you a $20 set of Norman Rockwell's paintings as an inducement to obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club *at this time,* we had better tell you something about them:

In the first place, they are *not* the original paintings in oil! If you are in position to pay several thousands of dollars to obtain one of Norman Rockwell's original oils, you won't want these facsimiles.

For they are facsimiles. Yet we will wager that, even after examining them, you wouldn't recognize them as such.

They are created by several unusual processes. They are in full color; and they are on heavy board-canvasses such as oil painters use; and their surfaces are *moulded* into the actual brush-strokes.

Facsimiles have been created in this fashion before, of some of Norman Rockwell's famous paintings: notably his paintings of The Four Freedoms. We would present *those* to you, if we could! But we can't, for the right to reproduce them doesn't belong to us. However, we do have the right to reproduce Norman Rockwell's paintings made to illustrate *Tom Sawyer;* for they were made for the now-famous Heritage edition of the book.

WE HAVE NOW TAKEN three of them (the original oils are in the possession of the Mark Twain Museum) and have created facsimiles which are four times larger than the plates in the published book. Each is twelve inches across by sixteen inches long! Each will be sold in the shops for $6.95; the set of three will be sold for $20.

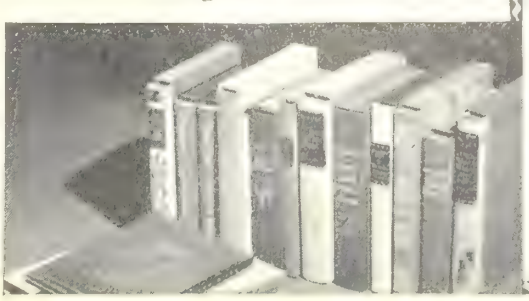
But we will give you a complete set, free, FREI, *gracieusement,* GRATIS—if you obtain a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club at this time. Why?

WELL, IN THE FIRST PLACE, we have persuaded the mills which produce our fine papers to increase their allotment to us—with the result that, of six of our recent publications, we have obtained from the printers about a thousand extra copies. So, in the second place, we have decided to take in one thousand new members: to *try* the Club with these six books.

But we want to enroll this limited number of people with an even more limited expenditure: by offering this irresistible inducement to you, to become one of these new members. If you do, you will obtain six beautiful, *beautiful* books—at the same price as ordinary rental library fiction.

YOU WILL obtain a copy of Oscar Wilde's *Salomé* illuminated by Valenti Angelo; *War and Peace* by Tolstoy, illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg and Vasily Verestchagin; *Great Expectations* by Dickens, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone; *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* in one colorful volume; *The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon* illustrated by Gordon Ross; and *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the water-colors by Blake.

Or, if any of these books should not be of interest to you, you may choose substitutions out of a long list.



FOR THE MEMBERS OF The Heritage Club obtain those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." Yet each of these books costs each member only $3.65! or *only $3.28* if paid in advance!

A prospectus is now ready. You are invited to send for a copy. One of the remaining Trial Memberships will then be reserved for you—and also a set of the Norman Rockwell facsimiles. Never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered. The coupon below enables you to put this statement to the test:

Reservation Coupon

THE HERITAGE CLUB
595 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 22

Please send me a copy of the Prospectus describing the limited number of Trial Memberships which you are offering at this time. I understand that you will reserve a Trial Membership for me, and that I am entitled to a portfolio of the Norman Rockwell paintings, without cost, when I send my application.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY & STATE

B-616

Schools and Colleges

The schools and colleges whose announcements appear in this section are all well established. Further information on request. If you have a question on an individual problem, Harper's School Bureau will be glad to advise you from an informed and impartial viewpoint. Address Mrs. Lewis D. Bement, Director of Educational Guidance, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, 16.

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN—EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. Our tests discover causes of difficulties and we (1) devise individualized programs to overcome difficulties, (2) make up lost time, (3) install confidence, (4) teach effective use of concentration and the science of study.

Grades 11-12. Enrollment 70. 76 years' experience.

Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY

Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

ARIZONA

VERDE VALLEY SCHOOL

Thorough college preparation. Required courses are combined with [illegible] provide. Five weeks of field trips [illegible] possible in-land study of human relations [illegible] practical problems on Indian Reservations [illegible] Mexico, science, economic and government problems [illegible] in native areas, anthropology, geology and other [illegible] Grand Canyon, etc. Languages stressed. [illegible] Riding, hiking and other sports. [illegible] since from grade 8, for boys and [illegible] accepted now for fall term. Catalog [illegible]

Hamilton Warren, Dir. Box 84, Sedona, Ariz.

INDIANA

ULVER

MILITARY ACADEMY

On Lake Maxinkuckee. 8th grade [illegible] preparation for leading colleges. High scholastic standards. Development, courtesy, poise, character. Leadership [illegible] Athletic [illegible] Exceptional facilities. Senior Basic ROTC. Catalog: 26 Pershing Walk, CULVER, IND.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HIGH MOWING SCHOOL

Co-educational and college preparatory on the concentrated units of the Waldorf School Plan. Time also for credit work in Painting, Music, Ceramics or Drama. Forest and garden projects as well as sports. Cultural and peaceful atmosphere. Starts with 8th Grade.

MRS. BEULAH H. EMMET, *Principal*
WILTON, N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS

MARY A. BURNHAM SCHOOL

For girls. Thorough college preparation. General and post graduate courses. Music emphasized. Art, secretarial. College town advantages. Riding, skiing, Swimming. Mercerdiscs system for posture. National enrollment. 75th yr. Summer School, Newport, R. I. *Catalogue.* Mrs. GEORGE W. EMERSON, Box 43, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

MARYLAND

MARYLAND COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

A.B., B.S., Degrees. Liberal Arts, Merchandising, Sec. Sci., Home Ec., Dietetics, Music, Drama, Secretarial, Kindergarten Tr.; Riding, Sailing, Sports. Advantages of Baltimore, Annapolis, Washington. Estab. 1853. Enrollment, 24 States, 4 Foreign Countries. *Send for Catalog:*
Box H 2, LUTHERVILLE, MARYLAND

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

One Subject Plan (Upper School) has increased number of honor students 50%. Fully accredited. ROTC highest rating. Modern buildings, 2 gyms, pool. Excellent health record. Upper School, grades 8-12. Separate Junior School, grades 1-7. Booklet and catalog.

DR. J. C. WICKER, Box 802, FORK UNION, VA.

ILLINOIS

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

Fashion Merchandising, Modeling, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Photography, Window Display. Coeducational. Attractive residence for girls. Entrance March 7. WRITE DEPT. 723.
RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS, 750 North Michigan, CHICAGO 11

HOME STUDY

BE A COLLEGE GRADUATE

B.A., M.A., Ph.B. degrees by home study. Previous credits recognized. Remain employed and still attain a college education. No residence requirements. State Chartered.

FREMONT COLLEGE
SANTA FE 1, NEW MEXICO

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

Graduates in 135 colleges, service academies. Accredited. Small, conference-type classes. Highest War Dept. rating. Modern buildings. Sports include golf, flying, riding. In Wisconsin's Land o'Lakes. Episcopal. Est 1884. Catalog.
1222 DE KOVEN HALL, DELAFIELD, WISCONSIN

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

PERKINS SCHOOL

A year round special school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five home-like, attractive buildings. 30 acres of campus and gardens. Summer session in Maine.
FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M.D., Dir.,
Box 11, LANCASTER, MASS.

DENNISON SCHOOL OF SPEECH CORRECTION

Stammering or Stuttering corrected by modern scientific method. Dormitory and summer camp. Our helpful 48 page booklet gives full information. Write today for free copy.
WM. DENNISON, Director,
543-R Jarvis St., TORONTO, CAN.

« Summer Camps »



Round Up Time
For Boys 8 to 16

REAL RANCH LIFE AT A REAL RANCH

Each boy gets his own horse. Pack trips, chuckwagon picnics, rope instruction all supervised by Western Cowboys. Modern buildings. New equipment. Registered Nurse and Counsellors. Excellent facilities for parents. — *write for booklet* —

sheriff bob dixon
RANCH CAMP FOR BOYS

EAST JEWETT, N. Y.

SHATTUCK SUMMER SCHOOL-CAMP

[illegible] to 16. Two age [illegible] Director. Basic [illegible] golf, other sports. Dietitian. In southern Minnesota. *Catalog.*

[illegible], MINN.

ULVER
SUMMER SCHOOLS
ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE

AN IDEAL VACATION

Fun, happiness, new friendships. Training in [illegible] promptness, courtesy, alertness. Emphasis on correct posture, health, character growth. Regular Academy personnel. Exceptional recreational, housing, dining and health facilities. 1200-acre wooded campus. All land and water sports. NAVAL and HORSEMANSHIP SCHOOLS (boys 14-18). WOODCRAFT CAMP (9½-14). Optional tutoring for older boys. Separate catalogs.
26 Lake Shore Walk Culver, Indiana

MAINE CAMPS are Safe and Healthy

Over 200 regularly state inspected camps under expert leadership assure your youngsters of an enjoyable, educational summer with safe guidance in Maine's healthy outdoor life. Write for Maine camp literature.
MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION,
2131 Gateway Circle, PORTLAND, MAINE

KEEWAYDIN CANOE TRIPS

Est. 1893 Lake Temagami, Ontario

A different summer experience for boys 10-18. Native guides, experienced counselors lead small trip groups through Canada's finest canoeing country. Adventurous camping, excellent fishing, exciting white-water rapids, wild game seen at close range. Baseball, tennis, sailing and other base camp activities between trips. Adult camp for parents and friends nearby. SPECIAL 2-MONTH TRIP TO JAMES' BAY FOR OLDER CAMPERS. For further details, catalog, and personal interview write

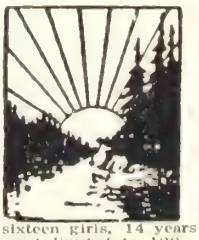
HOWARD H. CHIVERS, Hanover, N. H.

SUSQUEHANNA

Boys 5-16. Mountain camp on private lake. New Milford, Pa. 34th Year. 825 Acres. Daily riding, complete course in horsemanship. 35 CAMP-OWNED HORSES. Own farm. All sports. 3 age groups. Skilled leader for each 4 boys. Personal development our aim. Booklet.
ROBERT T. SMITH NEW MILFORD, PA.

A SUMMER CAMP

If you have difficulty in making a suitable selection from among the number of camps advertised in this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, giving full particulars.
School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., N. Y. C.



WAYA-AWI

A school-camp for boys and girls in the Maine woods offering an unusual combination of study and recreation. Completely individualized instruction in all secondary school subjects. Make-up work or advanced study. Effective remedial work in English, reading, writing and spelling in charge of trained experts. Special staff of councilors to help campers enjoy life in the open—sailing, swimming, mountain climbing and all usual camp activities. Three groups of boys — Juniors, Intermediates, Seniors—beginning at age 11. Only sixteen girls, 14 years of age or over, accepted. Enrollment limited to 100. Fee $650. 20th year.
PAGE SHARP, Director, 74 Forest St., Hartford 5, Conn.

LETTERS

that the only two-income family that benefits financially because Mama is a job-holder is the one, like that of Mrs. Mavity's daughter, in which Mama is a professional woman making more than $75 a week. . . .

EVELYN T. LOWENSTEIN
Scarsdale, N. Y.

To the Editors:

I never write letters to publishers and seldom buy magazines to send my friends because of a single article therein. The December *Harper's* has broken both rules. Nancy Barr Mavity's "The Two-Income Family" is one of the best written, cogently put, much needed articles I've read anywhere. And my husband in Tokyo is the first recipient on my list of people to get it.

DELLE W. PERRY
Stanford, Calif.

To the Editors:

The article, "Two-Income Family," in your December issue is really a gem.

Mrs. Mavity certainly gives a big boost to a society which is contrary to all standards, ethics, etc., which Western civilization has practiced and protected from those who attempted to change it during its thousands of years of existence. . . .

Woe to Western civilization and especially to the family unit as we know it—for it is the hub around which our civilization revolves, and when that is gone everything is gone—if such thoughts as are expressed, and evidently supported, by Mrs. Mavity ever become universally accepted by society. . . .

G. S. VAROUNIS
Chicago, Ill.

The Ford Foundation—

To the Editors:

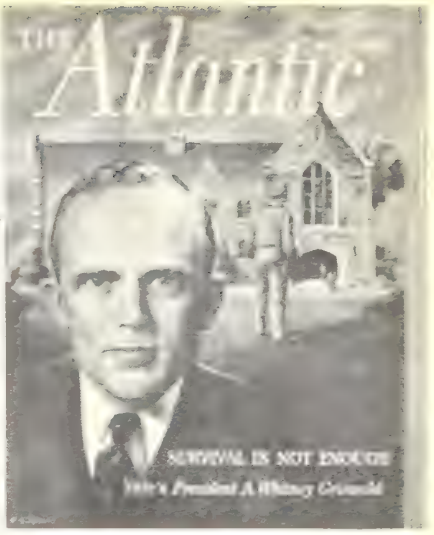
I was unable to believe the piece on the Ford Foundation in your December issue, both on account of extrinsic evidence and on account of intrinsic implausibility.

Anyone who knows about the history of the two large older foundations (Rockefeller and Carnegie) knows that the most successful service rendered by those two fortunes were the things spoken of by your writer, the development of medicine by Rockefeller and the establish-

Half Price

for a Trial Subscription

that brings the World's Foremost Writers into your home each month



For a fraction of its regular price you can "discover" and enjoy America's most distinctive magazine. The world's best writers, and great thinkers and doers make THE ATLANTIC America's most fascinating and informative periodical. Thousands of smart ATLANTIC readers enjoy each month the best combination of news, fun, information and adult entertainment available anywhere today. Invite THE ATLANTIC into your home for a few months at a spectacular saving, and see for yourself how much real reading enjoyment is packed between the covers of each issue.

RECENT CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

Barbara Ward — John Hersey
Walter Lippmann — David L. Cohn
Sir Osbert Sitwell — Louis Bromfield
Sumner H. Slichter — James B. Conant
Archibald MacLeish — Benjamin Fairless
Agnes Newton Keith — Robert Moses
Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. — Al Capp
Frances Parkinson Keyes — F. P. Adams
Catherine Drinker Bowen — John Marquand
and Many Others

The regular price of The Atlantic is 50¢ per copy or $6.00 per year. By accepting this offer now you will receive:

1. A 5-month trial subscription — regularly $2.50 — for $2 (you save 50¢).
2. Plus two free complimentary copies (regular price $1.00).
3. And if you enclose the $2 with your order, which saves us bookkeeping and billing, we will return the favor by giving you an ADDITIONAL copy free — making a total of eight copies for $2 — which gives you each copy for only 25¢, or HALF PRICE and saves you a total of $2.00.

Because of its unusual nature this offer can be kept open for only 20 days. It is, therefore, to your advantage to return the attached coupon to us TODAY!

OFFER EXPIRES IN 20 DAYS
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

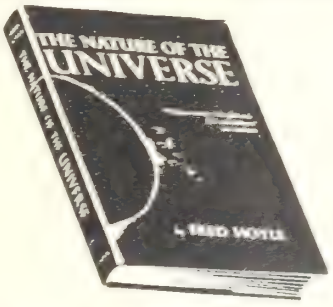
The ATLANTIC, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

Please enter my trial subscription to The ATLANTIC ☐ for 8 months (I enclose $2.00) ☐ for 7 months and please send bill.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Z-50



The Nature of the Universe
by FRED HOYLE

A phenomenal feat of popularization by one of the world's outstanding young astronomers. "A brilliant book . . . an unforgettable picture of the cosmos and its development."
—JULIAN HUXLEY

"Nothing so daring has appeared in the field since Jeans and Eddington."
—*Time.* Illustrated. $2.50

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

Ireland

for Happy Holidays

Be sure to obtain every one of your Irish transportation requirements BEFORE you leave. You'll save—AND enjoy "every mile through the Emerald Isle".

RAIL OR ROAD TRANSPORTATION everywhere in Ireland . . . Reservations on express trains.

DELIGHTFUL MOTOR COACH TOURS—six, nine and eleven-day trips, all-inclusive and inexpensive, covering Ireland's famed scenic and historic treasures.

STEAMER SERVICES between Ireland and Britain . . . Cabin reservations.

HOTEL RESERVATIONS at 6 C.I.E. Hotels.

Typical of DEVALUATION SAVINGS
6-Day motor tour of the Irish Republic, including transportation, meals, hotels, tips, only $44.80.

PLEASE CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
For illustrated literature, write Dept. J-23 at any Irish Railways office:

NEW YORK 20, N. Y.—9 Rockefeller Pl.
CHICAGO 3, ILL. — 39 So. La Salle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL.—510 W. 6th St.
TORONTO, ONT. — 69 Yonge Street

CORAS IOMPAIR EIREANN Ireland's Transport Company



Trade frostbite for suntan ...in Tucson!

TUCSON HAS MORE SUNSHINE than any other resort city. And so much more to see and do. Towering cactus forests ... century-old missions ... Indian fairs and rodeos ... spectacular desert sunsets ... major sports events. Enjoy them in Tucson now!

COME RELAX NOW in Tucson's wonderful dry winter sunshine climate. There's no other like it. You'll feel like a new person. Golf at fine country clubs ... swim in open air pools...ride horseback...or drive down the new paved highway to Guaymas, in romantic Old Mexico, for exciting deep-sea fishing. Tucson has accommodations of all kinds (see coupon) at sensible rates.



YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY will thrive in Tucson's unmatched sunshine. Enroll your youngsters in Tucson's accredited ranch or public schools or University of Arizona. You'll enjoy the Devil Dancers and other activities in the Tucson Festival of Art, April 13 to 27. Arrive with empty luggage. Tucson's unique, smart stores carry exactly what you need.

YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN IS

Tucson

IN FRIENDLY ARIZONA

SEND FOR FREE COLOR-PHOTO BOOKLET

City_____

Tell me about ranch __, resort___, hotel___, motel___, apartment or room___accommodations for___people to stay___days. I plan to visit Tucson (dates)_____

LETTERS

ment of libraries by Carnegie. Anyone who knows this history knows also what your writer does not say, namely, that both of these accomplishments provoked, at their inception, the same kind of criticism attributed by you to the by-passed university officials of today. . . .

As to the article itself, all of my experience makes it unbelievable that the New York staff of the Ford Foundation works with humility and earnestness, whereas the "sages of Pasadena" operate with arrogance and pretension to God-like wisdom. It is far more believable that the humility of the working staff stems from a similar humility at the top. Certainly evidence to the contrary derived from disappointed suitors must be highly suspect. More than this, I should have supposed that common journalistic decency would have required some direct opportunity for the men in Pasadena to have made their own reply. If your writer wished to condemn them, why didn't he go see them? . . .

LYNN A. WILLIAMS
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors:

Apropos of Mr. Heilbroner's article on the Ford Foundation and its curious relationship to the Ford Motor Company [December], your readers may be interested in the fact that in an article in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* for December 17, 1951, signed by E. S. Banks, the financial editor, Benson Ford was quoted as saying that Ford Motor Co. profits would be lower this year than last; and the article continued:

"He remarked smilingly that Ford Motor 'at least doesn't have to worry about paying a dividend. We could pass it without any complaint from anyone, although the chances are that we won't, even though the dividend may turn out to be a small one.' Ford Motor has a very small number of stockholders—just the members of the family and the Ford Foundation—'and the Foundation owns 93 per cent of the stock.' "

HORACE KNOWLES
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Knife's Edge—

To the Editors:

Mr. DeVoto's "Easy Chair" is a source of much enjoyment to me, informative and sometimes provocative. In the November issue concerning kitchen knives, I wonder if he has had any experience with Sheffield steel such as I have when he mourns for it and bemoans the imposition on the housewife of the present manufacturers of stainless knives. I inherited twelve Sheffield steel steak knives when starting housekeeping twenty-seven years ago, plus three sets of carving knives and forks. Each instrument requires sharpening and scouring after use unless one wants to face a darkened, discolored steel. My husband rebelled finally on the carving sets for they would hardly hold an edge through carving, although I am considered a good cook and do not feel it was due to tough beef. We settled for an excellent stainless steel American-made carving knife which is not only a joy to use but requires no scouring. It will hold an edge through several roasts if one is careful not to put it in with all the other tableware but to wipe separately and protect the edge in a drawer away from other articles. . . .

The only redeeming quality of the Sheffield as I see it is their durability through constant sharpening and endless scouring. As my father remarked fifteen years ago while scouring them, "I scoured these for my mother in Scotland when I was eight years old. I did not think I would do it again when eighty."

Give me the modern stainless steel every time. Its luster contributes to easier housework for the housewife who cares for her own kitchen utensils and saves endless hours and cans of scouring powder.

JEAN B. COCHRAN
Spokane, Wash.

Cave Men & Primitives

To the Editors:

As an admirer of attempts at "cross-fertilization" among the sciences, it was with utter horror that I read Mr. Fry's "A Kind Word for the Cave Man" in the December issue of *Harper's.*

Without questioning his right to put cartoonists on the spot (especially in such a humorous manner), I think anthropologists would turn pale at Mr. Fry's misunderstanding

of their science. The idea that modern "primitives" can be taken as representative of our own "cave man" ancestors has been a dead duck in anthropology for years. But worse than that, the implication that the behavior of "primitives" is any more innate, biological, or apelike than our own has been proved false so many times that it is no longer considered worthy of discussion among anthropologists.

JEAN H. ROGERS
Albuquerque, N. M.

For the Record—

To the Editors:

In the article on "Arnold, Fortas, Porter & Prosperity" in your November issue, by Louis Cassels, there were two mistakes to which I wish to call your attention.

The Kiefer-Stewart Company was referred to as an Ohio corporation. It is an Indiana corporation, 111 years old, that has an Indiana Wholesale Liquor Dealer's permit.

Also, the case dealt not with "minimum" prices, but with "maximum" prices, which are quite another matter. The unanimous decision of the Supreme Court in the case of "Kiefer-Stewart Company *vs.* Seagram *et al*" makes this clear. This was the first time the Court had had an opportunity to pass on the legality of fixing "maximum" prices.

A. KIEFER MAYER, Vice President
Kiefer-Stewart Company
Indianapolis, Ind.

Walking Rabbits—

To the Editors:

In his article on "North to Find Iron" in your December issue, describing the Indians going out fur hunting, John Bartlow Martin says: "If they don't hit caribou, they starve. . . . They can exist on rabbit but they can't work on it—there's no nourishment in rabbit, they can't walk."

I can't argue with Mr. Martin because he has me totally confused. Does he mean the rabbit cannot walk? If he's referring to the natives I disagree; his diagnosis is completely off. In that case Californians can't walk either.

For Mr. Martin's benefit and my fellow readers', here is a comparative composition of rabbit meat and beef, based on tests reported by Dorthy B. Darling and Hugo W. Nilson of the Fish and Wildlife Service, U. S. Department of the Interior:

Beef—	42.4% dry matter
	30.3% protein
	10.8% fat ether extract
	1.3% minerals
	220 calories per gram
Rabbit—	40.2% dry matter
	30.8% protein
	7.0% fat ether extract
	1.6% minerals
	200 calories per gram

MAX SPECTOR
Camden, N.J.

Regional Home—

To the Editors:

Re: Nature Houses ["How to Tell a Modern House," November]. I live in Oklahoma in a Cape Cod house.

JANE HOWE
Norman, Okla.

Nurses' Needs—

To the Editors:

The story "The Black Mollies" by Sloan Wilson [December] was beautifully done. I have always felt that parents should be allowed to stay with their children in hospitals. The screams and crying of children too young to understand that they have not been abandoned is surely a heartbreaking sound—and certainly very damaging psychologically.

But the author has only one slant on what's really wrong with the situation. Most nurses would like to take time to give affection and comfort to the children on their wards, but they are bound and trained into a senseless discipline. . . . The general duty nurse is not only paid a fantastically low wage, but she must combine heavy physical labor with mental strain and great responsibility. . . . How about private citizens looking into the finances of local hospitals . . . and the standards of local nurses' training schools? . . . You'll attract the kind of nurses you want to take care of your children only if you give them a little support.

DORIS BRADLEY R.N.
Berkeley, Calif.

SUCCESSFUL WRITERS
Teach You To WRITE



ROBERT SMITH
Author: *Hotel on the Lake; The Human Image; Baseball; One Winter in Boston* & many short stories.



JANET WELT
formerly on staff N. Y. *Journal* and Detroit *Times;* writer for Dell and Fawcett Publications.

BETH WALKER, author: *Hills of Home; Hollywood Ho;* radio scripts; verse; juvenile stories.

MARY HEATON VORSE, author: *The Prestons; A Footnote to Folly;* stories in *Collier's, Woman's Home Companion,* etc. And Other Successful Writers and Editors.

ONLY COURSE OF ITS KIND

The Magazine Institute, the ONLY New York Writing School which is completely owned, staffed and operated by successful writers and editors, offers you a chance to learn to write the way famous writers did—by writing continually under the patient direction of a professional writer or editor.

You work at home, in spare time. Every lesson you submit is criticised and corrected by a successful writer or editor. You proceed as slowly or as rapidly as you wish. You may concentrate on fiction or non-fiction. Before long you are turning out, under our direction, short stories, articles, sketches, whatever you seem best fitted to do. Your work, if it seems ready, is offered directly to market by our sales department.

TEST YOUR LITERARY APTITUDE FREE

The Magazine Institute offers a Free Literary Aptitude Test which enables you to *find out for yourself* if you have any writing talent. The test is COMPLETELY SELF-CORRECTING. Answers are sent on a separate sheet so that YOU CAN DECIDE where you stand without misleading comment or unwanted flattery.

THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD

Inquirers also receive a big free catalog describing the Magazine Institute plan of professional help to writers and the Booklet THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD, telling how Magazine Institute graduates without other training have succeeded in the book, magazine, or newspaper world. Fill out the coupon below and mail it TODAY. Do not risk mislaying this page. Do it NOW.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE INC
Fifty Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

The Magazine Institute, Inc. Dept. 22-D
Fifty Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

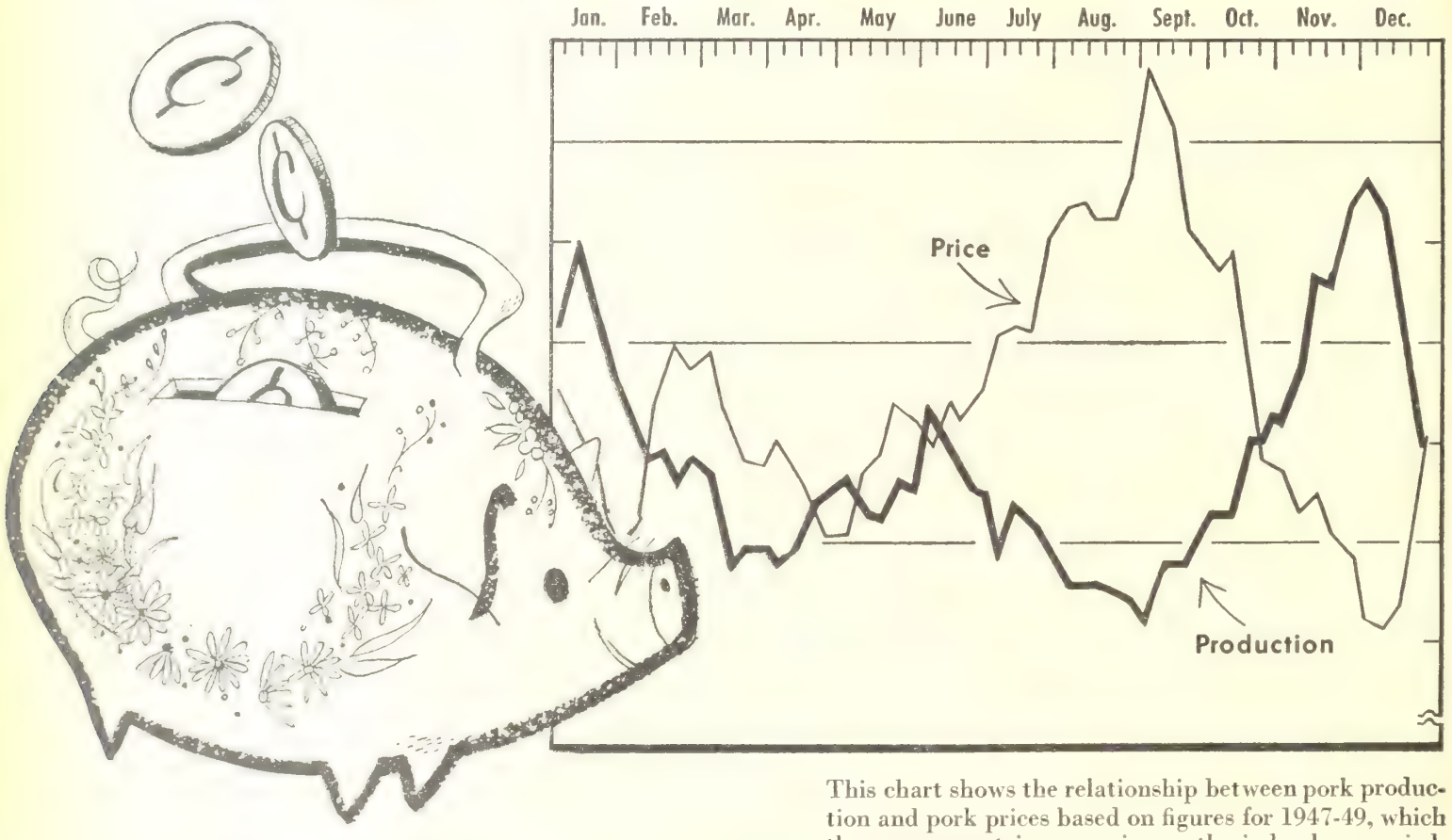
Yes, I want to find out for myself if I have any writing talent. Send me your FREE Literary Aptitude Test together with your Free Catalog and other material about the profession. How to write. I understand that this request is confidential and that no agent will call on me.

Name .....

Address .....

WHAT LAW

Makes Pork Cost Less in December Than It Does in September?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49, which the government is now using as the index-base period.

The good old law of *supply and demand.* With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring — also according to law, the *law of nature.* They spend the summer and early fall growing to pork-chop size.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall, all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens that happens with any other perishable commodity (strawberries or eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

That chart at the top shows how the cycle goes. *More pork — lower prices* through the winter months; *less pork — higher prices* through the summer.

But summertime is always the time when a big new meat crop is "growing up" on America's farms and ranches.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • *Members throughout the U.S.*

Harper's
MAGAZINE

The Truth about the "Drug Menace"

John Gerrity

One morning, not long ago, a neighbor gave me a lift into Washington. With us rode his daughter Barbara, an attractive eighteen-year-old senior in the local high school.

"Barbara," I asked, "we hear so much about drug addicts in high schools today—do you know if there are any addicts in your school?"

"Oh my yes!" she replied. "Mostly among the boys in the fraternities."

"Have you ever seen anyone taking dope, or showing the effects of dope?"

"No, I haven't," Barbara said, "but I know some girls who have."

"Did they actually see the boys taking dope?"

"No, I don't think so. But anyone could tell from the way the boys were acting that they had taken some sort of drugs."

The talk went along in this vein until we dropped Barbara about a block or so from her school. I could see that her father was deeply disturbed. He was wondering, I guessed, whether she herself might some day become a drug addict like the boys she felt so sure had already succumbed.

I told him that I doubted very much if Barbara was right about those boys. I said I didn't think he needed to worry about her. But I wasn't sure of my ground then. I am now, for I have been looking at the statistics of drug addiction. After studying those figures I can now say pretty positively that Barbara and her friends and her father were victims of the great national drug scare that has recently gripped many an American home.

The scare came to life during the New York State investigation and the Kefauver Committee, and later the O'Conor Committee, crime hearings. Each explored and exposed the illegal narcotics traffic as a frightening menace to the youth of America. Hardly had a motley troupe of drug addicts—uni-

For his own satisfaction as a parent, John Gerrity, Washington journalist, has been digging into the facts and figures behind all the uproar about drug addiction. His findings are startlingly remote from what you expect.

formly characterized by half-shut eyelids, faltering speech, and shaking hands—been marched to the witness stands, than newspapers, magazines, and radio networks leaped to sound the warning.

Life magazine ran a twelve-page picture story, giving great prominence to slink-eyed, hopped-up young hoodlums leaning against corner telephone poles, or killing time between heroin shots by shooting craps in dark alleyways.

Less sensationally, *Reader's Digest* reprinted "A Short—and Horrible—Life" as the lead piece in its September number. Murder, rape, and kidnapping speedily went out of style as first-choice plot material for radio mystery stories. Audiences could hear—and still can—about dope, dope-addicts, and dope peddlers at almost any hour of the day or night.

Throughout most of October and all of November the Washington *Post,* which boasts that its comics are the most widely read in the nation's capital, treated its readers to a daily diet of Dr. Rex Gordon's fictional ministerings to a young college student, who by the end of November had pumped nearly everything but vanilla extract into his veins. "The Saint" comic strip also had taken up the theme. From scores of pulpits clergymen spoke gravely of the growing menace. And PTA groups by the hundreds held frenzied meetings to devise ways to stamp out the newborn evil.

The terror still thrives today. The Federal Narcotics Bureau, which knew the true facts, abandoned an earlier effort to quell the frenetic alarms, fearful that—as one official put it—"we'd get our brains beaten out." The American Medical Association, which likewise might have set matters right, was still undecided in November whether to carry in its *Journal* a more realistic report of the extent of drug addiction. Small wonder, then, that Barbara's father, and millions like him, still squirm uneasily when the subject of dope comes up and hope prayerfully that their children won't become addicts.

I have no desire to detract from the laudable accomplishments of federal crime investigators, or to ridicule good citizens and alert institutions for their earnest efforts to protect the young people of their communities. Nor would I be flippant about the dangers which lurk in the illicit narcotics trade, which if allowed to go unnoticed and uncontrolled could, in time, produce a national disaster. But I think it is time for the actual facts about the extent of this trade, and about the extent of drug addiction, to be coolly set forth. For worried parents deserve to know these facts.

HERE they are. Though there has been a spotty increase in the number of arrests of drug addicts since the end of World War II, there is today, according to the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, 50 per cent less addiction than there was a generation ago. Thirty years ago, for example, morphine was sold over grocery store and drug store counters as freely as butter or horehound drops. It was not uncommon for mothers to give their daughters morphine to help ease menstrual pains. Such a thing is unheard of now. In World War I, one draftee out of every 1,500 was rejected as a drug addict. During World War II, the rate had declined to one out of 10,000. And today, for the first time, there are vacant beds in the Federal Narcotics Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky.

In contrast to the horrifying spectacle splashed across the nation of "hundreds of thousands of dope fiends," there are at the moment, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics insists, only 50,000 or 60,000 drug addicts in the United States. And most of these, along with the peddlers who serve them, are clustered in seven major cities—New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, New Orleans, and Washington, D. C. Recently, it appeared that an eighth, Los Angeles, might be added to the list, but a heavy concentration of narcotics agents seems to have nipped the budding trade there.

Contrariwise, except for a rare case in Boston, New England has no addictions. From Virginia as far south as Florida, and as far west as New Orleans, not a single teen-age addict is known to exist. There are other parts of the country with very favorable records; the rate of addiction in Minnesota, Kansas, Montana, the Dakotas, and Wyoming, for instance, is one out of 25,000 as opposed to the national rate of one in 3,000.

It is significant that each of the trouble spots that I have listed has much in common with the others. Each is a trade center and

several of them are ports. Each has its slum section—in Philadelphia, it's the Race Street neighborhood: in Chicago, the South Side; in Washington, the area near the Capitol—where the incidence of other social ills such as petty crime, stabbings, vandalism, and venereal disease is high. Each of these cities has a high transient population and each has a large permanent Negro population.

The last point merits particular attention. The fact is that more than six out of every ten peddlers and addicts arrested in the seven addiction centers are Negroes. It is no secret, even to the rankest amateur in sociology, that Negroes are herded together in the overcrowded, submarginal parts of cities, and that they include large numbers of underprivileged people who are likely to seek release from their miseries in alcohol or drugs.

An independent study, recently made by the Council of Social Agencies in Newark, New Jersey, which is not a danger spot, neatly illustrates the point. Of 243 persons sent to the Essex County jail last year as drug addicts, nine-tenths of them—89 per cent, to be exact—were Negroes. Only half of them had a year or more of high school; and one-fifth had had five or more previous arrests.

II

THE illicit narcotics business—like any legitimate business—is governed strongly by at least three fundamental economic rules of merchandising. First, the product, be it a drug or a sewing machine, sells best where it is needed most. Second, the volume of sales is greater wherever the selling cost per unit is lowest. And third, sales normally flow to those regions where legal restraints on trade are mild—or better, nonexistent.

Upon these is based the reasoning that the extralegal drug trade will remain localized where it is, until it is erased entirely.

"Why," asks Harry J. Anslinger, U.S. Narcotics Commissioner, "would a business man—and drug peddlers are business men—desert a proven market for the hazards of an unproven one, like teen-age high-school students?

"Peddlers might branch out and expand their operations," Mr. Anslinger continues, "if they had a surplus after taking care of old customers. But, if for only two reasons, we are certain that the wholesale supply is diminishing, not increasing. The purity of heroin has dropped in three years from 75 per cent to slightly more than 3 per cent, indicating that a little must now satisfy where much more once did. And during this time the price of diluted heroin has risen from $1,000 an ounce to $3,000 an ounce."

Mr. Anslinger claims that nearly all high-school addicts are in New York City and Chicago. And reports of addiction there, he claims, are vastly exaggerated.

"Shortly after the Kefauver exposé," he says, "the New York City Mayor's Committee announced that there were 90,000 addicts in the metropolitan area, many of these being in high schools.

"Another source claimed that among 15,000 parochial and Yeshiva school students they found not one addict. The city authorities began to revise their estimates when we asked them to explain why peddlers had singled out public school students and ignored parochial school students."

A similar story, related by police chief Robert V. Murray, illustrates the magnification of the menace in Washington. "Here the members of the school board ran the test themselves. Every one of 15,000 public and parochial high-school students underwent thorough physical examinations," he said. "They found three students sufficiently addicted to heroin to require hospital and psychiatric care."

More recently it was disclosed that a two-year investigation of the high schools of Westchester County, New York, discovered no evidence of drug addiction among pupils; and that one investigator who tried to buy marijuana cigarettes or other narcotics from students succeeded only in obtaining cigarettes made from cut-plug tobacco which pupils attempted to pass off as marijuana.

Among enforcement officers and social workers there is an axiom that the addict seeks the drug, whether for the sake of release, or sensation, or simple thrill-seeking. But if the average high-school student, or anyone else for that matter, wants a marijuana cigarette or a shot of heroin, he will have to prowl the dens of his city for months before he can make a contact. The chances are that he won't succeed at all.

To prove this, in a recent conversation I had with Mr. Anslinger and George W. Cunningham, the Deputy Narcotics Commissioner, Mr. Cunningham threw a challenge at me.

"You're a newspaper reporter who knows this town," he said. "Go out in the streets, or to any of the dives you want, spend a week and then come back and tell us how much heroin or marijuana you were able to buy."

Mr. Anslinger saved me from this experiment by interrupting to tell an anecdote.

"Several months ago," he said, "John O'Rourke, editor of the Washington *Daily News*, called me up. He told me he had a crackerjack reporter on his staff who said he could buy heroin on any street corner.

"I told O'Rourke to go ahead and assign his man to the job. We would give his paper full credit for the beat. We would foot the bills for the dope purchases. We wouldn't object if he accused us of negligence and we would prosecute every peddler his man spotted.

"Six weeks later the reporter showed up in my office. He had been able to buy one marijuana cigarette and he couldn't tell me the name of the peddler who sold it to him."

Also of interest is the fact that, throughout a year of investigating, the Kefauver Committee was unable to uncover a single peddler, although there was no scarcity of addicts willing to testify. Admitted that a drug addict will protect his source by any means, it seems reasonable to assume that if the Senators could force men like Costello and Guzik and Adonis to talk, they could have prevailed upon at least one addict to tell where he was getting his drugs. It also seems reasonable to assume that if police, federal investigators, and newspaper reporters find it so difficult to buy a tiny amount of drugs, an average high-school child would find it even more difficult —in most cases, impossible.

III

Apart from the fact that enforcement bodies are pitifully small (most of the seven cities' narcotic squads range in number from three to six men and the federal force numbers only 270 men) much of the failure to eliminate illegal use of drugs entirely has been due to the illogical leniency courts have shown to one-, two-, and three-time offenders. Until very recently habitual peddlers or addicts, arrested and convicted in any one of the seven worst cities, needed to fear no more than a sixteen-month sentence. More often than not, they were given severe scoldings, released on probation, then freed to ply their trade. One repeater, convicted in Chicago not long ago, said to Mr. Anslinger: "Look, Commissioner, I make so much dough before you catch me that I don't mind a few months off. The rest is good for my health."

In mid-October a flagrant case arose in Washington. Because no search warrant had been issued, a case against a drug peddler was thrown out of court—despite the fact that the defendent had been previously convicted six times for drug peddling and other crimes, and, at the time of his arrest, willingly turned over to police three envelopes containing heroin.

"It is difficult to see," the Washington *Post* declared in an editorial, "any violation of personal rights in these circumstances. . . . A reasonable balance ought to be maintained between the protection of civil rights and protection of the public interest in effective enforcement of the law. . . ."

The best proof that stern penalties are the most effective means of drying up a drug market is provided by cities like Memphis, Minneapolis, and St. Louis. They regard drug peddling as a major offense and the normal penalty for frequent violators runs as high as eighteen and twenty years. The result is that the rate of addiction is only a fraction of the national rate.

Despite the courts' lenient attitude in the past, there is good reason for optimism on this score, too. Recently President Truman signed the Boggs amendment to the Federal Narcotics Act. Henceforth, judges will not be able to exercise their own discretion in the length of sentences they mete out. The law now requires graduated sentences, from two to twenty years depending on the number of convictions, for repeating offenders. The immediate effect should be an end to the migration of dope peddlers from a "hot" city to an "easy" city.

Since enforcement officers display what seems to be genuine confidence that they can soon stop all organized illegal trafficking,

I put this question to Mr. Anslinger: "Now that you have your Boggs law, and with tighter international controls likely, how long will it before the menace is abated?"

"Two years," he replied, "even if we are not so successful with international controls as we hope to be."

Actually, Mr. Anslinger—who, besides holding his federal job, is United States delegate to the UN Commission for Narcotics Control—has little hope of absolute international control in the near future. The trouble is that in the world at large—as distinguished from the United States—there is an oversupply of opium, from which morphine, heroin, and most other drugs are derived. While international co-operation in tracking down criminal dealers has been excellent, restrictions on production have failed dismally. The world's legitimate medicinal need for opium is only 500 tons a year. Yet, Iran, Turkey, Yugoslavia, India, and China, the principal producers, show a combined annual yield in excess of 2,000 tons. Italy, a small manufacturer but a big middleman in trade, has on hand enough heroin to supply its need for ten years. Thus it was of real importance that she announced not long ago that all heroin production in Italy would stop indefinitely.

Iran, Turkey, and India have steadfastly ignored appeals from the United States to limit their output, mainly because their internal demands remain so great. Turkey has a police act, but Turkish opium farmers ignore it and continue to raise opium for black markets where they can get four times as much as the legal world price of $10 a pound. The best solution would seem to lie in long-range schemes for international economic betterment, for the Persian, Turkish, or Indian farmer will continue to raise opium poppies until some crop is introduced that can provide as handsome a dowry for his marriageable daughter as opium does today.

Nevertheless, federal government officials, and the governments of other Western nations, foresee ultimate success. Handy devices for polite international blackmailing are available in the extension of the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the Mutual Defense Assistance Program, and the forthcoming Middle East Command. Our government would be naïve if it failed to use them.

MEANWHILE the most awkward problem which faces the Federal Narcotics Bureau and intelligent police officials within the United States today grows out of the very hysteria which the crime investigations have caused. Apparently we persist in being a nation of calamity-howlers whose violent surges of zeal for reform sometimes hinder, rather than help, the organizations that could do some genuine good. Some time ago federal officials had to drop some of their police work to instruct New Yorkers who had become befuddled by the pronouncements of the city fathers on the alleged size of the drug habit. And in Texas, narcotic agents had to switch costumes, as it were, to clean up a bunch of sharpsters who were selling "Save-Our-Children-From-Drugs" stamps patterned after legitimate tuberculosis stamps.

There will always be some illegal drug traffic. A few doctors will continue to write illegal prescriptions. Still fewer pharmacists will illegally renew prescriptions for morphine and barbiturates. And thieves will always rob drug stores.

But as for the widely publicized "drug menace" which is supposed to be threatening the future of teen-agers by the hundreds of thousands, it simply doesn't exist, and the sooner we realize this, the easier it will be for our expert officials to combat the scattered drug traffic that does exist.

AFRICA IS NEXT

Will America's blind partnership with French colonialism involve us in an explosion of twenty million Moslems and thirty million Negroes seeking independence and equality? What are the goals of American policy today in Africa? Here is an informed answer by an experienced observer, author of Thunder out of China *and European correspondent for the* Reporter.

Theodore H. White

IN THE great tides of struggle that wash around our globe, the Atlantic world has been so deafened by those crests rolling in and breaking from Asia, that few of us have noticed a prodigious fact: Africa is next.

Africa, the last great colonial continent of the world, the richest untapped storehouse of materials for its hungry and expanding industry, is 200 million people sputtering from end to end with ideas, violence, and growing challenge. To lose Africa, as Asia has been lost, means for the Atlantic community a retreat from the great globe into the basin it occupied at the end of the eighteenth century.

In tracing the perspectives on Africa, any future historian of our times will almost certainly describe how two great patterns of conflict intersected beneath the crowded detail of daily life and were confused. The first, of course, will be the civil war within Western civilization so crudely labeled the clash of communism and democracy. The second, perhaps more important, will be the liquidation of a century of conquest.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the Atlantic powers had written climax to an adventure in expansion that had made all other cultures and civilizations of the globe tributary to them. This dominance persisted for a full generation after China's Boxer Rebellion and then, in our mid-century decades, began swiftly to ebb. Given the nature of men and geography, the future historian will note, first, that this withdrawal of Atlantic power was inevitable. He will inquire then only whether the withdrawal was made wisely or whether it was bungled to leave behind bitterness and enmity. So far, the record shows one moderate success—the withdrawal from India—and one perilous failure—the expulsion from China. What we cannot yet judge with the future historian's priceless advantage of perspective is his verdict on Africa.

It is ironically appropriate that the problems of withdrawal from Africa are posed first and above all at France, the weakest of the Atlantic powers. Now that the British have dismantled half their Empire, the French stand forth as the greatest colonial power in the world. They govern eighty million subject people, girdling the globe, inhabiting an area roughly one and a half times the size of the United States. These people thrust at the French the three archetypes of challenge the colonial world offers in this century to the men who conquered them in the last: Asian communism, Moslem nationalism, and the first stirring of the Negro peoples.

Anyone in Paris will tell you that France's

war with Asian Communists in Indochina is an almost hopeless conflict in which victory can be won only by utter exhaustion of homeland France or with the massive aid of American men and material. But Africa, they insist, is something else again. And they are right. In Africa, with wisdom, the French still have time to prepare the structure of cooperation to replace the structure of dominion for the inevitable withdrawal. In this, they act as trustees of the whole Atlantic world.

II

French Africa is 4,300,000 square miles of mountain, desert, and jungle. It is, next, fifty million people in various states of restlessness or discontent, stirring in a diversity that reaches from barbarian nomads trailing black slaves after their caravans to the most eloquent and aesthetic Negro leaders familiar in the most fashionable homes of Paris.

What complicates the politics of French Africa is the historic fact that it has only recently—and simultaneously—been rediscovered by three groups of people.

The French were the first. The French, before the war, were perhaps the least enterprising of any of the major colonial powers. But the war, forcing the Free French to base on Africa, suddenly roused their interest in a world they had up to then drowsily claimed only in the clichés of glory and prestige. Africa suddenly was a troop reserve, a storehouse of wealth, a wilderness of unlimited opportunity. The war incubated a revolution in French colonial thinking.

The Africans themselves were the next discoverers. So insistently were the words liberty and democracy used by our propagandists during the war, that they became a yeast in the mind of the Africans, and the ferment created or invigorated all the great movements of African independence which the French now face.

Africa was discovered last by the Americans in the declining years of the Marshall Plan. When it became obvious in 1950 and 1951 that the growth of world demand was outrunning, biologically, the materials and resources we need to keep our delicate civilization healthy, Africa suddenly became important to American policy, too. Africa was iron ore, coal, lead, diamonds, paper pulp, cocoa, copper, which somehow had to remain pooled in the Atlantic community. One American statesman in Paris one afternoon seized a map of Europe and Africa and twisted it around. "Look," he said, "put Europe here as the East and see—Africa is the frontier, Africa is Europe's Far West, the way she must expand."

The responsibility for executing the political withdrawal from French Africa and replacing it by a partnership that will not dash the hopes aroused by these simultaneous discoveries lies precisely nowhere.

The French Empire was put together in bits and pieces of spasmodic nineteenth-century conquest and then tucked away in odd corners of the Parisian bureaucracy in utter administrative confusion. The French Ministries of the Interior, of Foreign Affairs, of Overseas France, of National Defense, Finance, and Commerce all share various layers and areas of control (Indochina is governed by yet another ministry—that of the Associated States). And all of these ministries change hands several times a year in the reshufflings of cabinets that mark every rustling of French domestic politics.

In practice, this means that no single man or body of men except the Premier and his Cabinet (harassed with a hundred other domestic and international problems) has the right or duty to survey the Empire as a whole and plan or conceive the strategy of the great withdrawal. In practice, too, this means that France's Empire is governed by a corps of colonial civil servants of parochial training who after many years of overseas service become men of prodigious importance and power. The French government can, when greatly provoked, remove these professional Empire-governors—as Truman removed MacArthur—but it cannot direct them. This is part of the tragedy of the French Empire, for again and again since the war the politicians in Paris, sensitive to the climate of the century, have proven wiser than their civil servants in the field.

This ramshackle administrative edifice is overlaid with a glittering high-minded theory, the fruit of France's wartime rediscovery of Africa. By this theory, the French Empire has become the French Union. The theory holds

that all men are kin, no matter what their race or skin-color, and that French civilization is elastic enough to absorb in brotherhood all the races French arms conquered in the past. Today, France's overseas territories (except Morocco and Tunis, which are protectorates) contribute one-tenth of the deputies of the National Assembly to vote and debate the laws of France. As the education and ability of these distant people grow, it is promised that they will gain ever greater autonomy in their own affairs until finally at some far off date the French Union will be a real grouping of states. Homeland France with its forty million people will be only one. There will be a Black France in Africa, directing its affairs, and possibly a Moslem France in North Africa directing its affairs. All these Frances will send men to a great Assembly which will provide for common defense, diplomacy, and economic union.

All this is theory. On the ground, in Africa, the Frenchman rules, imprisons, censors, lays taxes, helps or oppresses as he sees fit. On the ground, in Africa, France's Empire is cleft into two separate, geographically-marked problems. Along the rim of the Mediterranean and the North Atlantic are the twenty million Moslems of North Africa who insist upon immediate and total independence from France. Then come the grim emptiness of the Sahara, a belt of insulation between two colonial worlds, and south of the Sahara, Black Africa. Black Africa is thirty million Negro people chopped into fifteen enclaves, who by some happy twist of fortune seek not independence from France but inclusion within a France that offers them the equality and dignity promised in the theory of French Union. Let us look at these Africas.

III

In French North Africa, the tactics and problems of withdrawal are urgent and immediate. They rise from the clash of two intertwined developments—the first a postwar spasm of industrial progress and economic expansion captained by the French, the second a groundswell of native nationalism quickened by this progress and impatient to dismiss the French who have brought it.

French North Africa is a crescent of once fertile, now barren land that stretches 1,400 miles—as far as from San Diego to Seattle—around the rim of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. For a millennium this has been Moslem country. An inland mountain range, heavily forested in Roman days, has been shaved through the centuries to the grim, yellow, eroded hills over which American GIs fought their way to victory in 1943. On the seaward slope of the mountains, a generation of French colonization has here and there restored the fruitfulness of the land. Further inland, peasants scrabble the stony hillsides in poverty, and ignorant nomads march their flocks to devour and wipe out every shrub and protective greenery the the eroded soils thrust out. Beyond the hills and mountains are the desert tribes, still savage.

The French have accepted the divisions of North African Moslems as they found them on arrival as conquerors: Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia, sprawling across the map, west to east, in that order. The folklore of the French Empire divides them with the phrase: "The Tunisian is a woman, the Algerian a man, the Moroccan a lion." All of them, however, are today kindled by the same political slogan: Independence. If the three North African colonies are seen as a chain of sizzling firecrackers, the first of which to pop will set off the other two, then the fuses burn closest in Morocco and Tunisia.

Recently Morocco has been sputtering the loudest. Morocco is the jewel of the French Empire, the fastest developing, richest, most mineral-laden of the North African trio. Morocco is held by "protectorate," recognized internationally forty-two years ago; but an almost explosive population burst (the Moroccans have jumped from 3.4 million to 8.2 million since 1921), a rapid urbanization, and the spread of education have now finally presented the French with a problem for which their theoretical protectorate no longer offers a solution. A Moroccan *alem* put it this way to an American newspaperman: "The protectorate is like a child's nightshirt. As the child grows, the nightshirt shrinks. It gets too tight and tears. Right now it's as tight as a straitjacket and ripping all apart."

Three colorful men have faced each other from the three corners of Moroccan politics during the postwar years. The first has been the Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohammed ben

Youssef, a plump, brown, rather venal princeling whose father was chosen by the occupying French army to be their puppet ruler of the land forty-one years ago. Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, who inherited this fictitious sovereignty twenty-four years ago, now insists on using it as if it belonged to him.

The Sultan, who lives in the seaboard capital of Rabat, is the mouthpiece of the city Arabs, the people clustered about the industries and commerce the French have created. It is among these people that the Istiqlal, the clandestine national independence movement, is rooted. The Sultan, despite all French pressure, has refused to repudiate it by name.

The second man has been El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakech, the hill city, a grizzled old tribesman of primeval instincts, contemptuous of the Sultan and the city Arabs. In his youth, the Glaoui fought the French with ferocity; now, in his age, he is the staunchest of French allies among the feudal chieftains. If the Sultan speaks for the city Arabs, El Glaoui speaks for the hill tribes and mountain Berbers from whom are recruited the savage Moroccan Goums, the best fighting troops under the French flag. El Glaoui and the Sultan between them represent the cleavage between hill people and seaboard people which the French seek to perpetuate.

The man who directs the balancing act is the third and most powerful figure of Moroccan politics. He is the French Resident General. For four years, until last fall, the post was occupied by General Alphonse Juin, greatest of postwar French consuls, a brilliant soldier with the political instincts of a gendarme. Juin ruled Morocco with a rough hand, forbidding political meetings, subjecting Moroccans to imprisonment without trial, on one occasion in a fury driving the nominal Moroccan ministers of government out of his council chamber because they questioned him too closely; on another occasion, Juin threatened the Sultan with military confinement in his palace. Supposedly, the Resident General is responsible to the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which directs the protectorate. But in 1950, when Foreign Minister Robert Schuman made a speech in France admitting that reforms were long overdue in Morocco, Juin censored the reports from the Moroccan press. Juin ended his stewardship in a final tussle for power with the Sultan, forcing the Sultan to sign his name to a basketful of acts and reforms which he had resisted for months and which Juin felt necessary to cap his colonial career.

Having reduced the Sultan to a state of simmering submission, Juin handed over his post to another general—Augustin Guillaume—in October. Guillaume, a chunky, ruddy soldier of bounding energy, is altogether more supple and graceful than Juin. Though he rules with firmness and carries on a running feud with American officials who give ear to Nationalist plaints, Guillaume has succeeded in abolishing the police atmosphere from his immediate court and censorship of the Moroccan press has ended. Between cycles of unrest the French breathe easier in Morocco.

In the interlude, Tunisia seems very troublesome, for a very simple reason. It is next door to Libya and Libya will become free and independent in 1952 if the United Nations honors the promise made at the 1949 General Assembly. Now Libya, even by Arab standards, is a backward country; while Tunisia, its neighbor, is one of the most civilized Moslem states of the Mediterranean. Do you think, say the Tunisians, that it is possible to keep us in colonial guiding strings while the Libyans across the border are free?

The man about whom Tunisian discontent coagulates is Habib Bourguiba. Bourguiba has the blue eyes of a mountain Berber, the eloquence of a burning fanatic, and the suave polish of a French lawyer. He and his neo-Destour party want to drive the French out of Tunisia root-and-branch. With a grace and intolerance frighteningly reminiscent of Pakistan's fanatic Mohammed Ali Jinnah, Bourguiba makes open threat. He says that once Libya is free he can get all the arms and supplies he wants from over the border if he decides a Tunisian uprising is necessary. He also says that if the West is uninterested in what he demands, the Soviet Union is not. Bourguiba has already sent "observers" from his labor movement to "labor" conferences behind the Iron Curtain.

Although the French pooh-pooh Habib Bourguiba, it is only in Tunisia that they have moved to any major reform in the past year. France has now created a cabinet of

Tunisians subject to the French governor-general and thrown open thousands of civil service posts to Tunisian candidacy. Although the handful of French colonists in Tunisia (100,000 out of three million population) have protested these Paris-decreed reforms as craven cowardice, the reforms have temporarily appeased the Tunisians. Tunisian leaders now clamor for legislative powers of their own, but this fresh demand will become important or decay depending on events over the border in Libya.

THE French profess not to be worried by Algeria, the last of the North Africa trio. It is not a protectorate like Tunisia and Morocco, they say, but a part of France as domestic as Burgundy or Provence, controlled by the Ministry of Interior. This means only that of all the problems of Africa, that of Algeria is the one they wish least to talk about.

The trouble in Algeria is that French colonization has been too successful and no one knows how withdrawal can be staged without plunging the country in horror. There are nine million native Algerians and one million Frenchmen living among them. In Algeria, French colonization is not a surface layer of civil servants, bureaucrats, business men, and adventurers as it is elsewhere but a colonization of ordinary Frenchmen—farmers who till the soil, mechanics who work with their hands, doctors, lawyers, storekeepers. This success presents the future with a witches' broth of racial problems as tragic as those of South Africa. To the ordinary problems of racial friction—language, custom, religion—Algeria adds the age-long hatred of class. The French are the rich. In the past forty years they have bought up the best farmlands, the best vineland, the best groves, the best urban real estate. The Moslems work for the French as hired hands or pick at the tired soils they own on the hillsides with ancient hand tools, nursing the envies of the dispossessed for the well-established.

The ultimate goal of native Algerian politicians is independence, complete and unconditional. But if ever this independence is given Algeria, then its French colonists become a wealthy, defenseless minority, ripe for plunder by a semi-literate, fanatic majority. It is unthinkable for most Frenchmen that they should ever turn one million fellow-citizens over to the untender mercies of the Moslems for spoliation; and yet it is unthinkable for most Frenchmen, with their tradition of liberty and justice, that France should ever establish an "apartheid" of racial fascism as South Africa has done.

TAKEN one by one, the demands of the North African states offer many contrasts. Actually, all of them are ripples in the single great wave of challenge which is the Moslem renaissance. The heart of the Moslem movement is the formless, palsied Arab League centered in Cairo, but its impulses reach from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Persian Gulf, wherever old controls or privileges persist.

Moslem nationalism is one of the more grotesque phenomena of the modern world, for its leaders almost everywhere are the floating froth on a sea of misery, volatile and temperamental intellectuals, extortionate rackrenting landlords, as cruel and ruthless to their own people as imagination can conceive, yet voicing for them their irrefutable demand for independence from all Western control.

Somehow, by some anachronism, the demand of masters and landlords for national independence translates itself down to the hot village squares, to the Casbahs and oases, and there, when the imam and the mullah chant and jitter and shriek, the mob howls in sympathy and all its itching, scratching poverty is translated into hatred of the infidel.

The standard French reaction to the Arab impulse mixes truth and delusion in as baffling a mixture as the challenge that calls it forth.

The French case in North Africa starts with the fact that the people are still largely too illiterate to master their own affairs. Hospitals and laboratories, hygiene and agricultural research, engineering and industry—the keys to well-being in this century—have not yet been mastered by an Arab middle class which has mastered the techniques of political agitation and the phraseology of revolt. The French have made their North African dominions the healthiest and most promising of all the lands of Islam. They have the best roads, best schools, best health record, most promising future. Pull the French out, and

the system would collapse into the squalor of Iraq, or the unspeakable corruption of Egypt.

But the French have exacted a price for civilization. They have staffed their colonial Empire not only with the technicians without whom modern life cannot proceed, but with bureaucrats, time-servers, deskmen, and artisans who occupy jobs and posts that the natives themselves could ably and profitably fill. The British govern ten million Sudanese with less than 1,500 Englishmen; France, until this year's reforms, needed 9,800 Frenchmen to govern three million Tunisians. Not only that. The French govern harshly, with a vengeful discipline that rarely if ever makes the papers in Paris or overseas.

IV

The French call it L'Afrique Noir—Black Africa—because no one has found a better word to describe the strange lost civilization of Central Africa than the color of its people. Black Africa is a great crescent warped around the South Atlantic, larger than the United States of America, where finally, thousands of years ago in prehistory, the Negroes were pushed by more warlike races to the dead end of culture where they have ever since remained. The heart of this Africa is the dark, rustling rain forests. About these jungle masses stretch the encompassing folds of the savannah for thousands of miles: the flat, dreary river basins, the brush, the veld where the millions live supplicant to the rain and bent to the leached soils in a routine of life that is common to all dark people no matter what the flag of their masters.

Of the hundred million Negroes divided among the four major European powers in Africa, the French rule thirty million. The amazing thing about these thirty million French Negroes is that almost alone among the emergent colonial peoples they face the white world with hope.

While the *mystique* of North African politics is the word "independence," the *mystique* of the Black Africans is the word *"égalité"*—equality of promised rights. Thus, in the politics of withdrawal, Black Africa is perhaps the happiest prospect to study. What complicates the prospect is that perhaps nowhere in the world is the spread between the extremes of culture so unbelievably great as among the Negro people of French Africa.

Over the course of a century, French education and French culture have drawn thousands of Negroes from the upland bush, imbued them with the spirit of freedom and equality, taught them to write verse, make music, feel at home in the twentieth century. These men, for several decades, have drifted down to the port cities and administrative capitals—Dakar, Brazzaville, Saint-Louis, Conakry—where, clustered together, they feel themselves equal in ability and skill to many of the white Frenchmen about them, which they are. But they are uprooted and unrepresentative men, for what they have learned and what they now know cuts them off forever from the parent civilizations of the jungle and bush village. There in the remote interior men still hold each other as slaves; the rain-maker, the witch-doctor, the elders meet in voodoo huts and babble the rituals of fetishism; the Arab trader makes his infrequent rounds bearing mirrors and gay cloths; and the peasant lives humbly in his prehistoric poverty. Nor are these people homogeneous even in their barbarism; they are not a nation as the Arabs, however illiterate, are. They are split into dozens of distinct, hostile tribes with dozens of diverse dialects and myths.

It is not the backwoods peasant who exerts the pressure for change but the tiny though growing number of educated Negroes drawn from their midst and suddenly aware of what their people must do and have if they are to belong to the modern world. Happily, all of them, from Communist Negroes on the left to the Gaullist Negroes on the right, realize that what must be done cannot be done without the aid of the French and the wealth of the Atlantic world. What they seek are terms of a new partnership. From their slogans comes the profile of the three great problems that define the sodden misery of the backland Negro.

The first problem is education. For all of French Africa's thirty million Negroes there are only eighty-eight secondary schools. Haute-Volta is a French territory of three million people that counts only seven college students. Primary education is correspondingly thin—one Negro boy

in twenty-five learns to read and write, not even one Negro girl in a hundred gets the same opportunity. It is not the reading-and-writing kind of education, however, that is most important—it is the education in farming, in hygiene, in baby care that counts most. And none of these can be pushed until the leaven of those who read and write is spread across the savannahs.

Where once Negroes mistrusted education and the white man's books, now thousands seek and demand them. Schools are rare and widely scattered, but French colonial officials report that families now pack bag and baggage and move dozens of miles to live near schools where their children can learn.

Water is the next problem. The life of the African Negro as well as his entire culture is gripped by thirst for water. He waits all through the summer and the long winter under the milky blue sky while the dust rolls and the sun burns, while the cassava and millet and corn run low, thinking of water. Then, in a monsoon clap of the night, rain bursts on him with spring, the savannah turns green, and for a few months life smiles. Then the sun comes again, the springs turn muddy, the brooks dry out, the land bakes, and he waits. Water can also mean disaster, for when the jungle is cleared for farming, the soft brown gumbo erodes swiftly. The more intensely the Negro cultivates, the quicker he extends the desert until in some areas newly cleared jungle and bush have in a single generation been turned into a new Sahara.

The last problem is roads and communications. Here the problems of Black Africa mesh directly with those of the Atlantic world, for the Negro sits and scratches with ancient tools the surface of one of the great treasure houses of the world. He sits astride mountains of coal and uranium, vast deposits of copper and iron, outcroppings of diamonds and precious metals which are useless to him and to the outer world because the wealth cannot be moved to seaboard and exchanged for the products of the Atlantic civilizations which he needs. He cannot even contribute those things which he is already prepared to give—cotton, meats, rice—because the machines he needs for them cannot be shipped to him, and the products moved out. Before the dams and power plants can be built, or the machinery shipped in, the roads to carry them must be hacked out.

Nor are roads of economic importance alone. They are arteries of life and culture, for only easily traveled roads can open the horizon of the village beyond voodoo-land; only roads and communications can transform the departure of the native son to school from an adventure that cuts him off from family for years to a commonplace journey over which he can retrace his steps.

THESE problems and the heterogeneous, almost schizophrenic, people of the Negro world make the politics of Black Africa. Political groups form, break, and fade away. During the early postwar years the most powerful force among French Negroes was the Communist-controlled and manipulated Rassemblement Démocratique Africain—RDA. The RDA was the first political movement to span the gap between Negro intellectual and backwoods villager, demanding full equality in the cities for the intellectuals and better wages, better marketing facilities for the peasant and laborer. In last summer's elections in Black Africa, the RDA was beaten at the polls—partly by the coarsest manipulation of ballots by French colonial officials, partly by what seems a genuine desire of the Negro voters to repudiate all Negro candidates who stood affiliated with parties directed from France itself. Since the elections, Communist influence in the RDA has perceptibly weakened, and some French leftists hope it can be ripped from their control entirely.

The present dominant bloc of Negro deputies in Paris calls itself the Bloc of Independents. They will vote, they insist, on all measures in the French Assembly strictly from an African viewpoint: how many more schools, how many more roads, how much more equality their votes will buy for Africans in Africa.

What surprises any observer of colonial affairs is how insistent French Negroes are on their French patrimony. These men feel at home in France. They throng Parisian cafés, theaters, and public places, intermarry with French girls, are received at every level and in every home and are fully citizens, not on sufferance or charity, but naturally. The pattern of their grievances and politics is

very simple: they insist that the equality they enjoy in Paris be equally theirs in their homeland. French officials get better pay in Black Africa than Negro officials. A wounded French war veteran gets a pension six times that of the wounded Negro veteran in Africa. French unions are allowed to bargain over wages, Negro unions are not.

The Negroes thus seek, not revolt, not expulsion of the white man, but partnership, the substance of all the rights promised them by the French Union. This should make Black Africa an easy problem for the French to deal with. But it does not—it makes it a situation which cannot be kept hopeful or promising without calling in a third party, namely the United States. Whatever the Negro wants—schools, roads, irrigation, hospitals—requires stupendous amounts of capital which France, strained on domestic reconstruction and rearmament, cannot afford to spare. The only possible source of funds not only for French Africa, but for the British, Belgian, and Portuguese Negroes too, is the United States—which means that the keys of the African future are in our hands.

V

The United States is already more deeply involved in France's African Empire than any ordinary American dreams of. We have been drawn in, irresistibly, because of the way the world hangs together and because of our own expanding needs.

We slipped in first some time in 1947 and 1948 because it was impossible for American statecraft to heal Europe without tackling Africa. Europe's single greatest need, for example, is food. But the greatest and closest arable potential lies in North Africa, once the granary of Rome. If these lands can be brought under cultivation again—and they can—Europe's single greatest problem is solved and a major burden lifted off America.

In the past two years Africa has entered American policy more directly because of the bottomless hunger of a booming industrial world for more supplies. Both the United States and its partners are running short of the critical materials of production—iron ore, lead, non-ferrous metals, sulfur, phosphates. Since 1949, Marshall Plan survey teams have been conducting across Africa the greatest treasure hunt in history, looking for such supplies. The Marshall Plan has not only helped expand African uranium, lead, diamond, and copper production, but has uncovered outcroppings of yet unsurveyed resources that lead us to believe that we are only on the threshold of African riches.

More recently Africa has entered our military strategy, for Africa is not only a reservoir of fighting manpower but a platform for air bases that we may sorely need.

Already the Marshall Plan has invested over a quarter of a billion dollars in projects in French Africa. Roughly two-thirds of this sum has gone to Moslem North Africa, the other third chiefly to Black Africa.

This huge investment has gone to mix itself with French investment, both public and private, to touch off one of the world's most spectacular booms. All around the rim of Africa old ports are being modernized, new ones built, sandbars pierced for navigation; untracked wilderness is being pierced by first roads, and old roads are being paved as the first postwar plans of the French, awakened to slumbering Africa, are being transferred from paper to reality. Marshall Plan equipment and financing has followed these plans. Among other projects, our money has helped the French modernize the Congo railroad, supplied earth-moving equipment for the Niger irrigation scheme, dieselized the coal-burning locomotives of Morocco, and is financing a new electricity distribution system for Casablanca.

The most interesting by-product of the boom has been its psychological effect on the French. North Africa has suddenly become a little Texas where the frozen timidity of the French capitalists seems to thaw under the sun, where little business men can gamble with sardine factories (over 150 have opened in Morocco since the war) and big business men gamble in mines. North Africa is a land of opportunity for thousands of ambitious young men and, for the patriots, the dream base on which France will again rise as a great world power.

The statistical fireworks attendant on the boom seems to lend solid strength to French ambition. Morocco has made the most dazzling progress. A tattoo of construction goes on in Casablanca, which has swollen from 82,000 inhabitants in 1917 to 600,000 inhabi-

tants today. With Marshall plan help, lead production in Morocco has tripled, ending France's import requirements; phosphate production for Europe's fertilizers has doubled since the war; fishing and fruit-canning show unbelievable curves of ascent. Algeria has become self-sufficient in cement production, tripling its prewar rate of 300,000 tons to 900,000 annually. Algeria's wine exports likewise triple prewar figures. Similar figures of development roll on down around the cape into Black Africa.

On the surface, it looks good. But politics unfortunately are made not by statistics but by people. And the people who live in the little shacks tacked together out of old plate, the *"bidonvilles"* crusted about the new French towns, have little if any gratitude for what is being done about them or for them. There has been no political net gain for either the French or the Americans. On the contrary, political agitation in Africa has grown, stimulated everywhere by the progress made.

A careful analysis of the Marshall Plan offers several explanatory clues to this paradox. Only a small portion of American aid has gone to help private enterprise in Africa, but this small portion tells a tale. Almost without exception American grants-in-aid to factories, mines, and mills have gone to French individuals or French corporations; the rare exceptions have usually gone to enterprises of British or American capital. To the Moslems in Africa, we have supplied directly only some tractors for agricultural co-operatives. The result has been that American aid has taken the aspect of a prop underpinning the structure of the French Empire. In the politics of withdrawal we have done nothing that can strengthen or sweeten the spirit of those native leaders who must fill the gap when French dominion ends.

In the past year, darker shadows have fallen across the picture. American interest in Africa has become more and more one of bases and strategic materials. So naked has been our hunger for scarce raw materials that we are lucky that the Communists have not twisted our actions to their propaganda use. Nothing so closely resembles the Marxist myth of "imperialist" exploitation as the simple, technical search for and development of African materials unaccompanied by any program of social betterment that brings schools, hospitals, and housing with the engineers.

Each area the Marshall Plan opens upsets a delicately balanced native society, creating new groups and new discontents along with new opportunity. In Guinea, where the Communist-controlled RDA is so strong, the Marshall Plan has been trying to develop the iron-ore resources near the port of Conakry for European blast furnaces. The first strike there two years ago brought an offer of settlement from the Anglo-French entrepreneurs of 104 colonial francs a day; the French government ruled the wage too high and fixed the rate at 96 colonial francs a day—about fifty cents in U. S. money.

To anyone familiar with the earnestness and diligence of the Marshall Plan's African experts, criticism may sound unfair. Their defense is that a snare of prejudices, both French and African, trap their efforts. They cite, first, the inordinate suspicion among Frenchmen that the Marshall Plan in Africa is a thinly disguised attempt to rape the French of their holdings. For the first two years of the Marshall Plan none of our officials was allowed to travel anywhere in French North Africa without a shepherding French official to guide him. Every barrier of direct contact between American officials and Arabs was thrown up. Only in the past year has this French suspicion begun to abate enough to let French officials discuss Africa in detail with American officials deeply concerned.

The restraints on American policy in Africa are not only French-imposed. Some of them rise from the quality of African civilization itself. The educated African Negro now has an image of the United States refracted through the worst prism of our national life: our racial prejudice. The tales of lynching and the whole body of "Jim Crow" custom make Africans who know little else about America tingle to our name as Jews still tingle to the memory of Hitler. One of the most eloquent anti-Communist African deputies in the French Assembly was invited to the United States last year and turned down the invitation saying: "How can I go? What will they do to me there? What hotels can I stay at? What trains will I ride on?"

Black Africans are not too anxious for American penetration.

In North Africa, say the American experts, the restraints imposed on us by the French are braced by the peculiar characteristics of the underlying Moslem society. It is true that none of our industrial aid to equip North Africa has gone to any native group. But the Moslem rich are not interested in industry and lack the engineering or commercial enterprise to master modern productive investment. The Moslem rich, on the Oriental pattern, prefer to invest in lands they can rack-rent, in real estate they can understand, or in gold they can hoard. The kind of aid that we can give best to them is blocked at their end of the approach by their inability to receive it.

These are the kinds of excuses, however, that administrators make when they feel themselves hobbled by policy, or leaderless for lack of policy. What has happened is that we have been drawn in Africa into a blind partnership not so much with France as with French colonial officialdom, to the exclusion of the Africans themselves. This partnership needs to be re-organized.

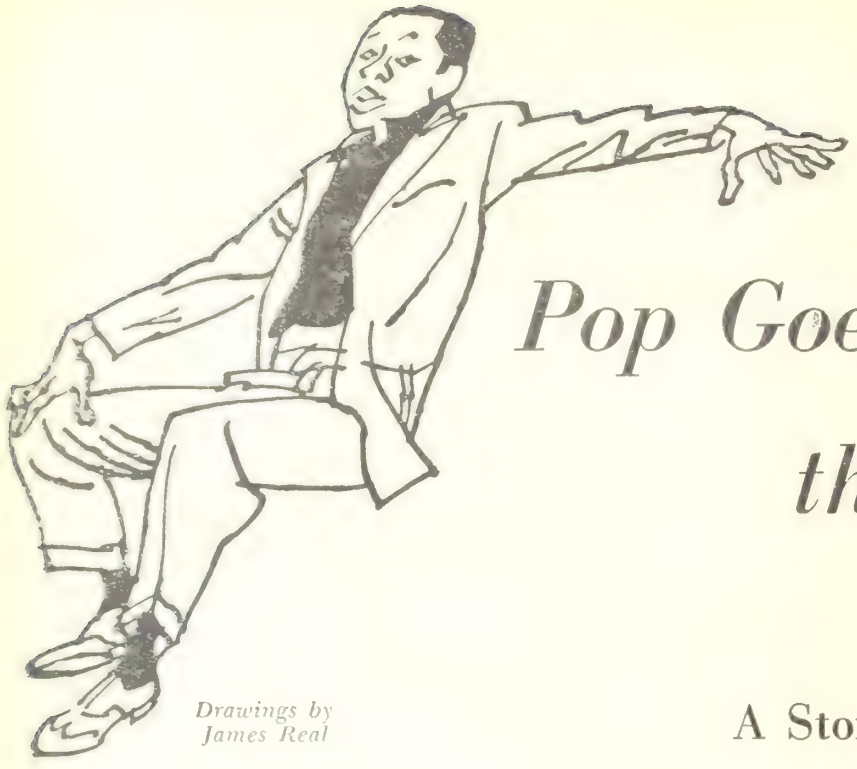
We have learned much from the first chapter of Marshall Plan operations in Africa. We have learned, for example, that no other avenue of approach to the French Empire is open except through the French. The United States lacks the staff of Arab specialists to operate directly in North Africa; we cannot operate directly in Black Africa because the Negroes who are most advanced hate us most. Scattered about Africa are hundreds of brilliant French engineers, scientists, public health experts, scholars, and business men whom we could not hope to replace in decades. The Atlantic Community needs the French.

But if we need the French to make the bridge between ourselves and Africa, we have learned that the French need us in no less measure. Their withdrawal can be made orderly, or be replaced by friendly co-operation, only if the United States pays for the necessary capital investment and development to make contentment possible. If we do not help the French, they will be exploded out of Africa as they have been exploded out of Syria and Lebanon, and are being exploded out of Indochina.

By and large, we have learned, too, that high-minded talk and indefinite promises embitter the Africans rather than cheer them. What the Africans need and want are a series of definite programs, cut off into chapters with clear terminal dates, at the end of which they may have autonomy, independence, or partnership on whatever terms seem fair. To such dates must be hitched equally specific programs for the training, education, and promotion of African personnel lest, when withdrawal comes, it results in such stately irresponsibility as in Egypt. This, indeed, has been the substance of the U. S. State Department's diffident pressure, gently urged on the French but to no avail.

In short, the partnership in which we have so quietly trailed behind the French up to now has to be transformed into a clear understanding, whose goals we can help to achieve only if we have helped choose the goals.

American policies are usually made by crises punctuated by bloodshed. Thus we inherited Greece and the Mediterranean from the British in 1947 and are now being invited to take over French Indochina in Asia. French Africa is quiet today and just possibly may remain so for several more years to come. But violence lies not too far beneath the surface—the last outbreak in Algeria in 1945 cost hundreds of lives; a more serious outbreak in Madagascar in 1947 cost tens of thousands of lives. The most solid reason for American insistence on open partnership is very simple: if the next uprising in North or Black Africa proves too much for the overburdened French to quench, it is we who will pay the bill. We always do.



Drawings by James Real

Pop Goes the Alley Cat

A Story by Wallace Stegner

GETTING up to answer the door, Prescott looked into the face of a Negro boy of about eighteen. Rain pebbled his greased, straightened hair; the leather yoke of his blazer and the knees of his green gabardine pants were soaked. The big smile of greeting that had begun on his face passed over as a meaningless movement of the lips. "I was lookin'," he said, and then with finality, "I thought maybe Miss Vaughn."

"She's just on her way out."

The boy did not move. "I like to see her," he said, and gave Prescott a pair of small, opaque, expressionless eyes to look into. Eventually Prescott motioned him in. He made a show of getting the water off himself, squee-geeing his hair with a flat palm, shaking his limber hands, lifting the wet knees of his pants with thumb and finger as he sat down. He was not a prepossessing specimen: on the scrawny side, the clothes too flashy but not too clean, the mouth loose and always moving, the eyes the kind that shifted everywhere when you tried to hold them but were on you intently the moment you looked away.

But he made himself at home. And why not, Prescott asked himself, in this apartment banked and stacked and overflowing with reports on delinquency, disease, crime, discrimination; littered with sociological studies and affidavits on police brutality and the mimeographed communications of a dozen betterment organizations? The whole place was a temple to the juvenile delinquent, and here was the god himself in the flesh, Los Angeles Bronzeville model.

Well, he said, I am not hired to comment, but only to make pictures.

Carol came into the hall from her bedroom, and Prescott saw with surprise that she was glad to see this boy. "Johnny!" she said. "Where did you drop from?"

Over the boy had come an elaborate self-conscious casualness. He walked his daddy-longlegs fingers along the couch back and lounged to his feet, rolling the collar of the blazer smooth across the back of his neck. Prescott was reminded of the slickers of his high school days, with their pinch-waisted bell-bottomed suits and their habit of walking a little hollow-chested to make their shoulders look wider. The boy weaved and leaned, pitching his voice high for kidding, moving his shoulders, his mouth, his pink-palmed hands. "Start to *rain* on me," he said in the high complaining humorous voice. "*Water* start comin' down on me I think I have to drop *in*."

"How come you're not working?"

"That job!" the boy said, and batted it

away with both hands. "That wasn't much of a job, no kiddin'."

"Wasn't?"

"*You* know. Them old flour bags *heavy,* you get tired. Minute you stop to rest, here come that old foreman with the *gooseroo.* Hurry up there, boy! Get along there, boy! They don't ride white boys like that."

Carol gave Prescott the merest drawing down of the lips. "That's the third job in a month," she said, and added, "Johnny's one of my boys. Johnny Bane. This is Charlie Prescott, Johnny."

"Pleased to meet you," Johnny said without looking. Prescott nodded and withdrew himself, staring out into the dripping garden court.

"You know a fact?" Johnny said. "That old strawboss keep eyeballin' me and givin' me that old hurry-up, hurry-up, that gets *old.* I get to carryin' my knife up the sleeve of my sweatshirt, and he comes after me once *more,* I'm goin' *cut* him. So I quit before I get in bad trouble out there."

Carol laughed, shaking her head. "At least that's ingenious. What'll you do now?"

"Well, I don't *know.*" He wagged his busy hands. "No future pushin' a truck around or cuttin' *lemons* off a tree. I like me a job with some *class,* you know, something where I could *learn* something."

"I can imagine how ambition eats away at you."

"No kiddin'!" the burbling voice said. "I get real industrious if I had me the right *kind* of a job. Over on Second Street there's this Chinaman, he's on call out at Paramount. Everytime they need a Chinaman for a mob scene, out he goes and runs around for a couple hours and they hand him all this *lettuce,* man. You know anybody out at MGM, Paramount, anywhere?"

"No," she said. "Do you, Charlie?"

"Nobody that needs any Chinamen." Prescott showed her the face of his watch. Johnny Bane was taking in, apparently for the first time, the camera bag, the tripod, the canvas sack of flash bulbs beside Prescott's chair.

"Hey, man, you a photographer?"

"Charlie and I are doing a picture study of your part of town for the Russell Foundation," Carol said.

"Take a long time to be a photographer?" Johnny's mouth still worked over his words, but now that his attention was fixed his eyes were as unblinking as an alligator's.

"Three or four years."

"Man, that's a rough *sentence!* Take a long time, uh? Down by the station there's this place, mug you for a quarter. Sailors and their chicks always goin' in. One chick I was watchin' other night, she had her picture five times. Lots of cats and chicks, every night. *Money* in that, man."

She shook her head, saying, "Johnny, when are you going to learn to hold a job? You make it tough for me, after I talk you into a place."

"I get me in trouble, I stay over there," he said. "I know you don't want me gettin' into trouble." Lounging, crossing his feet, he said, "I like to learn me some trade. Like this photography. I bet I surprise you. That ain't like pushin' a truck with some *foreman* givin' you the eyeballs all the time."

Prescott lifted the camera bag to the chair. "If we're going to get anything today we'll have to be moving."

"Just a minute," Carol said. To Johnny she said, "Do you know many people over on your hill?"

"Sure, man. *Multitudes.*"

"Mexicans too?"

"They're mostly Mexicans over there. My chick's Mexican." He staggered with his eyes dreamily shut. "Solid, solid!" he said.

"He might help us get in some places," Carol said. "What do you think, Charlie?"

Prescott shrugged.

"He could hold reflectors and learn a little about photography."

Prescott shrugged again.

"Do you mind, Charlie?"

"You're the doctor." He handed the sack of flash bulbs and the tripod to Johnny and picked up the camera bag. "Lesson number one," he said. "A photographer is half packhorse."

THE *barrio* was a double row of shacks tipping from a hilltop down a steep road clayily shining and deserted in the rain, every shack half buried under climbing roses, geraniums, big drooping seedheads of sunflowers, pepper and banana trees, and palms: a rural slum of the better kind, the poverty overlaid deceptively with flowers. Across the staggering row of mailboxes Pres-

cott could see far away, over two misty hilltops and an obscured sweep of city, the Los Angeles Civic Center shining a moment in a watery gleam of sun.

Johnny hustled around, pulling things from the car. As Prescott took the camera bag, the black face mugged and contorted itself with laughter. "You want me and my chick? How about me and my chick cuttin' a little *jive*, real mean? Colored and Mexican hobnobbin'. That okay?"

"First some less sizzling shots." Carol said drily. "Privies in the rain, ten kids in a dirt-floored shack. How about Dago Aguirre's? That's pretty bad, isn't it?"

"Dago's? Man, that's a real *dump*. You want dumps, uh? Okay, we try Dago's."

He went ahead of them, looking back at the bag Prescott carried. "Must cost a lot of lettuce, man, all those *cameras*."

Prescott shook the bag at him. "That's a thousand dollars in my hand," he said. "That's why I carry it myself."

Rain had melted the adobe into an impossible stickiness; after ten steps their feet were balls of mud. Johnny took them along the flat hilltop to a gateless fence under a sugar palm, and as they scraped the mud from their shoes against a broken piece of concrete a Mexican boy in Air Force dungarees opened the door of the shack and leaned there.

"Ese, Dago," Johnny said.

"Hórale, cholo." Dago looked down without expression as Johnny shifted the tripod and made a mock-threatening motion with his fist.

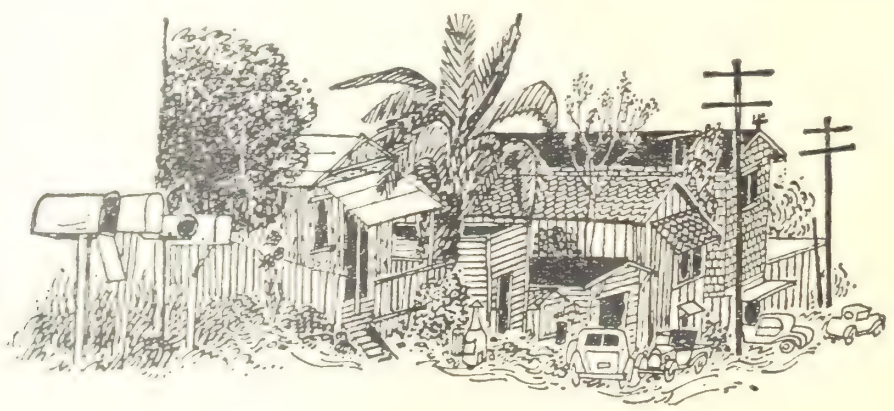
"We came to see if we could take some pictures," Carol said. "Is your mother home, Dago?"

Dago oozed aside and made room for a peering woman with a child against her shoulder. She came forward uncertainly, a sweet-faced woman made stiff by mistrust. Carol talked to her in Spanish for five minutes before she would open her house to them.

Keeping his mouth shut and working fast as he had learned to on this job, Prescott got the baby crawling on the dirt floor between pans set to catch the drip from the roof. He got the woman and Dago and the baby and two smaller children eating around the table whose one leg was a propped box. By backing into the leanto, between two old iron bedsteads, and having Carol, Johnny, and Dago hold flashes in separate corners, he got the whole place, an orthodox FSA shot, Standard Poverty. That was what the Foundation expected. As always, the children cried when the flashes went off; as always he mollified them with the blown bulbs, little Easter eggs of shellacked glass. It was a dump, but nothing out of the ordinary, and he got no picture that excited him until he caught the woman nursing her baby on a box in the corner. The whole story was there in the protective stoop of her figure and the drained resignation of her face. She looked anciently tired; the baby's chubby hand was clenched in the flesh of her breast.

Johnny Bane, eager beaver, brisk student, had been officious about keeping extension cords untangled and posing with the reflector. By the time Prescott had the camera and tripod packed Johnny had everything else dismantled. "How you get all them *lights* to go off at *once?*" he said.

Prescott dropped a reflector and they both stooped for it, bumping heads. The boy's skull felt as hard as cement; for a moment Prescott was unreasonably angry. But he caught Carol's eye across the room, and straightening up without a word he showed Johnny and Dago how the flashes were syn-



chronized, he let them look into the screen of the Rolleiflex, he explained shutter and lens, he gave them a two-minute lecture on optics. "Okay?" he said to Carol in half-humorous challenge.

She smiled. "Okay."

The Aguirre family watched them to the door and out into the drizzle. Johnny Bane, full of importance, a hep cat, a photographer's assistant, punched the shoulder of the lounging Dago. *"Ay te wacho,"* he said. Dago lifted a languid hand.

"Now what?" Prescott asked.

"More of the same," Carol said. "Unfortunately, there's plenty."

"Overcrowding, malnutrition, lack of sanitation," he said. "Four days of gloom. Can't we shoot something pretty?"

"There's always Johnny's chick."

"Maybe she comes under the head of lack of sanitation."

They were all huddled under the sugar palm. "What about my chick?" Johnny demanded. "You want my chick now?"

Carol stood tying a scarf over her fair hair. In raincoat and saddle shoes, she looked like a college sophomore. "Does your chick's family approve of you?" she said. "Most Mexican families aren't too happy to see boy friends hanging around."

Tickled almost to idiocy, he cackled and flapped his hands. "Man, they think I'm *rat* poison, no kiddin'. They think *any* cat's rat poison. They got this old Mexican jive about keepin' chicks at *home*. But I come there with *you*, they got to let me *in*, don't they?"

"So who's helping whom?" Prescott said.

That made him giggle and mug all the way down the slippery hill. "Hey, man," he said once, "you know these Mexicans believe in this Evil Eye, this *ojo*. When I hold up that old reflector I'm sayin' the Lord's *Prayer* backwards and puttin' the eyeballs on him, and when here comes that big flash, man, her old man really think he got the *curse* on him. I tell him I don't take it off till he let Lupe go out any time she want. Down to that *beach*, man. She look real mean down there on that sand gettin' the eyeballs from all the cats. *Reety!*"

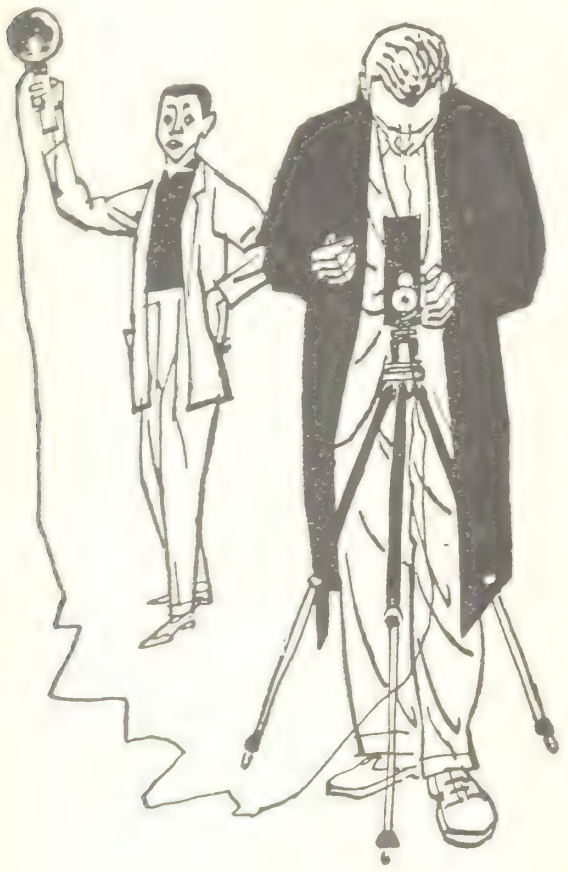
"Spare us the details," Carol said, and turned her face from the rain, hanging to a broken fence and slipping, laughing, coming up hard against a light pole. Prescott slithered after her until before a shack more pretentious than most, almost a cottage, Johnny kicked the mud from his shoes and silently mugged at them, with a glassy, scared look in his odd little eyes, before he knocked on the homemade door.

It was like coming into a quiet opening in the woods and startling all the little animals. They were watched by a dozen pair of eyes. Prescott looked past the undershirted Mexican who had opened the door and saw three men with cards and glasses and a jug before them on a round table. A very pregnant woman stood startled in the middle of the floor. On a bed against the far wall a boy had lowered his comic book to stare. There was a flash of children disappearing into corners and behind the stove. The undershirted man welcomed them with an enveloping winy breath, but his smile was only for Carol and Prescott; his recognition of Johnny was a brief, sidelong lapse from politeness. Somewhere behind the door a phonograph was playing *"Linda Mujer";* now it stopped with a squawk.

Once, during the rapid Spanish that went on between Carol and the Mexican, Prescott glanced at Johnny, but the boy's face, with an unreal smile pasted on it, blinked and peered past the undershirted man as if looking for someone. His forehead was puckered in tense knots. Then the undershirted man said something over his shoulder, the men at the table laughed, and one lifted the jug in invitation. The host brought it and offered it to Carol, who grinned and tipped and drank while they applauded. Then Prescott, mentally tasting the garlic and chile from the lips that had drunk before him, coldly contemplating typhoid, diphtheria, polio, drank politely and put the jug back in the man's hands with thanks and watched him return it to the table without offering it to Johnny Bane. They were pulled into the room, the door closed, and he saw that the old hand-cranked Victrola had been played by a Mexican youth in drape pants and a pretty girl, short-skirted and pompadoured. The girl should be Lupe, Johnny's chick. He looked for the glance of understanding between them and saw only the look on Johnny's face as if he had an unbearable belly ache.

This was a merry shindig. The men were

all a little drunk, and posed magnificently and badly, their eyes magnetized by the camera. The boy was lured from his comic book. Lupe and the youth, who turned out to be her cousin Chuey, leaned back and watched and whispered with a flash of white teeth. As for Johnny, he held reflectors where Prescott told him to, but he was no longer an eager beaver. His mouth hung sullenly; his



eyes kept straying to the two on the couch.

Dutifully Prescott went on with his job, documenting poverty for humanitarianism's sake and humanizing it as he could for the sake of art. He got a fair shot of the boy reading his comic book under a hanging image of the Virgin, another of two little girls peeking into a steaming kettle of frijoles while the mother modestly hid her pregnancy behind the stove. He shot the card players from a low angle, with low side-lighting, and when an old grandmother came in the back door with a pail of water he got her there, stooping to the weight in the open door, against the background of the rain.

Finally he said into Carol's ear, with deliberate malice, "Now do we get that red-hot shot of Johnny jiving with his chick?"

"You're a mean man, Charlie," she said, but she smiled, and looking across to where Johnny stood sullen and alone she said, "Johnny, you want to come over here?"

He came stiff as a stick, ugly with venom and vanity. When Carol seated him close to Lupe the girl rolled her eyes and bit her lip, ready to laugh. The noise in the room had quieted; it was as if a dipperful of cold water had been thrown into a boiling kettle. Carol moved Chuey in close and laid some records in Lupe's lap. Prescott could see the caption coming up: *Even in shacktown, young people need amusement. Lack of adequate entertainment facilities one of greatest needs. Older generation generally disapproves of jive, jive talk, jive clothes.*

The girl was pretty, even with her ridiculous pompadour. Her eyes were soft, liquid, very dark, her cheekbones high, and her cheeks planed. With a *rebozo* over her head she might have posed for Murillo's Madonna. She did not stare into the camera as her elders did, but at Prescott's word became absorbed in studying the record labels. Chuey laid his head close to hers, and on urging Johnny sullenly did the same. The moment the flash went off Johnny stood up.

Prescott shifted the Victrola so the crank handle showed more, placed Chuey beside it with a record in his hands. "All right, Lupe, you and Johnny show us a little rug-cutting."

He watched the girl glance from the corners of her eyes at her parents, then come into Johnny's arm. He held her as if she smelled bad, his head back and away, but she turned her face dreamily upward and sighed like an actress in a love-drama and laid her face against his rain-wet chest. *"Que chicloso!"* she said, and could not hold back her laughter.

"Surote!" Johnny pushed her away so hard she almost fell. His face was contorted, his eyes glared. Spittle sprayed from his heavy lips. *"Bofa!"* he said to Lupe, and suddenly Prescott found himself protecting the camera in the middle of what threatened to become a brawl. Chuey surged forward, the undershirted father crowded in from the other side, the girl was spitting like a cat. With a wrench Johnny broke away and got his back to the wall, and there he stood with his hand plunged into the pocket of his blazer and his loose mouth working.

"Please!" Carol was shouting, "Chuey!

Lupe! Please!" She held back the angry father and got a reluctant, broken quiet. Over her shoulder she said, "Johnny, go wait for us in the car."

For a moment he hung, then reached a long thin hand for the latch and slid out. The room was instantly full of noise again, indignation, threats. Prescott got his things safely outside the door away from their feet, and by that time politeness and diplomacy had triumphed. Carol said something to Lupe, who showed her teeth in a little white smile; to Chuey, who shrugged; to the father, who bowed over her hand and talked close to her face. There was handshaking around, Carol promised them prints of the pictures, Prescott gave the children each a quarter. Eventually they were out in the blessed rain.

"What in hell did he call her?" Prescott said as they clawed their way up the hill.

"Pachuco talk. Approximately a chippy."

"Count on him for the right touch."

"Don't say anything, Charlie," she said. "Let me handle him."

"He's probably gone off somewhere to nurse his wounded ego."

But as he helped her over the clay brink onto the cinder road he looked toward the car and saw the round dark head in the back seat. "I must say you pick some dillies," he said.

Walking with her face sideward away from the rain, she said seriously, "I don't pick them, Charlie. They come because they don't have anybody else."

"It's no wonder this one hasn't got anybody else," he said, and then they were at the car and he was opening the door to put the equipment inside. Johnny Bane made no motion to get his muddy feet out of the road.

"Lunch?" Carol said as she climbed under the wheel. Prescott nodded, but Johnny said nothing. In the enclosed car Prescott could smell his hair oil. Carol twisted around to smile at him.

"Listen!" she said. "Why take it so hard? It's just that Chuey's her cousin, he's family, he can crash the gate."

"Agh!"

"Laugh it off."

He let his somber gaze fall on her. "That punk!" he said. "I get him good. Her too. I kill that mean little bitch. You wait. I kill her sometime."

For a moment she watched him steadily; then she sighed. "If it helps to take it out on me, go ahead," she said. "I'll worry about you, if that's what you want."

A few minutes later she stopped at a diner on Figueroa, but when she and Prescott climbed out, Johnny sat still. "Coming?" she said.

"I ain't hungry."

"Oh, Johnny, come off it! Don't sulk all day."

The long look he gave her was so deliberately insolent that Prescott wanted to reach through the window and slap his loose mouth. Then the boy looked away, picked a thread indifferently from his sleeve, stared moodily as if tasting some overripe self-pity or some rich revenge. Prescott took Carol's arm and pulled her into the diner.

"Quite a young man," he said.

Her look was sober. "Don't be too hard on him."

"Why not?"

"Because everybody always has been."

He passed her the menu. "Mother loved me, but she died."

"Stop it, Charlie!"

He was astonished. "All right," he said at last. "Forget it."

While they were eating dessert she ordered two hamburgers to go, and when she passed them through the car window Johnny Bane took them without a word. "What do you want to do?" she said. "Come along, or have us drop you somewhere?"

"Okay if I go along?"

"Sure."

"Okay."

In a street to which she drove, a peddler pushed a cart full of peppers and small Mexican bananas through the mud between dingy frame buildings. No one else was on the street, but two children were climbing through the windows of a half-burned house. The rain angled across, fine as mist.

"What's here?" Prescott said.

"This is a family I've known ever since I worked for Welfare," Carol said. "Grandmother with asthma, father with dropsy, half a dozen little rickety kids. This is to prove that bad luck has no sense of proportion."

Fishing for a cigarette, Prescott found the

package empty. He tried the pockets of coat and raincoat without success. Carol opened her purse; she too was out. Johnny Bane had been smoking hers all morning.

"We can find a store," she said, and had turned the ignition key to start when Johnny said, "I can go get some for you."

"Oh, say, would you, Johnny? That would be wonderful."

Prescott felt dourly that he was getting an education in social workers. One rule was that the moment your delinquent showed the slightest sign of decency, passed you a cigarette or picked up something you had dropped, you fell on his neck as if he had rescued you from drowning. As a matter of fact, he had felt his own insides twitch with surprised pleasure at Johnny's offer. But then what? he asked himself. After you've convinced him that every little decency of his deserves a hundred times its weight in thanks, then what?

"No stores around here," Johnny said. "Probably the nearest over on Figueroa."

"Oh," she said, disappointed. "Then I guess we'd better drive down. That's too far to walk."

"You go ahead, do your business here," Johnny said. He leaned forward with his hands on the back of the front seat. "I take the car and go get some weeds, how's that?"

Prescott waited to hear what she would say, but he really knew. After a pause her quiet voice said, "Have you got a driver's license?"

"Sure, man, right here."

"All right," she said, and stepped out. "Don't be long. Charlie dies by inches without smokes."

While Prescott unloaded, Johnny slid under the wheel. He was as jumpy as a greyhound. His fingers wrapped around the wheel with love.

"Wait," Carol said. "I didn't give you any money."

With an exclamation Prescott fished a dollar bill from his pocket and threw it into the seat, and Johnny Bane let off the emergency and rolled away.

"What was that?" Prescott said. "Practical sociology?"

"Don't be so indignant," she said. "You trust people, and maybe that teaches them to trust you."

"Why should anybody but a hooligan have to be *taught* to trust you? Are you so unreliable?"

But she only shook her head at him, smiling and denying his premises, as they went up the rotted steps.

THIS house was worse than the others. It was not merely poor, it was dirty, and it was not merely dirty, but sick. Prescott looked it over for picture possibilities while Carol talked with a thin Mexican woman, worn to the bleak collar bones, with arms like sticks. In the kitchen the sink was stopped with a greasy rag, and dishes swam in water the color of burlap. On the table were three bowls with brown juice dried in them. There was a hole clear through the kitchen wall. In the front room, on an old taupe overstuffed sofa, the head of the house lay in a blanket bathrobe, his thickened legs exposed, his eyes mere slits in the swollen flesh of his face. By the window in the third room an old woman sat in an armchair, and everywhere, in every corner and behind every broken piece of furniture, were staring broad-faced children, incredibly dirty and as shy as mice. In a momentary pause in Carol's talk he heard the native sounds of this house: the shuffle of children's bare feet and the old woman's harsh breathing.

He felt awkward, and an intruder. Imprisoned by the rain, quelled by the presence of the Welfare lady and the strange man, the children crept soft as lizards around the walls. Wanting a cigarette worse than ever, Prescott glanced impatiently at his watch. Probably Johnny would stop for a malt or drive around showing off the car and come in after an hour expecting showers of thanks.

"What do you think, Charlie?" Carol's voice had dropped; the bare walls echoed to any noise, the creeping children and the silent invalids demanded hushed voices and soft feet. "Portrait shots?" she whispered. "All this hopeless sickness?"

"They'll be heart-breakers."

"That's what they ought to be."

Even when he moved her chair so that gray daylight fell across her face, the old woman paid no attention to him beyond a first piercing look. Her head was held stiffly, her face as still as wood, but at every breath the cords in her neck moved slightly with the effort. He got three time exposures of that half-

raised weathered mask: flash would have destroyed what the gray light revealed.

Straightening up from the third one, he looked through the doorway into the inhuman swollen face of the son. It was impossible to tell whether the Chinese slits of eyes were looking at him or not. He was startled with the thought that they might be, and wished again, irritably, for a cigarette.

"Our friend is taking his time," he said to Carol, and held up his watch.

"Maybe he couldn't find a store."

Prescott grunted, staring at the dropsical man. If he shot across the swollen feet and legs, foreshortening them, and into the swollen face, he might get something monstrous and sickening, a picture to make people wince.

"Can he be propped up a little?" he asked.

Carol asked the thin, hovering wife, who said he could. The three of them lifted and slid the man up until his shoulders were against the wall. It troubled Prescott to see Carol's hands touch the repulsive flesh. The man's slits watched them, the lips moved, mumbling something.

"What's he say?"

"He says you must be a lover of beauty," Carol said.

For a moment her eyes held his, demanding of him something that he hated to give. Once, on his only trip to Mexico, he had gone hunting with his host in Michoacan, and he remembered how he had fired at a noise in a tree and brought something crashing down, and how they had run up to see a little monkey lying on the bloodied leaves. It was still alive; as they came up its eyes followed them, and at a certain moment it put up its arms over its head to ward off the expected death blow. To hear this monster make a joke was like seeing that monkey put up its arms in an utterly human gesture. It sickened him so that he took refuge behind the impersonality of the camera, and when he had taken his pictures he said something that he had not said to a subject all day. "Thanks," he said. *"Gracias, señor."*

Somehow he had to counteract that horrible portrait with something sweet. He posed the thin mother and one of the children in a sentimental Madonna and Child pose, pure poster art suitable for a fund-raising campaign. While he was re-checking for the second exposure he heard the noise, like a branch being dragged across gravel. It came from the grandmother. She sat in the same position by the window of the other room, but she seemed straighter and more rigid, and he had an odd impression that she had grown in size.

The thin woman was glancing uneasily from Prescott to Carol. The moment he stepped back she was out of her chair and into the other room.

The grandmother had definitely grown in size. Prescott watched her with a wild feeling that anyone in this house might suddenly blow up with the obscene swelling disease. Under the shawl the old woman's chest rose in jerky breaths, but it didn't go down between inhalations. Her gray face shone with sudden sweat; her mouth was open, her head held stiffly to one side.

"Hadn't I better try to get a doctor?" Prescott said.

Bending over the old woman, Carol turned only enough to nod.

Prescott went quickly to the door. The peddler had disappeared, the children who had been climbing in the burned house were gone, the street lay empty in the rain. Johnny Bane had been gone for over an hour; if this woman died he could take the credit. In a district like this there might not be a telephone for blocks. Prescott would have to run foolishly like someone shouting fire.

A girl of ten or so, sucking her thumb, slid along the wall, watching him. He trapped her. "Where's there a telephone?"

She stared, round-eyed and scared.

"Telefono? You sabe telefono?"

He saw comprehension grow in her face, slapped a half-dollar into her hand, motioned her to start leading him. She went down the steps and along the broken sidewalk at a trot.

It took four calls from the little neighborhood grocery before he located a doctor who could come. Then, the worst cause for haste removed, he paused to buy cigarettes for himself and a bag of suckers for the children. His guide put a sucker in her mouth and a hand in his, and they walked back that way through the drizzle.

The street before the house was still empty, and he cursed Johnny Bane. Inside, the grandmother was resting after her paroxysm, but her head was still stiffly tilted, and a

minute after he entered she fell into a fit of coughing that pebbled her lips with mucus and brought her halfway to her feet, straining and struggling for air. Carol and the thin woman held her, eased her back.

"Did you get someone?" Carol said.

"He's on his way."

"Did he tell you anything to do?"

"There's nothing to do except inject atropine or something. We have to wait for him."

"Hasn't Johnny come back?"

"Did you really expect him to?"

Her eyes and mouth were strained. She no longer looked like a college sophomore: a film from the day's poverty and sickness had rubbed off on her. Without a word she turned away, went into the kitchen, and started clearing out the sink.

As Prescott started to pack up it occurred to him that a picture of an old woman choking to death would add to the sociological impact of Carol's series, but he was damned if he would take it. He'd had enough for one day. The dropsical man turned his appalling swollen mask, and on an impulse Prescott stood up and gestured with the pack of cigarettes. The monster nodded, so Prescott inserted a cigarette between the lips and lighted it. Sight of the man smoking fascinated him.

The Rolleiflex was just going into the bag when it struck him that he had not seen the Contax. He rummaged, turned things out onto the floor. The camera was gone. Squatting on his heels, he considered how he should approach the mother of the house, or Carol, to get it back from whichever child had taken it. And then he began to wonder if it had been there when he unpacked for this job. He had used it at the Aguirre house for one picture, but not since. The bag had been in the car all the time he and Carol had been eating lunch. So had Johnny Bane.

Carefully refusing to have any feeling at all about the matter, he took his equipment out on the porch. Four or five children, each with a sucker in its mouth, came out and shyly watched him as he smoked and waited for the doctor.

The doctor was a short man with an air of unhurried haste. He examined the grandmother for perhaps a minute and got out a needle. The woman's eyes followed his hands with terror as he swabbed with an alcohol-soaked pad, jabbed, pushed with his thumb, withdrew, dropped needle and syringe into his case. It was like an act of deadpan voodoo. Within minutes the old woman was breathing almost normally, as if the needle had punctured her swelling and let her subside. For a minute more the doctor talked with Carol; he scribbled on a pad. Then his eyes darted into the next room to where the swollen son lay watching from his slits.

"What's the matter in here?"

"Dropsy," Carol said. "He's been bedridden for months."

"Dropsy's a symptom, not a disease," the doctor said, and went over.

In ten more minutes they were all out on the porch again. "I'll expect you to call me then," the doctor said.

"I will," Carol said. "You bet I will."

"Are you on foot? Can I take you anywhere?"

"No thanks. We're just waiting for my car."

It was then four-thirty. Incredulously Prescott watched her sit down on the steps to wait some more. The late sun, scattering the mist, touched her fair hair and deepened the lines around her mouth. Behind her the children moved softly. Above her head the old porch pillar was carved with initials and monikers: GJG, Mingo, Lola, Chavo, Pina, Juanito. A generation of lost kids had defaced even the little they had, as they might deface and abuse anyone who tried to help them in ways too unselfish for them to understand.

"How long do you expect to sit here?" he said finally.

"Give him another half-hour."

"He could have gone to Riverside for cigarettes and been back by now."

"I know."

"You know he isn't going to come back until he's brought."

"He was upset about his girl," she said. "He felt he'd been kicked in the face. Maybe he went up there."

"To do what? Cut her throat?"

"It isn't impossible," she said, and turned her eyes up to his with so much anxiety in them that he hesitated a moment before he told her the rest.

"Maybe it isn't," he said then, "but I

imagine he went first of all to a pawnshop to get rid of the camera."

"Camera?"

"He swiped the Contax while we were having lunch."

"How do you know?"

"Either that or one of the kids here took it."

Her head remained bent down; she pulled a sliver from the step. "It couldn't have been here. I was here all the time. None of the children went near your stuff."

She knew so surely what Johnny Bane was capable of, and yet she let it trouble her so, that he was abruptly furious with her. Social betterment, sure, opportunities, yes, a helping hand, naturally. But to lie down and let a goon like that walk all over you, abuse your confidence, lie and cheat and steal and take advantage of every unselfish gesture!

"Listen," he said. "Let me give you a life history. We turn him in and he comes back in handcuffs. Okay. That's six months in forestry camp, unless he's been there before."

"Once," she said, still looking down. "He was with a bunch that swiped a truck."

"Preston then," Prescott said. "In half a year he comes back from Preston and imposes on you some more, and you waste yourself keeping him out of trouble until he gets involved in something in spite of you, something worse, and gets put away for a stretch in San Quentin. By the time they let him out of there he'll be ripe for really big-time stuff, and after he's sponged on you for a while longer he'll shoot somebody in a holdup or knife somebody in a whorehouse brawl, and they'll lead him off to the gas chamber. And nothing you can do will keep one like him from going all the way."

"It doesn't have to happen that way. There's a chance it won't."

"It's a hell of a slim chance."

"I know it," she said, and looked up again, her face not tearful or sentimental as he had thought it would be, but simply thoughtful. "Slim or not, we have to give it to him."

"You've already given him ten chances."

"Even then," she said. "He's everything you say—he's mean, vicious, dishonest, boastful, vain, maybe dangerous. I don't like him any better than you do, any better than he likes himself. But he's told me things I don't think he ever told anyone else."



"He never had such a soft touch," he said.

"He grew up in a slum, Harlem. Routine case. His father disappeared before he was born, his mother worked, whatever she could find. He took care of himself."

"I understand that," Prescott said. "He's a victim. He isn't to blame for what his life made him. But he's still unfit to live with other people. He isn't safe. Nine out of ten, maybe, you can help, but not his kind. It's too bad, but he's past helping."

"He wasn't a gang kid," she said. "He's unattractive, don't you see, and mean. People don't like him, and never did. He tries to run with the neighborhood Mexican gang here, but you saw how Chuey and Dago and Lupe just tolerate him. He doesn't belong. He never did. So he prowled the alleys and dreamed up fancy revenges for people he hated, and played with stray cats."

Prescott moved impatiently, and the children slid promptly further along the wall. Carol was watching him as steadily as the children were.

"He told me how he ran errands to earn money for liver and fish to feed them. He

wanted them to come to him and be *his* cats."

Prescott waited, knowing how the script ran but surprised that Carol, a hardened case worker, should have fallen for it.

"But they were all alley cats, as outcast as he was," she said. "He'd feed a cat for a week, but when he didn't have anything for it, it would shy away, or he'd grab it and get clawed. So he used to try to tie cats up when he caught them."

Prescott said nothing.

"But when a cat wouldn't let itself be petted, or when it fought the rope—and it always did—he'd swing it by the rope and break its neck," Carol said.

She stirred the litter in the step corner and a sow bug rolled into its ball and bounced down into the dirt. "'I give them every chance, Miss Vaughn,' that's what he told me. 'I give them every chance and if they won't come and be my friend I pop their neck.'"

Cautiously Prescott moved the camera bag backward with his foot. He looked at the afternoon's grime in the creases of his hands. "That's a sad story," he said at last. "I mean it, it really is. But it only proves what I said, that he's too warped to run loose. He might try that neck-popping on some human being who wouldn't play his way—Lupe, for instance."

"Would you pop a cat's neck if it wouldn't come to you?" Carol said softly.

"Don't be silly."

"But you'd pop Johnny's."

They stared at each other in the rainy late afternoon.

Prescott told himself irrelevantly that he had not fallen in love with her on this job. Anyone who fell in love with her would have to share her with every stray in Greater Los Angeles. But he liked her and respected her and admired her; she was a fine human being. Only she carried it too far.

And yet he had no answer for her. "Good God," he said, "do you know what you're asking?"

"Yes," she said. "I know exactly. But I know you can't come with liver and fish heads six days a week and on the seventh come with a hangman's rope. You can't say, 'I gave him every chance' unless you really did."

The brief sun had disappeared again in the mist and smog. The street was muddy and gray before them. Behind them the thin woman came to the door and opened it, shooing the children in with an unexpected harsh snarl in her voice. Prescott felt disturbed and alien, out of his proper setting and out of his depth. But he still could find no answer for her. You could not come with liver and fish heads six days a week and with a hangman's knot on the seventh. You could not put limits on love, if love was what you chose to live by.

"All right," he said. "We don't call the cops, is that it?"

"Was the camera insured, Charlie?"

"Yes."

"So was the car," she said, and smiled a crooked smile. "What have we lost? Let's try to get along without the police as long as we can."

The thin woman stood in the doorway and said good-by and watched them down the steps, and the children pressing around her flanks watched too. Prescott waved, and the woman smiled and nodded in reply. But none of the children, solemnly staring, raised a hand. After a moment he was angry with himself for having expected them to.



Italy: Once Over Lightly

Russell Lynes

When you have as little time in Naples as my wife and I had, you cram a great many sensations into your head and body, like a man in a bar just before closing time with four whiskeys lined up in front of him. You bolt it, swallow hard, and feel it sting in your gullet. Your head begins to swim; you know you are going to have a hangover; but you also know you won't be in Naples again for a long time, if ever. What you lose from not having time for the slow accretion of leisurely sight-seeing you make up in part from heightened perception. It's now or never, so your senses are sandpapered to extra sensitiveness.

Things stick in the eye: the Bay of Naples at night with a full moon painting a white path across it, looking uncomfortably like a hand-tinted postcard view of "Moonlight on Lake Winnipesaukee." But at the foot of Vesuvius and across the bay at Sorrento rockets in great profusion burst in honor of the Feast of the Assumption. The noise of the explosions follows long after the streamers of light have faded. Another thing in the eye: the martyrs and bishops and angels in the big baroque paintings in the museum are the same faces that you saw on your way there. A saint is your taxi-driver, an angel the boy who tried to sell you a lottery ticket, a bishop the hall porter in the hotel. It is Neapolitans who people the religious paintings of Naples, no more and no less holy on the street than on the canvas.

And a third thing: mosaics from Pompeii of fish and eels and clams and oysters and squid, the same "fruit of the sea" (as they call it) that you saw the evening before piled on an enormous tray in a restaurant on the Bay. The fish are still fresh after two thousand years. And a fourth thing: the Angevine church of Santa Maria Donnaregina whose walls are covered from top to bottom with frescoes like a faded comic page from a Sunday paper. But more than the walls it is the guide who showed us around who stays in the eye; a short man all gray and white, like a smudged charcoal drawing, with shining black eyes. He spoke no English, but he was so patient and eager and intelligent that somehow he made us understand if not every word he said, then at least the general sense of all he said. He took us up a quivering outside staircase to the very top of the church into a sort of loft to show us a thirteenth-century Madonna with Saint Michael and his dragon on her left hand and the Angel Gabriel on her right, a triangular fresco by Cavallini, the teacher of Giotto, very pale on the peak of the west wall and very large. He stood in front of it, and we saw it reflected in the light of his eyes as he tried to make us understand that here was the whole pain and sorrow of the world and the hope of the world as well. The picture was his mistress, the light of his life.

And other things remain in the mind: the graceless and ponderous baroque tombs in the Duomo with their tons of marble drapery held up by winged skeletons, and a chapel filled with life-sized silver sculptures of saints where the blood of the bishop saint Gennaro

turns in its little bottle from solid to liquid once a year on the nineteenth of September. A hotel bedroom which looks down on a garden full of oleanders and which itself is filled with elaborately ornamented brass beds, a Venetian glass chandelier, and a dressing table on which the mirror is supported by wooden swans.

NAPLES is a violent introduction to Italy, and its lesson colors every later impression. Its lesson, if you are there to use your eyes, is that though there are many matters that vex the Italians, taste is not one of them. As you progress north from the rough and tumble baroque of Naples to the tawny elegance of Rome and finally to the frosting on Italy's cake, Venice, you doubt if considerations of taste have ever entered the Italian consciousness at all—taste, at least, as we think of it. There are just two things that lie behind Italian taste: the serious business of religion and the equally serious business of pleasant living. The sounds of splashing fountains and of church bells are almost constantly in your ears, and you come to feel that the arts of religion and of good living are so intertwined as to be inseparable. The element of restraint, which we are likely to consider a primary quality of good taste, plays little part in either.

Watch a waiter, for example, as he serves a meal. Or, rather, watch three waiters, since it takes three—one to write the order, one to fetch the food and place it on a side table, and one to put it on the plates and arrange it in an elaborate parabola in front of you. Their gestures over the *pasta* are caressing, almost ballet-like, as they mix in the butter and the sauce and the cheese, and you remember that nearly every waiter in Italy has been an acolyte and that as a child he served at mass. Watch a priest prepare the Eucharist (as we did at Arezzo), the gracefulness and precision of his movements as he waves his hands over the Host and chalice, and you know where the waiters learned their gestures. Or you may wonder, was the fruit of the sea in the Pompeian mosaics served with the same ritual centuries before the establishment of the Church?

When you make a gesture in Italy (as New York's late Mayor La Guardia used to say of his mistakes) it's a "beaut." You carry your dead to the cemetery in a hearse as richly carved as a circus wagon and painted glossy black. You serve your table wine in a carafe with a neck as long as a stork's leg. You put horns on busses that can be heard shrieking a mile away. You build two identical baroque churches on the same *piazza* for the sake of symmetry. You change the course of a river so that water will gush from all of the hundreds of fountains in the gardens of the Villa d'Este, tier on tier, out of grottoes, out of the bellies of statues and the mouths of dolphins, and down the balustrades of staircases. You don't worry about taste. You worry about pleasure, on the temporal side, and about paying for it, on the spiritual side.

It is the lack of self-consciousness about taste that makes Italy such a joy to the sensuous sight-seer. So many things that he would think of as "bad taste" at home become "charming" to him in Italy. If he were to try to sort out the vulgar from the refined there would be no place to start. Italy is not unlike a plate of antipasto—varied in color and texture—and over it all is poured the oil and vinegar of Italian taste, the sour inseparable from the smooth, a gaudy-looking dish with a strong but elusive flavor.

Green Grow the Ruins

IN ROME there is no chance to do as the Romans do. Even Americans who have lived there for several winters do as Americans do. They watch their diets, and even so they fall ill of ailments to which the Romans seem to be immune (they are both elementary and alimentary), and when they are well they are half moon-struck. The typical American's reaction to Rome is a sort of love affair, for Rome is a beautiful blonde, as brassy and got-up as you please, noisy, friendly, and very wise in the ways of men.

You never see Rome plain; it reveals itself to you slowly and only a bit at a time. It is unlike Paris with its long vistas and wide avenues, its symmetrical plan, built as though in anticipation of being seen from an airplane: the eye never travels far in Rome—across a square, perhaps part way down a street, only to run into the façade of a church or to be lost in a narrow perspective.

You can't love Rome for what it is because, unless you have lived there all your life, you can't find out what it is. You love it for the few fascinations it reveals to you, and because you can't but be aware that it has charms which are as real as the ones you know but will never get around to discovering. Wherever you walk, a few blocks bring you into a square in which a fountain splashes, or sometimes three fountains. I said to a friend, a painter, that I wished that I could stay a month and get to know my way around. "It wouldn't do you any good," he said. "You can't see anything in a month." It sounds foolish, but it isn't. You have a feeling of quiet desperation if you are there for a short time. You can't stop looking, but you want to stop long enough to let your pores soak in the sense of the place, to relax. But there is comfort in knowing that you can't "do" Rome, as you can a smaller, more compact city. You can only look at the inescapable monuments, and from there on you wander and let Rome do you.

The visitor's affair with Rome is the merest flimsiest flirtation compared with the Roman's passionate devotion to his city. He is a citizen of the capital of the world, and everyone else is more or less of a barbarian. His culture is older, richer, more noble than yours, whoever you are, but he does not feel constrained to press this fact on you. He assumes that you take it for granted just as he does, and he doesn't rub it in. This may not be true of aristocratic Romans; I didn't meet any. It is certainly true of porters, taxi-drivers, hotel clerks, art dealers, business men, and other inheritors of Roman traditions if not of noble titles. They own the city, which means that they own its art and its traditions and its unhurried way of life, and they regard all other Italians as provincials. The city's motto is still Senatus Populusque Romanus, and S P Q R is on every manhole cover, post box, and fire hydrant. To the Roman the Milanese are mere manufacturers, Mr. Make-everythings, always hurrying, always boasting about their products, but with no proper sense of proportion about how to enjoy life. The Neapolitans, indeed all Southern Italians, are quite simply called Africans, just as all North Italians are called Germans. To the Romans only the Romans are true Italians.

In the Piazza Navona, a long square around which boys race their aluminum bicycles lap after lap for hours on end with the same enthusiasm with which kids play stick-ball in the crowded streets of New York, there is a cultural myth. In the center of the square is an elaborate fountain by Bernini representing the rivers of the world, and one of the heroic figures holds up a hand in the direction of a church which is on the side of the square. Her gesture is that of a person who means to keep something from falling on her. The myth goes that while Bernini, a very spirited fellow, was putting up the fountain, his rival and enemy, the architect Borromini, was building the church (Sant' Agnese), and that Bernini devised his figure as a sort of slander against the architect's ability to make the façade stand up. Borromini was incensed by this, and so very near the top of the façade he placed a small statue of the Virgin holding up her hand toward the Bernini river goddess in a simple gesture of blessing. "It's quite all right," the little Virgin seems to say. "You needn't worry."

This is the sort of story you are told constantly in Rome, not the grand historical sort of saga, but the kind of personal and friendly gossip that you tell about someone you like. There is a similar sort of story about the Trevi fountain which Romans tell you was the work of Michelangelo, though it was surely, according to the art historians, built long after he was dead. The story is that Michelangelo's barber, who had his shop on the edge of the square in which the fountain piles up against a building in carefully rusticated grottoes, told the master that he didn't like it, and teased him about it. And so the sculptor placed a tremendous urn of stone at the corner of the square, thereby cutting off the barber's view. The urn is there now, so is the barbershop, and the view from it is indeed cut off.

Rome seems to live with its past more easily than the rest of Italy. It is big and busy and self-confident enough to absorb its past into its present, respectfully but not as in Florence, for example, self-consciously. They say, when you ask where the ruins of ancient Rome are, that if you tear down any building in sight there will be Roman walls still at work helping to hold up structures only a few centuries

or a few decades old. There is a wealthy American woman who lives in part of a remodeled Roman amphitheater and rents out other parts as studios. There are poverty-stricken Romans who live in the boarded-up arches of the ancient aqueduct.

In front of the railroad station, the biggest and most insistently modern station in Europe, is a stretch of ancient masonry which serves no purpose. It is part of a brick wall unprotected from souvenir hunters, and green shrubs grow from the ancient mortar, as they seem to grow everywhere in Rome from the crevices in the walls of ruins.

That's like Rome. Green has time and again sprouted from the ruins as it does today. Of all the ancient cities, Rome now seems the most modern, not in looks perhaps, and never insistently, but in its feel. Unlike the French, the Romans are not afraid that Coca-Cola will destroy their taste. They are unabashed by the new Wurlitzer organ in St. Peter's. They who have been engineers, inventors, and builders for centuries, who had central heating in the days of the Emperors, and whose apartment building code under Nero was virtually the same as New York's today, are neither overimpressed nor unamused by modern gadgetry. They take what they like and build it into the fabric of their city and the way they live. They leave the rest alone. Whatever they do they do it precisely as Romans do, and the provincials who inhabit the rest of the world can, if they want, come to Rome and learn how to live.

The Party Is Over

FLORENCE is a checklist. If you approach it conscientiously with Baedeker in hand, you can feel your feet begin to swell in anticipation. More than any city in Italy (more than any city, indeed, that I can remember ever having been in) Florence imposes a regime on the visitor. It seems to say: "Look here. I am the finest flowering of Italian Renaissance culture. Everywhere you look you will find the works of great masters, none later than the sixteenth century—and few as decadent as that. My finery is the most sumptuous that modern man has devised. If you are not an insensitive clod, you had better get busy. And, mind you, no loafing."

You see more exhausted tourists in Florence, more tired limbs being rested in cafés, more noses in guidebooks, more craning necks, and more busy cameras than in any other city in Italy. There is no relief in Florence from culture but more culture. You sit in a café drinking coffee with Michelangelo's David looming above you. You dine with Giotto's campanile at your elbow. All around you is the past, the distant past; you don't find the present anywhere . . . unless you call motor scooters the present, but even these racketing demons somehow seem to be swallowed in the dust of antiquity. No matter what the truth of Florence's present may be with its peripheral factories and farms and its high concentration of Communists, the traveler is assailed by the feeling that all winter long the artisans of the city are preparing for his summer visit; they are busily tooling century-old designs on leather for him to take back to America, or Germany, or England, or wherever he comes from. Only in Florence did I have the conviction that if it weren't for me and for people like me—the Baedeker set—the city would crumble away into dust.

The feeling is aggravated by the fact that there are almost no surprises in Florence. Everywhere you look there is something that you have seen before—on a slide in a college art course, in a sepia photograph on your grandmother's living-room wall, on a page in your Latin grammar. You are so used to seeing these things at second hand that nothing has any reality of its own; it looks only like a reproduction of itself.

This, of course, is a superficial and probably prejudiced view. You do find unexpected sights to arrest your vision, but the eye slides over the Ghiberti bapistry doors ("The Gates of Paradise") as easily as they slide over the buildings of a familiar street at home. You find yourself in a room in the Uffizi filled with Botticellis. Here is the "Primavera" and here is "The Birth of Venus." You say to yourself that you ought to be impressed; what are you here for anyway? But how can you pretend to affect an emotion for these second-hand acquaintances of your childhood when you know quite well that it has been years since you have bothered to look at the excellent Botticelli in your local museum? So you wander on, mentally ticking off masterpieces on your checklist. The pictures that stop you

in your tracks as you traipse from room to room are fewer than you expected and they are usually not the ones you came to see. They are the ones you had forgotten were there, if you ever knew, or ones you never heard of.

On the ship going to Italy I met an archaeologist who said, "I don't remember ever having spent a happy hour in Florence." I, who had never been there, put that down to an archaeologist's prejudice against a living civilization. But I came to see what he meant. Florence is neither quite dead and on the dissecting table, nor is it quite alive; it is in a coma from which one suspects it will never awaken. Its scarcely breathing but beautiful body lies at the bottom of a valley surrounded by a garland of hills dotted with pleasant villas; and through its narrow streets swarm a horde of gate-crashers four hundred years too late for the party.

The other tourists' paradise in Italy, Venice, is a quite different matter. The party still goes on. It may be a masquerade, but there are plenty of people eager to pay the fiddlers. Its outlandish beauty, its ridiculous situation, its wedding-cake architecture, its lively and scandalous past, no matter what lethargy or stultification may have settled behind the pink and white facades, still exude an air of gaiety. Venice bustles. It even makes an occasional gesture to be modern: there are stop lights at the intersections of canals. Venice is visceral, whereas Florence was intellectual. A live body, even if aging, is more fun than a dead intellect any day. Well, almost any day, and especially when the live body contains an interesting intellectual flavor of its own.

I suspect that whereas a few generations ago nothing so pleased a traveler as a "fly in amber" like Florence, today's traveler prefers a city that stands on its feet (even if its feet are in water) rather than one that lies on its shield.

A Footnote on Decency

On a bright, hot August Sunday morning my wife and I walked across the Piazza San Marco in Venice on our way to look at the Basilica. The arcaded square, which is today just as Canaletto painted it with such precision in the eighteenth century, was crowded with Sunday strollers. The tremendous pink campanile reached up into a cobalt blue sky. It looked exactly as advertised by scores of artists for hundreds of years.

When we got to the door of San Marco we were turned back by a dour sexton in a burst of indignation. It seemed that my wife had on a dress with very short sleeves, and she was not considered decently clad. I had on khaki shorts, Bermuda-length socks, and a jacket. I was quite acceptable to the sexton.

An hour or so later, after we had wandered about the Doge's Palace looking at the Veroneses and Tintorettos, we went back to our hotel for lunch. The headwaiter bowed most politely as we came in, and in a rather embarrassed manner said that he was terribly sorry but gentlemen were not permitted in the dining room in shorts. My wife sat down at a table while I went and put on a pair of trousers.

Pilgrimage

There is in Italy these days a remarkable bus service for tourists called CIAT, and pronounced "chat." You can take a bus from Rome, for example, that goes to Assisi, Arezzo, and Florence, as the first leg of a tour, and if you are so minded you can get off at any of these places and spend the night. The bus delivers you and your luggage to your hotel, and you can pick up another bus the next day and go on. You buy one ticket and can extend your tour with as many stop-overs as you please for almost as long as you please. You ride in luxury (sometimes at speeds which are frightening on roads clogged with cyclists, sheep, and ox carts) and are told about the landscape and points of interest by a hostess who speaks three languages. The bus also contains a "bar," which means that you can buy soft drinks. CIAT is an excellent way to travel for those who want to touch the major spots of interest. It takes you to every principal city of Italy and Sicily, but it does not, of course, take you to out-of-the-way places, and if you are a pilgrim in search of remote works of art CIAT is not for you.

It was not for my wife and me, as we were making an art pilgrimage which was, I'm sure, as typical of my generation as the quest of Raphaels was in my grandfather's time. We

were pursuing the works of Piero della Francesca, a monumental fifteenth-century Umbrian, who in many opinions, these days, stands head and shoulders above nearly all other painters that our civilization has produced. He was little regarded in the last century when Raphael Madonnas and the music of Mendelssohn presumably melted the hearts of everyone, but then, Bach was equally disregarded at that time. The analogy between the meaning of Piero and Bach for our generation is not far-fetched, but let us get back to the pilgrimage.

After poring over maps and guidebooks and bus schedules and with constant reference to the lists in an invaluable book called *A Short History of Italian Painting* by Brown and Rankin, my wife and I decided that to see the Pieros by bus was an impossibility. There were two alternatives: to go to big cities by bus and rent cars from there or to rent a car in Rome, where we were then staying, and set out in a sort of luxury that we had certainly not anticipated when we planned our trip in New York. We easily talked ourselves into hiring the car. We had come so far and spent so much to get here, we said to ourselves, that it would be silly not to see the things we most wanted to see. You will admit, I'm sure, that there is a certain unreasonable logic in that, the kind of logic that seems so much less unreasonable several thousand miles from home and office and bank account. So we talked ourselves into what we wanted to do, and two days later we set out in a little blue Fiat sedan driven by a man named Enrico who, he told us as we were leaving Rome for Arezzo, was a former heavyweight wrestling champion of Egypt.

Piero and Enrico, who we soon found liked to be called Henry, belong equally to the pilgrimage. We would not have seen one without the other, though for all the trouble that Henry took to find the sometimes remote places we were looking for, he never bothered to look at the pictures we had come so far to see. He would lean his considerable bulk against the fender of the Fiat and smoke while we disappeared into the damp recesses of churches. We were a puzzle to him. He was used to driving more elegant passengers who did a minimum of sight-seeing (except what could be seen from the window of the car) and who spent most of their time in big cities where Henry's chore was likely to start in the afternoon and last well beyond the middle of the night. When we got to Borgo San Sepolcro and spent three-quarters of an hour looking at Piero's "Resurrection," Henry said, "What's in there?" and when we told him, he said, "You mean just one picture?" And when we said yes, he shook his head.

HENRY weighed about two hundred pounds of solid bone and muscle. He was born in Rome and brought up in Cairo where his father was in business and where he went to an American missionary college. He could get along in nine languages, including Maltese and Arabic. As he had been in Rome on a visit when the war broke out, he joined the Alpine troops, and was quite willing to admit that he took on this special duty because he liked the fancy uniform with the black plume in the hat, the extra rations, and the pursuit of women. He fought in Albania, Yugoslavia, and Russia, from which front he had been invalided home with a machine-gun bullet in his leg. "Six hundred of us got sent back," he said. "There was an entire Italian army of 240,000 men in Russia. The rest are still there. The Russians say there are maybe a couple of hundred Italians in Russia, but we know different."

Henry was bitter about the Russians; he was bitter about many things, but perhaps about the Germans most of all. He could spot a German tourist half a mile away (and there were many in Italy last summer, on bicycles in *Lederhosen,* on motorcycles with precisely packed duffles, in busses all the way from Germany). More than anything it was the forced labor the Germans had inflicted on the Italians that rankled. Everything that Henry didn't like was "lousy." Mussolini, the roads, other drivers, the weather, but especially the Germans were lousy. Some Americans were lousy, too, particularly two couples he had driven to Monte Carlo in a seven-passenger Cadillac, and whose thirty-two bags had to go ahead by separate car. "They lost $65,000 in three nights, Missus" (he called my wife "Missus"). "And they laughed about it. The women were worse than the husbands."

Politically Henry was somewhere near the middle of the road. He was no Communist and he did not hanker for the days of the Fascists. "Mussolini gave us good roads," he

said, "and he cleaned the place up, and he took care of the art." Then he paused, and perhaps out of deference to us, he added, "Otherwise he was lousy." It was between Pieros that Henry gave us brief lectures on the economics and politics of Italy, as we were winding up the tight curves of the pass from Arezzo to Urbino, or across the bone-white Umbrian plains, or later when we left the Piero country and came out of Bologna, where we drove through village after village displaying the hammer and sickle, red and white pennants strung above the roads, and peace mottoes roughly but boldly splashed on walls in white paint. "The trouble with Italy," Henry said, "is too many people. Before the war there were 41 million. Now there are 50 million. There are two million men with no jobs. Lots of people live in caves. Lots of people starve. This province Emilia is 95 per cent Communist. Not Russian Communists really. They're Italians; they're more like Socialists. What have they got to lose?"

Henry didn't have the answer to that question. He didn't mean it as his own question but as theirs. "The Marshall Plan helps with food and dollars," he said. "But what we need is jobs." He didn't think of dollars as making jobs.

On our way from Ravenna to Ferrara we were trying to make time in order to see some paintings in the Schifanoia Palace, which closed for a three-hour siesta at noon. We didn't make it because we got behind a convoy of maroon-colored trucks, armored cars, and tanks loaded with men in uniform. I assumed it was the army, but Henry set me right.

"It's the civil police," he explained. "They are making a summer encampment." When I remarked that the equipment looked pretty elaborate for a police force, he said, "They have their own airplanes too. It's the best police force in Europe. There have been French here to study it. They hold their encampment here because this is a mostly Communist province."

We saw a good deal of Italian life through Henry's eyes, but as I have said, he saw none of what we came specifically to look at through ours. He never got over being puzzled, but he caught the spirit of the chase. The Piero route starts with Arezzo where the apse of the cathedral is covered with frescoes based on the story of "The Finding of the True Cross." We arrived there in the late afternoon and gazed up at the pictures in the fading light in the company of three Italian tourists. One of them stretched out on a choir stall the better to see the higher paintings without breaking his neck. In a few minutes he was fast asleep. "He's marinating himself in Piero," my wife said, and he was still asleep when we left. We came back again in the early morning, about seven-thirty, and a mass was in progress at the high altar, and though we had been told to pay no attention to it and just elbow our way through, we sat and waited until it was over, and by then the light was brilliant and the whole character of the pictures had changed from the evening before.

The route goes from Arezzo to the cemetery in a town we had difficulty in finding, called Monterchi, where there is the Madonna del Parto in a private chapel, and then to Borgo San Sepolcro, where if you are a true believer in Piero you are quite content to admit that "there is the greatest painting in the world" —"The Resurrection."

You need to relax after that picture, so we had a coffee *cappuccino* in a *trattoria* on the square and then set out for Urbino. To get there you drive over a pass which doubles back on itself like ribbon candy, for mile after mile through the countryside that fills the backgrounds of Piero's paintings, white earth peppered with fig trees and cypresses, then up over the Apennines, mountain after mountain. Urbino is hot and God-forsaken, and you wonder why a fifteenth-century duke built a magnificent palace there except that it commands a broad landscape and enemies could be seen approaching far off. Two paintings in the ducal palace, then on to Rimini on the shore of the Adriatic, now a summer resort like Long Beach or Asbury Park. Henry had warned us about Rimini just by shrugging his wide shoulders. We couldn't get into the Tempio Malatesta where the painting we wanted to see was on the wall; it was closed in preparation for a concert that was to be given the next evening. But after dinner we went to look at its elegant façade, covered with marble that Malatesta had stolen off the basilicas in Ravenna. We heard

faint sounds of music coming through the big locked doors, and discovered that in the alley next to the building we could hear clearly. We stood there in the dark and listened to the La Scala chorus rehearse the last movement of Beethoven's "Ninth," and realized why La Scala is known as one of the greatest opera companies in the world.

The Piero pilgrimage leads far afield, out of Piero's own countryside, and we pursued him to Venice, to Perugia, to the Uffizi in Florence, and finally to London, where two of the most beautiful pictures are hung (now without glass over them) in an air-conditioned room in the National Gallery.

WHEN you make a pilgrimage such as we did, your impressions afterward are far more vivid of the circumstances under which you traveled than of the things you went to see. Henry will be a four-square picture of a black-a-vised wrestler long after I've forgotten the colors in the paintings. The church smell of dampness and incense will stay in my nostrils long after I'll remember which painting was in which town, and Henry's incessant blowing of the horn as he bore down skillfully but purposefully on pedestrians, cyclists, and beasts of burden alike, and the racketing noise of motor scooters outside every hotel window at five in the morning will be in my ears long after I can remember how the voices of the La Scala chorus sounded coming through the half-open windows of the Tempio in Rimini.

You realize, finally, that you go to look at great works of art and you see them, if they are Pieros, with satisfaction and excitement. They are everything you hoped they would be. But they cannot stare at you with the same eyes as the paraplegic on the steps of the cathedral, or shake their fists at you like the little boys in bare feet in Communist Emilia, or smile at you like the amiable Roman woman who sees your look of bewilderment and asks if she can help you find your way. They cannot even give you the comfort that comes from seeing your compatriots in foreign cities behaving generously and politely and thoughtfully, compared with tourists from other countries. The world of Piero is like a measured landscape peopled with frozen gods and goddesses, awe-inspiring, unearthly, where everything is solved for all time. Like Bach he was a man of penetrating intellect, a mathematician, a consummate craftsman, and capable of the most intense emotion. And like Bach he leaves no loose ends. In both their worlds all questions are answered, the chord is always resolved.

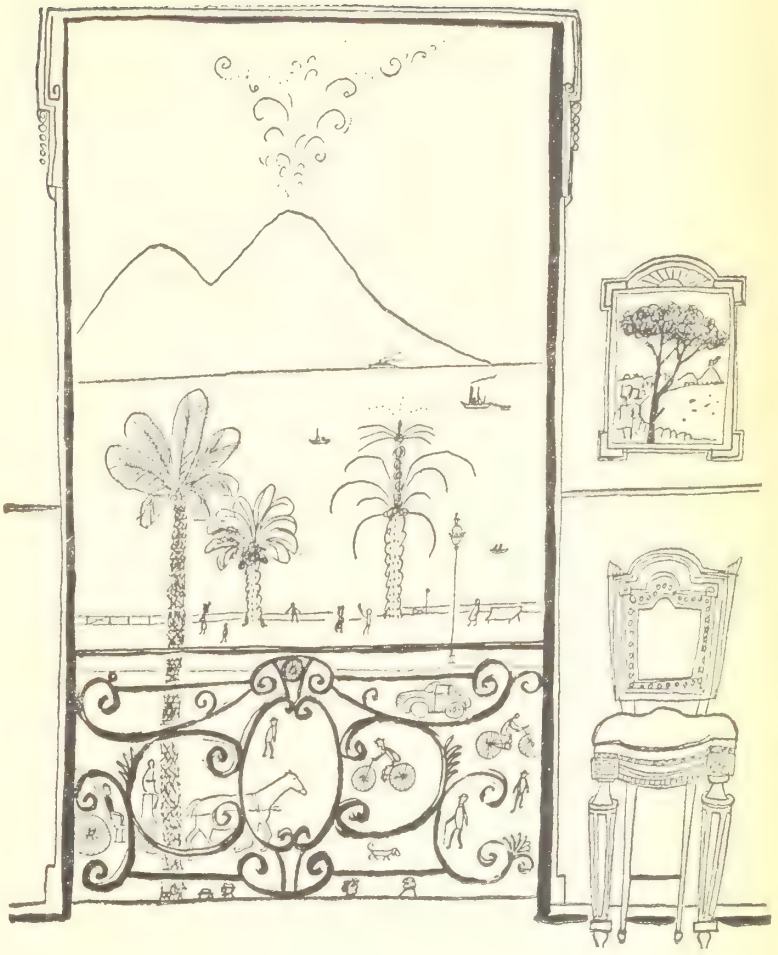
But nothing is resolved in Henry's world, nor in the sight-seers' world, which is why it sticks in the eye and the ear and nose, tantalizing and unanswered. My wife overheard in the Forum in Rome the ultimate question of the sight-seer, the pilgrim to the past. A young American woman standing on a pile of granite called to her mother, "Look it up, Mom, and tell me what I'm standing on now." Fortunately, she won't remember the answer.

The author of the foregoing notes on Italy, Russell Lynes, is an editor of Harper's *and a frequent contributor to this magazine on various aspects of taste and social custom. Steinberg, whose drawings follow, lived and studied for many years in Italy before coming to America, and, like Mr. Lynes, he traveled there last summer.*

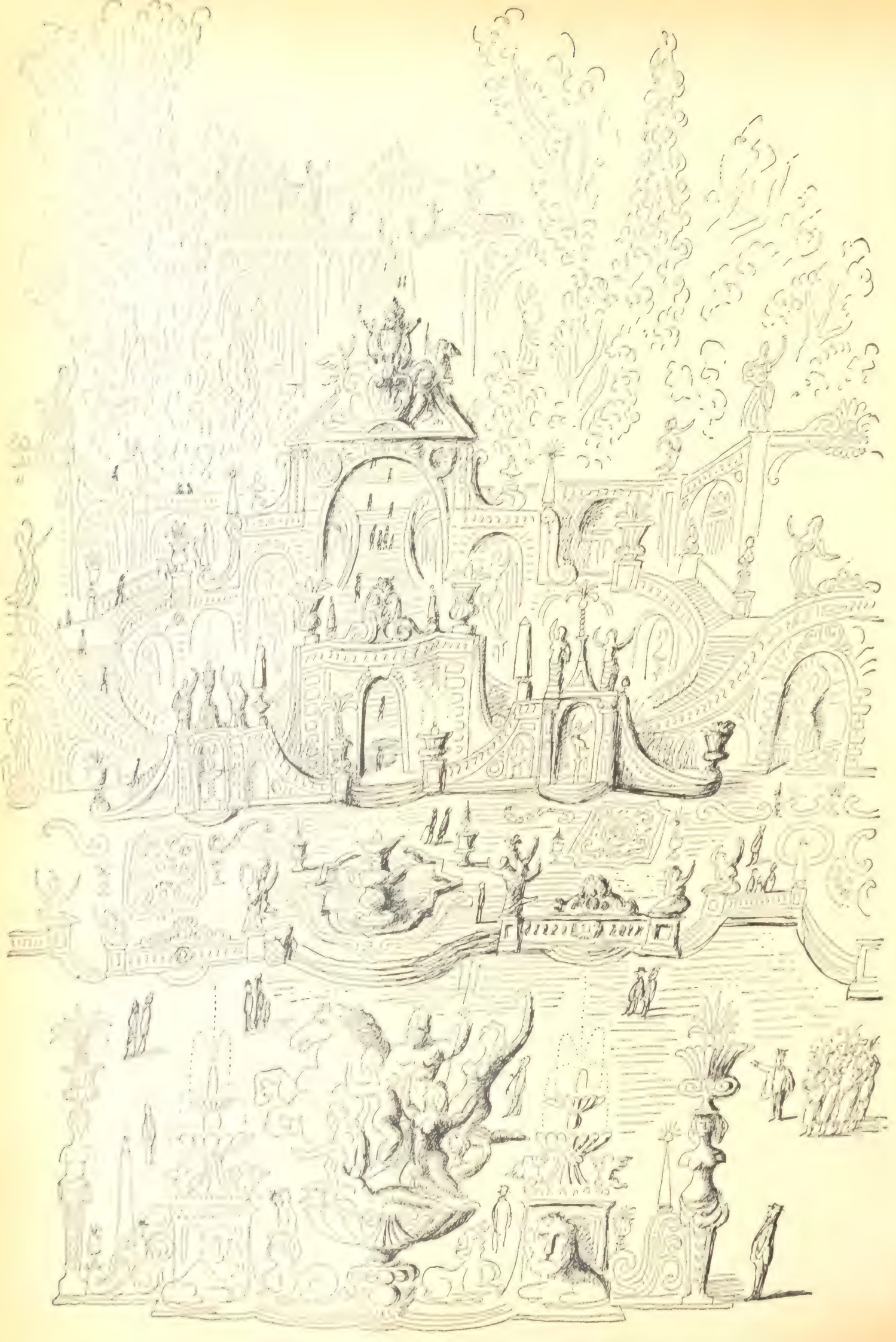
ITALY

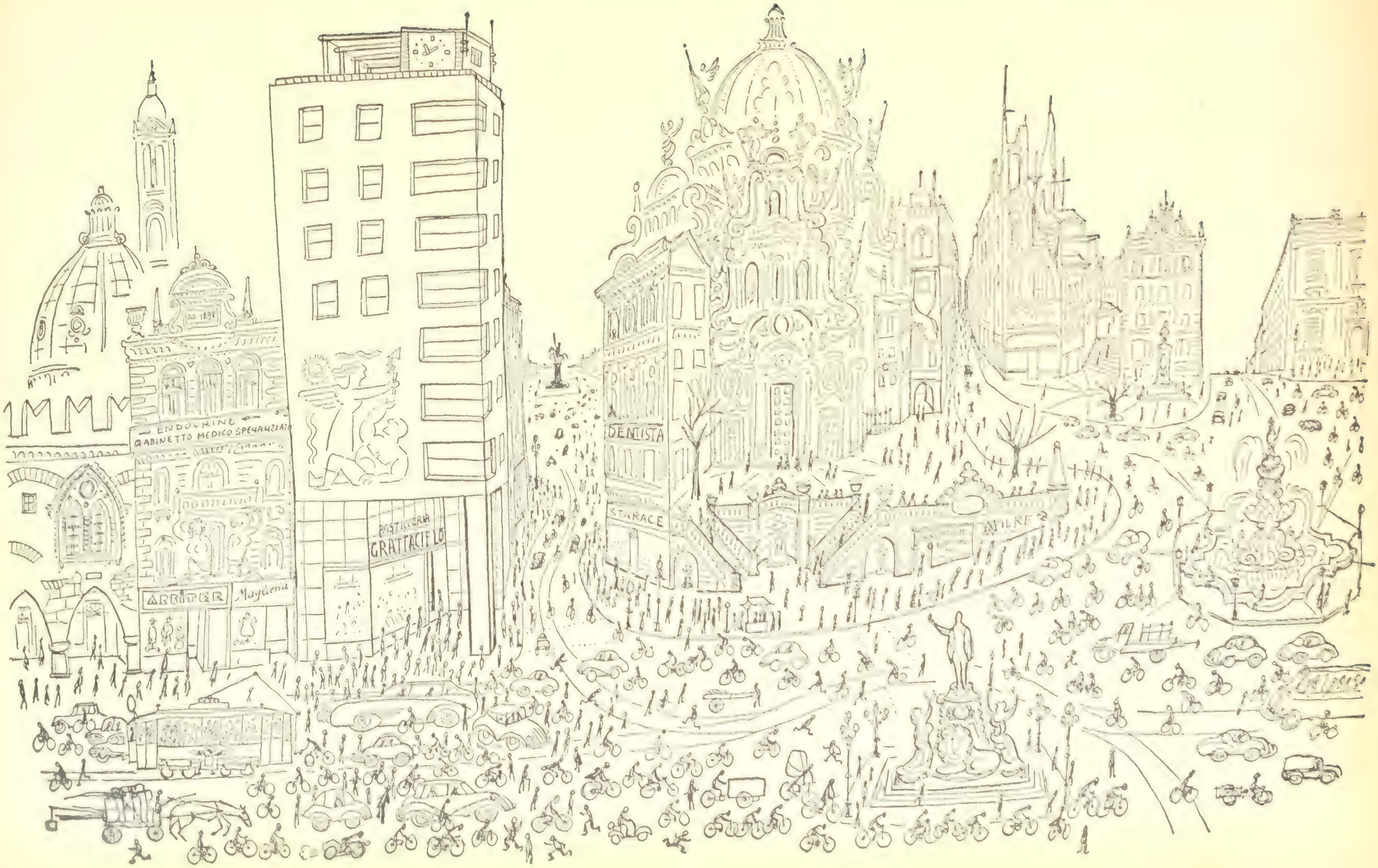
by ***Steinberg***










ENDOCRINE
GABINETTO MEDICO SPECIALIZZATO
DENTISTA
STARACE
POSTICCERIA
GRATTACIELO
ARBITER
Maglierie


FEDERAZIONE
COM. UNISTA
DI VENEZIA
DD MAURITIO SCHISQVE DEDICATVM
BARBIERE
maglieria


JOMANES
HOTEL
MINERVA
CINEMA
DE GASPER
W
BARTALI
STEINBERG

The Easy Chair

Why Read Dull Novels?

Bernard DeVoto

After finishing one of last year's novels I fell to wondering why it was not better than it was, and why the fifteen or more novels its author has written did not add up to a more impressive achievement. I have known him for a long time, though not intimately. I like his books, I read them with pleasure, I respect them and him. I especially respect him because he is a professional and the sureness, cleanliness, and finish of professional work seem more admirable to me as the years pass because so much fiction is tarnished by the half-writing of novelists unwilling or unable to learn their trade well. Yet I have felt a recurrent dissatisfaction with his books as they have come out, and though I long expected him to become a first-class novelist I do not think of him as one.

His novel was one of the few among the annual crop that anyone was likely to call good. But it was more trivial than its theme and more trivial than his intention and his skill. I thought I could say why: it had no character in it whose experience he respected. And looking back over his other novels, over a diverse gallery of characters, I could remember none whose experience he seemed to respect. I found myself wondering why: if you think long enough about a novel you will end by thinking about the novelist. I wished that I knew him well enough to answer questions that must bear on this singular uniformity.

Had he never, I wondered, been so in love with a woman that in retrospect he could grant the emotion integrity? Had he never slept with one with such satisfaction and reward that he could remember the experience without derision? What about his marriage: had it had no mutuality, no sharing of hope and aspiration and pain, no depth of feeling, no realization of personality, no completion or desire for completion, that to his eyes had dignity in itself? Had love for his children, the fear and bitterness and glory and failure of parenthood, self-reproach or pride or desolation as a father, never struck him with enough impact to make it seem a worthy thing? Had no friend meant enough for him to find in friendship a richness and heightening and increase that need not for his private comfort be belittled? Was there in his work, his ambition as a writer, his knowledge of having tried hard, nothing deep or intense enough to demand his respect? Was there nothing he could respect in his own grief and sorrow? Had no man or woman meant enough to him so that he had to respect theirs?

The answer to all these questions seemed to be no. Otherwise, somewhere in that list of novels, indeed somewhere in every novel on it, there would have been characters, however he might have condemned them, who would have demanded his respect because their feelings had dignity and integrity. Evidently he was impelled to create imaginary experience so that he could deride it under pressure of his self-derision. I was sure that this fact went a long way toward explaining why he had not become a first-rate novelist. It did not go all the way, for a man who finds nothing in his own life to respect may perceive and acknowledge the dignity of fundamental human experience as it is manifest in other lives.

The trivializing of human experience by one gifted novelist does nothing to explain the state of current fiction, which a lot of people agree is pretty bad. But it suggests one of the reasons that an explanation would have to

take into account. This novelist is gifted, he is sensitive, and his derision of experience originates in conviction, albeit a conviction that is painful to him. But he is imitated by a lot of writers who are neither gifted nor sensitive, who lack convictions, whose derision is ready made and over the counter, an echo, a fashion, mere smartness, mere posturing. Any reader soon reaches his saturation point for novels by such men, and the most discriminating readers reach it fastest. The spectacle of a novelist being superior to his characters, of inventing them in order to deride them and so look good by comparison, is not deeply nor durably absorbing. And if he insists on telling you that a fortiori your experience too is contemptible, you will require him to qualify as a judge. If he can't qualify, and few novelists can, why read him?

But an explanation of the current decline in fiction must begin at a considerably lower level. Such a phenomenon is not the result of a single cause. People do not stop reading novels for the same reason, they do not even stop reading the same novels. But they will read few novels if there are few good ones to be read, and there are many ways in which novels can be bad. When the generality of novels are bad for a number of reasons concurrently, you get just such widespread public indifference as we are seeing now, and just such hand-wringing by publishers and critics. We may remember too that the phenomenon, though regrettable, is temporary. Only in the ascetic quarterlies has the art of fiction reached the end of the run; elsewhere we may be sure that affairs will mend. Fiction is a durable and flexible art; most of all it is a necessary art. There is nothing wrong with it now except a lot of novelists and some publishing practices.

As I said here last month, far more people try to be writers than will ever make the grade. The incidence is highest in fiction. The world is populous, it is over-populated, with people who try to write novels but don't know how and will never learn, and with people who try to do and say in novels what is not worth doing and saying. Bad as a lot of published novels are, they are among the best 10 per cent of the ones offered for publication. The people who write the remaining 90 per cent do not know how to give a novel structure, how to put it together, how to give it life or drama or excitement or intensity, how to tell the story they are trying to tell, how to characterize imaginary people, how to express emotion, how to write dialogue, how to do any of the things that compose a novelist's skill. And in these hopelessly written manuscripts nearly always the effort of the writer has been spent on themes, characters, and experience so trite, so dull, or perceived with such insensitive intelligence that even if he were a better craftsman no one would publish his book.

This is the barren subsoil that underlies published fiction. The first layer above it, a wide one, is not so dreadful but remains pretty bad. Scores of novels are published every year which simply cannot engage the interest of a moderately mature, moderately sensitive, normally experienced person. They are lifeless, an empty travesty of life. They are without emotion, without persuasion. They lack reality and intensity, they lack charm, wit, grace, understanding. The mind and personality they express are commonplace. They have nothing to say that is worth listening to. They say nothing well. Now there is no reason why a publisher should not risk what would appear to be a certain loss by publishing such books. But he is not justified in complaining when the loss results, for there is no reason, either, why anyone should read them. A person who picks up a novel stops reading if he finds nothing in it to interest him, if the novel itself does not impel him to go on. Why should he go on? Certainly not for the novelist's sake, or the publisher's. The standards which the general reading public sets for novelists are not very demanding, they are surprisingly humble standards, but the decline in fiction sales is evidence that they are higher than those which publishers are setting. Not television, not book clubs, not the anxieties of our time, not the cussedness of human nature or ineffective trade advertising is responsible for that decline: just bad novels.

Considering what really first-rate fiction is, the minimum excellence that people require of novelists, I repeat, is not formidable. In general the people who read fiction at all have so urgent a need for it that they will accept novels which do only a little

to satisfy the need. It is a deep need, it takes many forms, and fiction has many ways of satisfying it. The most direct way, indeed the basis of all other ways, is to tell a story, to construct a dramatic narrative of events occurring in people's lives. There is always an eager audience for pure "story"; there always will be. Any novelist who writes it competently will always find an audience; any publisher who publishes him will always make money. Nevertheless, two things: they must seem to be natural events and the characters in whose lives they occur must seem to be real people. The novelist has to be good enough to make them seem real to a reader, but the unimpeachable evidence is that scores of novelists who get published every year are not that good.

It is only "seem." Disregard the upper levels of fiction and consider the run of the mill novels that get by because they do a little satisfy that eternal need. The events that such a novel narrates need not be the inevitable outgrowth of human character in a situation that has been set four-square with reality; they need only for a moment seem to be a plausible development of the circumstances that have been stated. The characters need not be complex nor subtly perceived, their motives need not have been profoundly explored; they need only have a plausible appearance of acting as real people in these circumstances would act. The emotion felt by the characters need not be deep, it need only for a moment seem to be real. This illusion may last no longer than the turning of the page. It may be a thin or a trumpery illusion or it may be produced in ways or out of material that are afterward recognized as cheap. But it is the primary and indispensable requirement, the beginning of fiction; there can be no acceptable novel without it. A good many novelists who are published every year fail to create it.

Some of these have tried to write the straightforward narrative of objective action. But this kind of novel is more likely than some other kinds to be moderately good. To find the worst fiction of these days, do not turn to the costume novel of sword play, court intrigue, and the ripped-off bodice that has, to the dismay of literary folk, sold so prodigiously. Its place in the hierarchy is certainly not high but it does have narrative dispatch and its effects are workmanlike. It achieves its illusion: the writer could not rely on the strip-tease that assists him so often unless for the moment the girl who is stripping off her clothes seemed to be alive. The worst novels are those which try to do something more ambitious but lack what it takes. They try to deal justly and honestly with the substance of experience but fail to because they are tawdrily imagined and wretchedly written, because their writers have neither personality nor skill enough for the job. They perish by the score every season and though their failure is pitiful when seen as the failure of hard and serious work by serious people, there is another way of looking at it. Whom were they intended for, who was supposed to read them? Serious readers? Readers interested in good fiction? Then publishing them was folly, fraud, and something of a public affront.

For a novelist who sets out to represent or interpret life as we know it has no option but to make good. He has got to understand the life and the people he is dealing with and he has got to be a sufficiently skillful craftsman to embody his understanding in the forms of fiction. Even here we do not ask too much of him, being grateful for an occasional moment of emotion so truly rendered that it moves us, an occasional verification of something we know or perception of something that has escaped us, a motive truly revealed, a brief correspondence with what we ourselves have felt or hoped to feel, a small conviction that this is on the whole, or now and then, true. Surely this is a moderate requirement, considering how much more fine fiction can accomplish, but scores of novels published every year fall short of it.

If you are caught at a dinner where some bore drones on, uttering dreary commonplaces, proving himself insensitive to human experience and too stupid to respond to it, you have no recourse. But if you pick up a novel and find that its author is such a person, you can stop reading. Why shouldn't you? You are interested in people but not in cardboard characters that have been pulped in skimmed milk. You are interested in emotion but not aridity or sentimentality, in thinking but not in obvious or false or dull thinking. You are grateful for any insight

into the nature or meaning of experience that anyone can give you but the intelligence at work here is fumbling and blind, the imagination poverty-stricken. Certainly you stop reading. You are under no obligation to the novelist, the publisher, or the art of letters to suffer boredom on their behalf. There are no reasons why anyone should read any novel except such reasons as the novelist may provide.

Some novelists who are perhaps capable of providing reasons fail to do so. This is something else and again it can occur in various ways. Sometimes the quirks of fashion induce novelists to create difficulties for the reader, though what set the fashion in the first place was a defect, not a virtue, of some good novelist, and writers who follow any fashion have less identity than they need. But there is also defiance of the reader, even contempt of him. One of the motives that combine to make a novelist is an urge to gratify his ego by exposing it; like teaching and acting, writing is a highly exhibitionistic trade. All novelists have this urge but those who do not learn to express it with great indirection by sublimating it in the symbols of fiction must remain faulty and fragmentary artists. Yet its direct gratification is encouraged by a lot of people who are likely to surround writers. The public sets no high value on novelists, but the hangers-on of the literary world do—literary people, the arty fringe, people who have everything that goes into the creative temperament except the ability to create. These people, almost always themselves what they call artists by virtue of a vague desire, do indeed regard novelists as tremendously important. They are something of a menace to fiction, for they encourage willfulness, eccentricity, egotistical display, everything that adds up to disdain of the reader. They and their clichés work to convince novelists that their high and enviable function is self-expression.

Well, it isn't self-expression. Like the job of all other writers, of all artists, of everyone who undertakes to report on experience, it is communication. A novelist who is not read is not in fact a novelist; one who disdains his reader is both a bad one and a fool. He has mistaken his function and he has grossly misjudged his own importance. In the art of fiction there is no such thing as "take it or leave it." The experiences of life with which fiction deals have that finality and a novelist must adhere to it in his assessment of experience. But he is to exhaust his intelligence, his talent, and his skill in communicating his assessment to the reader, in reducing so far as may be the formidable and disheartening obstacles that stand in the way of communication. The novelist himself does not matter a damn to any reader. The experience he writes about and what he makes of it can be important to a reader only as he may make them important.

Some people have been saying that the bitterness, gloom, pessimism, cynicism, and ethical anarchy of current fiction explain the decline we are talking about. In the first place those are qualities only of some current fiction, not all of it; the incidence of their opposites remains about what it has always been. In the second place, this negative appraisal of human experience is one of the eternal attitudes of art and can never of itself slam the door shut. But fiction that sets such values on life has got to be really good fiction. One's own experience is all one has; it is all one is. One of the greatest satisfactions art can give us, a pleasure that perhaps only art can make a pleasure, is a perception of and assent to tragedy or futility. But the novelist who sets out to achieve this remarkable triumph has got to be very good indeed. He has got to feel intensely, his anger or his pity or his rebelliousness has got to be very deep and very strong; petulance, mere grievance, a bellyache, an attitude or pose will not do. A shallow or merely fashionable assertion that life is brutal, empty, or futile will not do. Inept and inferior craftsmanship will not do. Who says my experience is tawdry and my pain and happiness without meaning? That little twirp?—the hell with him. It may be that some of the novels which the public is pointedly ignoring are by little twirps.

Literary ailments call only for diagnosis, fortunately, not treatment. In any event nothing can be done to increase the frequency of truly distinguished novels. First-rate and even second-rate novelists seem to represent a special arrangement of the genes, one which we do not know how to produce by selective breeding. The reading public seems to be taking effective action in regard to other

kinds of novels and novelists. Even on its most lowly level the writing of fiction is a difficult craft. Too many people try to write it who simply have not got the qualities of personality, of intelligence and imagination, that it requires. Too many others fail to learn the craft adequately. These last could perhaps do something about themselves. Probably no one can develop more understanding, warmth, and sympathy than inheritance and experience have given him. But anyone who writes fiction can force himself to write it somewhat better, perhaps a lot better, than he has been content to do. What he principally needs, one thinks, is humility. He needs at every moment to realize that the job he has undertaken is a lot more important than he is, and that it calls for the fullest use of whatever endowment he has. Abiding by that knowledge is up to him, not the reader, and perhaps he needs always to keep in mind too that no one will read him except as he is able to make reading him a satisfaction. He can always develop more skill. He always needs to.

HERE something practical can be done by someone besides the highly pragmatic reading public: by publishers. Our hearts are not wrung by their alarmed and anguished complaints that they can't sell novels as easily as they wish they could. Anyone who regards novels as merchandise to be manufactured, packaged, advertised, and distributed has no grievance if the consumer finds the product inferior and refuses to buy it. Certainly the manuscripts that were delivered to the publisher's office last week were in the main fearfully bad. In the main they always were, in the main they always will be. But that does not mean that he has to publish fearfully bad novels. Certainly, again, there is the overhead. He has readers, editors, salesmen to pay, the whole machine to keep in operation. But it is idiotic to operate the machine at a foreseen, predicted, and increasing loss, to publish novels which he knows are so bad that he knows too he will lose money on them. He can cut down the number of novels he publishes. He can insist on publishing better novels, and if his editors cannot distinguish between bad novels and good ones he can hire better editors. He can put the staff to work on books about dogs, doctors, and Lincoln, on manuals of the stars and the flowers, on the How To books that pay most of his printer's bills anyway. How to live under threat of the atom bomb, how to raise money to pay three sets of alimony, how to get along with your children, how to use the waste space behind the furnace, how to make an outboard motor out of old roller skates. Under a clumsy and meretricious veneer of fiction, most of the novels he is taking a loss on are How To books anyway, and they will sell better if the veneer is scraped off.

Publishers can shut off at the source most of the fiction which the public is refusing to read on the simple ground that it is bad. Alone of all the world, publishers are in a position to insist that publishable novelists be as good as it is in them to be. There was a time when publishers believed that the encouragement of good writing and the discouragement of bad writing was part of their job. In those days novels sold pretty well.

Draw Another Breath

THE fear of communism in this country is not reasonable. It is a phenomenon as old as civilized society, but its wide prevalence and its possible dominance here imply a radical change of the character of the dominant race and a reversal of all the traditions of civilization. It is at war with the national common sense, and that may be trusted for a long time yet. It has no intellectual hold or mastery, and nothing prospers until it has that. The communistic meeting in the city of New York during the troubles showed how little reality there is in the apprehension. . . . The meeting merely served to show how little dangerous strength there is in the spirit of communism, and how absolutely lacking intellectual or moral leadership.

—From the "Editor's Easy Chair," *Harper's,* October 1877.

America's Romance with Practicality

Jacques Barzun

THE present moment in history seems an apt one for reconsidering what has long been deemed the American characteristic *par excellence*—practicality. On the one hand, the first and second world wars have made us the effective arbiters of European survival, with the result that our ways are deeply disliked by the peoples who depend on our help. What we have to give is despised in the very instant that it is taken, and the prospect of the Americanization of Europe is apparently so dreadful that some Europeans have been heard to express a preference for Russianization.

On the other hand, that same position of power which Europe resents has led many of our own people to recant the national faith in practical achievement and to deplore our "know-how" as uncouth and ultimately dangerous to ourselves. The words "practical" and "pragmatic" are out of favor among the thoughtful, the educated, the ethical part of society.

Pragmatism seems the antithesis of all that is good and decent. There is a yearning for spiritual concerns instead of bodily comfort, for contemplation instead of action; one hears in the most diverse quarters a call for eternal absolutes in place of working truths that are only relative. This sincere impulse has even bred a fashion: it has become a mark of sensitivity to prefer artists who lay claim to recognized orthodoxies or who profess traditionalism, no matter of what sort. The trappings of ancient religions validate verses, and the solemn advocacy of agrarian feudalism or monarchy seems able to purge an intellectual's distress while raising his self-esteem.

If we ask ourselves whether America has indeed come to a cultural turning point—that is to say, whether these manifestations are deep or superficial—it is obviously necessary to be a little clearer about what America is apparently giving up and what is being adopted in its place. The answer matters not only to the individual but to the world as well, since the choice involves the ever troublesome relation of America to Europe, and hence the fate of Western civilization as a whole.

THAT troublesome relation began with Columbus's landing, if not before, and it must be our starting point for the discovery of the particular American traits that concern us here. As everybody knows, there are two main views of the way in which American culture came to be what it is. One is Frederick Jackson Turner's notion of the

Jacques Barzun is professor of history at Columbia University and author of Berlioz and the Romantic Century, *and other books. Last summer he spoke to an audience at the Aspen Institute in Colorado on the subject of this essay.*

frontier as the creator of an entirely new type of man. The other notion, put forward by various writers, but most systematically by Vernon Parrington, is that America was really the grand arena for the development of European thoughts, hopes, and powers.

As an independent observer, I have never been able to understand why the two views are not compatible, and in fact complementary. Only, in order to reconcile them I think that certain facts have to be brought out, some of which are taken too much for granted, while others are kept out of sight to flatter snobbish feelings. The first of these neglected truths is that North America was settled by refugees, that is, by people escaping from one worldly evil or another—from religious or political persecution, from military service, from recurrent famine, from hopeless poverty, from the consequences of crime or disgrace, from fear and loathing of the institutions of Europe. The exceptions to this generality hardly count in the face of the overwhelming numbers of outcasts, misfits, and underdogs who have made this country the leading power of the West in a little over three hundred years.

The first element of practicality follows from this historical fact. Most of those who came over were workers; it might be even more correct to say workmen. They had by and large no habits of leisure, of self-cultivation, or of authority based on rank. On the contrary, they wanted to be forever free from the exploitation imposed upon them in Europe by their born masters, and they naturally associated the culture, the leisure, the high manners, and the ancestral establishments of old Europe with everything that they hated and meant to get rid of. This explains the intransigent democracy and egalitarianism—the "populism"—of the new man called American.

The frontier obviously encouraged feelings of social equality among the whites, but it did not create these feelings. The impulse to emigrate from Europe already implied them, and that impulse was renewed when the Eastern seaboard of the new continent became stratified enough to make the discontented go farther west in search, precisely, of an open frontier, a second America.

Equality, of course, was an ingrained state of mind and set of habits, but it did not overlook differences of capacity and of accomplishment. These differences could be measured in only one way—by the test of practicality. Benjamin Franklin was not exactly a frontiersman, the East coast having been settled for a century when he became the representative American, but in explaining the new society to a European friend, he writes that a newcomer to this country is asked not what he is but what he can do. This is the whole philosophy of Poor Richard in a nutshell. It is a philosophy of success, and as the title Poor Richard proclaims, it is the philosophy of a man who starts poor.

For once in history the men and the land were beginning even. Here was no pre-existing culture to enjoy and to master by assimilation and social climbing, as the barbarians had done in the days of the late Roman Empire. The American colonist had to start from scratch—tangible results were necessarily the only mark of virtue. Besides defending his hearth, he must build, and grow food, and meet every unexampled emergency as it arose —succeed at all costs, or else go under. We have a symbol for this in world literature: within a half century of its beginnings, the American situation was imperishably described under the name of Robinson Crusoe. Every detail is there—the tools and the knowledge brought on the ship, the menace of the Indians, and that of the lawless white sailors who complicate for Crusoe the task of building a civilization and a government.

But to mention Robinson Crusoe reminds us of the second element in the American cult of practicality. It used to be the usual thing in textbooks of economics to conjure up Crusoe just after landing on his island, and represent him as immediately making an economic choice among the practical tasks confronting him. But all that this illustration really showed was that economists do not read literature, for the first thing that Crusoe actually does is not to act like economic man but to fall on his knees and pray. Likewise at Plymouth Rock.

But as in *Crusoe,* the religious beliefs that presided over the Pilgrims' decisive effort to start a new England on this continent did not hamper, they reinforced the gospel of work. There is in fact a sense in which Protestantism invented the whole mythology of work and the dignity of labor. Hitherto work had

been a curse. To be sure, Catholic Christianity had long recognized the psychological value of imposing "good works" upon the sinner for his relief, but these penances and pilgrimages were designed to remind him of spiritual truths, not to make him toil usefully for himself or the community. The Protestant reformers, by stressing faith instead of religious works, released energies for plain secular chores, and by their doctrine of Predestination the Calvinists finally removed all possibilities of doing anything to placate God directly. Since to the Calvinist the outward sign of being elect was uprightness and prosperity, the true believer strove to achieve the sign. Among the English middle class, whether Dissenters like Defoe or churchgoers like Samuel Pepys, this connection between divine grace and businesslike behavior was taken for granted. Thus at the height of the mismanaged Dutch War, Pepys records the common feeling that "God Almighty cannot bless us while we keep in this disorder that we are in." Since Holland too, and Scotland as well, supplied America with colonists from their most niggardly provinces, the new continent lacked no impulse to toil and to thrive. Before long the English word "busy," which as late as Shakespeare meant "interfering," "meddlesome," acquired the meaning with which we may now feel we are too familiar.

Even with these few notions in mind, it is clear that "practicality" is not an isolated feature of our tradition, nor a wholly native growth, but the result of an interaction of which few suspect the complexity. Even before going farther into it, we can see why the English colonies on this continent gathered to themselves the strongest European elements and ultimately displaced the French and the Spanish, neither of which had the motive of liberation from the Old World or the single-minded desire to succeed in a material way on this spot of earth.

Yet we must not think of the English colonies as consisting entirely of Englishmen or we miss another aspect of America's intricate inheritance. From an early date, as we said, the Scotch and the Dutch established themselves on these shores; then came German, French, Irish, Moravian, and Polish settlements, followed in turn by the great migrations of the nineteenth century. These brought nationals of every European country, and in such numbers that we may say the United States of Europe—to this day an impossible Utopia—was realized here in virtue of space and a practical disregard of abstract enmities. Add the Chinese, Japanese, and Filipinos to the Negroes half emancipated by 1865, and you have an almost complete sampling of the human race sheltering under the name American.

I am not forgetting that this astonishing result was marked all along its course by misery, injustice, and sudden death. Nor that even after one of the bloodiest of Civil Wars the status of the liberated Negro is still the occasion of hatred and violence. The soil and air of America did not suddenly turn men into angels. But it did bring about significant changes that deserve the name of philosophical. For the rapid assimilation of these endlessly diversified groups did not take place in the usual historic way. They were not coerced into uniformity by a conqueror, nor did the adaptation take place in a primitive time when there were no means of preserving group identity. On the contrary, the greatest influx of Europeans came in the century of railroads and steamships, of newpaper literacy and nationalism. The diverse streams of people did not pour into a melting pot to come out cast alike: rather they managed to coexist in spite of their obvious and irritating peculiarities.

More than that, the last century was in Europe one of tremendous intellectual ferment, and whenever a bubble of doctrine came to the surface of the cauldron it seemed to be at once wafted across the Atlantic and deposited somewhere in these states. For example the so-called Utopian socialists were so persuaded that America meant possibility that, far from remaining Utopian, they tried to put every one of their schemes in practice here. The names New Hope, New Harmony, New Enterprise, and fifty others recall the sum of effort and aspiration that went into the task of regenerating society by doing something practical, at once, on the margins of the conventional order.

Taken together with native offshoots, these attempts constitute the greatest single influence on American development since the original impulse of Puritanism. But it is clear that this influence was somehow filtered clear

of doctrinal hate, for it provoked no war of class or faction or region. The practical problem of survival not only seemed to divert the aggressive passions, but the satisfaction of material wants in an atmosphere of give-and-take removed the desperate motives which in Europe make of persecution and martyrdom a duty and a pastime.

This modus vivendi in two realms—spiritual and social—was matched by a third in the political. American federalism took the place of European centralization. Federalism also means diversity, the coexistence of contradictions, the reliance on local judgment to fit local conditions rather than the desire to make local conditions fit the central doctrine.

Variety and flexibility were carried so far under the influence of the crassest kind of practical politics that the United States developed a two-party system that would accommodate a six-party reality. It was soon clear that in order to win national elections there must be powerful, nation-wide organizations represented in each state. Once a pair of major ones were in the field, any third party found it practically and doctrinally hard to compete; for the existing pair adapted itself so completely to local needs that each of them had a right wing, a center, and a left. Even then the extremes often dance a disorderly minuet in which the participants change places with one another—witness the present position of a famous General who may be a candidate for the highest office but at this writing is not sure on what ticket. That is something uniquely American and practical. The spectacle lacks neatness and symmetry, no doubt, but the tradition has so far proved its worth: it works, it fits, it expresses the diversity of a country which, if it ever takes to ideas like its European forebears, must necessarily fly apart and shed its own people's blood in the name of the highest ideals.

II

So far we have been on the familiar ground of American history and its European antecedents. We have not looked very closely at the notion of the practical and what it may be made to cover; it was defined for us by common usage and by the circumstances of history itself. What the Puritan meant by practicality was good husbandry and businesslike behavior. What Benjamin Franklin deemed practical was thrift, the adroit handling of political affairs, and a more satisfactory type of stove. Finally, the practical demand of the new land itself was for men who could clear the forest, fight the Indians, build cities and railroads, and carry on government by the peculiar devices of electioneering, caucuses, and periodic voting.

All but the last of these things seem fundamental, inescapable. No matter what our conception of the good life or of true civilization may be, it must assume the physical existence of human beings as a basis. The good life moreover implies a reasonably satisfying mode of survival, and civilization calls for still more than that—a surplus of material goods such that certain persons may be freed to think, to write, to paint, or to govern disinterestedly. All ideal possibilities presuppose material supplies, for man has not yet found a way to live without food, clothing, and shelter. Nor are the fruits of civilization themselves other than material. The "values" we talk so much of cherishing require the tangible forms of books, paintings, music, or theaters. Equally concrete are feelings, thoughts, policies, or creeds, for unless these are somehow embodied and active in human beings, they remain dreams, or as we say, mere words.

For the highest purposes, therefore, everyone desires practicality, everyone wants his desire or his plan to come to *some thing,* by which it may be known and enjoyed and shared. Every sane or insane undertaking seeks as its end effectiveness. No one sets out to fail or prefers his efforts to remain futile. To improve anything, to re-form it, means to bring about changes in that thing and the things around it. If we complain that our city lacks culture we mean that people are in one place instead of another, acting thus instead of so; that money is going for one type of structure—an office building—instead of another type—a concert hall or a planetarium; we mean that stenographers are being hired instead of musicians, and that dictaphones will cleave the air instead of clarinets.

If morality and good government are our concern this again means a choice of material deeds and ends: we want the tax money to stay in the public treasury instead of seeping into private pockets, we want judges to put certain

persons in jail instead of others, with resulting differences in the physical history of the community. In short, any meaning we attach to life, good or evil, is ultimately known and judged by the perceptible changes it brings about. What is immaterial, what doesn't matter—as common speech tells us—interests no one, exerts no pressure, forms no part of life.

It is these simple observations, which William James restated and amplified under the name of Pragmatism, that are now being widely attacked as the philosophy which is bringing the world to destruction. The set accusation reminds us that William James was an American and that America has always been infatuated with the practical. Clearly, Pragmatism is the national creed glorifying the business man and now that American business dominates half the globe, practicality is king. Civilization, the great civilization begun three thousand years ago by the Greeks, is succumbing to the pragmatic way of life. Such is the gist of the indictment that you may read in European books such as *The Twenty-Fifth Hour,* or in articles by alert American critics such as Mr. Peter Viereck, who deplores our interest in "knowing how instead of knowing why."

Now no amount of reasoning will quench a strong desire, and there is abroad in the world today a strong desire to find scapegoats for the unhappiness that men feel. I do not for a moment pretend to soar above the common distress, nor do I propose to argue it down, but it should be obvious that however convenient the scapegoat, there is a flaw in the indictment—a gap between cause and effect. We are asked to believe that Pragmatism—a philosophy that has never been popular and is generally misunderstood—can be the cause of a tremendous cultural upheaval affecting half the world. Oh, to be a philosopher, and by means of another little book destroy the other half!

But the charge may be amended so as to suggest that it is not Pragmatism alone but the creed working through its products that is defeating civilization. The products are automobiles, electric refrigerators, or that amazingly practical appliance lately advertised—a self-sharpening eyebrow pencil. These myriad devices are objects of desire which bribe the better nature of men to materialism by promising pleasure, comfort, and power. And where but in America has the cult of comfort and power taken root and become the national philosophy?

The true answer is—everywhere. Especially in the soil of Europe. The roots started sprouting long before the discovery and settlement of America, which was itself one of the results of the search for comfort and power. After all, Europe's trade with the Indies was not to exchange Brahmins, it was for spices and silks and precious stones, and the profits they brought. The practicality that sways the world today is not the exclusive trait of the Puritan or pioneer, it is the practicality of the trader at all times and under all climes. The vaunted Greeks of antiquity had a reputation for sharp dealing too, and not solely for architecture and hexameters.

But modern practicality has other roots than commercial ones. It is also the work of the philosophers, from Aristotle to Francis Bacon and Immanuel Kant. It is the handiwork of all the scientists and technicians from the time of Archimedes and the other Bacon, the medieval monk who experimented with lenses and magnets. It is moreover an offshoot of political theory from Machiavelli to Locke, Rousseau, and Thomas Jefferson, who grounded their thought in property and argued that free individuality and constant innovation were levers that could move the world.

The upshot of these historical and philosophic facts is simply this: the prevailing practicality complained of today *is* Western civilization as it has developed since the Greeks. We may dislike the latest developments but we cannot divide them at some arbitrary point from what preceded as if a sudden, unheard-of idea had gripped men's minds at that given point. Indeed, we cannot even separate the alleged evils of modern practicality from the achievements we are proud of. The fight for individual rights and constitutional government leads logically to social democracy, and until the masses liberated under that creed are raised up by education and the possession of comfort, their effect on "taste" and "standards" is bound to be what we see around us.

Give the main elements in our culture their usual names and what do you find? Three things: the supremacy of science, the ubiquity of machines, and the recognition of popular

claims. Now this may be called American if we mean that on this soil the conditions for a massive embodiment of all three tendencies were most favorable. But the essence of each is fully as much European, and the application will in the next century be world-wide. It will be improved, we hope, refined and "humanized," but certainly not changed root and branch.

Meantime it is really absurd and not a little irritating to hear educated persons speak as if the only inventor of gadgetry was Thomas Edison. Even when we are in the dumps we should play fair. If automobiles and the radio are a curse, we should also blame the French and the Italians. If a multiplicity of private beliefs means perdition, then the German, Scotch, and Swiss Protestant reformers are to blame. If democratic equality corrupts high civilization, then the French ideas of Jefferson and Lincoln should be assailed once again. As for the philosophy and the implements of modernism, the condemnation must fall on the British empiricists and all the men of science from Copernicus to the present.

It is moreover evident that in the recent ages of increasing "practicality" no people has high-mindedly resisted its lure. Where older ways of life subsist, the reason is found in the lack of resources, physical or mental. If you freeze to death in an English house it is not because of a superior ethos, but because the only radiator is in the front hall. Today every inhabited part of the globe is trying to emulate the West's machine civilization, is trying to Americanize itself just as fast as it can—even while launching anathemas against the thing it strives for. This raises two questions: why are they doing it and why do they curse? The answer should enable us to discover how far our practicality is genuinely practical and how far it is folly in disguise.

The motives for adopting machine industry, for proclaiming popular equality, and for subordinating certain traditional beliefs to science are simple and obvious. Industry means plenty. This plenty requires mass action and is for the masses to consume. As producers and consumers the masses exact their rights, directly or by proxy—and here we are.

The supremacy of science goes with this process not only because of the evident link between science and industry, but also because science gives reasons for the deeds that have to be done under the new dispensation. If you stick to ancestor worship and the sanctity of burying grounds you cannot build railroads along the shortest route. If you observe a religious commandment against cutting the hair or a fastidious distaste against blood transfusion, you interfere with public hygiene and the world's work. India starves while sacred animals eat fruit and edible cows die of old age. Industry, like all religions, is rude and violent in the name of its own gods. It violates the individualism of clothing, stamps out the diversity of diet and personal habits, and chills the capriciousness of the private fancy. Scientific fact and fancy take their place. As Shaw very truly said, "Religious belief has certainly not died out in England. It has merely been transferred to the General Medical Council." This is not a joke or a play on words, it is an expression of the secular faith required in a civilization which has to function on the grand scale and without interruption in order to function at all.

Much of this is unpleasant, barbarous, what you will, but it is clear that any complaint against modern life must find us ready to make a real choice, instead of hoping like children to have our cake and eat it too. If we take a stand against mass production and mechanization we must be ready to declare that we are for scarcity instead of plenty. If we loathe the social and intellectual aspects of democratization, we must accept the alternative—the system of caste and virtual slavery, however disguised, with its attendant evils of servility, disease, pauperism, and class war. If we long for orthodoxies, we must commit ourselves to the full set of rituals and beliefs we may choose, and resolutely give up the conflicting tenets and benefits of science. I do not believe that any critic of modernism is willing—let alone able—to give up any of the things he professes to damn. To my knowledge only one man in the twentieth century has attempted it: I mean Tolstoi, and his homemade shirt has fallen on no one's shoulders, not even Gandhi's.

III

Accepting without dishonest sneers what is given us by a culture that is historically one since the Greeks does not of

course prevent us from criticizing it or trying to change it. The question is, what line shall the remodeling take. This brings us back at once to the idea of practicality and the philosophy of pragmatism. For within the limits set us by industrial democracy, any proposed change must fit such facts as are immovable and must suit such needs as are widespread and genuine. I believe that what many critics are belaboring today is not the American or any other brand of practicality as such, but a kind of mythology and ritual which has grown up around industry and democracy in the course of the last half-century—by-products that are most easily recognized when they carry an American label.

If this is in fact what we hate, then obviously there is no need to condemn the whole epoch. The innumerable books written to show that we were all right before Freud, or Darwin, or the French Revolution, or Protestantism, or the discovery of America are beside the point. All this looking backward neglects the recorded evils of the times it yearns for, and it naturally neglects the means by which imaginary innocence can be recovered: retrogression is proposal without practice.

What is perhaps worse, all this history-mongering willfully overlooks the fact that fifty years ago the best minds in Europe and America were already formulating a critique of "modernism," similar in some respects to the present discontent, but equipped with a method adequate to the case. That method may well be called Pragmatism since James gave it classic expression under that name, but he was not alone in conveying the burden of the latest thought. He was part of a movement that was world-wide, spontaneous, and so rich in contents that it cannot be circumscribed in a few sentences.

It began as the systematic demolition of the Victorian edifice. When Ibsen attacked "ideals," when Nietzsche and Samuel Butler attacked conventional fictions, when James and Bergson and Poincaré attacked the cocksureness of scientific materialism, when Shaw and Wilde and a hundred others turned topsy-turvy the vulgar ideas of what was true, good, and beautiful, they were in effect pragmatists. The psychologists, anthropologists, and philosophers did not lag behind: Renouvier, Mach, Lotze, Vaihinger, Croce, Freud, Boas, and Frazer were building up bit by bit a new conception of man, and erecting the new standards by which thought, morality, art, and government should be judged. Of the living they asked: "What do you think you are doing—look at your handiwork—how can you lay claim to rights (or to righteousness) by merely professing ideals and producing visible evil?" The test by consequences, the pragmatic test, swept away a whole culture through the bloodless compulsion of making people square their beliefs with their acts.

It is this *relating* of word to deed, of promise to fulfillment, of description to reality that should alone bear the glorious name of relativism, for it is more exacting and hence more trustworthy than any other mode of thought. It has nothing to do with the silly or selfish laxity which commonly goes by the same name. On the contrary, the pragmatist's determination to find criteria for truth and submit them for trial is the opposite of the doctrine of "Anything goes" which is foolishly said to be relativist.

There is of course much else to be said about the pragmatist's passion for the practical, including the reasons why the intellectual revolution of the turn of the century is yet imperfectly understood. But this is of no moment here as compared with the need to suggest very briefly the relevance of pragmatic judgment to the difficulties of the present time.

In the first place, Pragmatism is the only form of thought appropriate to—I will not say a democratic nation, but even more broadly, a polyglot planet: for pragmatic relativism is both a safeguard *against* absolutes which when ambitious invariably turn tyrannical; and a safeguard *for* those absolutes when their claims to universality remain within the bounds of decent social behavior. Only a pragmatist will cheerfully recognize that some persons cannot live without believing that they exclusively possess the whole truth about ultimate matters. The reverse tolerance is not to be expected, since absolute authority cannot in logic or in fact accept doubt and dissent. Mr. T. S. Eliot's "Christian Society" in which the state church gives civil rights to unbelievers is a scheme that naïvely counts on the unbelievers' being either lazy or pragmatists; for imagine them starting a crusade for unbelief, and you will

see the state church calling out the National Guard.

A corollary to the democratic character of pragmatism is that in ideological conflicts, the forces of wisdom, experience, and emotional maturity must resist the urge to meet absolutes with absolutes. The repeated demand that democracy must have "an ideology" stiff-necked and verbose like the Communists' is as foolish as its fulfillment would be fatal. Absolutes holding power *must* fight, for each is an Abolitionism. This does not mean that democracy cannot or should not fight; it means rather that it should fight expediently for the survival of its varied, unossified, and unverbalized convictions. It is one of the signs of democracy's vitality that attempts to define it or turn it into a creed fall short of the truth and generally sound silly. If we ever take to solemnly rehearsing slogans and formulas, we shall be near the end of our rope.

This is a real danger, but many people see it. A more insidious threat to America today is that her romance with practicality may have turned into a *mariage de convenance*, and that some of the children are beginning to resent all the falsehoods that this entails. They are justified in their disgust, and even in their impatience, but they should not ascribe to one of the parties what is really due to the flabbiness of the attachment.

It is for example perfectly clear that today more and more men despise the work by which they live. The reason, in the great majority of cases, is that what they do is not work at all: it has "fake" written all over it—an elaborate make-believe contrived out of paper, numbers, catchwords, and social lies. The gigantic papier-mâché edifices of advertising, public relations, and all forms of selling are bad enough as schemes for deceiving their intended victims, but they become a tripled menace when they start to undermine the will to live in those who operate them. There is really nobody left to victimize and the poison is beginning to act on the animal who manufactures it. The great rush of talented young people into the careers of art and government seems to express a fundamental longing for real work, for something that has a beginning, a middle, and an end, and that has visible, needful, and practical results.

Again, ordinary experience will convince almost anyone who reflects on it that life and business could be carried on much more happily and well by scrapping a good nine-tenths of our favorite tricks for *avoiding* practicality: the committee, the project, the interim report, the memorandum, the questionnaire, the exhibit, the news release, the panel, the pooling of ideas—ye gods, those pools!

Do not misunderstand me: there is nothing wrong with committees or projects as such, but because they *may be* practical in well defined circumstances does not guarantee that they *are* practical in the abstract, guaranteed to work regardless of circumstance. In the musical comedy "South Pacific" one of the characters says: "There's nothing I love like a project." Those are profound words and they have an ominous ring. The project, nine times out of ten, is a substitute for thought, just as the published report or the pooling of ideas is a substitute for direct persuasion and action. We choose much too much by vague externals, by outward look and size, preferring to circularize 25,000 indifferent strangers than to make one important notion stick in the minds of ten people. Our statesmen fly to the ends of the earth to deliver platitudes to a banqueting crowd ignorant of English rather than to explain Point Four to two hundred Chicago business men. The test seems to be: if it costs thousands of dollars and you have to go by plane, the scheme must be worth while. If moreover it requires a cholera inoculation beforehand, it's of world-shaking importance.

Before our very eyes Practicality is becoming more and more mystical, sanctimonious, hieratic. We are less and less American and more and more Egyptian. And that is indeed the way great civilizations die: they die of disbelief in their own silly business.

To this I see no remedy but a renewed pragmatic effort on the part of a different type of man from the previous and present performers. The pioneer, trader, or business man succeeded because there was plenty of room and plenty of substance to waste. Now we need a different order of mind, still wedded to practicality—still in love with it—but more conscious, more complex, more self-critical. He may be a business man still, or an administrator of private or state concerns, but he must learn the new lesson of effectiveness

by stripping every purpose bare and seeking the minimum means to attain it—an austerity program not simply for economy but for revivifying enthusiasm and faith in work. This lesson he can and must learn from the only type of man who is and has ever been an incorruptible pragmatist—the artist.

I do not of course propose a literal enrollment of bankers and Senators in art schools; I suggest the transformation of our commercial and technological habits of mind under the artist's impatient demand for fitness, for complexity, and for success in the thing aimed at. In art there are no substitutes that are just as good and no moral victories cloaking actual failures. If America's great romance is to continue and thus to prolong Western civilization, it will be because the child of that romance, the artist, has begun in our midst and with our aid his endless task of raising images of good and teaching practicality.

Cash Me, Encash Me Again!

DAVID McCORD

In July many of us, like the sunflower, turn towards the sun. As holidays approach, arrangements have to be made, and here the Midland Bank can help, not least by providing for the encashment of your cheques at a branch near to where you will be staying, and by looking after your valuables and documents while you are away.—Advertisement of the Midland Bank Limited in *The Times Literary Supplement,* London, July 6, 1951.

I WROTE a check, and in the bank
I sought encashment of the same.
The young enteller's look was blank;
He took the cheque and read my name.

The manager was called, bespoke
A word or two. When I produced
Credentials of a sort, a joke
Was made. No laughter was enloosed.

"Your cheque?"
"My cheque."
Of no account,
Apparently I, a stranger, had
Enchanced to write the large amount
Of fifty bucks. The news was bad.

Correct! No fifty bucks, no dice.
I shuffled off and made my stand
At Mike's Enporium. Very nice.
I left with my encash enhand.



The First Car Is the Hardest

Shirley Jackson

Drawings by Bernarda Bryson

"Why don't we have a car?" my son Laurie asked me one morning; I was stirring chocolate pudding at the stove and he was painting at the kitchen table. His younger sister Joanne was laboriously dressing her doll on the floor, singing quietly to herself while she stuffed the doll's arms brutally into one of the baby's nightgowns.

"Why don't we have a car?" I repeated absently. "I suppose because no one around here can drive."

"If we had a car," Laurie said, in the tone which I am beginning to believe all eight-year-old boys use to their mothers, as of one explaining a relatively uncomplicated situation to a sort of foolish creature, apt to become sentimental and impertinent unless firmly held in check, "if we had a car, we could ride around."

"But no one around here can drive," I said.

"And we could go anywhere we wanted," Laurie said. "And we wouldn't have to walk, or drive with other people, or take taxis."

"Who would drive us?"

"I could sit on the front seat," Laurie said. "and Joanne and Baby could sit in the back seat." He thought. "And Daddy could ride on the running board."

"What would I be doing?" I asked. "Driving?"

"I want to ride in the front," Joanne said, lifting her head to scowl at her brother. "I want to ride in the front and Laurie in back with Baby."

"I'm going to ride in the front," Laurie said. "I'm older."

"But I'm a girl," Joanne said, undeniably.

"But who would *drive?*" I said.

"Listen," Laurie said to me, a thin edge of contempt in his voice, "can't you drive a *car?*"

"No, I can not."

"Can Daddy?"

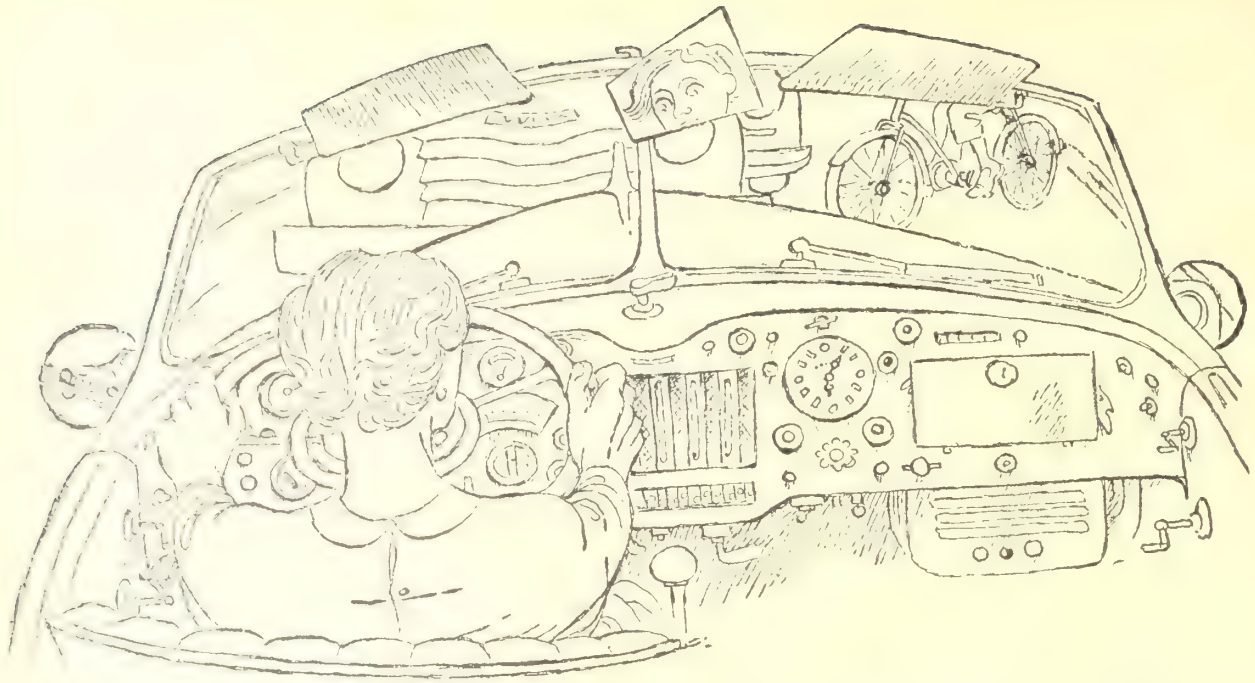
"No."

"Can't *either* of you drive?"

"No."

Laurie put his paintbrush down and looked at me for a long minute. "Then what *can* you do?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I can make chocolate pud-



ding, and I can wash dishes and I can . . ."

"*Any*body can do that," Laurie said. "What *I* mean is, can't you drive a *car?*"

"No," I said sharply, "I can not drive a car. And I do not, furthermore, intend to learn. And I also do not want to hear one more—"

"If we had a car," Joanne said, "I could ride in the front and Laurie could ride in the back with Baby."

"I'm older," Laurie said mechanically. "*You* ride in back."

"I'm a girl," Joanne said.

"Why not let Baby ride in front?" I asked in spite of myself. "She's younger. And she's a girl."

"But if Laurie and I rode in back we would fight," Joanne said.

"That's true," I said. "So why not—" but the chocolate pudding thickened and I had to stop talking.

Joanne began to sing one of her morning songs. "On earth, what are you doing," she sang softly, "on earth, what are you doing? I am going splickety-splot. On earth, what are you doing, on earth, what are you doing? I am going thumpety-thump. We do dig and it does rain." While she sang she rocked her doll, Laurie painted amiably, and I hummed to myself while I poured the pudding into dishes and wondered whether I could get away with chicken soup for lunch again today.

Joanne began her song for the third time, and Laurie set his page aside and asked, "Why did you say we don't have a car?"

"We don't have a car," I said wearily, "because both Daddy and I would rather roller-skate."

"Can Daddy drive?" Joanne asked. "Daddy can do anything, can't he?"

I hesitated, not at the moment willing to commit myself, and Laurie said, "If we had a car you could take us for rides."

"Now, you two listen to me," I began with great firmness, but at that moment the baby woke up.

In our family a conversation such as this one does not end, ever. At dinner that night Laurie remarked to his father, "Mommy is going to get a car and drive it around."

"And I'm going to ride in front," Joanne said.

"*I'm* going to ride in front," Laurie said.

"I'm a girl," Joanne said.

My husband regarded me with mild surprise. "A car?" he said, perplexed. "You mean, drive me to the station? And I wouldn't have to—"

"Wait," I said, "wait, wait."

"I'm going to ride in *front,*" Laurie said.

"I'm a—"

"*I* am going to ride in front," my husband said flatly.

THE man from the driving school was named Eric, and he was about eighteen years old and undisguisedly amused at meeting anyone who could not drive a car. When I told him sharply that in his business he must meet quite a few people who could

not drive a car he laughed and said that people of my age usually did not try to learn anything new. I said falsely, eyeing the dual-control car he had parked in our driveway, that I might surprise him by learning faster than he expected, and he said, "*That's* the girl."

Laurie and Joanne and my husband holding the baby stood on the front porch cheering and waving as I rode off with Eric, crushed into a corner of the seat to avoid touching any of the dual controls, and desperately afraid that if I did the car would go out of control and plunge madly off the road, no doubt killing other innocent people and very probably ending my driving lessons. Laurie and Joanne and my husband holding the baby were again on the front porch cheering two hours later when I came back with Eric, dismayed and bewildered and not prepared to take calmly any childish prattle about how we would live when we had a car.

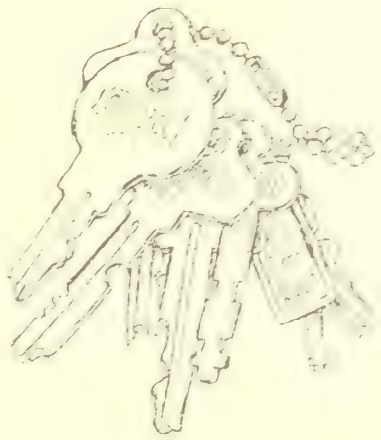
I took ten lessons from Eric, including lessons in stopping and starting, making a U-turn—that was how I got the dent in the back of the car, but Eric said they were insured against that kind of thing—making right turns and left turns, shifting gears, backing and filling, *allemande* left, and reeling and writhing and fainting in coils. He neglected to teach me how to turn on the lights and what to do when a funny little noise started somewhere inside.

Every time I got out of his car in front of my own house, weak-kneed and with my hands stiffened into a permanent grasp on a steering wheel, I was greeted with cheers and friendly jokes by my faithful family. I completely captivated one of Laurie's friends—a young gentleman from Cub Scouts whose mother and father both know how to drive, and have known how for years—by running smack into the stone wall at the foot of our garden, something no one else has so far been able to do, since the wall is set approximately seven feet from the driveway and is clearly visible. Evenings, I studied a little book Eric had sold me, which told me in graphic detail what to do in case the car skidded out of control, what to do in case the steering wheel came off in my hands (from this I got the vivid impression of running the car like a bobsled, and steering by leaning from side to side), and how to bandage a compound fracture.

My test, which I still believe was supposed to be a test of whether or not I could drive a car, I passed seemingly without effort, and with only one bad moment when, told to stop completely halfway up a hill which may well have been Mount Everest, I realized that the examining magistrate with infinite amusement assumed that I would start again. He was a very patient man; he waited for several minutes, tapping his fingers gently against the window while I scoured my mind for Eric's directions on starting on a hill. ("Swing your wheel sharp . . ."? "Turn down your lights . . ."? "Keep one foot on the clutch and one foot on the brake and one foot on the starter . . ."?) "Well?" said the examiner, looking at me.

I gestured competently with one hand, keeping the other one locked to the wheel in some obscure belief that only my grip on the wheel kept the car from rolling back down the hill. "State law," I said carelessly. "Child coming, can't start."

He glanced at me briefly and then craned his neck out of the window to see where a boy about twenty was sauntering down the sidewalk. I had hoped to distract his attention, and did, but I then discovered that it was not possible to be surreptitious about starting a stalled car on a hill. I firmly believe that that examiner only gave me a license because he was sure I could never start a car and so could never become a menace on the highways.



So by now, it had been decided who was to ride in front (Baby), I had learned to drive, the lessons had been paid for, and I had a little piece of paper saying I knew how to drive. We lacked only a car. This was adjusted by a gentleman who, saying

he acted only in a spirit of pure friendship, sold us one of *his* cars. He said he was very reluctant to sell it, particularly at that price, he said it was a better car than any of the new ones on the market, he praised its spark plugs and its birdlike appetite for oil.

"The cigarette lighter doesn't work," I pointed out in a spirit of high critical inquiry.

"Neither does the clock," said my husband.

"And the fender is sort of caved in," I added.

"Tell you what I'll do," the man said. "I'll pay for the license plates."

"Better get that cigarette lighter fixed right away," my husband told me, as we surveyed our new car. "And the clock. Best to be on the safe side."

"I'll find a place to get them fixed," I said.

"Can't be too careful," My husband said.

I drove (drove!) to a garage around the corner from us and talked for quite a while to a young man covered with grease and oil who had "Tony" written across the front of him in big red letters. "Got a nice car there," he said, after I told him we had just bought it, and what we paid for it, and had added trustingly that I had just learned to drive and had never before owned a car and knew nothing about cars or motors or, as a matter of fact, driving. "You're even going to have to tell me what gas to use," I added laughingly.

Tony nodded soberly. "But you got a real nice car there," he insisted, "for the price you paid, you couldn't get a better car. Needs a little attention, of course." He laughed. "Wouldn't be a car if it didn't," he told me.

"Yes, I know," I said. "The cigarette lighter—"

"You take that clutch, for instance," Tony said. He opened the door and pushed the pedal up and down reflectively. "Now I guess you don't know anything about the clutch, do you?" he asked. I shook my head, and he went on, "Well, it's a funny thing about the clutch. You go along for maybe one, two thousand miles and then all of a sudden. . . ." He shrugged expressively. "You got a repair job costs you maybe two, three hundred dollars. Always better to get the clutch fixed in time, saves you money, expense, wear and tear."

"You mean I have to get something fixed?"

He shrugged again. "You don't *need* to, of course," he said. "But you got to look at it this way. You got small children, you're driving them around in the car, you're not going to take chances with *them*."

Nervously I agreed that I was not going to take chances with my small children.

"Well, then," said Tony. "Now brakes are important, too." He pushed the brake pedal down and shook his head sadly. "That guy sold you this car," he said.

"Is this going to be very expensive?" I asked.

"Well, front end work is always expensive," Tony said. "But let's look it over and see just exactly what you need. No sense getting something you don't *need*," he said jovially.

From then on, as nearly as I can remember, it was wheel alignment and something called camber or clamber or clabber, and wheel work was always expensive because every single car in the world except the make and model I owned had little adjustable pegs which could be fixed for next to nothing, but when Tony had to work with non-adjustable pegs, well, peg work was always expensive. Body work, too, would always set you back plenty, but it was the lives of my children I was taking in my hands if I let the fenders go.

"You got to regard this as an *investment*," Tony said earnestly. "Now, I wouldn't be treating you fair if I let those spark plugs go, for instance. You'd say I played you a pretty dirty trick if you had to come back a month from now for a big repair bill, you'd say to me, 'Tony, why didn't you fix those spark plugs a long time ago before I had to pay this big repair bill?' You see, it's an investment *now* so's it won't cost you so much *later*. Now take the muffler."

"Muffler," I said. Tony pointed to something under the car I could not see.

"You see that?" he said. "I guess you didn't notice it before or you would've called it to my attention sooner. Lucky thing I saw it in time, I wasn't looking for anything like *that*."

"What would have happened?" I asked him nervously.

He shook his head. "Can't ever tell," he said. "*Nothing* might have happened—for a while. And then one day you're going up a hill, car full of children. . . ." He shook his head again. "*And* the brake lining," he said. "*And* the ignition system."

I then made one of the bigger mistakes of my life. "How are the tires?" I asked.

Tony laughed. "You call those tires?" he demanded. "Why, let me tell you, one day I saw a guy, had his two little children with him, and I said to him—"

Two weeks later I had my car back and we had managed to borrow enough extra money to pay the bill, upon which Tony had presumably retired to a little home in the country to grow hollyhocks. The car looked and acted almost exactly the same except that the tankful of gas I had left in it was down almost to nothing. Tony said that was because they had to drive it in and out of the garage so many times.

I took everybody, including the dog, for a ride, and we went around the block four or five times, congratulating one another upon our new mobility. I discovered that my former usual attitude of timid acquiescence would not do for someone who had and could drive a car, so I fell gradually into a new personality, swashbuckling and brazen, with a cigarette usually hanging out of one corner of my mouth because I had to keep both hands on the wheel. We began to make plans for driving across the country to visit Grandma and Grandpa in California.

Some time later, while I, cigarette in the corner of my mouth, was making butterscotch pudding at the stove, and Laurie was gluing a model airplane at the kitchen table, and Joanne was making double marshmallow chocolate ice cream pineapple coffee cake at *her* stove, Laurie raised his head and asked, "We've got a car now, haven't we?"

"We have," I said. "Why?"

"Why'd we get a car?" Laurie asked. "We never had one before."

"Daddy still walks to the station," Joanne said to her stove.

"That's because he's *scared to* get in the car," Laurie said.

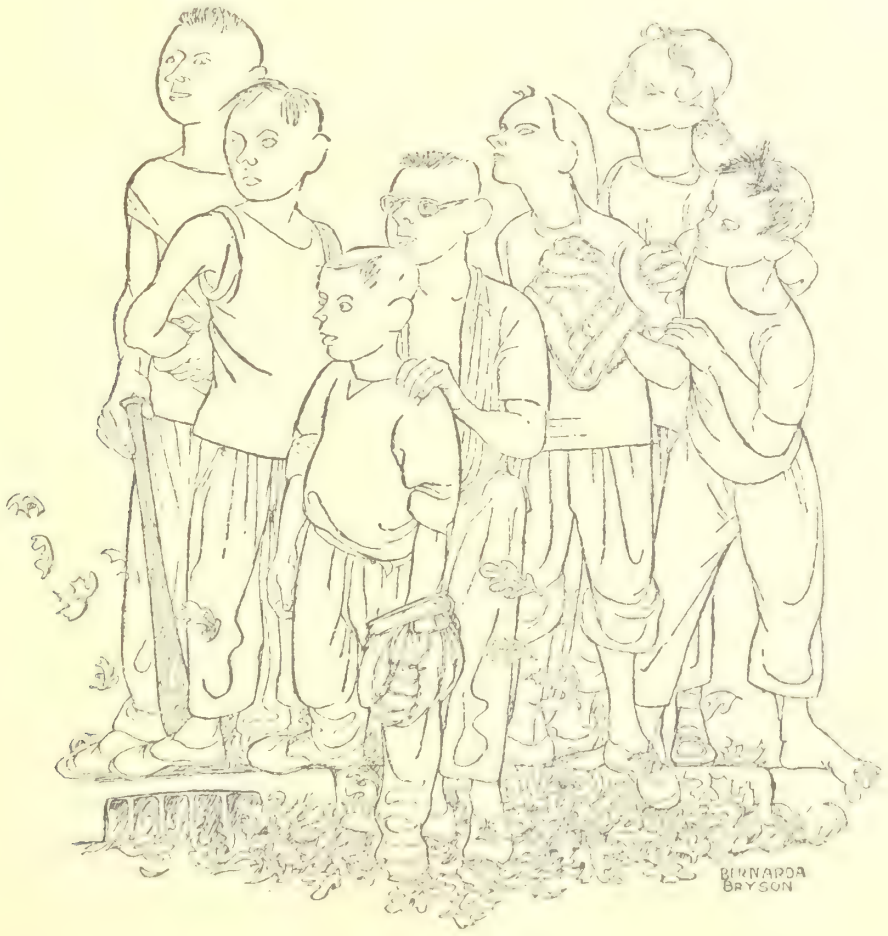
"You know what I wish?" Joanne said. "I wish we had a airplane."

"Hey," Laurie said, interested. "*That* would be good. I could ride on the wing and Baby—"

"*I* could ride on the wing," Joanne said immediately. "I'm—"

"What would *I* be doing?" I asked in a deadly voice.

They both turned and looked at me, their sweet trusting little faces confident.



Secret Agent on Skis

Struthers Burt

I FEEL as if I knew Miss Virginia Hill, who has been reappearing in the press—she has a way of bobbing up at crucial moments—although I have never met her, and probably never will. I have never even seen her. I feel, however, as if I knew Miss Hill well; a statement she would probably resent if she came across it, for to judge by her testimony several years ago when her friend Bugsy Siegal was bumped off in Los Angeles, and by her testimony not so long ago before Senator Kefauver's Crime Investigating Committee, she does not invite intimacy. She seems to have led a singularly aloof auburn-haired existence. Like Daniel, she has walked unscathed through the lions' den, although, unlike Daniel, she didn't know they were lions. She thought, apparently, they were mink—the animals the coats come from. At all events, she hadn't the slightest notion what her urbane acquaintances Frank Costello, Meyer Lansky, Dandy Phil Kastel, Charlie Fischetti, and so on, did for a living. So far as she knew they were a handful of survivors from an earlier and happier era; sons of the idle rich who spent their time in traditional fashion giving away dinners, diamonds, and tickets to Mexico.

Miss Hill is even more aloof than Miss Rosemary Williamson, the statuesque chorus girl, who appeared, and startlingly, in the newspapers at about the same time. At least Miss Williamson was aware that her friend, Sidney Levy, "the creep," was pulling some sort of oar in our present economic water fete, although she had "no idea," of course, it was an illegal one. She thought Sidney was in "a perfectly legitimate business." She thought "he was a gambler."

At any rate, I feel as if I knew Miss Hill well, and the reason I feel this way is that I spent practically the entire summer of 1941 trying, without success, to find out what her tall, brown-haired, and excessively polite ski-boy husband-to-be, Hans Hauser, was up to. Every morning for two and a half months, except for a break of a few days, Hans and I had breakfast together at seven o'clock sharp on a Wyoming ranch. The ranch was my ranch, and I sat directly opposite Hans—on purpose—and asked what I thought were adroit questions, or made what I thought were unexpected and provocative remarks.

They couldn't have been very adroit or provocative, or else Hans was brighter than I thought he was, for not once did he make a slip and not once was there a flicker of emotion in his opaque, seal-brown eyes.

The reason for Hans' being on my ranch is this. Some intimate friends of my wife and myself had a cabin on the ranch which they used from time to time, and Hans was their guest. He was more than their guest, he was for a while their protégé, for they said he was extremely poor at the moment and had nothing to live on but his salary as a ski instructor at Sun Valley during the winter. That, and the tips given him and his fellow-instructors by American girls and women for dancing with them, talking to them, and buy-

ing them drinks. So that is why Hans stayed with us so long. Even on a Wyoming ranch, guests, as a rule, do not stay for two and a half months.

Sun Valley is a day's motor trip west of us, across the mountains in Idaho. Hans was supposed to stay with us until he resumed his winter job there, sometime around the middle of September.

My friends are extremely generous and kind people. They are always doing someone a good turn. Besides, they are enthusiastic skiers, and as everybody knows, skiers belong to an informal international brotherhood of powder snow and dazzling heights. This fraternity was disrupted by the last war, but is now reconstituting itself.

My friends had first met Hans in the Tyrol and then had seen him frequently at Sun Valley, and Hans, who has the nature of a large, affectionate limpet, attached himself firmly to them. He let it be understood that he was an Austrian, but he wasn't. At least, I heard on good authority that he wasn't—I was told that he had been born a German, and despite his coloring, a North German, not a Bavarian. I also heard that his brother was high up in the Nazi Youth Movement. Not until they moved to the Tyrol did the family become Austrian. But I cannot vouch for this. In any case, I was very much interested, and in addition, as you remember, in 1941 everyone was interested in anyone with a German accent found wandering around the country.

Hans denied any connection with the Nazi party. He did this, however, more by gesture and shrugs of the shoulder than by words, although he did say on one occasion that since he was not yet an American citizen—he had his first papers—it was unwise to enlarge upon this denial. But no matter—he was not interested in politics. He knew nothing about them. He was interested solely in snow. Nor was he talkative under any circumstances, although occasionally he indulged in sudden spates of conversation about people he had met in his international wanderings or about some incident, or adventure, that had befallen him in the course of his profession. Among other things, he talked a good deal about his visits to the mountains of southern Chile. Otherwise, he was silent but appreciative, smiling a good deal.

"Operation Mouse"

Possibly the hidden moral of my story points to the immense amount of time, energy, and ingenuity so-called civilized man, especially if his ends are evil, or destructive, wastes on accomplishing just nothing. "Secret Agent on Skis" might well have been called "Operation Mouse"—"the mountain labors and a ridiculous mouse is born."—Struthers Burt

II

I LIKED Hans. He was an attractive fellow. And I liked our breakfasts together with their added fillip of myself cast in the role of an international sleuth. It was a dangerous period; there was an edge of excitement to everything one said or did. Hans and I would breakfast alone. No one else but the ranch-hands were up so early. There would be no one about except the Filipino cook, my dear friend, who has been with me, boy and man, for thirty-five years.

Summer mornings in Wyoming, early or fairly early, are lovely beyond description. The hours are round and shining. The light is like flakes of free-gold seen through clear water at the bottom of a mountain pool. You have the feeling of levitation; of walking with liquid ease and delight two feet above the ground. Through an open door or open window comes the smell of clover and grass, warming with the sun. And in the distance snow-peaks stand up, and up, into incredible blueness. Nowhere in the world do breakfasts taste better than in Wyoming.

Hans and I would drink our coffee and eat our bacon and eggs for the most part in respectable masculine silence, but toward the end of breakfast we would begin to talk about things in general. That is, I would begin to talk about things in general, while Hans would confine himself largely to interested "Zo's?" or an occasional story about skiing. I couldn't break him down. I never knew anyone who could more successfully turn all conversation in one direction . . . snow; and so far as I am concerned, I wouldn't know today exactly what he was. And today, since all this took place so long ago, I would be loath to

call him the usual cruel three-letter word. All I know is what happened. Perhaps Hans' trouble was that he had the wrong sort of friends. As for myself, had I been a government, I would most certainly not have chosen Hans for a secret agent. He was not exactly dumb, but he was by no means exactly clever. There was nothing Machiavellian about him. An intelligent agent would have talked more and so have avoided so many suspicious silences.

A good-looking fellow, heavily built with heavy shoulders, but graceful and quick, he was the epitome of Teutonic hebetude. Borden's "contented cow" had nothing on him. His face had a peasant stolidity, and I think that's what he was, an upper-class peasant, what in England would be called a yeoman. His family, I gathered, were peasant-proprietors, and they also had a small mountain-hotel directly on the border of Austria and Bavaria.

Hans got about the valley a good deal that summer. He made himself popular and acquired many friends. He became something of a local figure. Everybody that summer was in a high-tension mood and almost tearfully grateful to anyone with a German accent who let it be understood he was anti-Hitler. The American passion for entertaining dubious strangers was working at top speed. Also, at high altitudes a couple of drinks go a long way. You don't need much alcohol to become excited, confidential, and voluble. At the moment there seemed to be an impression current throughout the United States that if you gave an unrevealing foreigner enough martinis you would convert him almost immediately to democracy, and if the unrevealing foreigner said he was an Austrian, that was almost too much. You told him with a great deal of emotion how you loved Austrians, and what lovely, civilized people Austrians were, and how different Austrians were from Germans, and that the real trouble with Hitler, of course, was that he had been born an Austrian, but had an inferiority complex because the Austrians didn't like him.

Hans, in his placid fashion, seemed to be enjoying himself thoroughly.

And then, suddenly and mysteriously, one morning at breakfast toward the middle of August he announced that he was leaving that day for Sun Valley and would not be back. He offered no explanation for this abrupt change of plans. For the first time he seemed a trifle veiled and hurried, slightly portentous. Vaguely nervous, if that term could be used about him. When he was gone, I thought regretfully of all the probing, adroit things I might have said to him.

A week later, as mysteriously as he had left, he appeared again at breakfast, as bland and brown and uncommunicative as ever. His appetite, if anything, had improved. He had always been a profound trencherman.

This time I was not going to be balked. I was determined to make a dent in Hans' armor. One shining morning a couple of weeks later—the mornings were getting crisper now, and there was an edge of frost to them, and the wild ducks and geese were beginning to come in—I threw my dice, carefully loaded, on the table. That is, I thought they were carefully loaded and double sixes at the very least. With deceptive casualness I began to discuss various forms of government, Fascism, Communism, Democracy, and finally, having worked delicately up to it, appealed to Hans as a near-observer to explain to me how anyone short of an idiot or criminal could believe in such an obvious charlatan and blackguard as the then murderous ruler of Germany.

I dwelt on this murderous ruler's appearance: his absurd mustache and forelock. His rasping voice speaking bad German. On his background and his theories. On the macabre, goblin crew that surrounded him; the psychopaths, perverts, hyperthyroid assassins . . . Goebbels and Goering, Rosenberg and Himmler, Streicher, Schirach, and Hess. In conjunction their names sound like something from Grieg's "Peer Gynt"—the dance of the trolls in the hall of the Mountain-King. My language became more and more trenchant, and all the while I was watching Hans' face.

"Hans," I said, or something like it, "I know how you feel, although you've explained to me why you are unable to say more—but tell me. How in the name of human decency can anyone who calls himself a man live under such a government as that? And it must be even worse for you Austrians. I don't believe in all history there's ever been a more

perfect, self-made, self-educated, all around free-wheeling son-of-a-bitch than Adolf Hitler."

There! I thought. That'll fetch him.

It didn't.

I've always been proud of my final sentence. I think it's comprehensive and descriptive. Moreover, it's in the best Far-Western tradition. That's why I remember it.

There was not a trace of emotion on Hans' face. No extra color in his cheeks. No sign of anger. His seal-brown eyes were politely interested. He became gently meditative.

"I could haf shodt dot feller," he said with his wet, throaty accent. "I could haf shodt 'im. I see him many times across der border" —that must have been Berchtesgarden—"from my fader's blace. I could haf shodt 'im mit a high-bower rifle."

He seemed interested in the problem solely as a sporting proposition.

III

AROUND the middle of September, at the appointed time, Hans departed for Sun Valley, and I heard no more of him for three months. Then the dreadful Sunday in December, and Pearl Harbor, came, and a little while later I saw in the papers that Hans and most of his fellow ski instructors at Sun Valley had been arrested by the FBI and packed off to an internment camp in Texas. Apparently the principal assignment of these German and Austrian ski instructors at Sun Valley—they had been there for several years—had been to marry rich American girls and influence their fathers. Only one or two succeeded in the first enterprise, and as to the fathers, I never heard.

After Hans had been in the internment camp a year, he wrote a letter. He wanted half-a-dozen pairs of shorts. He said you couldn't get good shorts at the internment camp. You could get anything else—there was a good store—but you couldn't get good shorts. He also said the social life was pleasant and the food was excellent. He ended with this sentence:

"In fact," he wrote, "this wouldn't be a bad place at all if it wasn't for the goddamned Germans."

And to this day I haven't the slightest idea what he meant.

LATER on I heard what had happened at Sun Valley. Or rather, what had reached its climax there. During the summer of 1941, perhaps longer for all I know, there had been half-a-dozen or so high-powered German agents flitting about the valleys of northwestern Wyoming, staying at dude ranches, staying with friends, and at intervals meeting in bars and other public places with feigned surprise and elaborate and stately secrecy. What they were about, God only knows, unless it were at the appropriate moment to blow up the Rocky Mountains. The winter before, however, I had seen much the same thing in Mexico. In every small Mexican town, at its highest point, there was living some German and his wife in an expensive villa. Since they were all bitterly anti-Nazi—so they said—and had had to flee from Germany, they were getting along as best they could by painting little landscapes and picture-postcards, or by keeping shops. No one explained how in their destitute condition they were able to give such large and pleasant parties.

The Americans and English, and even some of the Mexicans, were worried. They said these Germans had Mexico entirely in their grip and nobody could do anything about it. Meanwhile, the Mexican secret police knew all about them, and the day Mexico declared war arrested the entire lot. In the villa of the German in the little town where I had been staying, they found five private wires to Mexico City. As the town was a tiny town, I can't imagine what he used them for except to call up other Germans when he was lonely.

Our Germans in northwestern Wyoming must have had even a better and more carefree time during the summer of 1941 than the Germans in Mexico, for the weather was exceptionally good and the fishing was excellent. The only strategic point in the valley was a reclamation dam which if destroyed would have put out of commission some fifty thousand acres of irrigated beet-sugar land in Idaho, five hundred miles away. But then there's always been an over-production of beet-sugar and, besides, for over a year the dam had had floodlights on it and had been patrolled day and night by armed guards.

Our Germans, however, were not alone in their interest in the country.

It seems that that summer there were other

visitors in the valley, and the neighboring valleys, in addition to the Germans and the ordinary tourists. Among these visitors was a comfortable-looking man, a retired Iowa farmer, a widower, and obviously well-to-do, but restless and at loose ends as so many well-to-do retired men are. He wanted to amuse himself, but didn't know how. He drifted aimlessly from dude-ranch to dude-ranch, and valley to valley, and in the course of his wanderings he met our Germans, and they took him in hand. As we know, Germans of that period were experts in the arts of amusing themselves.

Hans went back to Sun Valley, and pretty soon the retired Iowa farmer drifted in. Our Germans had told him what a wonderful place Sun Valley was to spend the winter and learn skiing, and they had given him letters to the Germans over there. He was a good fellow, the retired Iowa farmer. After a while the Sun Valley Germans accepted him wholeheartedly and treated him almost as an equal. They even began to ask him down to the little beer parties they gave in their quarters. The better you knew him, the better you liked him. Simple, but a real "*Herzensbruder.*" Before long everyone was standing up and *heiling.* The Iowa farmer *heiled* too. He had told them, and many times, and they appreciated it, how dissatisfied he was with America and democracy, and how he wished some good man like Hitler would take over. He said lots of Iowa farmers felt the same way. Indeed, you could talk before him almost as if he were a German, although, of course, there were some things you still said in German, which, as an uneducated man, he didn't understand.

One night, shortly after Pearl Harbor, they were all *heiling* when the door opened and two busy-looking men walked in. "You're under arrest," they said, and nodded familiarly to the Iowa farmer.

For a moment the ski instructors were at a loss, and then one of them pointed his finger at the retired Iowa farmer and said, "It's you! You so-and-so!" The retired Iowa farmer smiled amiably. "Of course," he said, and added, in excellent German, "What did you expect, you dumb-head?"

As they were leaving, the Iowa farmer went over to a corner and unhooked a dictaphone which was hidden there.

IV

So that was that. And now the story makes a leap in space and grows even more cloak-and-dagger. It jumps from Wyoming to Alaska and the blanket fogs of the Aleutian Islands, and is so fantastic that even as short a time as twelve years ago, few sane Americans would have believed it. Since then, however, Americans have come to believe in a lot of things, and now are almost as ready to believe in the unbelievable as Europeans have always been. Among the things they have come to believe in is the possibility of national mass insanity; also the devil. Only in the Middle West are there many Americans left who retain their pre-Hitler, pre-Stalin, pre-The Fall, Garden-of-Eden virginity. And here is where my friend, S. P. Van Arsdale, of Cody, comes in.

Van is one of the most remarkable fellows alive and he's also an expert electrician. He keeps our ranch Kohlers in order and the electric plants of various other ranches in the valley. Three or four times a summer he crosses the Continental Divide which separates us from Cody, a hundred and twenty-five miles to the east, and makes his rounds of inspection and repair. We look forward to his visits because he is as funny as can be, acute and wise, and a marvelous storyteller, with that sense of constant coincidence and paradox, and the linking up of life, which keeps a man young with surprise and makes him a scald or a minnesinger. In medieval times Van would have traveled from castle to castle, or court to court, unless he'd had a permanent job with some king. As it is, if he hadn't at an early age fallen in love with the hideous inner ailments of machines, he would have been a novelist or a foreign correspondent. He expects an adventure around every corner, or, at the least, an odd character, and he is seldom disappointed.

At the beginning of the war, Van, although he was a mature man, with a business, a wife, a family, and, incidentally, a son at West Point, now a captain in the Air Force, felt it was his duty to do something for his country, so he enlisted as a civilian employee. He was sent first to the Alcan Road, then under construction, and afterward to the Aleutians, and this is what happened to him.

I wish he were here to tell it in his own

words, or that I had a recording. Television would be even better. Van's gestures and the expression of his face are contributory.

One night Van was returning in a jeep to his barracks from an outlying job through a pea-soup Aleutian fog when a man stepped out of the fog and asked him for a lift. Van says that he was a nice-looking, heavy-set man, with a small mustache and a slight foreign accent. But he was an American citizen. He told Van that among other things, as Van nursed the jeep through the fog. Like Van, he was a civilian employee. He was a water expert, an engineer, and had been detailed to make a further survey of the possible water supply on the island. Van as he listened, the two of them shut in by the fog as if there were no one else in the world, had the queerest feeling. He couldn't see the man's face distinctly, but he was sure that somewhere, at some time, he had heard his voice, but he couldn't remember where. This worried him. The man said his name was—well, I'll call him Schmidt—and that he came from Cincinnati.

Van and his new friend had supper together when they got back to the barracks. It turned out that the man, who had arrived only a couple of days before, was quartered in the same barracks.

THAT—say—was Monday night. Tuesday night Van was alone in his office making up some reports when there was a knock at the door and a good-looking young man in civilian clothes entered.

"Mr. Van Arsdale?" said the young man, sitting down without being asked.

"The same," said Van.

"Mr. S. P. Van Arsdale of Cody, Wyoming?"

"That's where I live."

The young man sat back.

"Mr. Van Arsdale," he said, "you're acquainted with the Three Rivers Ranch at Moran, Wyoming, aren't you?" That's my ranch.

"Certainly," said Van. "I'm there three or four times every summer, that is, I was until I came up here. The fellow who owns it is an old friend of mine. . . . Why? Have you been there?"

Van was becoming curious. This young man asked such direct questions.

"Oh, no," said the young man. "I've never been nearer than Cheyenne."

He took a little notebook from his pocket, but didn't consult it, just held it unopened in his hand. He leaned forward, looking at Van.

"You know Mr. Hauser, too, Mr. Van Arsdale, don't you? Mr. Hans Hauser?"

"Why, yes," said Van. "Yes—I know him. I used to see him over there two summers ago."

"Exactly," said the young man. "And now, Mr. Van Arsdale . . . on the evening of August 12, 1941, after supper at the ranch, somewhere around eight o'clock, Mr. Hauser asked you if you wouldn't like to go down to Moran with him and have a bottle of beer, didn't he? And you went down to Moran and the two of you sat in the bar attached to Mr. Charles Fesler's store and post office, and drank some beer."

Moran is seven miles away from us and is our post office. Charley Fesler, the postmaster, is a former Alaska prospector—a "sourdough"—and he owned the general store, a famous one, which alas burned to the ground last winter. Back of the store and post office there was a bar which Charley, out of deference to modernity, called a "Cocktail Lounge." The Cocktail Lounge looked exactly like something out of the movies.

Van is not a patient man. When he's working, he trots instead of walking, and when he's excited, he talks so fast it's hard to keep up with him. Besides, the fogs of the Aleutians, Van says, make a man jumpy. "Look!" he exploded. "How do I know it was August twelfth? It might have been August twelfth, or it might have been August thirteenth, or maybe it was August tenth. I don't remember. All I know is that it was August."

And then suddenly he got scared.

"Well, it was," said the young man. "It was August 12, 1941, shortly after eight o'clock."

Van says the back of his neck felt cold and there was a curious feeling in his hair. He started to get to his feet.

"I don't know who the hell you are," he said. "And I don't know how you happen to know so much about me. And I don't know why you are asking me so many questions. But I'm all right, see! You've got the wrong man. I've never committed a crime in my life, and I don't owe anybody anything. I'm an honest American citizen. Ask anyone in

Cody. Ask the people I work for on this God-forsaken island. Ask Army Intelligence."

The young man smiled.

"Of course you're all right," he said. "We know all about you. I'm just asking for a little possible assistance." He took a card case out of his pocket and showed his FBI credentials.

"Oh!" said Van, and sat down.

"MR. VAN ARSDALE," resumed the young man, "while you and Mr. Hauser were drinking beer in Mr. Fesler's bar, two 'tourists' came in, didn't they? Two men. And they recognized Hans Hauser, and they proved to be old friends, and everyone was surprised and delighted, and one of the newcomers, a tall dark fellow, said he was staying at a ranch, and the other, that he was just passing through on his way to Yellowstone Park. Do you remember that? They sat down at your table and had some beer."

"That's right," said Van. "I remember."

"Do you recall what those men looked like?"

Van reflected.

"Only vaguely."

"Well, Mr. Van Arsdale," said the young man, "one of those strangers, the one just passing through the country, was a heavily built man with a small mustache, and a slight foreign accent, an American citizen. He . . ."

"Oh, by gosh!" said Van, remembrance flooding over him. "Yes!"

"He was introduced to you as Trauber, but his name is—"

"Schmidt," said Van.

The young man nodded.

That's right, Schmidt. That's the man, Mr. Van Arsdale, who stepped out of the fog last night and asked you for a lift as you were driving back to your barracks. You had supper with him."

"Do you know that, too?" asked Van.

The young man laughed.

"Naturally. That's why I'm here."

Van was silent, thinking things over.

"Why do you suppose they wanted me at a secret meeting?" he asked.

"I don't know. Perhaps it was an accidental meeting, after all. Perhaps it wasn't. If it wasn't—well, you're a good front. You're a well-known, respectable citizen. But you can't tell. It's not always easy to follow the German mind."

"It seems to me like a whole lot of unnecessary trouble," said Van.

"Not to Germans. To Germans nothing is too much trouble."

The young man sat back in his chair.

"We've just caught up with Schmidt," he said. "He's pretty bright. He's been in Cincinnati a long time, and has a good reputation. We're just beginning to nail him. It must have given him quite a turn when he stepped out of the fog last night and saw it was you, but by now, I guess, he thinks he's fooled you, and if I have him sized up right, he's just stupid enough and just smart-Alec enough to enjoy the situation. Mr. Van Arsdale, he's going to play with that, and in playing with it, he may say something worth remembering. Since he's in the same barracks as yourself, what we want you to do, if you will, is to see him as much as is convenient. Don't go out of your way, but talk to him when you get a chance, have supper with him, and so on. We've got him well covered, of course, but anything extra helps. Probably he won't say a thing, but he's got one great fault —he's boastful."

"Shall I take notes?" asked Van.

"Oh, no. We've got some good people around. They'll substantiate you if it comes to the point."

Van says they had—they had a lot of "good people around." Later on, in this way or that, he discovered that they had a couple of mess boys, and a chef or two, and various others who were likely at any moment to be anywhere. It got so, he says, that every time anyone paused anywhere near him he became self-conscious.

The young man stood up.

"Well, thank you, Mr. Van Arsdale. Maybe nothing will happen, but I'll drop in for a chat once a week unless something important turns up, and then you'll let me know. Here's where you'll find me." He gave Van an address. "Same time, same day, suit you?"

"Perfectly," said Van. "I'll be here."

HE DIDN'T like his new assignment. He was afraid he might get fond of Schmidt, but fortunately he didn't. The more he saw of Schmidt, the less he liked him. Van says that in his quiet way he was

the most conceited man he ever met. Nor did he make a slip worth remembering, although his whole conversation had a curious belittling effect where the United States and our war effort were concerned. Nothing you could lay your finger on, just an undercurrent. Once a week the government man dropped in at Van's office for a few minutes, and he and Van got to be good friends. And, then, at the end of a month, Schmidt announced jubilantly that he had completed his survey and was going home—back to "the States," and he commiserated with Van on having to remain in the fogs of the Aleutians. "They've got bad water here," he said, in a complacent voice. "They'll have trouble later on. I don't agree with some of the engineers I've been working with." Van's well developed bump of curiosity took him down to the pier the morning of Schmidt's departure. In the crowd of civilians and soldiers and sailors he saw his friend the government man.

About two hours before sailing time, Schmidt turned up, brisk and pink-cheeked and cordial to everyone. He had with him a couple of bags and two tin locker trunks. He showed his papers to the MPs and transport men, and seemed to have passed his baggage successfully, for it was piled on a hand truck ready to go on board. When he was through, he came over to say good-by to Van, and while they were chatting, the government man stepped out of the crowd and touched Schmidt on the shoulder.

"Send your baggage back to the shed, Mr. Schmidt," he said. "I want to have another look at it."

Schmidt turned pale and followed him. When Van saw him next, half an hour later, he was on the way to the landing boat in custody of two men in civilian clothes whom Van didn't know.

It seems Van's friend had measured the two tin locker trunks and had found cleverly concealed false bottoms. In the false bottoms, along with legitimate maps and reports on the water supply, were all kinds of maps and reports that had nothing whatsoever to do with water. If he hadn't concealed these so cleverly, it is just possible, as a government engineer, Schmidt could have made out a good story as to his right to their possession. But then, by that time, they knew all about him, anyway. Van never heard what became of Schmidt.

V

Five years after that, three years after the end of the war, Hans swam briefly into my orbit, and swam out again. One August afternoon I was in our nearest little town, forty miles down the valley, when a man I knew came up to me. "Who do you think I saw a week ago?" he asked.

"I have no idea," I said.

"Hans Hauser. He was wearing blue glasses and was selling fire-fighting machines —you know, those brass cylinders you hang on walls and turn upside down when there's a fire."

"How was he looking?"

"Fine. A little thin, I thought, but fine. He asked how you were, and said he thought he'd go up and see if he couldn't sell you some of his machines. He'd noticed there weren't any about when he'd been on your ranch. But I told him I didn't think you were in the country. I'd been told you were in Montana." Which was true.

After that I heard no more of Hans until, a couple of years later, I saw that he had married Miss Hill.

They must have had a stormy honeymoon. No sooner did the news get out than the newly married couple were besieged by swarms of reporters who kept a sort of deathwatch while Hans and Miss Hill, now Mrs. Hauser, remained incommunicado, barricaded behind the locked doors of a bridal suite in a Chicago hotel. Their meals were brought to them by waiters guarded by hotel detectives. Occasionally Miss Hill—Mrs. Hauser—when she was in the mood for it, told the reporters through the locked doors what she thought of them, and of reporters in general. She doesn't like them. She said so forcibly at the Senate Crime Investigating hearings. She thinks they're lice. Those Chicago reporters must have been very brave reporters, or else they didn't know much about Miss Hill. She has an excellent right, and so far as I know, an equally good left, and she would just as soon conk a reporter on the head as go to Mexico. She conked a lady-reporter going down in the elevator in New York.

As to the political, or politico-philosophic aspect of this narration, some light was thrown on that, a little while ago, by a German friend, who had been formerly in the German diplo-

matic service and an accredited anti-Nazi. I told my friend about Hans, and Mr. Schmidt, and the rest of "our Germans," and asked him how it came about that any government, however insane, could think it worth the time and money to keep half-a-dozen expensive secret agents scurrying about the remote mountains of northwestern Wyoming. I said it seemed to me like something in *Alice in Wonderland*.

"Oh no," he said, "not if you understand the German nature. We're nothing if not thorough."

And then he told me how three years before the war, he had been traveling through East Africa and had come to a tiny village. There was only one German there, a trader. That night the German had come to see him secretly—there was no need of secrecy—and had asked him what he was doing for German propaganda. My friend said no more than he had always done as a diplomat. The other German had then explained the intricate web of Herr Goebbels' overseas organization. No country was too remote to cover, no town or village too small, no desert too vacant. Everywhere were Nazi-cells; *Deutsche-Gruppe*. Everywhere.

"Is there one here?" asked my friend.

Certainly there was one here.

"But what does it consist of? Who is the group?"

The other German had drawn himself up and touched his chest with a forefinger.

"I am the group," he said.

So much then for German thoroughness; also, let it be added, for German stupidity.

Here are some final notes.

On June 20 last, John P. Boyd, District Director of Immigration for the Seattle district, informed Hans Hauser for the second time that he would have to leave the United States not later than September 1; otherwise he would be deported. Mr. Boyd announced that Hans had outstayed his visitor's permit. What happened to Hans' original intention to become an American citizen, I do not know. At any rate, early in the summer Hans, with his usual discretion and lack of comment, departed for Chile, his future home, with his young son, born of his marriage to Miss Hill.

Shortly afterward Mrs. Hauser, née Miss Hill, reappeared dramatically in the newspapers. She attempted to enter the $37,000, seven-room, "ranch-style" house she had bought the year before in a residential district of Spokane and was refused entrance by Internal Revenue agents who pointed to the fact that Mrs. Hauser, née Hill, owed the Government $161,000 for back income taxes.

Mrs. Hauser exhibited some of her old-time fire. She informed the Internal Revenue agents what she thought of them and the government they represented.

She is reported to have said that it was a "hell of a government," worse than Hitler at his lowest, and that the Internal Revenue agents were merely a brutal Gestapo. She also denied the entire charge, saying it was absurd. She owed the government nothing. She'd never done a day's work in her life except years ago when for a little while she was a waitress—all the money she had, had been given to her.

On August 3 last, Miss Hill's Spokane house was sold at auction by the government for $30,237 to Jack H. Vertrees, an electrical supply salesman, and the day before her personal possessions and household furnishings—1,800 items in all—brought $14,922.

Somehow I hope by now the government has seen fit to compromise with Miss Hill, and that she is now safe in the mountains of southern Chile with her husband and son. Whatever else may be said about her, she is a doughty warrior, and what with Korea and Iran, and so on, the government has enough on its hands. At all events, Hans has found a family mouthpiece, although if Miss Hill knows what he's thinking about, it's more than I ever did.

Life Is Such Stuff

A Story by Stewart Richardson

Alexander Elwin had fuzzy thin gray hair, a flat nose, deep circles under his eyes, and large, shell-like, pink ears. He was a short man, perhaps five feet six inches, and had three shaggy gray suits which were identical except for the fact that different buttons were missing from each. The gray suits were always immaculately pressed, but the buttons were never replaced; it was for this reason that I thought Elwin was a bachelor.

It turned out that he was not a bachelor and that the reason his buttons were missing was that his wife was indolent. At the time of our acquaintance he was employed by a rug company which had its offices somewhere near the Battery, I don't know exactly where. He told me that he was a rug salesman and that the reason he wore gray flannel suits was that the color didn't clash with any of his samples.

I believed this.

I first met Elwin on the eighty-forty express from Rockybrook to New York City. It had been said that nobody ever sat beside him by choice, because he never folded his paper into quarters, wouldn't change to a tabloid-size paper, and persisted in nudging people and obscuring their paper at every page-turning. He was, indeed, a most incompatible seatmate, and I should never have taken up his company if it hadn't been for his amazing dreams.

He told me about his dreams on the first day that I met him. It was on a rainy November morning, and I was late arriving at the station. I boarded the eight-forty and found that the only vacancy in the smoking car was a seat next to Mr. Elwin. I had no choice but to sit down. Like many commuters, we knew each other by sight, if not by name, and, since I hadn't had time to purchase a newspaper, I turned to look out the window, nodding to him at the same time.

"Hello there," he said.

"Good morning," I replied.

"Another rainy day."

"Yes," I said, allowing him to open what, I was sure, would prove to be a tedious conversation.

"I had the strangest dream last night," he said suddenly.

"What was that?" I stuttered.

His face brightened. "I dreamt I was a loon."

"A what?" I asked.

"A loon," he said. "You know, a loon."

"No, I'm afraid I don't," I said.

"A loon is a bird, a migratory bird, that is found on lakes in the northern United States, among other places. It is a waterfowl."

"A waterfowl, eh?" I questioned.

"It has difficulty walking on land and builds its nest near the water for that reason."

"Do you know much about this type of waterfowl?"

"No, I don't, *actually*," he admitted, "but you see I *was* a loon last night, and I learned a great deal about their habits and peculiarities through the experience."

"Did you build a nest?" I asked.

"Yes, as a matter of fact I did. I also ate a trout and a frog."

"How were they?" I asked, somewhat embarrassed.

"It was a lot of work, building the nest I mean, but the meals were very good."

How does the life of a loon compare with [illegible]?"

"Very favorably," he said but did not elaborate.

"Have you had any other strange dreams?" I inquired.

"Not *really*. You see, all my dreams are strange. They are only commonplace in their strangeness."

"What else have you been?" I asked, trying to get at the heart of the matter.

"Night before last I was a weakfish."

I looked at him carefully, trying to imitate an expression I had seen doctors assume when listening to accounts of imagined diseases. "How did you find it?" I asked.

"I was nearly caught by a fisherman. The hook tore out of the weak cartilage around my mouth, and I finally managed to escape."

"Did you have any bad aftereffects?" I asked.

"Cut my lip."

"As a fish or as you?" I asked, attempting to sound as casual as possible.

"Bit it while I was sleeping," he said sadly. He showed me the place where the cut had been.

"You certainly have dreams, don't you?" I immediately regretted the absurdity of my comment. I watched Elwin's face for a sign of disapproval, but his expression had not changed when the train roared into the tunnel, and I forgot him while I swallowed to clear my ears.

I SPENT a busy day in my office, took a late train home, and had two pleasant cocktails with my wife. "I met the most unusual man on the train this morning, dear," I told her. "He dreams he's a loon."

"Isn't that interesting."

It is," I affirmed. "Then other nights he'll dream he's a fish."

"No."

"Then he told me about some of the things that happened . . ."

"Your dinner's getting cold, dear," my wife said.

I ate my dinner, which was very good, but we somehow never got around to Elwin again that evening.

The next day dawned sunny and cold, and I got up before my wife, made a pot of coffee, drank three cups, and had to make another pot when she woke up. I sat in the living-room and looked out the window at the barren winter trees and the winter sky which somehow seemed particularly expansive.

"You know, dear, this fellow Elwin . . ."

"Are you catching the eight-forty?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, you better get going. It's eight twenty-five."

I hurried to the station and boarded the train. Seated, I folded my *Times* into quarters, and began reading. Elwin entered from the car ahead, waved at me, walked over, and sat down, exhaling tiredly.

"Morning," he said. He was very pale.

"Excuse me for saying so," I said, "but you don't look very well this morning."

"You are quite right," he agreed, "I don't."

"Do you feel well?" I asked.

"No."

"Don't tell me that you *were* something last night," I said.

"An owl."

"Really?" I asked.

"A saw-whet owl," he explained, "you know, one of the little ones."

"How was it?"

"Bad food," he said. "I think it disagreed with me. Really, I'd prefer not to talk about it; it makes me rather queasy."

"I'm sorry," I said. I glanced at his rheumy eyes and a feeling of pity came over me. For the first time I felt the intensity of the man's suffering.

"Oh, I'd be glad to talk about *other* dreams," he said. "For instance, once I was a Blackburnian warbler. Another time I was a least flycatcher."

"Are you always birds or fish?" I asked, trying to pin him down.

"Oh, no," he explained. "Once I was a man."

"Who?"

He tilted his head back, like an old man trying to remember a half-forgotten experience. "I don't remember what my name was, but I was well-to-do and had a fine house on the Ashley River."

"But the Ashley River is in South Carolina," I explained.

"Is it? I remember I made a lot of money in indigo."

"You know," I said, "you might have been somebody important. You ought to check up, maybe you *were* somebody."

"Being animals and birds so much discourages me from doing that," he said, "and I've only been a man once."

Feeling the guilt of a prosecutor who had forced the emotional breakdown of a witness, I looked at the kindly little man and could not suppress another twinge of pity.

"I was in a plague of locusts once," he offered. "I think I liked that best; the anonymity was wonderful; and, I must say, we raised hell."

"Do you dream every night?" I tried good-naturedly.

"Every single one. I'm never at a loss for a dream."

The train racketed along the track, and I looked out of the window at the crowded suburbs and the forest of television antennae. Elwin sat hunched forward, his fuzzy hair filtering the sunlight, reading the sports page of the *Tribune*. After a short swaying ride through the tunnel we said good-by and left for our offices. Elwin seemed to have regained some color, and I rather felt that talking about his malady worked as a sort of therapy. I was, in fact, quite pleased that I'd drawn him out and resolved to question him further at our next meeting.

I SPENT a hectic and frustrating day at the office and had to be awakened by the conductor when the train reached Rockybrook. My wife greeted me at our front door with an old-fashioned, and we sat in front of a fire while I drank four more. "Elwin said he was in a plague of locusts," I said after a while, bursting into laughter.

"Who's Elwin, dear," my wife asked, "somebody at the office?"

"He's the dream man," I explained, "that I told you about last night."

"Well, I guess I was just too sleepy to understand what you said. You do talk so strangely these days."

After dinner I read for a short while, ate some cold apple pie, drank a glass of milk, and went to bed. The next morning I failed to hear the alarm clock. I arose late, hurried through a cup of instant coffee, and dashed for the eight-forty. A gentle snow was falling, and as I ran to the station, the tiny flakes tickled my lip until I brushed them with my sleeve, breaking the skin. I boarded the train in an ill humor and sought out Elwin mainly, I presume, because he was the one person I felt capable of feeling sorry for. I spotted him in the front smoker and sat down at his side.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully.

"Morning," I said. "What *were* you last night?"

"Funny thing," he said, "last night was the first night without a dream since the whole series started a year ago. I didn't dream a thing, not a thing."

His words had a strange effect on me, for, as soon as he had uttered them, I had the irrepressible feeling that I had been an armadillo. It was a hazy recollection, like the sudden remembering of childhood; but I was quite sure that I had been an armadillo. I looked Edwin straight in the eyes.

"Well, I think *I* was an armadillo last night," I said.

"No," he said incredulously. "That was my first dream. Did you chase insects?"

"I think," I tried desperately to remember. Then it came to me with frightening clarity. "Red ants."

"That's the one."

"You said that was your first dream?" I asked.

"The first in the series. The first ones are hazy, but they get progressively clearer. The armadillo is the first, and, I think, the saw-whet owl is the last. Yes, I think I'm all over mine."

"Are you joking?"

"Not at all, but it is strange that we should dream the same series of dreams."

"That hasn't proved to be the case," I said.

"It looks suspicious, though."

"Yes, I guess it does," I admitted.

"Wait'll you get the canvasback duck one." He slapped his knee impressively.

"Is it bad?" I inquired.

"My experience was during hunting season."

"Really?" I said.

"I was fairly well battered in the morning."

"Did you ever make an attempt to understand the meaning of your dreams?" I asked.

"What does a duck mean?" he said sarcastically.

"Yes, I guess you're right," I answered. "Did you ever go to a psychiatrist?"

"One," he said. "He was clever on the textbook dreams, but I had him stumped."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"Told me to go to a good veterinarian, and laughed."

"Well," I said, "what would be your advice to me if I go through the same series you have had?"

"With the exception of the canvasback and the saw-whet owl episodes," he said, "they are all fairly pleasant. Frankly, if I were you, I'd just sit back and enjoy them."

"Yes, I can see your point of view."

"I knew you would," he said with understanding.

He folded his *Tribune* into quarters, nudged me imperceptibly, and settled down to the editorial page. The train roared into the tunnel and the small, yellow lights flickered like owl's eyes in the darkness.

New England

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The golden bowl is broken now,
In the tie-up the unmilked cow
Lows and lows, the silver cord
Is loosed, the pasture bars are lowered,
Ragweed is in the garden rows,
Ruin flaps the hills like crows.

They who keep the house are darkened,
The silver tarnished, knives unsharpened;
The mourners go about the streets,
Mildew is on the ancestral sheets,
Banks are bulged, the women sterile;
They scrape the bottom of the barrel.

Grass is thick over the graves,
No one denies himself and saves
For the rainy day, lean deer
Walk the plowland year by year;
The pitcher is broken at the well,
No house holds heaven or harbors hell.

Yet in some attic's cobwebs, blind
And slow but burning, maybe a mind
Feeds upon eternity.
Some fine day you may stare and see
Men here again with eyes like coals
Not weaving cotton but white souls.

Can Unsponsored TV Pay Its Way?

Bernard B. Smith

The Federal Communications Commission is in a tight spot. For three and a half years there has been a freeze on the granting of licenses to build and operate television stations, and now the FCC is having to face up to the problem of who gets what is left of the air. There are literally thousands of applicants for the few remaining channels in the TV spectrum, and with television stations operating almost everywhere on a very profitable basis, the FCC will have a hard time deciding who will get its blessing and a chance to climb on the gravy train.

There are, in fact, so few channels left to be allocated that, if the FCC follows its proposed plan, the present four big television networks aren't going to be able to secure enough affiliated stations to provide effective national network coverage. And if, as is entirely possible, a fifth network enters the television arena as a result of the merger of General Tire and Rubber's and R. H. Macy's television interests (WNAC-TV Boston, KFI-TV Los Angeles, and WOR-TV, New York) the shortage of assignments for commercial television stations will become even more glaringly evident.

But here is the crux of the problem. The FCC has proposed a plan to withhold about 10 per cent of the available television station assignments for noncommercial "educational" use. It is not hard to imagine what a howl of protest this proposal evoked from the channel-hungry commercial applicants. But the howl was muffled, for it is not easy for commercial interests to protest against the magic word "education." They feel the natural reluctance of an industry dependent on the public airwaves to strike out at something which is so generally associated in peoples' minds with the public interest.

As a result the strongest argument that the commercial applicants have been able to muster runs like this: Since so few of the educational institutions of the country have the means to support high-cost television from which they could expect no income, most of the channels reserved for educational purposes will go to waste. And on this score Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado, Chairman of the powerful Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, in which all television legislation must originate, came to the support of the commercial applicants with this convincing statement:

> Television is far too valuable as a national resource and much too intricate and delicate a process to be allowed to waste away through idleness, lack of funds, and inexperience. I want this medium to be available to the people of Colorado now. I am positive that neither the University of Denver nor any other educational group will be ready during the next ten years to apply for a license and state that they are "fit, willing, and able" to operate a television station. What I want to avoid is creating a "dog in the manger" situation.

One of the commercial television companies put it another way. The Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, in a proposed national television allocation plan which it filed with the FCC, had this to say:

> While there may be a few scattered institutions which can marshal funds for costly broadcasting installations, we are convinced that neither adequate private nor public funds will be made available for either national or regional, comprehensive, full-time noncommercial broadcasting.

There is no doubt these people are right when they say that the cost of constructing a television station and operating it once it is built is far beyond the means of most educational institutions. An educational station operating effectively on a full-time basis would, according to present estimates, cost about $400,000 to build and as much as $300,000 a year to operate. What university, even if it wanted to invest $400,000 from its capital, could possible justify an expenditure of $300,000 a year for a television station that would produce no revenue? The answer almost surely is, few or none.

But suppose there were some income from the TV station to the university? Suppose it could cover operating costs without commercial sponsorship, without using any of its income from endowment, and without plunging its hand into the public purse? That would be a quite different story, and I believe there is a way in which this could well be done.

Let's look at some of the suggestions that have already been made. There is one proposal for subsidizing which I think we can discard at the start—the use of federal tax money to foot the bills. There is strong opposition to this in Congress, and there are many people who do not relish the idea of government's taking a hand in determining the plans for programs by educational stations.

Another proposal is that educational stations be granted the right to market their programs to commercial sponsors. The chief trouble with this suggestion is that there is no reason to suppose that advertisers would be in the least interested. By the nature of their business the advertisers want to command as many listeners as their dollars can buy. What, then, is the answer?

THE one and, I believe, the only feasible method by which an educational television station can support itself is by dedicating up to three hours a day to telecasting current feature films, sports events, and, in time, plays delivered to the station by coaxial cable directly from Broadway *on a subscription or pay-as-you-view basis.* The revenues from three hours a day of subscription television would be big enough to permit the educational telecaster, if he had exclusive rights to it, to provide whatever programs he thought useful for the remaining hours—*without cost to the public.*

There has been a good deal of publicity given to the various pay-as-you-view television systems. As most people now know, they are methods by which the television set owner can pay to see a special program in his home. The television station sends out a scrambled signal which, when the viewer agrees to pay (there are various ways of paying—one is a card system; another, a coin system; and still another, a charge made on the telephone bill), is unscrambled and the picture shows clearly on the screen. There are not only several systems, but widely divergent and perhaps irreconcilable views about pay-as-you-view in the television industry. General Sarnoff, who heads RCA, has expressed his strong disapproval of its universal use by all stations. He contends that subscription television which denies the home-set owner the right to see programs that he does not pay for is not broadcasting but "narrowcasting." On the other hand, Zenith Television Company, which owns the Phonevision system of pay-as-you view, is ready to apply to the FCC for a license to use its system.

The fact is that advertisers have clearly demonstrated their ability to support the cost of commercial telecasting, and manufacturers count heavily on the medium to sell goods. It is natural that they should look askance at a system which threatens to exclude them. In addition the attitude of those who have purchased television sets with the assurance that they will see free telecasts supported by advertisers must be taken into consideration. They are not eager to have to pay a fee for what they thought was to be theirs free.

I do not suggest, however, that commercial television stations—which will continue to provide 90 per cent of the program fare sent out over television—be authorized to operate on a subscription or pay-as-you-view basis. Quite the contrary. What I do propose is that *only* noncommercial education stations be au-

thorized to operate on such a basis, and those for not over three hours a day.

There is plenty of evidence that this would work. Surveys conducted last year among television set owners disclosed that a majority of them are prepared to pay for the privilege of seeing current feature films and sports events in their homes. Early in 1951 the Zenith Television Company made a ninety-day test of their Phonevision system in Chicago. It indicated clearly that the income from three hours a day of pay-as-you-view telecasts by a noncommercial station will be sufficient to defray the cost of the remaining twelve hours of *free* educational programs.

This is the way it worked. In the Zenith test three hundred homes equipped with television sets were wired to receive pay-as-you-view feature movie films. The pictures were telecast to these homes in scrambled form and each set owner who wanted to have the picture unscrambled so that he could see it on his screen called the local telephone operator and ordered the picture unscrambled. For this he agreed to have a dollar added to his telephone bill. Thereupon, the telephone company dispatched a signal over its line to the television set which unscrambled the picture and made it clear.

Under the Zenith Phonevision plan fifty cents of each dollar went to the motion picture producer, twenty-five cents to the telephone company, and twenty-five cents to the television station. It demonstrated that Phonevision could be extremely profitable even after the novelty had worn off: in the course of the test the number of set owners who were willing to pay their dollar was greater in the third month than in the second. The results of the ninety-day test showed that for every one thousand television receivers, the average net return from three showings of each picture would be $1,250.

It is not necessary for us to go through an elaborate mathematical calculation here, but if you want to work it out you will find that in a community the size, say, of Oklahoma City, where there are 90,000 television set owners, a television station telecasting feature films on a pay-as-you-view basis for three hours a day could reasonably expect an annual income of something around $684,000. Obviously this would carry the costs of an educational station and pay for the programs that it telecast during the remaining twelve hours of its daily time on the air.

To be sure, there are many unknown quantities in this proposal. How many hours of entertainment for which viewers would actually pay could be found in an average day? How hard would it be for such a station to find enough program material of a high order to fill several hours of remaining time? Especially at the start these problems would loom large. Yet I am convinced that they could be solved and that thus, without imposing taxes, without political interference, without reliance on charitable hand-outs, free educational television could be provided without cost to the public.

But what would this mean to the commercial stations? In the first place, it would mean that they would be relieved of any obligation (as Senator William Benton of Connecticut has proposed) to provide free, or sustaining, precious evening time for telecasting educational programs. Actually, the Senator's approach to the problem is scarcely realistic. An attempt on the part of the FCC to require radio broadcasters to set aside time in this way proved impossible to put into practice and was soon abandoned.

Does my proposal exclude the commercial station from broadcasting first-run films or sports events? On the contrary. They have a perfect right to compete with the educational stations for these features. The commercial telecaster can compete on the basis of how much he can get from an advertiser for sponsoring such a program. The educational telecaster will compete on the basis of how much income he can expect from his pay-as-you-view customers.

We must not overlook the fact that the television channels of the spectrum are a national treasure, a public domain entrusted to the custody of the federal government. If there is sufficient justification to reserve 10 per cent of the air as a public service and a source of enjoyment and enlightenment for that minority of the public who want from television the sorts of programs that cannot win commercial sponsorship—and I, for one, think there is—here, then, is a way of supporting it. Furthermore it is a feasible way, a practical way, and a way that should satisfy both the FCC and the commercial broadcasters.

After Hours

I SHOULD like to report on a gadget that a friend of mine received for Christmas. I haven't seen it, but he described it to me in detail, and by the time he was finished he had worked up a fair sweat. His arms were waving; he was doing a pirouette; he had got a little dizzy. The gadget serves only a decorative purpose; it is a Christmas table ornament, as I understand it, in which four little angels are suspended from cross pieces which balance on top of a little upright pipe. Attached to the shaft is a propeller. Under the propeller you put some candles. The warm air from the candles turns the propeller, which in turn turns the angels, pinwheel fashion. The ends of the angels' wings (their "tail feathers" as my friend described them) touch a chime which is also suspended from that upright and makes a tinkling sound.

When my friend got through telling me about this little mechanical wonder, he wiped his forehead and handed me the sheet of instructions that came with it. "If you're confused," he said, "read these." The instructions were printed in two languages, Swedish and English. Here is the English version—at least it looks like English.

Instructions for the Mounting

(1) The pipe, which goes through the leg, must be pressed hard up in the hole, especially when you use the chime as table decoration.

(2) The chime must be standing VERTICALLY! You can control that if you look to the top-pipe. This pipe may not graze the pointwire. If you need, break the stand.

(3) The bells may not hang right over the candels and hinder the heat to influence the fanblower.

(4) It is very important, that the point is sharp as a needle. Every little injury can spoil the function of the whole chime. To observe! The needle (= the gramophone-needle) is loose and can be exchanged.

(5) It may happen, that the fanblower has been compressed during the transport. In that case you have only to break the blades up at right angles.

And throw the whole thing away?

Bix and Louis

JAZZ music is indebted to the phonograph. If jazz is folk music—and in curious ways it is and isn't—then it has been the first folk music to develop in parallel with a device that insured it permanence. Undeniably the music stemmed from a tradition of extemporization in which each performance differed from every other and was valued for itself. Undeniably also it had sources in the playing of improvised tunes by Negro ensembles whose attitudes and techniques, sometimes even their identities, have since been lost and are matters for speculation. Yet early enough (for most purposes, the nineteen-twenties) the music began to be recorded, the musicians began to collect one another's records, and a legend and a world-wide audience began to interact. Today the high period of jazz—it had ended before Benny Goodman reached Carnegie Hall, the night of January 16, 1938—is on the record in both senses of the word.

With the coming of microgroove the jazz legend reached apotheosis. Now it is possible, on three or four long-playing records, to possess a library of an artist's lifetime work that once was accessible only to the diligent collector and at some expense. Columbia Records, for instance, has initiated a "Golden

Era" series under the editorship of George Avakian which will make available on only seven records the body of the music of the two greatest jazz trumpeters, Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke. Anyone who has collected Beiderbecke (and I am relatively a late-comer to the cult) will find it a strange sensation to hear, in presumably the freshest state in which they have been audible since they were made, the "master" originals that have progressed through the years from one label to the next—Okeh, Vocalion, Brunswick, Columbia. Though it was once the sign of a connoisseur to possess an Okeh original, I suspect that the hallmark of authenticity must now be carried by the recent editions. We are fortunate, in choosing the eligible subjects of hagiography, to be able to preserve the saints as of the moment that they first came marching in.

Of course, an overemphasis upon the "great" among the jazz musicians is itself an outcome of the phonograph, of the radio, of the demands of the audience. Jazz is not an individualistic art. Like many contemporary cultural performances—the movies, radio comedy hours, and most of the substantive decisions of business and government—it is the enterprise of a committee, sitting together both in creation and in self-criticism. Jazz musicians are clannish, and the needs of group extemporization are not favorable to the prima donna. From the musician's point of view, the band leader, the minimally talented female singer, or an aggressively ecstatic performer on the trap-drums are in the nature of necessary evils—like entrepreneurs, press agents, and others who cater to the "squares." It is the audience which creates a demand for them and not the music, which is itself a seamless fabric in which each player has a part. To be sure, Louis and Bix were exceptionally talented trumpeters, but the listener who comes to their records for the first time is warned that their bold performances are only part of the texture of the music.

WHAT jazz is, beyond this point, is a subject of dispute—that is, its future and importance are disputed. Momentarily the playing of jazz has become fragmented and esoteric beyond the interest of the public in following it; and, to that extent, the tradition is in decline. Nonetheless, it may be thought another benefit of the phonograph that a jazz tradition of the "Golden Era" has "held up sturdily for at least forty years" —these are Wilder Hobson's words—"and today has the largest audience of its public life." Mr. Hobson, the author of a book on jazz, was reporting the appearance of the new Armstrong records for the *Saturday Review of Literature,* an assignment which required him to disentangle words like "influence" and "primitive" from their acquired connotations. Jazz, as Mr. Hobson properly observed, has had no influence to speak of on the other arts, nor is it primitive in the sense that the word applies to a Haitian painter who has a "striking but unschooled talent." The jazz legend itself is responsible for making too much of the naïve aspects of the music—of the story, for example, that Bix could not read notes—and for making it necessary for Mr. Hobson to emphasize that Louis Armstrong, far from being primitive and "folksy," is a "grand master of his musical idiom."

Jazz, being initially the urban outlet of a racial and social minority under severe conditions of distress, is certainly not folk music in the traditional meaning of the term. In order to be absorbed into the mainstream of a majority culture it has been, Heaven knows, fearfully and wonderfully tamed, but the process has gone on. There was a generation to which jazz seemed *right.* There have been several generations since who have taken in that sense of rightness along with the rest of their emotional equipment and whose own tradition it has inescapably become. Nostalgia, yes—this music is a cry out of the heart of the Midwest, an echo of the beat stomped on river bottoms and of the lonely whistles of all the trains that were never taken; it is the revolt of young whites like Bix Beiderbecke who were able, under Negro tutelage, to play Huck Finn against all the Aunt Pollys of the world; it is the native medium, as John Kouwenhoven has suggested, of the first generation of Americans who grew up in intimate contact with the syncopated rhythms of the internal combustion engine. It is a potent social solvent; in the few years of its existence, jazz has leaped across more class and national barriers than any other music; both the Nazis and the Communists have had to ban it and pro-

nounce it "decadent." The "values" of jazz, whatever they are, have shown themselves to be uncommonly negotiable currency.

Bix and Louis are two sides of the coin. Their relative merits are always good for an argument and most students of the music line up, sooner or later, on one side or the other. "Perhaps the only sizable group," wrote Mr. Hobson of Armstrong, "who do not regard him as *the* world master are the sticklers for the crystal purity of the late Bix Beiderbecke's cornet style." Louis has outlived Bix by many years—the latter burned out fast; his productive life covered less than a decade. But Louis comes first in the sequence and is closer to the sources. Where the signal characteristics of Bix's playing were economy and concentration, Louis' are extravagance and waste. Bix poured everything into each chorus; Louis throws them away one after another. The legend, in saying that Louis once played over two hundred variations on "Sweet Sue," all different, may not be factually exact, but it is psychologically so. The legend that says Louis cried when he heard Bix play is likewise apocryphal and likewise just. The white boy was denying his own race and trying, with each sounding of his horn, to make the walls of color come a-tumblin' down.

Beiderbecke's music is cerebral where Armstrong's is visceral. Bix was attracted by the "moderns" in classical music; he composed for piano in the manner of Debussy by way of Earl Hines; he wore out a record of "The Firebird" by playing it continuously. The sweet clarity of his tone, especially at the times when he rides out over the top of the orchestra, is anything but earthbound—as Armstrong's always is. His impact is emotionally compressed but not emotionally derived, for the resources of the race which Louis has always at his call were not for Bix to draw on. One does not encounter in his playing that great backwash of underprivileged existence which often seems to flood in over Louis, freeing him to take up subjects of racial protest and eroticism that remained alien to Bix's utter concentration on pure sound. There is sadness in Beiderbecke, but it is a melancholy for the days on tree-lined streets that will never come again—not the history of anguish that Louis could abandon only at the price of having no past at all. It is Beiderbecke, not Armstrong, who seems accidental. Though he failed to reach the unreachable, the task of amalgamating many musics had been accomplished through the effort. Never again need it be said of a white boy, in anything but praise, that he "played like a nigger."

Bix's music survives, the most tautly reined product of that unbridled period which preceded the Great Depression (Bix died at the bottom of the slump). Even after twenty years it is free of banality—of the music-box cuteness which seems to have overcome the orchestras of the time, of the adenoidal quality which afflicted their vocalists, of the collegiate rah-rah which marked the dances where they played. Yet it has all the dash and style one would like to remember best of that exuberance; it will last. Armstrong, as I suspect most people who compare these records will ultimately conclude, is probably the greater musician. His range is more extensive, he is more melodically inventive, and his artistic intentions are as inescapable as a force of nature. But there is something sympathetic about Bix's one-man war with the universe. He seems not to have been a forceful personality; he is rarely quoted; nothing especially distinguished is remembered about him except the noises he made on the horn. His was the perfect tragedy of Caucasian overspecialization.

Both Bix and Louis are lyrical in spirit. If there is any single merit which sets them apart from the crowd it is the capacity to delight which a chorus by either one possesses; both Bix and Louis are capable of bursts of unpremeditated tunefulness that—once again, thanks to the phonograph—are part of the repertory and inheritance of jazz musicians. It was fitting, the night Benny Goodman *did* get to Carnegie Hall, that among other items in the impromptu history of jazz his band performed there should have been Bobby Hackett's note-for-note "recreation" of Bix playing "I'm Coming Virginia"—the chorus, if he listens only to one, that I would ask the unconvinced to judge by. Louis needs no defense; and, for that matter, neither Bix nor Louis needs to be compared to the other. A perfect world has room in it for both these standards of measure, one of mild silver and the other of furious gold.

Day at Home

NIGHT before last I went to the annual office party, a dinner-dance at a small Broadway hotel. It started at five-thirty with cocktails, and by half an hour after midnight I was home and in bed, and while the bed seemed to float a little above the floor, it didn't whirl. Corey Ford would have found very little at our party that he could have considered basic research material. Nobody fell down; no stenographer that I saw fled screaming from a leering executive; no member of the sales staff decided he should conduct the orchestra. It was a friendly not a boisterous party, but all the same I felt somewhat becalmed yesterday, and I spent the day in expiation.

It was not, however, in expiation of the sins of the night before, of which if I had committed any, I was unaware. I spent the day throwing away almost everything I had been at such pains to save during the past year, and I did it in a frame of mind that I recommend to anyone who, like myself, thinks that every piece of paper on which there are words is some day going to be extremely useful or otherwise important. There is no time like the morning after a party for making decisions about what is important and what is not. Nothing seems important.

I started about ten-thirty in the morning, and except for a turn around the block for a breath of air and time out for lunch, I was at the scrap baskets until nearly dinner time. I am blessed (or sometimes I think I am cursed) with a very large desk. It is a board seven feet long and about three feet wide covered with felt and supported by two small filing cabinets. I never work at it because there is never any room on it to put a typewriter. It is not only my repository for letters, newspaper clippings, note books, paper clips, and books that I have taken out of the bookcase and expect to use again soon, but it is also the children's parking place for model airplanes, coloring books, plastic building blocks, lead soldiers, and a scattering of marbles.

My mind was working slowly but methodically and with a sort of stubborn, if not always rational, logic. I decided, first, that anything with missing parts was not worth saving. This took care of most of the children's toys and a number of old fountain pens with no caps. It did not, however, take care of the marbles, about which I decided that there are always more marbles than there are places in a house to lose them. So I threw them away too. The children's things that I couldn't decide about I stacked neatly in the hall, thereby transferring the responsibility from me to their mother.

Letters are more difficult. They cry aloud to be reread, but if you fall into that trap, you may as well abandon all hope of order. I solved the problem of what to do about all business letters in what I take to be the spirit of the age. I put them in a folder marked "TAXES." All letters from relatives seemed to me to fall into one of two categories: either they asked impossible favors or they had been around so long that there was no point in answering them, so I threw them away without reading them. Letters from the children's schools and their report cards stopped me for a minute, but then I decided that since I had thrown away their marbles and broken toys, I would make it up to them. I threw the school communications away too.

By four o'clock the desk was clear, the baskets empty. All that remained was fourteen little piles of paper scattered over the floor—notes for things to look up, notes of half-forgotten projects, addresses of people whose names meant nothing to me, family snapshots so fuzzy that it was difficult to distinguish male from female, receipted bills, old address books, and uncanceled stamps with parts of envelopes sticking to them. The room looked a good deal worse than when I started, but I, at least, knew that the confusion was by comparison superficial. My wife looked in. I was sitting on the floor surrounded by my little stacks of indecision. "Need any help, darling?" she asked.

There was no way that she could have known that I was on the verge of solving my problem, but seeping through the haze of my mind was the image of a filing cabinet I had seen in the house of a friend. The top drawer of it was neatly labeled "Miscellaneous—to be Refiled." So I got a folder and marked it "Miscellaneous—to be Refiled," put all fourteen piles in it, and clapped it into the filing cabinet. My job was done.

—*Mr. Harper*

DAVID FREDERICK, General Manager of *Harper's Magazine,* died on the morning of January 2, the third anniversary of his coming to Harper & Brothers.

He had done a magnificent job during his three years with us. Not only did he bring about a striking gain in the business showing of the magazine, but he galvanized all departments, circulation, advertising, and editorial, with his driving conviction that *Harper's* had a unique function and mission in American journalism. It was he, more than anyone else, who saw what a unique opportunity our Centennial Number, in the fall of 1950, would give us to signalize and reinforce a long and distinguished tradition, and who pressed us all to see this opportunity in the biggest terms. That anniversary issue stands as his monument.

He was a wellspring of inventive ideas for every department. He customarily sat in at our weekly editorial staff meetings, and we editors were constantly impressed with the fact that here was a business manager who was not only in harmonious accord with editorial policy, but time and again threw out ideas which we were happy to follow. Many of the best things in *Harper's* in recent years grew from suggestions which he tossed into the editorial hopper. Only a few days before his death he sat in with two of us on plans for the future of the magazine, and in this all-day session he showed his usual forcefulness, elasticity of mind, co-operativeness, and wit. He was pleased with the record we had made in 1951 and was full of zest for a further advance in 1952. It is hardly possible to believe he is gone from us. He seemed in the very full tide of life.

We shall grievously miss his energy, good sense, humor, friendly understanding, and vision.—*The Editors.*

NEW BOOKS

The Pleasures and Perils of Discovery

Charles Poore

"IF AN inhabitant of another planet should visit the earth," Jacques Barzun recalls John Jay Chapman saying, "he would receive, on the whole, a truer notion of human life by attending an Italian opera than he would by reading Emerson's volumes. He would learn from the Italian opera that there were two sexes; and this, after all, is probably the fact with which the education of such a stranger ought to begin."

The goings-on at the opera might seem rather neighborly to someone from Mars or the suburbs of Venus. And after he'd noticed the exuberant and immensely promising existence of the sexes he might justly conclude that infidelity is a powerful stimulant to swordplay and song.

What next, though? The stranger, we know, can read the marmalade of tongues hospitably known as "English." He should use it, obviously, to further his postoperatic education. If he does not like Emerson, let him read Thoreau's ***The Maine Woods, Cape Cod,*** and ***Walden*** (Norton, $4 per copy) and see, at least, if he agrees with Emerson's characterization of Thoreau as a captain of a huckleberry party.

Then he might be interested in accompanying the rest of us as we read around among a month's leading new books, seeing, under a dozen different headings, how authors so various as Erich Maria Remarque, Jean Stafford, H. L. Davis, McGeorge Bundy, E. J. Kahn, Jr., Bill Mauldin, and Graham Greene approach eternal confrontations in the passing day.

There is more to music than Italian opera's chords and poses. This can most pleasantly be realized by looking into Jacques Barzun's ***Pleasures of Music*** (Viking, $5), a wonderfully varied garland of stories, critiques, letters, memoirs, solemn threnodies, and cheerful witticisms by Mozart and Bernard Shaw, Haydn and Tolstoi, Chesterton and George Sand, Nietzsche and Donald Ogden Stewart. As overture to his brilliantly orchestrated anthology Mr. Barzun fights gallantly for clarity and style.

We wish him well. But as Shaw may have said to the hecklers in the gallery, what can so few do against so many?

Man's Ingenuity to Man

ANOTHER book worth showing is ***Fifty Years of Popular Mechanics: 1902-1952*** (Simon & Schuster, $5), a lavish album of specimen pages from that magazine's perpetually changing gallery of gadgetry and wonder. The uncannily prophetic is well seasoned here with the permanently absurd. It's hard to explain why the pictures of early automobiles, ships, and planes and such are so appealing. One reason may be that there is now a quality of innocence surrounding the early stages of the machine—the coltish age of horsepower, as it were. At any rate, you frequently want to say: Don't fool around with that thing any more. Let well enough alone. Look out!

Then we might introduce the stranger to the poets—the toughest idealists of all. Here's Oscar Williams' latest lyrical compound, ***A Little Treasury of British Poetry: The Chief Poets, 1500-1950*** (Scribner's, $5), complete with a sort of Bards-Wanted exhibit of poets' pictures. We don't need to be insular. The reticent British, after all, have produced

the most eloquent writers. Instead, though, I think we might turn toward the novelists, who really write the outstanding ballads of these times.

Jean Stafford's Ballad of Betrayal

In her newest and finest novel, ***The Catherine Wheel*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3), Jean Stafford, already well and favorably known for *Boston Adventure* and *The Mountain Lion*, has written a memorable ballad of betrayal. It is intricately and symbolically subtle, and yet as clear as spring water. The great betrayal, I should say, is the treason these prosperous yet famished people in a Boston-haunted New England summer colony commit against life itself. Yet there are many major or minor betrayals. The beautiful and meticulously wayward Katharine Congreve, you feel, may never marry feckless John Shipley. The Shipley children, Honor and Harriet, who are twins, and the supernally unmerry Andrew, conduct all sorts of forays for appropriate stratagems and spoils. The absent Maeve, wife of John and, inevitably, Katharine's best friend, manages to offend most through her inoffensive existence.

There is as much true drama in *The Catherine Wheel* as you will find in a cycle of Italian opera. It is not flamboyant, yet it mounts to a climax of amazing intensity. We never see John and Maeve nor do we miss them, knowing all we do about them. The time is the late nineteen-thirties, and they are, as usual, taking their ease abroad while the children stay with Katharine at Congreve House, a transcendental Southern manse in a Puritan landscape. The torments of the damned often have comfortable settings.

If you are as tired as I am of seeing the breakup of a marriage through the eyes of a sensitive child in modern fiction, you will be agreeably surprised in *The Catherine Wheel*. Young Andrew, a Penrod streaked with soggy sorrow, is kept well in leash. He is so occupied with his glum woe at a friend's defection that, to our relief, he doesn't suspect half what another less gifted author than Miss Stafford would let him suspect about Katharine and his father. This is just as well. His owlish divinations drive her half way to hysteria as things stand. Her heart and conscience do the rest.

Miss Stafford, as John Peale Bishop once said of Scott Fitzgerald, has the courage to write beautifully. It seems to me that like Fitzgerald, she sometimes gives her characters too generous spending accounts. A big gold frame can detract from a picture. But her notations on the human heart would be true anywhere. And her sketches of the picturesque old ruins who arrive for Katharine's parties lighten the somber tones of her ballad.

Out Where the Plot Is a Little Stronger

H. L. Davis' new ***Winds of Morning*** (Morrow, $3.50), a novel of the Columbia River country in the nineteen-twenties, is a ballad of the West that is forever passing away but somehow always manages to keep hopping along. The country often takes the play away from the people.

Mr. Davis has given his story, which is a Book-of-the-Month Club benison to its parishioners, a formidable armature of plot. There is a young deputy sheriff, Amos Clarke, swift to wrath and slow to love Calanthe—that's right, Calanthe—the untrammeled girl who is shrewdly yet openly pursuing him. There is an accidentally murdered Indian, and a rancher more deviously done in. There is Busick, a useful villain, and Hendricks, one of those fine old characters all compact of irony, cussedness, and oracular wisdom, whose somewhat Egyptian relationship to some of the others is slow in coming out. All sorts of strange doings are afoot, but the ground they tread on is more important, really, than anything that happens. Call the plot the fire that cooks this savory Western fare.

Very few living writers can match Mr. Davis in his capacity for spinning ballads of his unvarnished strip of country. He loves it, but he is aware of its true character, good and bad. (One of its curses, I suppose, is that a sheriff's badge has to be pinned to every treatment of it in art.) "A man's got to find out what he's good for, and then do it," old Hendricks says. "If people want it, that's all the better, but you've got to do it, whether anybody wants it or not, if you know what it is. It's took me a long time to find out."

Fortunately for his pleased Eastern readers, who begin to sniff authentic Western air and stamp around their neon-lighted skyscraper corrals when they see a book by Mr. Davis, it didn't take him too long to discover, with Mencken's help, that he had a natural talent for authentic Western—or, rather, North-

western lore. He'd been a deputy county sheriff, soldier, sheep herder, and resident of a town that may be rather like the town in *Winds of Morning* before he won a Harper and a Pulitzer prize with *Honey in the Horn*. He gives the stuff of horse operas the ring of truth they've only intermittently enjoyed since Owen Wister opened the West to literary colonization.

The Human Spirit Survives

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE'S long-awaited new novel, ***Spark of Life*** (Appleton - Century - Crofts, $3.75), is by far his best book since *All Quiet on the Western Front*. It is a tragic sequel to that, in a way, a brilliantly unsparing story of life in one of the concentration camps the Germans who insisted they had not been beaten in World War I operated while they were losing honor as well as glory in World War II. If you remember the horrors of the camps that Dwight Eisenhower and Omar Bradley described toward the end of their memoirs you will know that Remarque has not exaggerated in any way. His purpose is to show the survival of the human spirit under such conditions, and he has brought his exceptional skill as a novelist to the accomplishment of it.

"I wasn't here—I know nothing about it. Others did this without my knowledge," one of the Germans says when the Americans arrive.

"Of course. Always others. And these who've been rotting to death here year after year? That wasn't you, either, what?"

"They were orders. Duty—"

The American corporal turns to a man standing beside him. "In the next few years those will be the two commonest excuses in Germany—I acted under orders, and—I knew nothing about it."

ONE of the men who knew most of what was happening in Germany during those years was Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, whose story is told, as far as Ian Colvin, a British newspaper man can tell it, in ***Master Spy*** (McGraw-Hill, $3.50), which will be hard to top as a tale of hair-raising duplicity in 1952. It is obvious that Canaris, as Hitler's Chief of Intelligence, helped the Nazis send thousands of Allied soldiers and civilians to their deaths. There is reason to suppose that he hated Hitler heartily, and worked to overthrow him in any way he could, before Canaris himself was put to death by the Nazis.

How much he helped the Allies, toward the end of the career, is still open to some question, though Mr. Colvin thinks his aid was considerable, once Canaris knew—who could know more precisely?—which way the winds were blowing. But in the end we always ask, when one of the never-decreasing number of plotters-against-Hitler turns up, what would be their substitute—a Junker dictatorship? Followed by a new march to totalitarian power? On the whole, it seems best for them all to have gone down together. The problem is to keep them down, now, to prevent the rise of new Canarises as well as the rise of new Hitlers.

Dean Acheson and Foreign Policy

THAT'S one of the problems Dean Acheson has faced in the battle he has fought with conspicuous courage and resourcefulness. In ***The Pattern of Responsibility*** (Houghton Mifflin, $4), McGeorge Bundy lets Acheson's record speak ringingly for itself through the Secretary of State's declarations on Germany, Russia, Korea, China, Spain, the Middle East, the loyalty investigations, the North Atlantic alliances, and everything else that is a part of freedom's interlocked ramparts. "We are rejecting any policy of sitting quivering in a storm cellar waiting for whatever fate others may wish to prepare for us," Mr. Acheson said at a press conference in the dark December of 1950, and on that line he has stood against the hell of Soviet duplicity and the high water of partisan politics.

Mr. Bundy's book is no partisan review. He is himself, as a matter of fact, a steeped-in-codfish Massachusetts Republican. It is as a member of that somehow surviving and curiously conspicuous minority group that he calls for fair play. What's more, being related through his brother's marriage to Mr. Acheson's family, he sets a pattern of courtesy that all in-laws should follow. This

A. P. HERBERT

—his first novel since
HOLY DEADLOCK
—and even more fun!

Number Nine
(OR) THE MIND SWEEPERS



Britons never will be slaves—to bureaucracy! Not while love is still around. In this wholly delightful book, England's top humorist peers ahead to the day when the Civil Service takes over the stately homes of England as training centers for great numbers of specialists in confusion . . . only to be uproariously sabotaged by trainee Number Nine (Lt. Viscount Anthony Anchor) with the help of Number Eight (the delectable Miss Peach) . . . $3.50



The front-page book by
FRANCIS BIDDLE
former U.S. Attorney General



THE Fear OF Freedom

"Challenges in toto the value as well as the propriety of the loyalty program." — HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"An expression of the highest sort of loyalty — loyalty to the vital principles of American society."—ALAN BARTH, *Washington Post.*



"A brave and valuable book . . . Moving in its evocation of the American spirit." — ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

$3.50
at all booksellers
DOUBLEDAY

oes not prevent him, however, from isagreeing publicly with Mr. Acheon on such policies as the State Deartment's 1950 *démarche* on Gerıan rearmament, on what was goıg to happen in China between 945 and 1950, on the Point Four rogram, and on Mr. Acheson's oyalty to the State Department's wn loyalty boards. "I think he has hown a tendency," Mr. Bundy adds, at least until recently, to promise efinite results in an indefinite orld." Well, my mother always old me that not failure but low im is crime.

As a Republican, Mr. Bundy naturally views President Truman from a point well this side of dolatry. "I do not suppose that beause I consider Dean Acheson a ood Secretary of State I must conider Harry Truman a good Presilent or his Administration deservng of re-election. To put it mildly," ıe says, continuing to put it trongly, "I am of a wholly contrary nind." This, I take it, means that Mr. Bundy would have preferred, ın the whole, to have had a chance o write a book about a Secretary of State appointed by Mr. Willkie or Mr. Dewey.

Well, he has already done the vriting for a fine book about anıther great Secretary (*On Active Service in Peace and War,* by Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy), vhich was serialized, in part, under he title of *Time of Peril.* The time of peril is even more crucial now. Mr. Bundy has again served his country ably by taking foreign policy out of the ruck of partisan rows. He holds that such political maneuvering is a dangerously destructive occupation, and that "the main course of American policy—the course of energetic leadership in a partnership of free nations, building strength by sacrifice and effort to block the Kremlin without war—is our one hope for the survival of our civilization." That's the true pattern of responsibility.

Men In Battle

The Peculiar War, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (Random House, $2.75), is the most interestingly written book we have had about the blaze and havoc of Korea. Mr. Kahn went out there in April 1951, and stayed three months before he was rotated by the *New Yorker.* He arrived when General MacArthur was leaving; he left when the armistice talks began. His scrupulously casual accounts of battle and fatigue are in the admirable tradition of *The New Yorker Book of War Pieces,* still the best piece of excess baggage a war correspondent can carry to read, already a permanent contribution to our literature of human beings and inhuman rites.

The Face of War, by Charles and Eugene Jones (Prentice-Hall, $5), is a strikingly unusual book of text and pictures from Korea. The pictures are unretouched enlargements of 16-millimeter film the Jones twins took for NBC's Television News. They're blurred and jumpy—as they should be, when you consider they were made during the earliest and toughest stages of the fighting. The Joneses kept up with everything, advancing and retreating, going behind the enemy's lines on parachute drops, flying in jets in action, going over the sea wall at Inchon with the Marines. They were there. I feel I've said so much about Mauldin in this department that I can only mention his new book, ***Bill Mauldin's Army*** (Sloane, $5). But here it is, the story of Willie and Joe, bigger and better than ever, and with a great many that have never appeared in a book before.

The Untranquil Past

It is time, I suppose, to think again of that fellow from outer space and wonder what he thinks of the view that contemporary books give of affairs on this planet. Not tranquil, anyway. Nor, for that matter, was a fair amount of our past. If he looks into George F. Willison's iconoclastic ***Behold Virginia! The Fifth Crown*** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.75) he will learn things about Pocahontas and Captain John Smith and other Very FFVs that some people might consider indecorous. And if he takes up George Dangerfield's witty and scholarly ***The Era of Good Feelings*** (Harcourt, Brace, $6), he will learn that our history during the transfer (via Monroe) from Jeffersonian to Jacksonian democracy was spangled with some very ill feelings indeed.

Even Reginald Reynolds', hilariously learned treatise on ***Beds*** (Doubleday, $3.50) through the ages, their mythology and folklore, is not exactly restful. As for ***The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes,*** edited by Iona and Peter Opie (Oxford, $8), that one turns out to be a thoroughgoing rummaging in Old Mother Goose's cupboard, tracing the history of one nursery rhyme after another, shaking a few agile skeletons at the feasts of nonsense, and cheerfully finding strange and curious things in the rhyming world of childhood.

The Moment of Discovery

Which brings us to Graham Greene's new book, ***The Lost Childhood, and Other Essays*** (Viking, $3.50). "Perhaps," says Mr. Greene, "it is only in childhood that books have any deep influence on our lives." Now this is hardly the notion we'd like to leave permanently with anyone who thought it would be all right to wait until after he was thirteen or fourteen to tackle Voltaire, Thomas Aquinas, or Graham Greene.

As palliative, Mr. Greene offers the suggestion that "in later life we admire, we are entertained, we may modify some views we already hold, but we are the more likely to find in books merely a confirmation of what is in our minds already: as in a love affair it is our own features that we see reflected flatteringly back." And like everything Mr. Greene writes, like all this volume's sketches, book reviews, meditations, critical explorations of Henry James (and other vast continents), this is alertly provocative.

It's not, of course, staggeringly true. The pleasures Mr. Greene got from reading Rider Haggard for the first time are one thing; the pleasures others have had from Graham Greene's "entertainments"—*Orient Express, The Third Man, This Gun for Hire, The Confidential Agent, The Ministry of Fear*—may be another. But is it? Isn't it really the same thing?

The heart of the matter, it seems to me, is that no one can very well be stirred by a book until he's read

it, whether he picks it up at the age of thirteen or eighty-three. The excitement—or the disappointment—isn't a matter of youth or antiquity in the reader or in the book. It's born at the moment of discovery.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

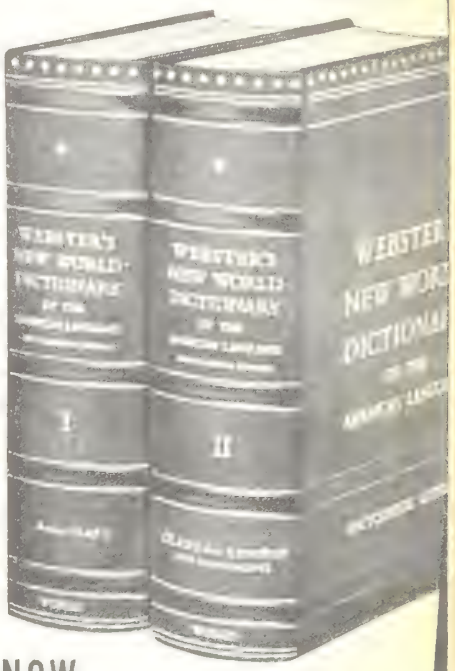
Sybil, by Louis Auchincloss.
This book at least does what it sets out to do. The author plants a rebellious girl against a setting of modern New York–Long Island society still influenced by its elders and by its own upbringing at New England's most conservative prep schools. Shy, beautiful, rather sullen, Sybil was born into the group but is never of it. She likes to read and think. She is not popular. To her surprise and delight, on her twenty-first birthday she meets and falls in love with the season's social catch and marries him. There follow the war and a picture of life among young married people who go through a series of affairs, divorces, and remarriages, all condoned as long as the forms—established by their elders and the New England schools—are kept. "Underneath their defections they maintained a loyalty to the system of marrying and giving in marriage as shown by the very frequency with which they went through its forms." They can't tolerate someone who thinks for herself. Sybil is conventionally "betrayed" by her husband, rebels in her own way, but in the end learns to conform with the hypocritical mores of these people and, one gathers, finds satisfaction therein. The novel paints a picture of what seems a devastating and soul-destroying way of life with so dry and pure a style and so sure a sense of narrative that the reader feels put out because it hardly seems worth writing. So accurate a picture, but do the people matter? Such tiny little minds and spirits, and not one among them, apparently, strong enough to hold to any other vision. Human striving should matter on any level, but here there is no spiritual grandeur of any sort. Perhaps this is just what Mr. Auchincloss means to say.
Houghton Mifflin, $3

My Son and Foe, by Josephine Pinckney.
Kirk McAfee, American engineer on vacation, finds himself a stranger on a small Caribbean island, entangled, to the hilt, in the affairs of an unconventional and sophisticated family. The attractive mother falls in love with him and he with her but he also becomes affectionately—though properly—involved with the older son who is neglected by his mother in favor of the disastrously beautiful younger son. Indeed, as an outsider, each member of the family turns to Kirk for help in decisions of the most personal sort. One realizes that this sort of thing sometimes does happen, but unfortunately Mrs. Pinckney never makes the sudden intense involvement seem credible. In spite of fine atmosphere and a story that moves, the reader himself is neither convinced nor involved. Viking, $3

Awakening, by Jean-Baptiste Rossi.
This novel tells the story of an affair between a fourteen-year-old French schoolboy and a nun. On the face of it such a story should be unconvincing and unpleasant, especially when you discover that it was written by a seventeen-year-old boy (now twenty). But the miracle of the book is that it is both credible and moving. The scenes in the school at Nice are superb, and the picture of innocence betrayed by its own loneliness and eagerness for life, rings true.
Harper, $3

Some Others and Myself, by Ruth Suckow.
Miss Suckow's stories always have the informal directness of a letter from a good friend. She usually writes of simple, unimportant people you'd expect not to be interested in. But because they are interesting to her, they become interesting to the reader, whether they are pathetic, deaf old ladies ("One of the Others"), a woman returning to a family cemetery in the place where she grew up as a child ("Memorial Eve"), or any others of those who walk the streets of the small midwestern towns of Miss Suckow's actual and literary

"This work marks a great advance in American lexicography"
—Library Journal



NOW...
a *big* dictionary with a modern American viewpoint

Leaf through this dictionary and check a few words at random. Notice the clear-cut, sensible, complete definitions, the contemporary American pronunciations. Clearly, it reflects the scholarship of the many specialists whose skill has gone into this great work.

- Idioms and usage in the modern manner
- Searching etymologies, easy to trace
- Timely new words, new meanings for old words
- 1249 new pictures, plus unique profile maps, charts, etc.
- 368-page encyclopedic section, including U.N. Charter, etc.

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY
OF THE
AMERICAN LANGUAGE
Encyclopedic Edition

2 volumes, 2112 pages. THUMB INDEXED
At your Bookseller—$22.50
or write for descriptive brochure.

The World Publishing Company
CLEVELAND 2, OHIO

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

HE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE
Literary Agent, established 35 years. Manuscripts criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to book manuscripts. Poetry. Catalogue on request.
Dept. B AGNES M. REEVE, FRANKLIN, O.

THEIST BOOKS
32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO.
38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS
supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.
(We also supply all current books at retail store prices —Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of Harper's Magazine.)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 19, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.

To All Parents

eeking guidance in selecting a school, ollege or camp we suggest they turn o our "Schools and Colleges" Section. the one you seek is not among those sted, the impartial advice of our chool Bureau is at your command. lo fees involved. Use coupon below.

Address **Mrs. Lewis D. Bement.**
Director of Educational Guidance

nformation Bureau
ARPER'S MAGAZINE
East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

I would be glad to have you suggest schools, lleges or camps. (Check)

ys ☐ Girls ☐ Coed ☐
ge ☐

ocation preferred .....
ther requirements .....
ease send me catalogs of the following:
.....
.....
.....
ame .....
ddress .....
2-52

BOOKS IN BRIEF

background. Her "Memoir" at the end of the book is not fiction but the story of her childhood as a Congregational minister's daughter in a new town in western Iowa. It is personal reminiscence, history, and a declaration of faith, all in one, as well as an illuminating footnote to all her writings. She is, for instance, the author of *Country People, Iowa Interiors,* and *The Kramer Girls.*
Rinehart, $3

Fancies and Goodnights, by John Collier.
Some old favorites and seventeen new short stories for addicts of Mr. Collier's peculiar and wonderful magic, and for all uninitiated sophisticates as well. Mad and delightful stories of jinn out of bottles, fiends out of hell, writers out of material, and all manner of other subjects out of this world. By the author of *Defy the Foul Fiend* and *Presenting Moonshine.* Doubleday, $4

NON-FICTION

Incredible New York, by Lloyd Morris.
It is hard for words, however telling, to compete with the fascinating pictures of one hundred years of New York which illustrate this book. The eye leaps from picture to picture—Broadway in Winter, 1857; Artist's Reception in 1869; the Gem Saloon at 324 Broadway, 1853; cartoons of Boss Tweed's day; pictures of women's fight for votes, of coaching on Fifth Avenue, of life in the ballrooms of the four hundred, of life at the Waldorf, right up to speakeasy times and the present. It is only after looking at all the pictures that one goes back and discovers a real feast in the text as well. History, architecture, anecdote, high life and low life (very little in between) flow along together in the prose. It is as illuminating as the pictures, and even more detailed. By the author of *Postcript to Yesterday* and *Not So Long Ago.*
Random House, $5

For Better or Worse, by Morris L. Ernst and David Loth.
Mr. Ernst is a lawyer who has handled divorce cases for over thirty years. David Loth is an officer in an agency which concerns itself with marriage counseling. Their whole matter-of-fact approach to the question of marriage and divorce is that "before there can be any intelligent approach to saving marriages, there must be some understanding of divorce." To that end they have collected from their divorced clients extraordinarily frank statements telling what happened *after* their divorces. There are sections written in the first person on loneliness, sex, children, money, and whether the writers consider their divorces successful, all interspersed with crisp comment by the authors. The final chapters contain some astute suggestions as to ways to make marriages more durable and divorce, when there is no alternative, a more dignified and better planned proceeding. By the authors of *American Sexual Behavior and the Kinsey Report.* Harper, $3

FORECAST

Lively Fiction
They tell us that fiction is losing readers all the time, but happily the novelists and the publishers don't seem discouraged. Little, Brown is already heralding a first novel which they plan to publish in June—***The Stockade,*** by a graduate of the class of 1947 at Yale, Kenneth Lamott. Vincent Sheean, not primarily a novelist, is now at work on one called ***Rage of the Soul,*** which Random will publish in June, and Ignazio Silone, one of the old masters, has just finished a new one, ***A Handful of Blackberries,*** now being translated for fall publication, also by Harper.
For early in the season, in February, Crowell has scheduled ***Citadel of the Lakes,*** by Myron David Orr, who wrote *White Gold* and *Cathedral of the Pines;* and in the same month Knopf is publishing Wright Morris's new novel, ***The Works of Love.*** . . . March will bring from Knopf, too, ***Epitaph for a Spy*** by the author of the most excellent *A Coffin for Demetrios* and *Judgment on Deltchev,* Eric Ambler. . . . In April, on the ninetieth anniversary of the battle (April 7) Dial is publishing a novel called ***Shiloh*** by Shelby Foote, author of *Love in a Dry Season,* and during the same month Rinehart will bring out with fanfare

Your teen-ager's problems are *yours* too...



Read THE ADOLESCENT

By DR. MARYNIA FARNHAM

co-author of MODERN WOMAN: THE LOST SEX

◆ "I am happy to discover in Marynia F. Farnham a psychiatrist (herself the mother of a teen-age daughter) who is definitely sane about the problems of adolescence...Only through love, companionship, tolerance, common sense and good example can we hope to help shape our adolescent children toward wholesome maturity. ***A first step for all parents is to buy and ponder this serious and thoughtful book.***"
—STERLING NORTH,
N. Y. World-Telegram and Sun

At all bookstores • $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

BEST for short story readers...
BEST for short story writers...

Collier's BEST

A selection of Short Stories FROM THE MAGAZINE With an introduction and notes by

KNOX BURGER
Collier's Fiction Editor

Here, for the first time in one volume, is the cream of *Collier's* fiction — 19 top-flight stories chosen from nearly 500 published by *Collier's* in 1949 and 1950. You'll encounter well-known names like Christine Weston, John D. Weaver, Paul Horgan — as well as some of *Collier's* own exciting discoveries — Al Hine, Joseph Petracca, Jack Finney.

In his introduction, Knox Burger tells how *Collier's* Fiction Department works, and provides a refreshing view of the hows and whys of magazine fiction.

"I certainly mean to recommend the book."—Herschel Brickell, Editor of the annual O. Henry Prize Stories

At all bookstores • $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, 49 E. 33rd St., N.Y. 16

BOOKS IN BRIEF

a novel about a Polish family under the German and Russian occupations. *Journey With Strangers*, by R. C. Hutchinson, who wrote *Elephant and Castle*. Fiction, like chivalry, refuses to stay dead.

Non-fiction Competes

Non-fiction, however, continues to offer competition. The Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen for its March selection ***Lincoln and His Generals*** by Professor T. Harry Williams (Knopf). In the same month Crown is publishing the next "confidential" book by Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer, ***U.S.A. Confidential***, and Doubleday is bringing out ***The Farmer Takes a Hand***, a history of rural electrification by Marquis Childs; a little later Farrar, Straus and Young is bringing out a biography of Hearst—***W. R.—A New Study of William Randolph Hearst*** by Harry A. Bull, former editor of *Town and Country*, a Hearst publication; and in April ***The Thurber Album***, a collection of fourteen reminiscences by James Thurber, will come from Simon and Schuster to brighten up the spring.

Fathers and Sons

Boys and/or their fathers loom large in importance on spring lists. Hermitage House has asked Bela Kornitzer to write the book ***American Fathers and Sons***, a book about famous fathers and famous sons and the relationships between them, for their March list. Mr. Kornitzer, Chief of Hungary's Ministry of Public Supply after Hungary was freed from the Nazis, wrote such a book about European fathers and sons. . . . In February Knopf has scheduled ***My Son's Story***, by John P. Frank, a moving account of the father's search for treatment and care for his son who is stricken with cortical atrophy—failure of part of the brain to develop. He writes of the search and of the solution, as far as there is one, in the care of this incurable affliction. . . . From the unhappy we go to the happily ridiculous and discover that Grosset and Dunlap are starting a new Tom Swift series. (The old one went out of print in 1939.) But in this series it will be Tom Swift, Jr., who is the hero, while Father is a mere sideliner.

Let these MILTON CROSS Records show you how to talk your way to SUCCESS!

The Famous
Dr. Robinson Course in
EFFECTIVE SPEAKING
Narrated by MILTON CROSS

Five double-side, non-breakable standard speed records in a beautifully bound, sturdy album

Now, you can improve your voice and speaking ability this quick, easy way — merely by listening to Milton Cross on these self-teaching records for a few minutes a day. You gain poise, a rich speaking voice, and the knack of expressing your ideas clearly and naturally without stepping outside your own home. At last, here is your golden opportunity to acquire the secrets of successful speaking at an extraordinary low cost and with minimum effort.

10 Powerful Lessons

Ten dynamic lessons explain and illustrate every aspect of speaking effectively. You discover how to banish forever the fear of talking on your feet—how to make your voice more resonant, richer in tone, and more capable of holding the interest of listeners—how to achieve complete relaxation of voice, manner and body—and how to speak without the slightest trace of nervousness, timidity, or self-consciousness.

Let Milton Cross show you how . . .

On these records, Milton Cross, in the voice that is familiar to millions of admirers, brings you the methods which helped him become one of America's finest speakers. You hear him pronouncing words with his flawless diction. You get easy-to-follow drills and specific exercises. You learn to speak fluent, effortless, powerful English — the easy way — by listening and imitating.

In his Carnegie Hall studios, Dr. Walter O. Robinson has helped thousands of men and women whose careers were being handicapped by their inability to talk well. Now, that his famous course is available on records — he can do the same for you right in your own home.

Ten Days' Free Examination

HARPER & BROTHERS
51 E. 33rd St., N. Y. 16

Gentlemen: Please send me Dr. Robinson's Course in EFFECTIVE SPEAKING for 10 days' free examination. Within that time I will remit $8.95, plus a few cents mailing charges, or return it postpaid.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

SAVE! If you enclose payment publisher will pay mailing charges. Same return privilege. 1523 M3

". . . it should be read by and serve as a handbook for parents, teachers, social workers, the clergy and all who work in close association with young people."—LEONARD W. MAYO, Child Welfare League of America.

DELINQUENTS IN THE MAKING

Paths to Prevention

by Sheldon and **Eleanor Glueck**, Harvard Law School

"No one understands the problems of juvenile delinquency better than Professor Glueck and his distinguished wife. In their new volume they present their findings to the general public vividly and convincingly, and that is a real public service."—FULTON OURSLER. Two eminent criminologists here provide the most helpful advice to date on what leads children into delinquency, how to spot the potential delinquent, and positive means of prevention. $3.00

AMERICAN LABOR UNIONS

What They Are and How They Work

1952 Revised Edition

by **Florence Peterson**, Formerly Chief, Industrial Relations Division, U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

In constant demand—from labor unions, industry, colleges and the general public, this popular exposition of the American labor movement is "a veritable mine of information and a most useful source of reference."—*New York Herald Tribune*. This revision brings the book up to date and includes two new chapters on the international relations of American labor. $3.50

TELEVISION WRITING

Theory and Technique

by **Robert S. Greene.** Foreword by **Robert Montgomery.**

This first complete, step-by-step guide to the whole new technique of script writing for television "reflects a studied and experienced insight into the practical problems that confront the television author. . . . I am sure that (the author) will have the thanks of writers —student and professional—for years to come."—ROBERT MONTGOMERY, in the Foreword. $3.75

UNDERSTANDING FEAR

In Ourselves and Others

by **Bonaro W. Overstreet.**

"A simple, wise, warmhearted and wonderfully human book."—*Los Angeles News.* "It will be read for many, many years by, I hope, many, many people, and it will do a lot of good in the world. . . . I honestly think that it is one of the finest examples of distillation of the essential findings of contemporary psychological science of our day."—ASHLEY MONTAGU, Rutgers University. $3.00

At your bookstore or from

49 E. 33rd St. **HARPER & BROTHERS** New York 16, N. Y.

"A limpid and exquisite love story"

—*New Statesman and Nation*

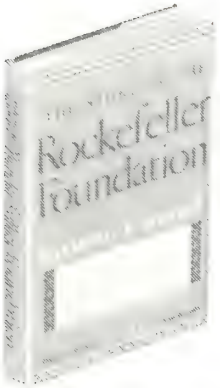


Awakening

By JEAN-BAPTISTE ROSSI

"I do not know of any other novel in which the intensity and delight of first love are so transcendently conveyed ... I found it deeply moving and fundamentally pure."
—MARGHANITA LASKI, *The Sunday Observer.* $3.00

How one of America's greatest private fortunes went to work



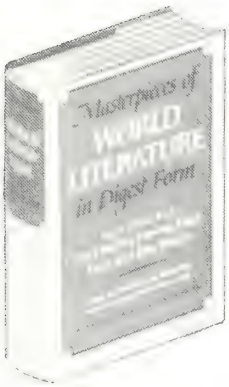
THE STORY OF THE Rockefeller Foundation

By RAYMOND B. FOSDICK

Introduction by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

"A first-rate job. The literature on American foundations is far too meager and Fosdick's book represents a most important and welcome addition . . . a readable and fast-moving book." — CHARLES DOLLARD, *President of the Carnegie Corporation.* $4.00

Plot stories of 510 novels, plays, tales and epic poems—covering 20 centuries

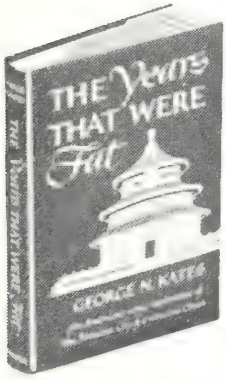


Masterpieces of World Literature

In Digest Form. *Edited by* **FRANK N. MAGILL**
with the assistance of Dayton Kohler and staff

"Excellently done . . . for reference, for looking up some book in current discussion or mention, for refreshing one's mind on the characters and story and for general reading and study, the volume is invaluable."—CONRAD RICHTER.
Introduction by Clifton Fadiman; indexes; 1,144 pages.
$5.95

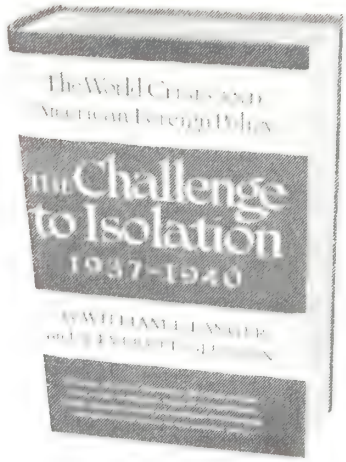
An American's personal discovery of the world that was China



The Years That Were Fat

By GEORGE N. KATES

A book about a China that has vanished, this is the story of the seven years the author spent in Peking living the life of a Chinese scholar in the shadow of the Imperial Palace. It is the enthralling record of an exploration of place, of people and of ideas — the recollection of a love affair with the Orient. $4.00



To understand the problems confronting us today you need to know the inside diplomatic history of events that led us into World War II

The Challenge to Isolation

By WILLIAM L. LANGER and S. EVERETT GLEASON

"THE CHALLENGE TO ISOLATION tells the story — insofar as the record contains the story — of the grim and troubled years from the 'quarantine' speech of 1937 to the destroyer deal of 1940. Superbly researched, told with vigor and precision, it is a model of modern diplomatic history. More than that, it is an authoritative and illuminating study of the process by which the United States government and the American people began to assume the global responsibilities which overwhelming power had thrust upon us; it is the best history we have of the watershed — the point of no return — in America's emergence as a world power."
—ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

736 pages • $7.50

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS



...it's always a pleasure

I.W. HARPER

since 1872

The Gold Medal Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY BOURBON



PROOF. I. W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Harper's MAGAZINE

50 CENTS

The Mass Mind: Our Favorite Folly..
Joyce Cary

A Bonanza for Education.....
Senator Lister Hill

Illness from the Inside.....
Ian Stevenson, M.D.

How to Disappear.....
Ted Robinson Jr.

Twelve Other Articles, Stories, Reviews, etc.

Tick-Tock... Tick-Tock... QUIETLY AGED TO PERFECTION!



to put in words what happens with your first taste of
Imagine you have started with the basi-
old Kentucky . . . Then you have waited for 6
fectly . . . Then take from your memory
known and imagine one still silkier, still
Do all t[illegible] things . . . and *then* taste Old Charter!

OLD CHARTER
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON
6 YEARS OLD

[illegible] EY • 6 Years OLD • 86 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Telephone people are prepared to meet the challenge of storm and disaster. Their experience in emergencies is protection against loss of time to business, industry

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM





The skill, loyalty and experience of telephone people are the priceless assets of the Bell System

Wherever there's storm or fire or flood or disaster of any kind, you'll find telephone people right on the job to get things back in service. They are able to do this because the entire Bell System is trained and organized to take care of emergencies.

Mobile telephone equipment and standby power [illegible]

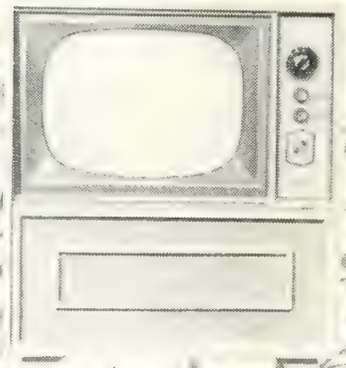
Supplies and [illegible] available in Western Electric warehouses in strategic spots throughout the country. Whatever [illegible] the one telephone company [illegible]

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE WHITEHALL SERIES II.
[illegible] Plug-in for [illegible] in mahogany veneers.

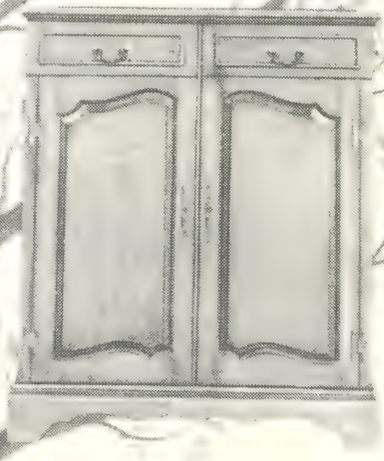


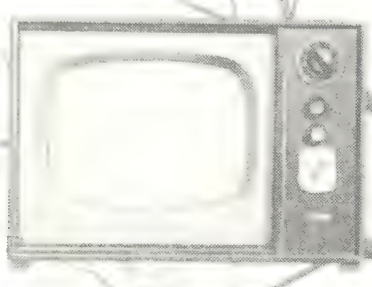
THE WICKFORD,
21-inch rectangular tube. Plug-in for record player. In mahogany or limed oak veneers.





THE BANBURY.
[illegible] Plug-in for [illegible] limed oak [illegible] in decorator colors.





THE DEVON.
17-inch rectangular tube. Plug-in for record player. In mahogany or limed oak veneers.

THE FLANDERS,
21-inch rectangular tube. Plug-in for record player. In fruitwood finish.

Now

A DISTINGUISHED NEW LINE OF 1952 TELESETS

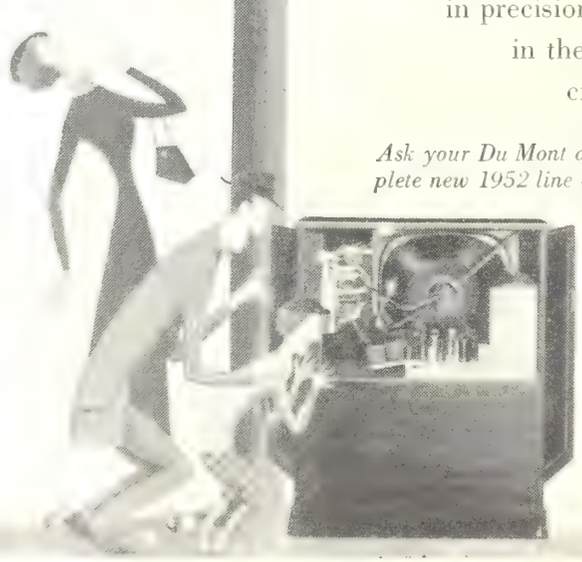
Harvest of Years pioneering by

Du Mont

EXPECT TO BE ENVIED

That's part of owning these wonderful new Du Monts. Here are sound and pictures thrilling for brilliance and clarity. Here are the greatest advances, the highest standards in television. Here, as you would expect from Du Mont, is the foremost in precision electronics encased in the elegance of bench-crafted cabinetry.

Ask your Du Mont dealer to show you the complete new 1952 line of 12 distinguished models.



LOOK INSIDE
Then Compare. See why Du Monts Do More in '52.

DU MONT
First with the Finest in Television

rson, N. J., and the Du Mont Television Network, 515 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 204 CONTENTS—MARCH 1952 No. 1222

Personal & Otherwise. *Mostly about our contributors*		6
Letters		18
The Mass Mind: Our Favorite Folly	JOYCE CARY	25
A Bonanza for Education	SENATOR LISTER HILL	28
"Bread, Rise!" *A Poem*	CLAIRE NICOLAS	31
Captain of the White Yacht. *A Story* *Drawings by David Carlson*	MAX STEELE	32
The Easy Chair. *The Third Floor*	BERNARD DEVOTO	43
The Domestic Bard: Ella Wheeler Wilcox *Decoration by Tom Funk*	NAOMI LEWIS	47
The Wren. *A Poem*	RAYMOND HENRI	53
Little Gadget with a Large Future *Drawings by Sigman-Ward*	LEONARD ENGEL	54
Now About This Additional Material		60
Illness from the Inside	IAN STEVENSON, M. D.	61
Requiem. *A Poem*	E. A. MUIR	67
Frontier for This Century	PETER F. DRUCKER	68
Zeke Hamblett. *A Story* *Drawings by Oscar Liebman*	HAZEL HECKMAN	75
Make Them Tell Congress the Truth	LLOYD CUTLER AND HERBERT PACKER	82
How to Disappear	TED ROBINSON JR.	84
The Remarkable Swiss	GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK	93
Late Night Final. *A Poem*	BRIAN HOWARD	96
After Hours	MR. HARPER	97
New Books	CHARLES POORE	101
Books in Brief	KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON	108

HARPER & BROTHERS — PUBLISHERS

Harper's Magazine; Published monthly by Harper & Brothers; 50 cents a copy; $5.00 a year. Vol. 204, Serial No. 1222. Issue for March 1952. Publication office, 99–129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising offices, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Copyright, 1952, by Harper & Brothers. All rights reserved.

in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

CONDITIONS on the New York waterfront are a continuing scandal. In the April issue, veteran labor reporter ***Mary Heaton Vorse*** gives a vivid, up-to-the-minute, firsthand account of the present waterfront rackets, and of the steps that are currently being taken to break them up.

SHEDDING light on a little-known aspect of life behind the Iron Curtain, French journalist ***Michel Gordey***, a non-Communist who recently spent some months in the USSR as a representative of the "capitalist" press, reports on Soviet publishing and reading habits in "What You Can Read in Russia."

TAKING a broader view, ***A. Whitney Griswold*** writes on reading in general; and ***Richard H. Rovere*** is on hand with his re-appraisal of Senator Taft as Presidential timber. One of the two short stories introduces a new, young South African writer, ***Nadine Gordimer;*** the other is by ***Dan Wickenden.***

HARPER'S MAGAZINE: FREDERICK L. ALLEN, *Editor in Chief;* RUSSELL LYNES, KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, ERIC LARRABEE, CATHARINE MEYER, ANNE L. GOODMAN, *Editors;* JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN, JOHN FISCHER, RICHARD H. ROVERE, *Contributing Editors.* WALDO W. SELLEW, *Assistant to the Publisher;* JOHN JAY HUGHES, *Circulation and Promotion Manager.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS: CASS CANFIELD, *Chairman of the Board;* FRANK S. MACGREGOR, *President;* RAYMOND C. HARWOOD, *Executive Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer;* FREDERICK L. ALLEN, WILLIAM H. J. ROSE, JR., EDWARD J. TYLER, JR., *Vice Presidents.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE: *Published Monthly; 50 cents a copy; $5.00 a year; two years, $8.00; three years, $10.00. Foreign $1.50 a year additional. Volume 204. Serial No. 1222. Issue for March 1952. Composed and printed in the U. S. A. by union labor at the Williams Press, Albany, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33d Street, New York 16. Publication Office, 129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.*

All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

Four weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as new, are necessary for change of subscriber's address. Please address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to Subscription Department, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y.

Now get a

FINE BIOGRAPHY *free* EVERY MONTH

with your selection in the

Biography Book Club

your first selection

The life of the man who governed a nation . . . while he doubted himself!

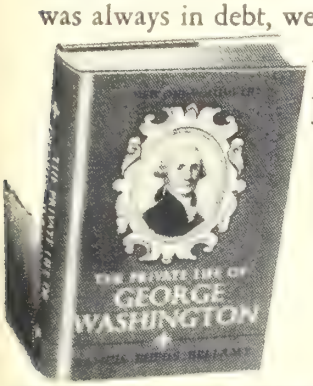
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

By
FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY



"Washington is stealing the nation's money. He plans to become a dictator!"

The world as it looked to the passionate, able and persistent man who became "the father of his country." A unique view of the husband who wanted another man's wife . . . the general who suffered terrible indecision in the crises of war . . . the Washington who was always in debt, well loved, well hated and at last well rewarded.



409 pages, bibliography and index

$5.00

your FREE bonus book

The life of the man who made Victoria an empress

DIZZY

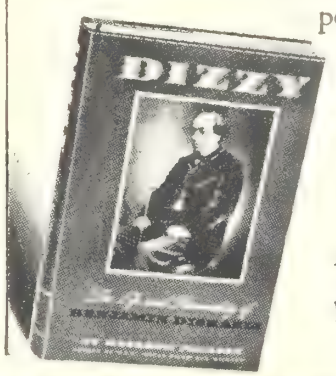
The Life and Personality of BENJAMIN DISRAELI

By
HESKETH PEARSON



"Nature has given me an awful ambition . . . I feel immortal."

Disraeli was as famous for his popular novels as for his career in politics—a man who could dance a jig with his beloved wife or hold Parliament spellbound. This best-selling biography reflects the extravagant genius of its subject . . . and the impact of his talents and weaknesses in an era of imperial power.



310 pages, index

Retail price $4.00

Yours FREE with The Private Life of George Washington

This distinguished book club brings you

the lives of famous men and women . . . significant, thrilling true stores of mighty figures and great events!

Every month, the editors select a biography you will enjoy and treasure. If you want it, this book is yours at the regular retail price. With it, you get another biography of comparable value and importance—FREE!

It costs nothing to join the Biography Book Club. Signing and mailing the coupon enrolls you. When you join, we send you *The Private Life of George Washington* at the regular retail price of $5.00. As your first Bonus Book we send you *Dizzy* free. And as your membership gift we send you *Brandeis*, also free.

In addition, we give you without charge a subscription to *Great Lives*, monthly magazine that among other features tells you about next month's selection. You pay only for the selections you want, after you receive them, plus a small fixed mailing charge. If you do not want the forthcoming book, you simply return a printed form that is always supplied. You enroll for no fixed term, and you may buy as few as four Club selections a year.

$15.00 worth of books for only $5.00 if you join now

This coupon makes you a member with all privileges

plus a second FREE BOOK as a gift upon joining

The life of the man who made justice work for freedom



BRANDEIS

A Free Man's Life

by ALPHEUS THOMAS MASON

The half-century law career of this son of immigrants had a lasting effect upon American government. He took sides fiercely; some called him saint and some called him devil. Laws and economic changes are illumined from behind the scenes in this exciting and significant book.

713 pages, bibliography and index **Retail price $6.00**

Your FREE membership gift

THE BIOGRAPHY BOOK CLUB, Dept. H
11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive, free as a gift upon joining, *Brandeis*. Also I am to receive, free as my first Bonus Book, *Dizzy*. With these, send as my first selection, *The Private Life of George Washington* at the retail price of $5.00 plus 30c postage and handling charge. I will receive *Great Lives* free every month. I will receive a free Bonus Book for each additional selection I buy, and my only obligation is to accept four Society selections the first year I am a member.

Name.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

Personal & Otherwise

Let us not underestimate our own chances. Not all the great opportunities are history, there are still jackpots in this one-armed-bandit world of ours.

Anyone might think, from the elegiac tones of those who write about the discoveries at Sutter's mill or at Comstock's diggings, for example, that the time for such lucky strikes was over. They admit that these "windfalls of the frontier," as Professor Webb graphically called them in this magazine a few months ago, may have been fun while they lasted. But these are sterner times, they think, and mankind must tighten its belt and make do. There hasn't been a big gold rush since 1898.

Most of us have even persuaded ourselves, for whatever gloomy satisfaction the persuasion gives, that there was something wicked about gathering up such windfalls—though it would take some doing to show how this sort of jackpot differs from the manna from heaven which the Lord Himself commanded his children to gather on an earlier frontier. One gets the impression that, if the question were raised, a good many of our moral and spirited spokesmen would take the line that jackpots may have been all right for "children," but we (and our economy, of course) are "mature."

Just where this no-more-jackpots idea came from, or just why anybody believed it when it turned up, is beyond the scope of our present inquiry. The idea is, of course, nonsense. As Allan Nevins recently reminded us, all the gold and all the silver discovered and produced throughout the entire world since Columbus discovered America has been worth only about sixteen billion dollars—which is less than the value of the petroleum which has been pumped in the United States alone in the past four years! If the gold of the Incas, and the gold of Australia, and the silver of the Comstock lode each in turn reshaped the destinies of nations, what may we expect of the fifty billion dollars' worth of oil and gas which waits to be gathered from under the submerged coastal land, beyond low tide, offshore from California, Texas, and Louisiana?

That jackpot fell right into your lap and mine when the Supreme Court ruled that the submerged lands, and all the mineral resources beneath them, belonged to the people of the United States as a whole—not to the three states which want exclusive rights to them. But our representatives in Congress are apparently scared of our good luck. Those in the lower house—with visions of Jimmy Stewart's movie or the downfall of Spain in their heads—frantically voted to give the whole shebang away.

Well, Jimmy Stewart (in the movie, of course) and Spain did indeed have reason to wish they hadn't been so lucky. Luck is harder to take than misfortune, if you are not ready for it—and neither Jimmy nor the Spaniards had gone further in their thinking about jackpots than "Gee whiz!" Apparently the House of Representatives hadn't had time for much more than that, either, when it decided to unload. At least, this is a charitable explanation of its behavior.

Fortunately for us all, however, the Senate has not yet acted, and there has been time for

Canada

Vacations Unlimited!

Wooded lakes!

Beaches!

Open spaces!



Soak up sunshine; swim, sail, relax by the sea, or by quiet inland waters.

See wild life close-up in the game sanctuaries of Canada's vast National Parks.

Here Nature is always close at hand, glorifying everything you do — inviting you to relax. You can choose a secluded beauty spot; or explore wooded lakelands, ancient valleys, coastal grandeur; or visit colourful cities; or drop in on friends. See your travel or transportation agent; meanwhile mail the coupon.



YOU'LL FIND "FOREIGN" CHARM AND A FRIENDLY WELCOME *in Canada*

01-1-20-52-02

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
Dept. of Resources & Development, Ottawa, Canada

Please send me your illustrated book,
"*Canada, Vacations Unlimited*"

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

those who are not afraid of opportunity to do a little thinking and planning.

The most interesting—and most exciting—proposal we have seen is the one made by Senator ***Lister Hill*** of Alabama in his article, A Bonanza for Education" (p. 28). Senator Hill has been interested in education for a long time. When he was twenty-two years old, only two years after he graduated from the University of Alabama (with both academic and law degrees), he was elected president of the Board of Education in his native city, Montgomery. In the Senate, where he has served since 1938, he has been co-author of a number of bills and amendments which have provided federal support for education. Among his other achievements, he has sponsored the school lunch program, federal aid to rural libraries, the Vocational Education Act of 1946, and the GI Bill of Rights. His present article tells about the "Oil for Education Amendment" which he and seventeen of his Senate colleagues are now sponsoring.

NOTHING could be more characteristically American, in the best sense of that word, than Senator Hill's assumption that the thing to buy with a fifty-billion-dollar jackpot is more and better schools and colleges. Washington and Jefferson were only the most eminent spokesmen of the almost universal belief, among the founders of the nation, that our institutions required an educated citizenry. Furthermore, Washington knew as well as John Dewey that America required a kind of education which was appropriate to its principles and circumstances. That is why, as he said in a letter to Jefferson, he wanted to help establish a national university which would "supersede the necessity of sending the youth of this country abroad for purposes of education, where too often principles and habits unfriendly to republican government are imbibed, and not easily discarded."

The case for government aid to universal education in a democracy found one of its earliest and most forceful advocates in a young Delaware schoolteacher and newspaper editor named Robert Coram, who had been a midshipman under John Paul Jones when the *Bon Homme Richard* licked the *Serapis*. In 1791, when he was thirty, Coram published a book called *Political Inquiries: to Which is Added a Plan for the General Establishment of Schools Throughout the United States*.

Agreeing with Noah Webster that although our federal and state constitutions were republican, the laws covering education were "monarchical," Coram roundly asserted that it was "a shame, a scandal to civilized society, that part only of the citizens should be sent to colleges and universities to learn to cheat the rest of their liberties. . . . Education ought to be secured by government to every class of citizens, to every child in the state."

Ever since 1787, when Congress provided that one section of each township in the Northwest Territory should be designated as school land, and that the proceeds of its sale should go to the support of public schools, the public lands have been regarded as "A Bonanza for Education." Let us hope that when Congress takes up Senator Hill's proposal for use of our offshore oil resources our representatives will be reminded of what old John Quincy Adams had to say on such matters. The first instrument "for the improvement of the condition of men," he said, is knowledge, and to the acquisition of knowledge "institutions and seminaries of learning" are essential.

> The public lands [he also said] are the richest inheritance ever bestowed by a bountiful Creator upon any national community. . . . I had long entertained and cherished the hope that these public lands were among the chosen instruments . . . of improving the condition of man, by establishing the practical, self-evident truth of the natural equality and brotherhood of all mankind as the foundation of all human government, and by banishing slavery and war from the earth.

It is still a hope worth cherishing.

WHILE we are on the subject of education, you might look at ***Joyce Cary's*** article on "The Mass Mind: Our Favorite Folly" (p. 25). In this brief essay one of the most distinguished (and surely the most versatile) living novelists takes a devastating crack at "this modern nonsense about the 'mass man'" who has allegedly been created by mass education, mass amusements, and mass production.

End-of-season BOOK CLEARANCE!

Sale of outstanding titles! Many offered by us for the first time

SAVE 50% TO 85% OF PUBLISHERS' ORIGINAL PRICES

788. ROMAN BRITAIN. By Ian Richmond. 30 illus. 8 being full-page color plates. This fascinating book tells of life in Britain under Romans, for 400 yrs. from 55 B.C. Imp. from Eng. Special, only **59¢**

174. "The LOVELIEST COUNTRYSIDE in the WORLD," Panorama of Rural England. With **172 illustrations** of remarkable beauty including 42 full-page **color plates.** England's enduring charms are here, portrayed by such distinguished writers as: V. Sackville-West, Edmund Blunden, Thomas Burke and others; the villages, cities and towns, the inns, gardens, ports and harbors, as well as the formal country houses. In 5 handsome books. Pub. at $10.00. All 5 books, for only **2.89**

182. BRITISH TRAITORS in WORLD WAR II. The Meaning of Treason. By Rebecca West. 307 pages. "Undisputably the world's No. 1 woman writer."—**Time.** "As exciting as a mystery story."—**Philadelphia Bulletin.** Pub. at $3.50. Only **59¢**

187. GEORGE CRILE: An Autobiography. 1st ed. In 2 handsome vols. The fascinating autobiography of a brilliant, internationally famous surgeon. Illus. **624 p. Boxed.** Pub. at $10.00. The set, only **1.89**

923. The MAGNIFICENT COURTESAN. A Novel of an Unconventional Woman. By Lozania Prole. 378 pages. "The true and unabridged story of Emily Lyons who from a servant girl beginning rose to become Lady Hamilton and later the mistress of the greatest naval genius of all time—Admiral Nelson. One of the most widely read books in England." Special, only **1.89**

532. GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY. Manual of Mythology. By Alexander S. Murray; With **200 illustrations. Index 427 pages.** "Without a knowledge of Mythology, a great part of English literature can neither be appreciated nor even understood." Only **2.49**

511. "THE ONLY LIGHT that has ever been cast on the other life is in Swedenborg's philosophy."—**Elizabeth Barrett Browning.** "Swedenborg is one of the mastodons of literature."—**Emerson.** Swedenborg's Philosophy. Heaven and Hell; The True Christian Religion (2 vols) By Emanuel Swedenborg. 1553 pages.
The handsome 3-volume set for only **2.89**

459. Extraordinary POPULAR DELUSIONS and the Madness of Crowds. By Charles MacKay, LL.D. Illus. with contemporary prints. **724 p.** "This fascinating compilation is a case book of human folly throughout the ages."—James Hilton. Only **5.88**

969. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, A History. By John B. Nicolay and John Hay. In 10 handsome volumes with **hundreds** of illustrations of statesmen and generals who were contemporaries of Lincoln. As the plates of this famous work were **destroyed** years ago, this is your **last chance** to get this monumental work which is the only full and authoritative record of Lincoln's life. The 10 volume set, only **34.88**

919. TORTURE GARDEN. By Octave Milbeau. Unexpurgated edition, long unavailable. "A thriller and shocker that will cause the blood to creep."—Charles Hanson Towne. Only **1.98**

989. JUSTINE or The Misfortunes of Virtue. Written by the Marquis de Sade in 1791. Illus. throughout with drawings by Mahlon Blaine. "The world-famous Dr. Krafft-Ebling adopted the term 'sadism' from de Sade, the author of Justine." Special, only **2.98**

164. JUAREZ and HIS MEXICO. A Biographical History by R. Roeder, author of "Savonarola," etc. In 2 illustrated volumes. Covers Mexico's break with Spain, war with the United States, the accession of Maximilian and Carlotta, to and through the rise of Juarez. "Will stand among the literary giants of our time." 763 pages. Boxed. Published at $10.00. The set. Only **3.95**

705. SCOTTISH CLANS and Their Tartans. By Robert Bain, former City Librarian Glasgow. 130 splendid full-page Color plates of tartans, also history of Scottish Clan given. 4¼" x 6¼". Magnificently bound in full padded silk Royal Stewart tartan, genuine gold top and edges, 314 pages. Boxed. Imported from Scotland. Only **3.49**

587. The Story of SCOTLAND. By Fraser Darling. 27 superb illus., 8 full color plates. "A vivid account of the country. Scotland's history and her great men." Imp. from Gr. Brit. Special, only **59¢**

515. THE OPERA LIBRETTO LIBRARY. Contains all the words and music of the principal airs of **33 great operas.** 3-volume set containing **10 Wagner Operas,** including the entire Ring, Tannhauser; **11 Italian Operas,** including Aida, Pagliacci, Il Trovatore; **13 French and German Operas** including Carmen, Faust, Fidello, Hansel and Gretel. Authentic original

723. THOMAS PAINE. The Writing of The Age of Reason: The American Crisis: Common Sense: Rights of Man: The Agrarian Justice. 632 pages. All in 1 vol. for only **1.98**

762. The FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Thomas Carlyle. "One of the monumental books of all literature"—Readers Digest of Bks. 748 pages. Only **2.39**

123. CURRIER & IVES Color Prints. Beautifully reproduced in **full color.** The Lightning Express Trains; Clipper Ships; Central Park-Winter (the Skating Pond); etc. As high as $3,000 has been paid for a single original Currier & Ives print. 10½" x 8⅞". Ideal for framing. Special for all 8 prints, only **98¢**

701. PLATO. The Works of Trans. by B. Jowett. "Emerson awards to Plato's 'The Republic' the words of Omar about the Koran: 'Burn the libraries, for their value is in this book.'" **1738 large type pages.** Formerly pub. at $12.00. Only **3.98**

107. ANCIENT GREECE. Hellas: A Short History of Ancient Greece. By C. E. Robinson. Illus. throughout. "Truly entertaining book."—Prof Werner Jaeger, Harvard Univ. Special. only **1.49**

592. A HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. Orpheus. By Salmon Reinach. Revised and enlarged edition. Illustrated. "This is the outstanding popular history of the religions of the world." Only **2.98**

503. NOSTRADAMUS. The Complete Prophecies of the world of today . . . and beyond! 1555 to 3797. For the first time, all the phophecies of Nostradamus, 16th century European astrologer and prophet. Foretold major events of past 400 yrs. In one volume—his predictions to the year 3797. Only **2.98**

749. THE "CHINESE DECAMERON." Chin P'ing Mei. The adventurous History of His Men and His Six Wives. China's Forbidden Classic has been called the "Chinese Decameron." For centuries on China's list of Forbidden Books. A complete translation now in one volume. 863 pages. Only **4.88**

115. MASONIC QUIZ BOOK, Or "Ask Me Another, Brother." Ed. by W. O. Peterson, P.M. 32. Answers such interesting questions as: What did Masons have to do with the Boston Tea Party? Has every President of the U. S. been a Mason? A "must" for every Mason. Only **2.98**

942. Dictionary of FOREIGN PHRASES and Classical Quotations. Ed. by H. P. Jones. 14,000 idioms, proverbs, maxims, mottoes, etc., of great writers in Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Ger. etc. **Parallel trans.** Imp. from Gr. Brit. Special **2.49**

737. THE BOOK OF THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT. Trans. by Sir Richard Burton. The only complete, unexpurgated edition. **Including The Supplemental Nights,** of Burton's famous Arabian Nights (at a price less than the ordinary not illus. novel of today). In 16 handsome, fully illustrated volumes. 6¼" x 9¼". Privately printed. Published at $112.00. The 16-volume set, only **43.89**

546. PREHISTORIC ENGLAND. Early Britain. By Jac. Hawkes. Illus. throughout. Starts with Palaeolithic Period—500,000 B.C.—to Anglo-Saxon Settlement in 597 A.D. Special only **59¢**

507. 100 STUDIES of the FIGURE. By John Rawlings. Magnificent nude photographs by a leading Vogue photographer. **100 illustrations,** beautifully printed on heavy de luxe paper. A splendid book for artists, photographers, and lovers of beautiful books. Only **5.49**

144. 25,000 BIOGRAPHIES. Mostly Autobiographies. Who's Who—1948. A Biographical Dictionary. 100th Year. More than 25,000 biographies, mostly autobiographies of world's leading men and women. Not restricted to one country, this work covers the entire world. Published at $19.00. Only **2.89**

527. ENGLISH WAYS Since Anglo-Saxon Days: The English People—English Fashion—the English at Table. By George Orwell, Allison Settle, and John Hampson. With **85** superb illustrations, 24 being full-page **color plates.** Imported from England. English dress and ways from Anglo-Saxon days through the Norman Conquest right up to the present. Special for all 3 books, only **1.69**

702. MASTERS IN ART: Giotto—Michelangelo—Titian—Rubens. In 4 books with 288 superb, full-page plates, 32 being in **full color.** 4¾" x 6½". All 4 books, for only **1.98**

948. GODEY'S COLOR PRINTS. Beautifully reproduced in **full color.** Size 10" x 8". For the years 1851 to 1870 Godey's was the absolute dictator of the fashions of 19th century America. Ideal for framing. Pub. at $3.00. The 6 prints, only **98¢**

166. THE GOLDEN BOUGH. A study in Magic and Religion. By Sir James G. Fraser. Index. 864 pages. "One of the greatest books of all time." Contains the wealth of the 12-volume edition published at $30.00. Special **4.88**

369. HERALDRY, Manual of. Edited by Francis J. Grant. Revised edition. 350 illustrations. Imported from Gr. Britain. Only **1.98**

FREE to all customers ordering from this ad regardless of size of order.

23 great short stories, poems and essays, boxed in one convenient volume. **How to Live on 24 Hours a Day; The Man Without a Country; Pigs Is Pigs; Cat's Night Out; The Spell of the Yukon; A Message to Garcia, The Constitution of the United States; The Declaration of Independence; The Greatest Thing in the World; How to Make a Speech; The 23rd Psalm; The 91st Psalm; The Lord's Prayer; The Shooting of Dan McGrew; Gunga Din; The Gettysburg Address; A Tribute to a Dog; The Story of the Other Wise Man; Wedding Anniversaries; America; The Star-Spangled Banner; The Battle Hymn of the Republic** and others. Purchased in individual editions these masterpieces would cost you as much as $10. Each complete and **unabridged.**

727. THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA. A Subjective Approach. By D. W. Cory. Intro. by Albert Ellis, Ph.D. Index. 326 pages. "This book is likely to take its place with classics of sexual literature, on a shelf with the contributions of Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis, Freud, and Kinsey." Only **3.98**

987. SEXUAL CONDUCT OF THE TEENAGER. By S. U. Lawton, M.D. "A shocking, challenging story of youth today — frank, authoritative, based on personal interviews and scientific research." Only **1.98**

139. A KEY to the HISTORY of MANKIND. The Alphabet: A Key to the History of Mankind. By David Diringer, D. Litt. 255 halftone plates, drawings. Index. **607 pages.** "Not only a fascinating history of the alphabet but, in a larger sense, the history of civilization. One of the most important works published in this century. Pub. at $12.00. Only **6.88**

371. VAN GOGH Color Prints. Superbly reproduced on heavy art paper. Bridge At Arles; The Bohemians; Flowering Almond Stem; etc. Van Gogh, because of his **magnificent colors,** is considered by many the greatest painter of all time. Ideal for framing. 11⅜" x 9⅜". Pub. at $6.00. All 6 color prints, for only **1.98**

597. BRADY CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS. Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man: Mathew B. Brady. By Roy Meredith. With almost 400 illus. from Brady originals. 9½" x 12½". Only **6.88**

765. A PICTORIAL HISTORY of the CONFEDERACY. Ed. by Lamont Buchanan. With **700 illustrations.** "Here for the first time, in this large handsome volume is the whole story in pictures from Fort Sumter to Appomattox." 8" x 11". Only **4.88**

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

The UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

America's Oldest Mail Order House—Established 1884
123 East 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose $.....for which please send me, postpaid, items I circled. **You are also to send me—FREE—the one-volume collection of great stories, poems and essays.**

107	115	123	139	144	164	166	174	182	187
369	371	459	503	507	511	515	527	532	546
587	592	597	701	702	705	723	727	737	749
762	765	783	919	923	942	948	969	987	989

Circle items desired

☐ Please send me FREE 36-page Bargain Catalog 378-HM containing hundreds of other Book Bargains—just off the press.

Name .....
(Please Print)

Address .....

City.....Postal Zone (if any)....State..... .HM-5

A trip you'll always remember - a train you'll never forget



Santa Fe

Super Chief

. . . your carefree ride through the colorful Southwest Indian Country on the *Super Chief* with the only Dome Car between Chicago and Los Angeles . . . only train in the world with a private dining room . . . Daily departures.



Mr. Cary disposes of the nonsense in his own way, and for his own purposes, and those of you who know his books (such as *The Horse's Mouth*, *To Be a Pilgrim*, and *Mister Johnson*) will not need to be told that he does so with handsome economy and effectiveness. What interests us here is that in doing so he touches upon a problem which is also touched upon in ***Peter F. Drucker's*** "Frontier for This Century" (p. 68).

Mr. Drucker begins by challenging the current dogma, apparently shared by the Administration, MacArthur, and the UN Economic and Social Council, that land reform is the key to the problems of China, India, and the other agrarian lands throughout the world. Then, having shown the fruitlessness of land reform, he goes on to show that rapid industrialization is the only recourse left to those vast populations whose agrarian traditions and cultures have lost all capacity for regeneration.

Of all the obstacles to such industrialization, the most serious—as Mr. Drucker observes—is the lack of "trained and educated industrial manpower": that is to say, of a native middle class. That is why, wherever industrialization is introduced, the technical know-how and the managerial skills must be borrowed, at first, from outside.

HERE, then, is a special reason why the nonsense about the "mass man," which Mr. Cary attacks, is "dangerous nonsense" indeed, especially for Americans. For a century and a half Europeans who valued the aesthetic and cultural achievements of the feudal or agrarian-commercial past have lamented the lack, in middle-class industrial society, of the dramatic contrasts and the rich variety characteristic of societies in which the color and sturdy charm of peasant crafts existed side-by-side with the elaborate, idiosyncratic subtlety and splendor of arts produced for (or by) a privileged few. To them the new middle class inevitably (or, at least, understandably) seemed to be all of one gray and monotonous hue, intellectually, morally, and aesthetically. And to them the United States, which never had anything but a middle class, became the symbol of the ashen dead level of culture which they thought the new industrialism produced. Mr. Cary politely refrains from saying so, but to those who believe what he calls "this modern nonsense about the 'mass man'"—whether they are Europeans, Asiatics, or Americans—it is the United States which is turning civilization into "a nice, warmed, sterilized orphan asylum." Or, as Henry Miller calls it, an "air-conditioned nightmare."

It isn't a new idea. More than a half-century ago Matthew Arnold, whom we have all been educated to respect as an apostle of true culture, decided—after due inspection—that America was simply "uninteresting." Twenty-five years ago André Siegfried saw the United States as a land where standardization not only degraded the workmen into automatons but also robbed the consumer of all individuality.

Here, then, are some elements in the problem:

(1) The hundreds of millions of human beings in the agrarian lands must industrialize or perish; and to do so they must have the help of outsiders until they can train and educate their own technicians and managers.

(2) There are only two considerable sources for such outside help: Communist Russia and middle-class America.

(3) Thanks to the "modern nonsense about the 'mass man,'" many people in all parts of the world believe that the choice between Russia and the United States is the choice between mass man with discipline and direction and mass man grown aimless and soft.

IN THESE circumstances it should be no surprise if some of the despairing agrarian countries turn to Russia instead of to us. And if Western Europe, and we ourselves, accept any more of the "mass man" nonsense without protest, we will deserve the shameful and quite unnecessary loss of influence and prestige which will certainly follow. It is time we stopped hankering after the particular cultural diversities of an earlier time, and put our faith in the indigenous, but no less diverse, realities of our own democratic and

industrial civilization. Then—but not till then—we will be fit to gather up and make good use of the windfalls on the frontier of this century.

Craft and Craftsmen

•••"Captain of the White Yacht" (p. 72) by *Max Steele* has been washing about in the editorial hold for some months. Needless to say, the adventures of Captain Henrik Kurt Carlsen and the freighter, *Flying Enterprise,* which cornered all headlines during January, had nothing to do with Mr. Steele's story of Captain Cadenhead's "perfect craft," though the intensity of the two struggles makes a reader of one incident mindful of the other.

This is the first adventure story we have published by Mr. Steele; his other pieces in *Harper's* have been humorous and fanciful. For this one he takes as setting the shore of the states in which he was born and grew up, the Carolinas. He is the author of *Debby,* the Harper Prize novel in 1950, and he is working on another novel.

For almost two years, Mr. Steele, a young Army veteran, has been studying and writing in Paris, with time out last summer for a hitchhiking trip through Germany, the Scandinavian countries, and the British Isles. His enthusiasm for Paris as the perfect place to write is based on some quite practical matters, as he wrote us a while ago. "The literary center," he said, "has moved from the Montparnasse cafés of the twenties to those within a midnight-shout of old St. Germain des Prés. . . . Here a young writer can, if he searches for a few days, find a clean, hot-watered courtyard room for seventy-five cents a night and can eat well for a little less than two dollars a day. With financial pressure thus lowered he can then sit comfortably in a warm café all day, reading and writing, without being regarded as the local bum who thinks he's writing a novel, or a masterpiece of drama, but who ought to get out and get a job and make a respectable living."

Max Steele showed the manuscript of "Captain of the White Yacht" to a friend in his art class in Paris, who read it and brought back, along with it, some sketches. The



PARIS IN THE SPRING! Forever young, light-hearted...Paris is unforgettable at this time of year. Sip a leisurely apéritif at a sidewalk café and watch the world go by! Explore the magnificent treasures of art, the famous centers of fashion, the gay night life...in Paris, the city more people want to see first, the city they return to again and again!

GOING TO EUROPE?

Enjoy a thrilling experience in luxury air travel...at no extra cost!

GO AIR FRANCE!

SUPERB AIR FRANCE CUISINE prepared by master chefs, and served in the inimitable French manner. Champagne, a vintage wine...a liqueur, of course, after dinner. You are served by friendly English-speaking stewards and hostess.

33 YEARS' EXPERIENCE in world-wide luxury air service. The men who fly for AIR FRANCE are veteran pilots; most of them have logged more than a million miles in the air. Tourist or luxury service—you enjoy the extra roominess of the new-type Constellation.

"THE PARISIAN"—Luxury [illegible] Montreal to Paris, Frankfurt, Berlin, Rome.

"THE PARISIAN SPECIAL"—The world-famous ultra-deluxe AIR FRANCE flight—non-stop overnight from New York to Paris. Ten dollars [illegible]



THE WORLD'S LARGEST NETWORK of AIR ROUTES Serving 76 Countries on 6 Continents



LONDON



ROME

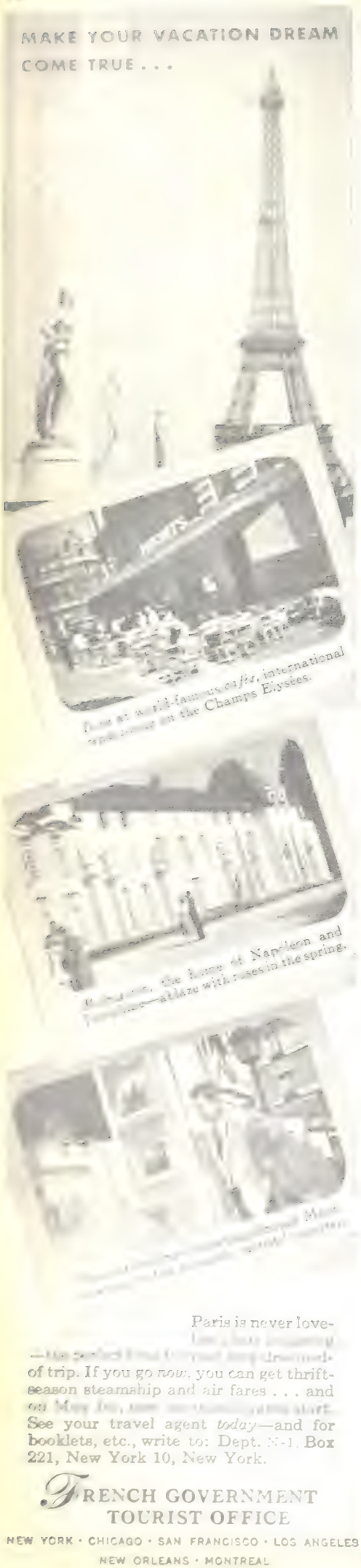


CASABLANCA

AIR FRANCE
THE **LUXURY** WORLD-WIDE AIRLINE

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT. AIR FRANCE, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, PLaza 9-7000. Offices: Boston, Washington, D. C., Cleveland, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco. Representatives in Montreal, Mexico City.

*Meals, moderately priced.
New York—Paris fare subject to Governmental approval.
Please write AIR FRANCE—Dept. M for details.

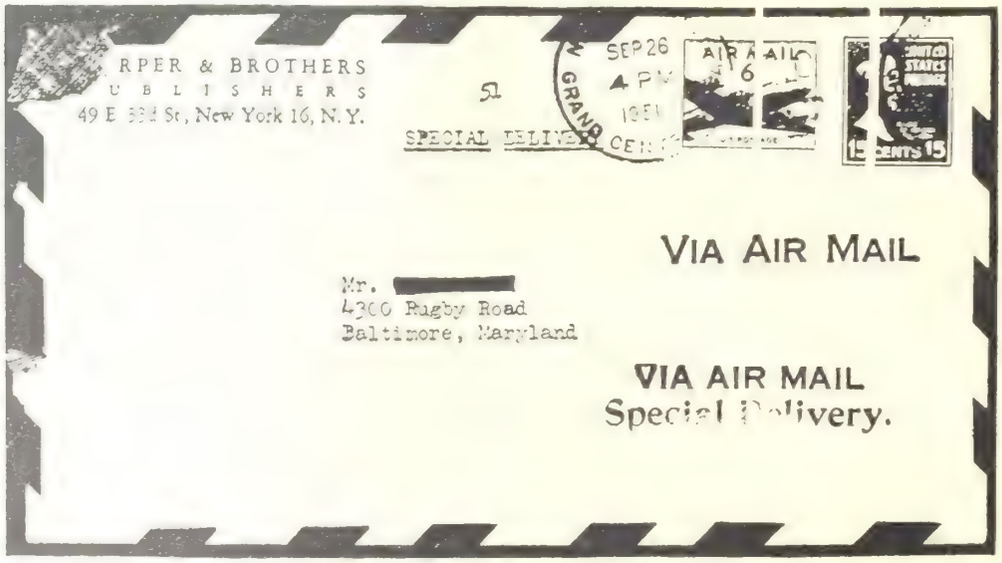


friend, whose drawings appear with the story, is ***David Carlson,*** Nebraska-born Army veteran, who took an art degree at the University of Nebraska, studied art in Los Angeles and at the Académie Julian in Paris. He is now working with the U. S. Air Force in Châteauroux, France.

• • • In the preface to a small book of poetry, called *Drops of Water,* which was published in 1872, there is the following anecdote about the author:

> Soon after her first piece appeared in the New York *Mercury,* she ventured to publish a "poem," which was cruelly and heartlessly dealt with, in the name of criticism, by a reviewing editor, who concluded his merciless attack upon the young authoress by saying that "if he had succeeded in preventing her from ever attempting another line of poetry, he should feel that he had done the world a service." Happily, however, Ella was not so completely crushed by unfair criticism as her censor hoped, and though only sixteen, a romantic, unsophisticated country girl, she redoubled her efforts, and in a short time afterward was one of the staff of contributors to Frank Leslie's journal and several other leading journals of the States. Some months later she was placed upon Harper's Journal, and became able to support herself, as she says, by her literary labors.

The young authoress, as you may have guessed, was "The Domestic Bard: Ella Wheeler Wilcox," who





Wanted: A Pony Express to Baltimore

These cuts of the front and back of an envelope tell their own story. We have deleted the name of the addressee to save him the embarrassment of letters of condolence.—*The Editors.*

P & O

is the subject of *Naomi Lewis's* article on page 47 of this issue. P & O has not been able to discover the teen-age Miss Wheeler in the Harper magazines which were published in the sixties and seventies: *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* (our progenitor), *Harper's Bazar,* and *Harper's Weekly.* A few of Mrs. Wilcox's later poems appeared in the *Weekly* in the nineties, and we assume that this publication, subtitled "The Journal of Civilization," may have been her early employer. Alas, so far as we know, she never appeared in the more literary monthly put out by the House of Harper which you are now reading.

Miss Lewis, who examines Mrs. Wilcox's achievements—in verse and elsewhere—with such a level yet friendly eye, is an English critic and broadcaster who writes for the *New Statesman and Nation,* the Sunday *Observer,* and the BBC's Third Programme.

The Victorian trimmings for Ella Wheeler Wilcox were made by ***Tom Funk***, the artist who has done a variety of drawings for this magazine, including bakers, barbers, small business men, and TV addicts.

•••Most adults and all children over the age of six know something about vacuum tubes—if only what one feels like in the hand and how much it costs to replace it in the home radio. Many Americans are beginning to have an inkling also as to the importance of electronics in the world of communications. This inkling is generally pretty vague, however, and what happens inside a vacuum tube or an electronic calculating machine is more likely to inspire awe than curiosity. In describing the work to be done by a new "Little Gadget with a Large Future" (p. 54), ***Leonard Engel*** makes real headway in opening these realms to our understanding.

Mr. Engel has been a professional science writer since 1937, except for wartime work as a military correspondent and an UNRRA official. He has written for Science Service, the *Nation, Scientific American,* and many other publications. In this field he has contributed to *Harper's* "Crops by Magic," "ACTH, Cortisone, & Co.," and "Cortisone and Plenty of It," last September.

TRAVEL

CANADA'S SCENIC ROUTE

TO EITHER COAST



ONE OF CANADA'S 10 TOP MAPLE LEAF VACATIONS

Just think, when you travel Canadian National across Canada: you can sightsee in "foreign" cities — stop over at Minaki, and Jasper Park Lodge — see towering Mount Robson *(above),* monarch of the Canadian Rockies — visit the exciting West Coast! And you ride in comfort all the way on Canadian National's "Continental Limited". Discuss it *now* with your nearest Canadian National Office* or Travel Agent. They are eager to help with information, literature, suggestions. "We'll tell you where and take you there".

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

SERVING ALL 10 PROVINCES OF CANADA

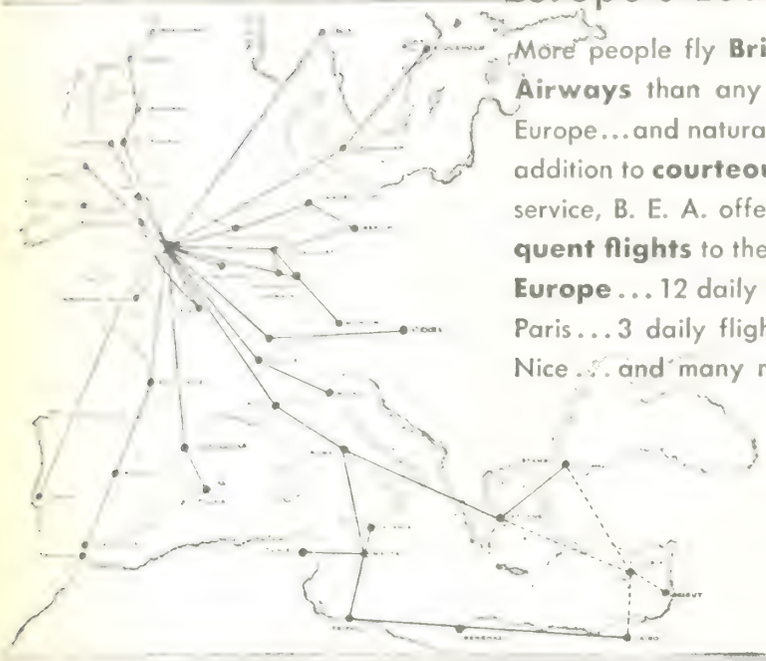
Choose from this rich variety. Here are Canada's 10 Top Maple Leaf Vacations

1. **Across Canada** — the Scenic Route to California or the Pacific Northwest, to New York or anywhere East.
2. **Alaska Cruise** — ten days, 2,000 miles of sheltered coastal sailing.
3. **British Columbia** — Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert. A magnificent marine and mountain playground.
4. **Eastern Cities and Laurentians** — history-book places, mountain lakes, brilliant autumn colours.
5. **Hudson Bay** — "Down North" to romantic frontiers, via Winnipeg.
6. **Jasper in the Canadian Rockies** — play, relax in mountain grandeur.
7. **Minaki (Lake of the Woods)** — swimming, motor-boating, golf in a northwoods setting. Wonderful fishing!
8. **Ontario Highlands** — land of lakes and streams; fishing; camping. Fine hotels, resorts.
9. **Provinces by the Sea** — beaches, bays, fishing ports, historic old cities.
10. **Romantic French Canada** (Gaspé and the Saguenay) — like taking a trip abroad.

*Canadian National Railways offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Quebec.

in Europe fly BEA

Europe's Leading Airline



More people fly **British European Airways** than any other airline in Europe...and naturally so, too. For in addition to **courteous** and **friendly** service, B. E. A. offers the most **frequent flights** to the leading cities in **Europe**... 12 daily flights London to Paris... 3 daily flights to Rome and Nice ... and many more.

Information and reservations are available from travel agents throughout the U. S. and Canada and at B. E. A. offices and travel agents throughout Europe.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

General Sales Agents: British Overseas Airways Corp.



We have it-you check it-a

Western Vacation

- ☐ Pacific Northwest: Coulee Dam —Mt. Rainier—Puget Sound—Olympic Peninsula
- ☐ Yellowstone Park
- ☐ Dude Ranches
- ☐ Pacific Northwest—Yellowstone
- ☐ Colorado Rockies—Salt Lake City—Yellowstone
- ☐ California—Pacific Northwest
- ☐ Canadian Rockies—Victoria, Vancouver—Pacific Northwest

ager, 811 Union Station, Chicago 6, Ill.
Please send me free Milwaukee Road vacation literature as checked.

Name

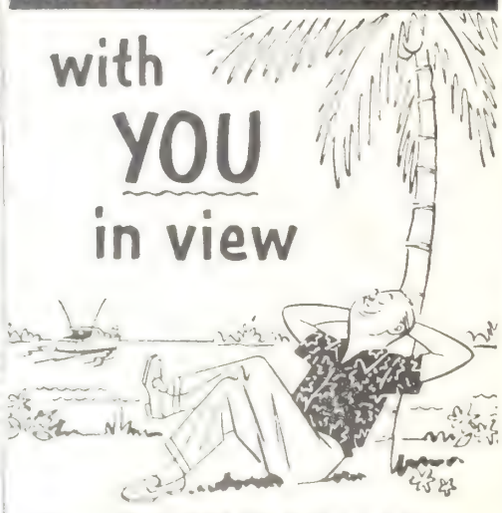
Address

City

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

Pride of the Palm Beaches

with **YOU** in view



Hotel **PENNSYLVANIA**

LUXURY RESORT HOTEL

Everything you can possibly want in the way of Florida fun and sport — *plus* quiet refinement for complete relaxation. Air-conditioned dining room.

EUROPEAN PLAN RATES
All rooms with bath.

Dec. 15 to Jan 15 and Mar. 15 to April 15
Single from $8.00 Double from $12.00

Jan. 15 to Mar. 15
Single from $10.00 Double from $14.00

...rvations or FREE folder and detailed information write . . .

Edward F. Nash, Mgr.
Hotel PENNSYLVANIA
West Palm Beach, Florida

Other Kloeppel Hotels in Florida
George Washington Mayflower
Jefferson in Jacksonville
George Washington in West Palm Beach

P & O

The idea for this article came to Mr. Engel nearly four years ago when he noticed the Bardeen-Brattain paper announcing the transistor in the *Physical Review*. Ever since he has been following his hunch that this was one of "those seemingly 'little' inventions which really turn things upside down."

In "Little Gadget with a Large Future" he draws a parallel between the vacuum tube and the transistor to help explain how the latter works. The same parallel, Dr. William Shockley of the Bell Telephone Laboratories wrote to Mr. Engel, was a most fruitful guide in experiment and invention. When the Bell Laboratories started work on semiconductors there was no immediate practical use for them in mind, but the notion of the possibility of developing an amplifier to parallel the vacuum tube speeded transistor development to an enormous degree.

•••The unusual character of the writing and writer in "Illness from the Inside" (p. 61) may invite you to further investigation. We suggest that you go back to ***Dr. Ian Stevenson's*** first article in *Harper's*, "Why Medicine Is Not a Science," which appeared in the April 1949 number. There, in a most compact and suggestive argument, Dr. Stevenson said many wise things which should trouble patients and doctors with the desire to dig into the study of the basic principles of health and disease. The person as a whole, he said, is something different from a collection of viscera, and the study of patients must be greatly extended in depth and in time.

> Only if individual physicians can study individual patients over a long period of time [Dr. Stevenson wrote] and through all the gradations from health to death, observing different disease states and also the dissimilarities between different "cases" of the same disease, will we stand a chance of discovering the laws of medicine.

In "Illness from the Inside" Dr. Stevenson takes his own case, one which he has known in depth and for a long time, and draws some conclusions which will be recognizable though surprising to all of us.

Dr. Stevenson is assistant professor

of psychiatry and medicine at the School of Medicine at Louisiana State University, where he went in 1939 after completing two years of research as a Commonwealth Fund Research Fellow at Cornell University Medical College. He was working in the Psychosomatic Clinic of the New York Hospital on emotional factors in heart disease at the time when his first article appeared in *Harper's.*

Born in Montreal in 1918, he went to school in Canada and England, took his undergraduate work at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland and later at McGill University in Montreal. He received his M.D. degree from McGill in 1943, and served as intern and assistant resident at Royal Victoria Hospital. He has also been resident at St. Joseph's Hospital in Phoenix, Arizona, and fellow in biochemistry at Tulane University Medical School.

•••In "Zeke Hamblett" (p. 75) ***Hazel Heckman*** tells another story about the people of Picket Rock, the town which she described in "The Nutmeg Eater" in the January issue of *Harper's.* Mrs. Heckman, who was born on a farm in that county, grew up in this region of oak- and persimmon-covered hills, and streams lined with sycamore and cottonwood. After going to Kansas University, she taught in rural schools and did newspaper work in Kansas and Oklahoma. She is married now, has a son, and lives in the state of Washington.

The drawings with "Zeke Hamblett" are by ***Oscar Liebman,*** who also illustrated "The Nutmeg Eater."

•••Time has passed and morals have improved since the memorable day in the nineteen-thirties when the witness before a congressional investigating committee impugned the reputation of one Christopher Marlowe. But it still happens that innocent persons, less fortunate than Marlowe in that they are living and have careers to lose, are occasionally sideswiped by untruthful or misinformed witnesses appearing before congressional committees. "Make Them Tell Congress the Truth" (p. 82) by ***Lloyd Cutler*** and ***Herbert Packer*** is a practical suggestion for

What good is $500?



"Sure, I'd like to invest. Who wouldn't? But I'm no millionaire. I do manage to save a little, sure. Maybe $40 or $50 a month over and above what I need for living expenses, insurance, and emergencies. But the most I could spare right now is $500—and what good is that? You can't get rich on a couple of shares of stock, so I guess I'll just have to wait . . ."

And that's how it goes with thousands of people each year who could start on a sound investment program — *but don't.* And that's too bad.

Why? Well, for one thing, $500 buys a lot more than you probably think. You see, stock values don't always depend on price. A stock selling at $40 a share, for instance, can easily be as good a buy as one selling at $80—often a better buy.

As a matter of fact, $40 a share is just about the average price of all the 1,054 common stocks traded on the New York Stock Exchange. So on the basis of that average, your $500 would buy at least 12 shares of stock, and you'd be entitled to whatever dividend was paid on those shares.

How much would that be? That's hard to say. We could point out that last year 9 out of 10 of those stocks paid dividends that averaged over 6%, but that's no guarantee for next year or the year after that. The same thing is true of stock prices. They can go up or they can go down in any given year.

But investing is a long-term business, and on that basis it's good business for any man with extra dollars — a good business to begin at any time.

Why? Well look around you. Look how American business has grown in 10 years, 20 years, 50 years. That's why investors — the stockholders who own American business—have prospered.

Yes, we think investing is always good business. But it's better business for the investor who selects stocks or bonds carefully—on the basis of facts and information, not rumor or tips.

And that's where we may be of help to you. Tell us about your situation, and we'll tell you, without any obligation, what we think makes the best kind of an investment program for you, whether you already own securities or not. Just write — in confidence, of course, to . . .

Department SW-6

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

Offices in 97 Cities

MLPFB

ONLY A FEW HOURS TO BLOSSOMING SPRINGTIME IN NEAR-BY

MEXICO

Sunshine, spring weather and gaiety in the garden that is Mexico, are only a few hours away! Because of the exchange, you can stay for triple-vacation time—many pleasure-packed weeks! Bring the family, and make Mexico your winter home. Health and relaxation at medicinal spas, glorious fun at beaches and in the capital. Make a winter rendezvous with happiness in MEXICO, where every month is June!



DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO
Juarez 89 México, D. F.
offices
NEW YORK 630 Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO 332 S. Michigan Ave.
LOS ANGELES 511 W. 6th Street
SAN ANTONIO 115 E. Travis

mitigating this damage to individuals, which often seems to negate the good intentions of Congress. When the urge that "there ought to be a law" becomes as widespread as it is today, this carefully thought out proposal merits the kind of attention that leads to action.

Messrs. Cutler and Packer practice law in Washington with the firm of Cox, Langford, Stoddard & Cutler. Both are graduates of Yale College and Yale Law School. Lloyd Cutler edited the *Law Journal* at Yale and is now a member of the University Council's Committee on the Law School. After his graduation he became law clerk to Judge Charles E. Clark of the U. S. Court of Appeals, Second Circuit, and for a time practiced law in New York. During the war he was in government service, civilian and military; he joined his present firm when it was organized in 1946. He is active in the movement to obtain Home Rule for the District of Columbia and had a brief tour of duty in the fall of 1950, in London, helping to organize the Defense Production Board of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Herbert Packer took his law degree in 1949 after spending two years in the Navy, mainly on a destroyer in the Pacific. For a year he was law clerk to Chief Judge Swan, U.S. Court of Appeals, Second Circuit, and then went to his present position.

•••Some of the things ***Ted Robinson Jr.*** did not talk about when he was making light conversation on an island off the west coast of Florida that July (see "How to Disappear," p. 84) were the following bits of personal identification. He had an autobiographical sketch, compounded of terror and hilarity, in *Harper's* in June 1950, called "Jumped or Fell." At that time P & O reported that he was the son of the late poet of the same name, "The Philosopher of Folly" of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, that he went to the Hawken School in Cleveland and various art schools, spent many boyhood summers in Provincetown, and later worked in New York as a reporter and writer on several newspapers and magazines, including the *New Yorker*, *Time*, and *Life*. He is currently free-lancing in New York.



Ponte Vedra
The INN
Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida

Incomparable Ponte Vedra . . . with miles of golden beach, the roaring surf on one side and a quiet lagoon on the other.

The graceful INN boasts its own Golf Club . . . a Championship 18-hole course; Racquet Club . . . all weather tennis courts with pro; Bath Club with ocean and pool bathing. An exclusive year-round resort of truly breath-taking beauty.

•

For brochure and information address
James H. Crawford
or Robert F. Warner, Inc.
Representatives
New York • Washington
Chicago • Boston



WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Writing short stories, articles on business, politics, homemaking, current events, travel, books, local and club activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write the way newspaper men learn—by writing. Our unique "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
SUITE 5992-C, ONE PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

HOME STUDY

BE A COLLEGE GRADUATE

B.A., M.A., Ph.B. degrees by home study. Previous credits recognized. Remain employed and still attain a college education. No residence requirements. State Chartered.

FREMONT COLLEGE
SANTA FE 1, NEW MEXICO

P & O

•••*George Soloveytchik's* picture of "The Remarkable Swiss" (p. 93) is based on close personal knowledge of the country and on the research for a book which Mr. Soloveytchik has completed for the Oxford University Press in London on the political and economic system of Switzerland. He gives regular lecture courses at the Postgraduate Institute of International Studies at Geneva University, and normally divides his time between talking about America to Europeans, and about Europe to Americans. His favorite subject of study and lecture is the small democracies of Western Europe—especially Scandinavia and Switzerland.

Mr. Soloveytchik is a British citizen, though he was born in St. Petersburg and is the descendant of a family of Russian bankers. He attended Oxford and was graduated with honors in 1922; he received a master's degree from Oxford and also studied at the Universities of Paris and Berlin. He has held a variety of business jobs in London and has been an active journalist since his college days; he was formerly editor of the *Economic Review* and foreign editor of the *Financial Times*. Among his books are *Ivar Kreuger—Financier* and *Russia in Perspective*.

•••All the poets in this issue have appeared before in *Harper's;* other common characteristics are hard to find.

The one woman is ***Claire Nicolas,*** the Holland-born wife of an American sculptor, who went to school in Paris and was graduated from Smith College. Her poem is "Bread, Rise!" on page 31.

Raymond Henri ("The Wren," p. 53) was a Marine officer during the war, is the author of *Iwo Jima,* published by U.S. Camera, and is now a business man commuting to New York and composing poems during his daily trips.

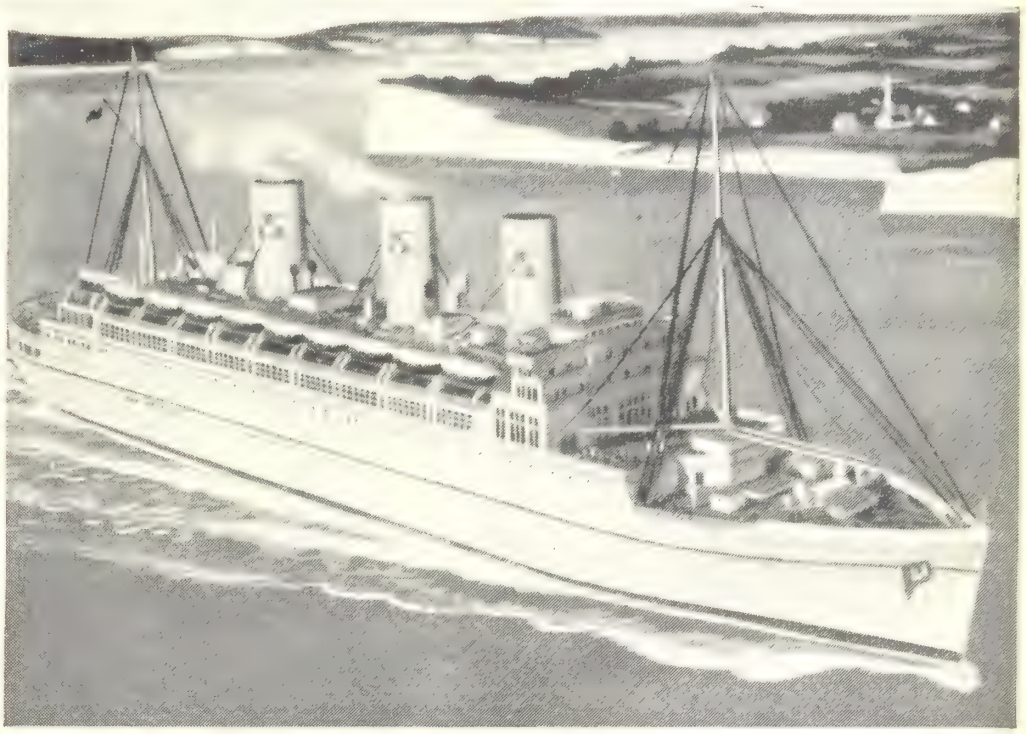
A former naval aviator and English instructor at Union College, ***E. A. Muir,*** author of "Requiem" (p. 67), is New England field representative for the Great Books Foundation. He commutes to Boston.

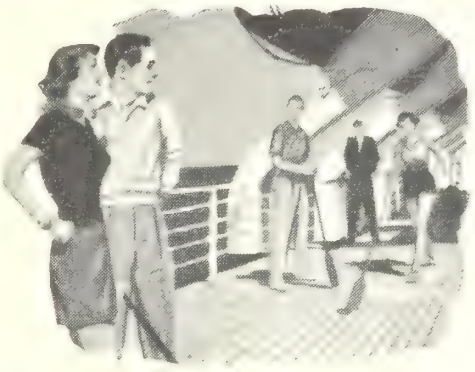
The author of "Late Night Final" (p. 96) is ***Brian Howard,*** an Englishman living in Italy who has had a book of verse published in England.

12 vacation treats
White Empress style to Europe
go Canadian Pacific for service!

1: Sail to Europe in luxurious White Empress style. 2: The only sheltered Trans-Atlantic route—⅓ down the St. Lawrence—1000 sight-seeing miles.

3: Six or seven days between Montreal and Liverpool. 4: An ocean vacation—and really thrifty. First-class luxury from $230. Tourist comfort from $152, depending on ship and season.





5: Make new friends among the discriminating people who sail Empress style. 6: Active fun: deck sports, swimming. 7: Social fun: midmorning bouillon, tea, cards, games. 8: The comfort of attended children's rooms. 9: Airy staterooms for perfect rest!



10: The Captain's dinner, grand climax of Empress hospitality. 11: Gourmet meals, dancing every night, movies. 12: And 'round the clock, Canadian Pacific's skilled courteous service.



Ask your travel agent about a world of Canadian Pacific service. Canadian Pacific trains across Canada. 19 hotels and resorts. Cruises to Alaska. Airliners to Far East, New Zealand, Australia.

Canadian Pacific

See your local agent or Canadian Pacific in principal cities in U. S. and Canada.

LETTERS

Who Is Corrupt?—

To the Editors:

I read with some amusement Blair Bolles's article on corruption in Washington [January]. I say amusement because I think the article assumes that a government employee can be corrupted without the existence of a corruptor. I think it is quite shocking to extend the public cynicism toward the government by pointing to government corruption when, as I am convinced, an [illegible] will show that the ethics of government are far above the ethics of business. Isn't it amusing that the press mentions repeatedly the names of the government officials who have accepted presents, and scarcely lets the public remember the names of individuals and corporations who really perform the corruption? In my opinion the ethics of government is much higher than it was under Harding, Coolidge, or Hoover, and is much higher than the ethics of business, particularly big business. How do you think one gets a loan from a big [illegible] company? Can you imagine the presents received by the people who control the sale of steel or aluminum or any other commodity in short supply? I don't see how anyone can talk of ethics only from the point of view of the employee who is corrupted without relating such corruption to the general pattern of use of influence, gifts, etc., in our total folkway.

MORRIS L. ERNST
New York, N. Y.

Saving the GOP—

To the Editors:

An article like Gordon Harrison's "Can Eisenhower Save the GOP?" [January] serves no public purpose except to exhibit a trick of research. It is an exercise in entertainment. The amount of illumination it gives on a serious subject is at a level too low to be useful to most readers of *Harper's*.

The underlying facts that Harrison has been bound to admit . . . are that William Henry Harrison was an unsophisticated mediocrity who had no real strength among Jackson men before going into the office he filled as a Whig for only one month. The relation of General Harrison to General Eisenhower in character, experience, wisdom, and reputation in both major parties, and the relationship of the political situation in 1840 to the situation in 1952 are only as relevant as a writer, trying to be at least as entertaining as a juggler, can force them to be. . . .

"The leader of the nation," Harrison says with a deceptive show of profundity, "is first of all the leader of his party and ever since we have had political parties no man has succeeded at the larger task who failed at the smaller." . . . Harrison obviously meant to prove that regardless of popular support Eisenhower, even if elected, will be ineffective in office because Taft will stand against him as Clay stood against Harrison. However on the following page the author cuts this argument astray by admitting that the Whigs "hated Jackson not primarily because they disagreed with his policies but because Jackson had been able to draw support directly from the people and over the head of Congress." What meaning therefore remains in Harrison's first thought? Only that a President must get the necessary votes out of the Congress and he must have the general support of the nation, and that Presidents frequently employ their strength with the nation to lead recalcitrant party leaders. This is not very exciting thinking. In any event it is most certainly not a line of argument that leaves Eisenhower at a disadvantage. . . .

E. STANLEY GOLDMAN
Vice Chairman
Independents for Eisenhower
Plainfield, N. J.

Economist from Mars—

To the Editors:

P&O must have confused some other writer with J. K. Galbraith. The economist described on page 10, issue of January, could not have written "The Unseemly Economics of Opulence." That writer has evidently been away on a visit to a distant planet since the late nineteen-twenties and has only just returned. He hasn't heard about 1929-32. No one has told him that our government struggled manfully until 1939 to put our economy on a rationally functioning basis without success. That the start of our present opulence was contemporaneous with the start of the slaughter and destruction in Europe has not yet dawned on him. He has not had time to get under the weight of the enormous drain made on our real wealth, our depletable natural resources. He has not yet become conscious of the dread felt by our industrial, financial, and political leaders of what will happen when and if the madmen behind the Iron Curtain give enough evidence of a return to sanity to make disarmament appear feasible. . . . BENJAMIN KIRSON
Holicong, Pa.

(Readers interested in pursuing further Mr. Galbraith's theories on this and other points are referred to his book, *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power*, published last month.—*The Editors.*)

LETTERS

DeVotoiana—

To the Editors:

Who is this character A. O. Modlin of Missoula, Mont. [Letters Column, January]? Does he think that as ardent a DeVotoian as I would pass by his insulting remarks? I'd be glad to meet him anywhere, any time, and with weapons of his own choosing. If he happens to have any of those horrid historical works he does not want he can be assured I would treasure them.

L. PETER KROGH
Everett, Wash.

To the Editors:

Although I have been a subscriber to *Harper's* for a year, Bernard De Voto's monthly essays in the "Easy Chair" have never interested me. He is usually trying to play the part of a twentieth-century Charles Lamb, commenting on the inherent glories of whiskey, or else adopting the role of a chronicler of the glories of the West which seemed to have faded with the Closing of the Frontier.

However, I did enjoy immensely his article, "The Sixty-Cent Royalty," in January's issue. I hope he will contribute some more of the same.

R. HELDER
Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors:

After reading Mr. DeVoto's positive opinions in the January issue of your periodical I immediately wrote a two-page letter to you. The letter is now torn up for it was an essay on what's wrong with DeVoto that was disorganized, full of misspellings, and angry. It does strike me that critics and particularly Mr. DeVoto need a sense of humbleness and a constant awareness that history often makes a liar of today's expert. . . .

DR. ADOLPH ELK
Missoula, Mont.

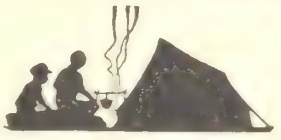
More New Frontiers—

To the Editors:

Professor Walter Prescott Webb's essay on "Ended: 400 Year Boom" [October] has struck me indeed. He explains the end of the boom with the reaching of the Frontier. . . . When I read the article it struck me that he should have overlooked so



A summer at camp is out of this world!



It's a wonderful, exciting, thoroughly happy world . . . the world of a good summer camp. It's out of this world of adult tensions. It's far from the headlines of a troubled globe. But it's full of help in meeting problems in the future . . . for group living and sports competition pose their own problems—on the childhood level. They strengthen the spirit, the ability to meet and cope with difficulties when they come.

To give your children a good year . . . a backlog of health and the great gift of sturdy mind and moral fibre, send them to a first rate camp—this summer above all. Write to the camps listed in Harper's School and Camp Directory. We shall be glad to furnish additional information and send you booklets of any camps you may have under consideration. Write to:

Camp Information Bureau
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street New York 16, N. Y.

FREE TRIAL OFFER
on the famous
Manchester Guardian

YOU ARE INVITED to read the next four issues of the *Manchester Guardian*, weekly air edition, at our risk. This famous publication brings you a *fresh viewpoint* on British and international affairs — especially on the confusing questions of Korea, East vs. West, and the internal situation in England today. The *Guardian* is fearless, honest, liberal. It will stimulate your thinking as it does for the great opinion makers throughout the world who read it regularly. Accept this Free Examination Offer by mailing the coupon with your payment today. Money back if not delighted. Manchester Guardian, 53 E. 51 St., New York 22.

"The Guardian . . . is more influential than its circulation indicates . . . it is known and read throughout the world." **(N. Y. Times)** "Unquestionably, one of the world's half-dozen great newspapers." **(Time Magazine).**

Mail Coupon for Special Free Offer
THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, H-6
53 E. 51 St., New York 22, N. Y.
Please enter my subscription to the **Manchester Guardian**, Weekly Air Edition, as checked below. If not satisfied after seeing the first four issues, I may cancel and get a full refund. My payment is enclosed.
☐ 1 year, $6.50 20 weeks, $2
Name .....
Address .....
City .....Zone.....State.....

SURPRISE awaits YOU in SOUTH AFRICA!

Your Travel Agent will tell you of the unspoiled [illegible] Parks, where countless herds of big game will keep your cameras clicking . . . of sparkling Cape Town, Johannesburg, Durban, colorful cosmopolitan cities for gaiety and pleasure . . . of Zululand, Swaziland, treasure lands of the primitively exotic, where tribal chants [illegible] falls and valleys of ageless Africa . . . of mountain and coastal scenery painted with a lavish brush . . . of diamonds, gold [illegible].

Handsome literature is yours for the asking at your local Travel Agency, or write Dept. B, South African [illegible] Office.

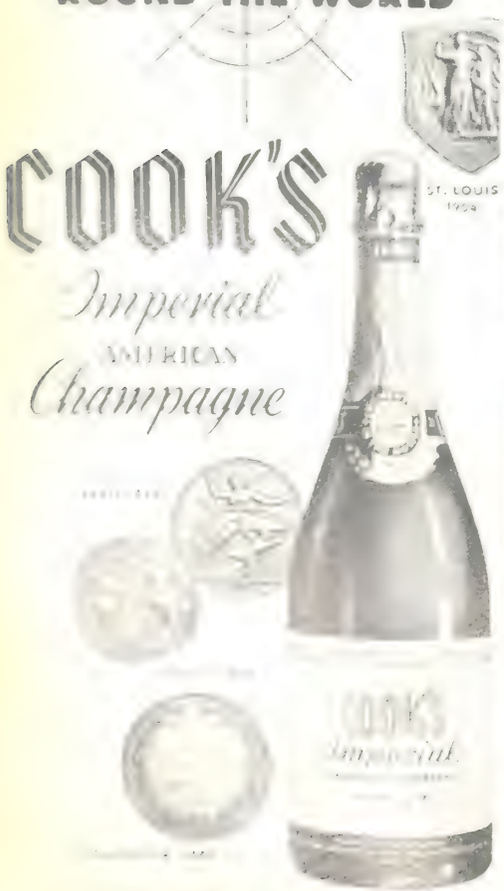


South African Tourist CORPORATION

475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. • [illegible] OXford 9-3676

RENOWNED 'ROUND THE WORLD

COOK'S Imperial AMERICAN Champagne



American Wine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR MORE VACATION FUN

Get The GIMLET

THE MAGAZINE OF RESORT-VACATION TRAVEL
FOR 24 YEARS TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELER'S GUIDE



CANADA thru FLORIDA, THE SOUTH, and Enroute, Nassau, Cuba, West Indies. TWO HUNDRED PAGES Illus. *Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: Bellingroth Gardens Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Natural Bridge, Va., one of 7 natural wonders of the world, etc.* NOW ONLY 50c *Doubleday's, Brentano's, Leading N. Y. C. Hotels & Terminals or send $1.25 for Year's Subscription. (2) issues or 75¢ a copy postpaid to The Gimlet, 551 5th Ave., New York City, Dept. 80.*

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

Philadelphia, Pa.
BARCLAY
[illegible]
SHERATON-BELVEDERE
Washington, D. C.
SHOREHAM
Virginia Beach, Va.
CAVALIER
Richmond, Va.
JEFFERSON
[illegible], Fla.
GEORGE WASHINGTON
West Palm Beach, Fla.
GEORGE WASHINGTON
PENNSYLVANIA
[illegible] Beach
FATIO HOUSE
Miami, Fla.
THE COLUMBUS
TOWERS
Miami Beach, Fla.
FLAMINGO
ISLE DE CAPRI
SEA VIEW
Ft. Myers, Fla.
FRANKLIN ARMS
Boca Grande, Fla.
BOCA GRANDE HOTEL
Sarasota, Fla.
ORANGE BLOSSOM
St. Petersburg, Fla.
GULF WINDS VILLAS & APTS.
TIDES HOTEL
VINOY PARK
[illegible]
FLORIDAN
[illegible]
BALMORAL
BRITISH COLONIAL
FORT MONTAGU BEACH
[illegible]
HOTEL CLUB DE PESCA
[illegible]
HOTEL MONTE CASSINO

Typical Recommended Restaurants

[illegible]
GAME COCK
KING OF THE SEA
LUM FONG
MADELEINE'S
MAYAN
OLD BREW HOUSE
PRESS BOX
Washington, D. C.
HARVEY'S
Jacksonville, Fla.
GEORGE WASHINGTON
RAINBOW ROOM
Miami, Fla.
COLUMBUS HOTEL
DINING ROOMS
Tampa, Fla.
LAS NOVADADES

Use American Express Travelers Cheques
To Protect Your Travel Funds

LETTERS

many countries not yet developed and not at all so densely populated as China, India, etc.

I myself live in a small country not yet much developed: Israel. I see, so to speak, from my window, vast areas, barren, unpopulated, which once had been fertile and inhabited. The geographical and climatic conditions of these stretches of land, or, better, desert, are almost the same as your first settlers found in Utah or even California. Of course it would be absurd to mention Israel and its possibilities in comparison with the Great Frontier. But our hinterland, many times vaster than our tiny country, has the same conditions: Transjordan, Syria, Saudi-Arabia, Yemen, Iraq, Iran, and Inner-Africa.

Thus, the new empty countries found, we of course face the other question: Is capitalism only able to conquer and to exploit the Frontier? . . . Compared to America Israel has just the size of a few of your states, but it may perhaps serve as a laboratory test case. We live in a semi-socialist democracy where great capitalists in the European-American style are rare. The conquest and land cultivation is carried out by planned colonizing; these settlements are mostly run in a co-operative or communal way. Thus the individual stimulus certainly is lacking altogether or greatly reduced. It is far too early to judge whether this sort of colonization is successful, but still it seems to me that the Frontier movement, although thoroughly changed, is still going strong.

ANNY WARSCHAWSKI
Tel-Aviv, Israel

Savage Savages—

To the Editors:

I read Michael Fry's admirable, thought-provoking article on the cave man [December] to a friend last evening. Now in this morning's paper I find a news dispatch about an exploration of the headwaters of the Orinoco River, a region said to be never before penetrated by white men. The dispatch states: "The only inhabitants of the region are Stone Age aborigines who make most of their weapons of wood, wear no clothes, and have no permanent shelters. They comprise two tribes, the Quaharibo and the Quarika,

who are constantly at war with each other."

If these are the facts, it would appear that not all cave men are the peaceable, harmless folk that Mr. Fry writes about.

H. C. Anderson
Washington, D. C.

Some People Like It—

To the Editors:

I have a bone to pick with a couple of your other correspondents. It concerns the type of fiction you choose to print in your magazine. You see, I like it. I don't mean I like all of it, but I like the type of fiction which it represents. The gripe expressed by those other readers was that your stories don't get anywhere, that they're glum, discouraging, and occasionally morbid. Well, I, too, am occasionally glum, often discouraged, and once or twice a morbid thought has actually entered my head. And I like the idea that there are other people like me, even if they are the products of somebody's typewriter. It makes me feel less isolated from a culture which idolizes sweetness and light. . . .

When I want escape literature I'll read the "slicks." When I want humor I'll read the *New Yorker.* And when I want a little tartness and realistic savor to my literary diet I'll read *Harper's.* I suggest that its critics do the same.

Patten Hanson Maximoff
New York, N. Y.

Old People's Houses—

To the Editors:

In the December issue of your magazine Laurence Farmer, writing on "The Old People," says "it should be possible to set aside small units for old people in public housing projects," and in that connection I thought you would be interested in our release of November 26, 1951, in which we announce just such a policy for all State-aided low-rent housing projects. The apartments are to have special facilities and other essential amenities which are described.

Herman T. Stichman
Commissioner of Housing
State of New York
New York, N. Y.

ONLY $5.04 reserves your own BEDROOM
LONDON to SCOTLAND!



Dinner on the train for only 84¢ . . . a sightseeing tour of London for $1.05 . . . $5.32 for a day in the Shakespeare Country, including luncheon—these are typical of British Railways' TRAVEL BARGAINS that will help extend your trip.

STAY LONGER—SEE MORE!

IMPORTANT—*BEFORE YOU LEAVE,* obtain ALL your British travel needs and reservations. You'll then be assured of the greatest savings—and a carefree trip every mile of the way.

Check these requirements—then secure them HERE!

- **RAIL TRANSPORTATION,** including "go-as-you-please" Mileage Coupons which are not obtainable in Britain.
- **RESERVATIONS** for seats and berths on trains; cabins on channel steamers; tours by rail/motor-coach/steamer and at any of the 40 distinguished hotels of The Hotels Executive.

PLEASE CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or write Dept. C-23

BRITISH RAILWAYS

NEW YORK 20, N. Y.—9 Rockefeller Pl. LOS ANGELES 14, CAL.—510 W. 6th St.
CHICAGO 3, ILL.—39 So. La Salle St. TORONTO, ONT.—69 Yonge Street

From the cool limestone caves of historic Cresta Blanca Winery . . .



CRESTA BLANCA
Wine of Sheer Delight
CALIFORNIA
TRIPLE CREAM SHERRY



Enjoy this rich, sweet and mellow wine with the smooth, creamy body of a fine liqueur... Cresta Blanca Triple Cream Sherry derives its incomparable flavor from unhurried aging in small oaken casks.

CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Whether you are changing your address for a few months or permanently, you will want to receive every issue of Harper's promptly. When advising us of a change of address please indicate *both* the old and new address. Please allow four weeks for effecting this change. Address all correspondence to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.

GIVE + NOW!

« Summer Camps »

Have You a Summer School or Camp Problem?

If you have difficulty in selecting just the sort of summer school or summer camp you are seeking from those represented on this and the following pages, our Bureau will be glad to offer suggestions without charge. Our Summer Camp Guide will be sent upon request.

FOR GIRLS

BEENADEEWIN
On Lake Fairlee, Vt., for Girls 5-17. Friendly, happy summer at informal camp. Superior riding, swimming & [illegible] Crafts. [illegible] Attractive [illegible] Mr. & Mrs. [illegible], SUMMIT, N. J.

DOMINICAN CAMP FOR GIRLS
[illegible] all land and water sports. We stress household and other womanly [illegible] for eight weeks. [illegible], MICHIGAN

ELLIS SUMMER SCHOOL & CAMP
Girls. Grades 1-12. Review, make-up, advanced H. S. full credit courses. Preparation for Regents and College [illegible] Pools. Swimming, riding. Crafts, music. Separate Lower [illegible], PA.

SANDY NECK CAMP
Eight weeks of fun and health giving vacation for your [illegible] MASS.

CO-ED



WAYA-AWI [illegible] work or advanced study. Effective [illegible] Seniors—beginning at age 11. Only [illegible]

FARM HOME CAMP
[illegible] in Vermont. Mature counselors. [illegible]

MAINE CAMPS are Safe and Healthy
[illegible]

TRAVEL

EXPLORE IN EUROPE
SHOESTRING TOURS, provide 8 weeks, June 18 to Aug. 15, of education and entertainment roaming thru Germany, Austria, France and Switzerland. Boys and girls (16-22). Private bus, castles, and inns. All inclusive rate $785. Brochures upon request. Prof. E. T. [illegible], Worcester Academy, WORCESTER, MASS.

FOR BOYS

ULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS



NAVAL and HORSEMANSHIP SCHOOLS. Boys 14-18 acquire skills in seamanship, sailing, boating on Lake Maxinkuckee or equitation with Black Horse mounts. **WOODCRAFT CAMP.** Boys 9½-14 learn Indian lore, campcrafts. All sports. Separate catalogs.
36 Lake Shore Walk, Culver, Ind.

KEEWAYDIN CANOE TRIPS
Est. 1893 Lake Temagami, Ontario
A different summer experience for boys 10-18. Native guides, experienced counselors lead small trip groups through Canada's finest canoeing country. Adventurous camping, excellent fishing, exciting white-water rapids, wild game seen at close range. Baseball, tennis, sailing and other base-camp activities between trips. Adult camp for parents and friends nearby. (SPECIAL 2-MONTH TRIP TO JAMES' BAY FOR OLDER CAMPERS. For further details, catalog, and personal interview write
HOWARD H. CHIVERS, Hanover, N. H.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS
Summer of adventure on Toms River for boys 8-18. Campers grouped according to age. Trips on 63-foot flagship. 42 activities. Remedial reading, testing, guidance. Accelerated academic program available. Moderate fee. Catalog.
FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS, Box MC, TOMS RIVER, N. J.



• **LEN-A-PE** Boys 4-16. In Poconos near N.Y. and Phila. 20 men inc. Indians, cowboy, magician. Riding, sailing, tennis. Sunday services. Booklet. INDIAN LODGE—assoc. lakefront hotel. David A. Keiser, 7733 Mill Rd., Phila. 17, Pa. ME 5-1682.

RIO VISTA
OLDEST AND FINEST BOYS' CAMP IN THE SOUTHWEST. Texas Hill country. Est. 1921. 160 boys [illegible] age groups. 5, 8, 10 week terms. Unsurpassed for climate, camp site, improvements, counselor staff and programs. Expert riding instructions, swimming, all land, water sports, crafts. Write for catalog.
GEORGE T. BRIGGS, INGRAM, TEXAS

SHATTUCK SUMMER SCHOOL-CAMP
Six weeks' recreation and study for boys 10-18. Two age groups. Regular Shattuck faculty and facilities. Basic military training. Sailing, swimming, tennis, golf, other sports. Dietitian. In southern Minnesota. *Catalog.*
[illegible]
529 Shumway Hall, FARIBAULT, MINN.

SUSQUEHANNA
Boys 5-16. Mountain camp on private lake. New [illegible] Pa. 40th Year. 875 Acres. Daily riding, complete course in horsemanship. 35 CAMP-OWNED HORSES. Own farm. All sports. 3 age groups. Skilled leader for each 4 boys. Personal development our aim. Booklet.
ROBERT T. SMITH NEW MILFORD, PA.



CAMP WILDERNESS
Adventure full camp for real boys, 6-18. In [illegible] of Northern Wisconsin, near Spooner. Counselors life model, ages leaders. Canoeing, athletics, swimming, fishing, riflery. Crafts. Moderate rate. Booklet. WILBUR RUSSELL, 211 [illegible] Nat'l Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill.



Round Up Time
For Boys 8 to 16

REAL RANCH LIFE AT A REAL RANCH
Each boy gets his own horse. Pack trips, chuckwagon picnics, rope instruction all supervised by Western Cowboys. Modern buildings. New equipment. Registered Nurse and Counsellors. [illegible]
— *write for booklet* —
sheriff bob dixon
RANCH CAMP FOR BOYS
EAST JEWETT, N. Y.

How important is CAMP *this* year?

The grown-ups' world is a troubled one this year, full of tensions and uncertainties that make the need for an untroubled, wonderfully bracing summer at camp more urgent than usual for children right up through the 'teens.

Yet the stresses are partly economic, and they make even the undoubted values of camp life subject to careful scrutiny, this season.

What then, are some of the values that should be weighed? The value of health, surely . . . for the glow of a summer of sports and fun under the sun adds more than inches to sturdy growth. The value of social adjustment that develops in the group activities, the team play of camp life. And the value that so many experts put first of all among the needs of childhood: a *sense of security.*

Even when families are forced to move about (as so many must this year) . . . even when questions of war and peace, the tensions of political, economic and ethical problems complicate the world picture . . . the security of a summer's complete absorption with happy living can store up much confidence for the years ahead.

Surely few investments can bring such great returns as a camp well chosen . . . precisely suited to your child's needs.



Schools and Colleges



THE schools and colleges whose announcements appear in this section all will send catalogs or further information on request. If you wish counsel on an individual problem, Harper's School Bureau will be glad to advise you from an informed and impartial viewpoint. Address Mrs. Lewis D. Bement, Director of Educational Guidance, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, 16.

RHODE ISLAND

HATCH PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Timesaving program since 1926. Classes 1 to 4 boys. Progress geared to individual abilities and ambition. College candidates save a year. Three school years begin Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 1. Summer term in Dexter, Maine. Conference prerequisite to acceptance.

LLOYD HARVEY HATCH, Headmaster, NEWPORT, R. I.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HIGH MOWING SCHOOL

Co-educational and college preparatory on the concentrated units of the Waldorf School Plan. Time also for credit work in Painting, Music, Ceramics or Drama. Forest and garden projects as well as sports. Cultural and peaceful atmosphere. Starts with 8th Grade.

MRS. BEULAH H. EMMET, *Principal*
WILTON, N. H.

advice on
SCHOOL
and
COLLEGE
problems

Address **Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,**
Director of Educational Guidance

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y.

Please send me catalogs of the following schools and colleges:

.....

.....

.....

I would be glad to have you suggest schools or colleges. (Check)

Boys ☐ *Girls* ☐ *Coed* ☐

Age ☐

Location preferred .....

Other requirements .....

Name .....

Address .....

MASSACHUSETTS

MARY A. BURNHAM SCHOOL

For girls. Thorough college preparation. General and post-graduate courses. Music emphasized. Art, secretarial. College town advantages. Riding, Skiing, Swimming. Mensendieck system for posture. National enrollment 700 year. Summer School. Newport, R. I. *Catalogs.* Mrs. GEORGE W. EMERSON, Box 1-E, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

STONELEIGH-PROSPECT HILL

For Girls. Thorough college preparatory; 7th-12th gr. General courses. Small classes. Art, music, dramatics. All sports. Modern bldg. Low rate. Professional instruction in riding, skiing. Mensendieck system for posture. MRS. GEORGE WALDO EMERSON.
Box E, GREENFIELD, MASS.

CUSHING

Endowed. Moderate rates. Excellent equipment. Small classes. High standards of preparation for college and life. Special opportunities in secretarial studies, science, music, art, dramatics, pre-nursing, journalism. Coeducational. *For catalog, address:*
CLARENCE M. QUIMBY, *Headmaster,*
Box 27, ASHBURNHAM, MASS.

NICHOLS JUNIOR COLLEGE FOR MEN

Dudley, Mass.
James L. Conrad, Pres.

Business Administration and Executive Training

Personalized Individual Analysis Plan. An Investment in Education. Degrees granting. International faculty. Small classes. Unexcelled location. 200-acre campus. Modern dormitories. All sports.

Opportunity for Military Training with E.R.C. unit on campus.

PENNSYLVANIA

OAK HALL SCHOOL & CAMP

A country camp and boarding school for boys, 7 to 16. Riding, swimming, trout-fishing, craftwork, gardening. Remedial education, speech correction, individual guidance in homelike surroundings.
K. J. WINGO, DIRECTOR Box 85, GALETON, PA.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE

Senior college coordinating academic and military. Defense-minded America needs college men trained in military. Military College R.O.T.C.—earn Commission. Degrees in engineering, arts, sciences, business administration. *Write for catalog.*
DEAN OF ADMISSIONS, Dept. F, CHESTER, PENNA.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

PERKINS SCHOOL

A year round special school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five homelike, attractive buildings. 30 acres of campus and gardens. Summer session in Maine.
FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M.D., Dir.,
Box 11, LANCASTER, MASS.

The Battle Creek School

A school for children whose needs are not provided for by the Public Schools. Pleasant, home like, attractive environment. Individual tutoring, considering special handicaps. Curriculum based upon the real needs of all children. Care for each child's physical well-being. Development of independence, initiative, and responsibilty. Vocational training and part-time vocational placement. Limited enrollment prevents regimentation and institutionalization.

Address the REGISTRAR
1003 North Ave., R #3, Battle Creek, Mich.

HOME STUDY

YOU CAN EDUCATE YOUR CHILD AT HOME



Kindergarten through 9th grade. With Calvert courses mothers can give their children a sound education at home. Calvert-guided instructions. All lessons, books provided. Students transfer successfully. Start any time. Unique Crafts Course. **Catalog.** Give child's age and grade.

CALVERT SCHOOL 73 E. Tuscany Rd. Baltimore 10, Md.

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN— EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.

Faculty 12. Enrollment 50; 15 years' experience.

Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY

Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

LANDON SCHOOL

For boys. Strict college preparation. Small study groups. Limited enrollment. Student gov't and honor system develop initiative, self-reliance. Separate lower school. Sports. 75-acre wooded campus close to Washington. Catalog. PAUL L. BARRETT, Headmaster.
Box H, Bradley Lane, Bethesda, WASHINGTON 14, D. C.

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

One Subject Plan (Upper School) has increased number of honor students 50%. Lake accredited. ROTC highest rating. Modern buildings, 2 gyms, pool. Excellent health record. Upper School, grades 8-12. Separate Junior School, grades 1-7. Booklet and catalog:
DR. J. C. WICKER, Box 803, FORK UNION, VA.

INDIANA

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

On Lake Maxinkuckee. 8th grade. Thorough preparation for leading colleges. High scholastic standards. Develops initiative, courtesy, poise, character. Leadership training. All sports. Equestrian. Cavalry. Band. ROTC. Catalog. 36 Pershing Walk, CULVER, IND.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE

B. S. DEGREE IN 27 MONTHS

Mech., Civil, Elect., Chem., Aero, Radio (Telev.) Engineering; Bus. Adm., Acct. Extensive campus. New and modernized buildings . . . up-to-date labs. Low cost. Prep. courses. Personalized instructions. Heavy demand for graduates. Placement service.

Founded 1884 World-Wide Enrollment.

Enter Sept., Jan., March, June. Write for Catalog. 3432 College Ave., Angola, Ind.

ILLINOIS

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

Complete development of each boy in invigorating military atmosphere. Fully accredited preparatory. Grades 3-12. Small classes; individual help. ROTC. Sports for all. In suburban Chicago. 79th yr. *Write for catalog.*
Col. C. L. JORDAN,
Box 5-C, Morgan Park, Chicago 43, Ill.

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

Fashion Merchandising, Modeling, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Costume Design, Photography, Window Display, Comptometer. Accredited residence for girls. Entrance April 7. WRITE ROOM 723, RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS, 7 S. North Michigan, Chicago 2.

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

Graduates in 135 colleges, service academies. Accredited. Small, conference-type classes. Highest West Point rating. Modern buildings. Sports include golf, flying, riding. In Wisconsin's Land o'Lakes. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog. 1222 De Koven Hall, Delafield, Wisconsin.

How much meat will America eat today?



☐ 600,000 pounds ☐ 6,000,000 pounds

☐ 60,000,000 pounds

It sounds incredible, but sixty million pounds per day is the right answer . . . enough meat to fill [illegible] freight cars.

But more incredible is the smooth functioning of the complicated system of meat distribution. It puts all this meat *where* you want it, *when* you want it and in the vast variety of kinds in which you want it.

Sixty million pounds of meat a day is a big order, and it takes a big industry to fill it. More than 4,000 meat packing companies throughout the United States contribute to the job.

And the truly surprising fact is not how *efficiently* they do it, but that they do it (and have been doing it for years) *at a lower service cost than for almost any other food.*

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U.S.

Harper's
MAGAZINE

The Mass Mind: Our Favorite Folly

Joyce Cary

EVERY age, they say, has its special bit of nonsense. The eighteenth century had its noble savage, and the nineteenth, its automatic progress. Now we have this modern nonsense about the "mass man." We are all told constantly that people are becoming more and more standardized. That mass education, mass amusements, mass production, ready-made clothes, and a popular press are destroying all individuality—turning civilization into a nice, warmed, sterilized orphan asylum where all the little lost souls wear the same uniforms, eat the same meals, think the same thoughts, and play the same games.

This belief is now so completely accepted that it underlies half the writing and thinking of the time, like chalk under the downs. You don't see it but it gives shape to what you do see. If you deny it you will get exactly the same response as Galileo when he said that the earth moved through the sky. You will be told, "Use your eyes. And don't talk nonsense. Look at the crowds in the street or at any football match. Go to the films, read the newspapers. Consider the disappearance of national dress all over the world—the immense development of laws restricting individual liberty, standardizing our lives. Go on a tour to famous sights—year by year there will be bigger crowds of morons gaping at them and listening to the spiel of some bored guide—a piece nicely designed to satisfy the mass mind."

And you will be referred to history and old travel accounts to learn how various and delightful the world was, in dress and thought and individuality, one hundred or even fifty years ago.

I was convinced of all this myself till I went to administer the affairs of a primitive tribe in Africa. There I found that the tribal mind was much more truly a mass mind than anything I had known in Europe. The nearest approximation to it was among illiterate peasantry in remote country districts. Tribesmen and primitive peasants are intensely narrow and conservative. Their very simple

Although Joyce Cary is best known in this country as a novelist, he has written many books and pamphlets on political theory, and his recently completed novel, Prisoners of Grace, *to be published here next fall, deals with political morality.*

ideas and reactions guide them in a mysterious and dangerous world.

I found that young chiefs with enterprise and ambition were keen to learn about the world outside the tribe. If they got away from it, they tended to put on European dress. To them, European dress was not a mark of the mass mind, but of the free and independent mind.

Likewise, when a European peasantry becomes educated and enterprising, it breaks away from the national dress which seems a badge of servitude and backwardness. To tourists, no doubt, this is a misfortune. As a keen tourist and sight-seer, I wish all Scotsmen would wear the kilt and all Turks the tarboosh. I'm delighted that some are beginning to do so again. But these are individualists, eccentrics, nationalists—national dress is not a tribal uniform to them, but a proclamation of difference, an assertion of self.

Education, contact with other peoples, breaks up tribal uniformity of thought and custom, brings in new ideas. That is, it makes for difference. The celebrated eccentrics of former centuries were either lunatics —or educated men.

New ideas also make for conflict. Old African chiefs hated roads and railways: they said they brought in strangers who corrupted the young people with new ideas and made them rebellious. They were quite right. It is far easier to rule a primitive tribe than a modern democracy where every individual is ready to criticize the government, where everyone has his own ideas about politics and religion, and where dozens of societies, unions, religious sects claim independence and support ambitious leaders who are ready to fight at any time for their "rights."

The more education a man has the more likely he is to be independent in his views and obstinate in sticking to them. A committee of professors, I can assure you, is much harder to manage than a council of African chiefs.

And this throws light on another argument brought forward to prove that individuality is vanishing from the world—the enormous increase of law and regulation, the growing power of the police. In my primitive African tribe, law enforcement was in the hands of village chiefs. There was very little theft. I could leave my bungalow wide open and unguarded for three weeks at a time and nothing was ever taken. We had crimes of passion and crimes of witchcraft, but no criminal class, no crooks as you know them in the big city, no cranks, no anarchists—so we did not require an elaborate structure of law.

You do not need traffic police where there is no wheeled traffic. You do not need postal bylaws where no one knows how to write. But the modern state, simply because of the independence of its citizens, the complication of their demands, needs a huge machine of law and police. This is not a proof of the mass mind but the exact opposite—of a growing number of people who think and act for themselves, and, rightly or wrongly, are ready to defy the old simple rules founded on custom.

Thus, the modern state has lost its mass mind in getting education. But, you will say, this education destroys the primitive mass mind only to replace it with a number of mob minds: in the crowds which queue for the films or a match, read the same newspapers, and shout for the same spellbinders. Mass education is driving out the sound, traditional culture to bring in a lot of half-baked slogans. It produces the shallow brain seeking only to be distracted from serious reflection.

But these "mobs" have no resemblance to those of the tribal world where every individual does the same thing at the same time—hunts, dances, drinks in the mass. Even if he had the will to do anything else, it would not be there to do. The modern individual has an immense choice of occupation and amusement. So that the "mass" of sight-seers at any show place today is actually composed of individuals who have freely chosen to join that crowd and will join a different one tomorrow. What looks like a proof of the mob mind is really evidence of spreading interests among the people and a variety of occupations. And if some of these interests are "popular," aimed at a crowd which is not very critical or reflective, they are a good deal more so than interests which were the only recourse of their ancestors—dog-fighting,

bear-baiting, the fit-up melodrama or one-night stand, once a year, and booze.

In the best educated countries, you find the biggest demand for something new in amusement as well as for instruction. Education enlarges all the interests of a man. Apart from what he learns, he acquires a general curiosity and a wider taste.

Compare the press of today with that of a hundred or even fifty years ago. You will find a far greater variety of subjects appealing to a greater variety of tastes. You will find instructive articles on matters formerly dealt with only in the special magazines. Perhaps they don't aim at a learned audience, but they help the general reader to get some idea of what the experts are doing in atomic research or medicine or even astronomy. If you want to write a best seller, your best subject nowadays is probably cosmology.

But if a hundred thousand people are ready to buy a book on the nature of the universe, you have a mass demand at the bookshops. The mass demand is not a proof of falling standards: it means that millions are being educated who would formerly have been left in the illiterate mass. There are "masses" reading learned works just as there are other "masses" going to popular films. The number of people with a good university education is many hundred times what it was fifty years ago, and that explains the immense development of arts and literature in experimental forms that would have had no chance of appreciation before. And in the millions in the next category who have just become literate in the last generation, whose reactions to education have given rise to this illusion of an increasing "mass mind," what we are seeing is not a collapse of standards, but a very rapid improvement. The crowds at the cinemas and the bus loads on the sight-seeing tours are on the way up. They have already left the mass; they are individuals seeking ideas for themselves.

The mass mind idea is not only a bit of nonsense, it is dangerous nonsense. It leads to a profound defeatism, to the secret and unacknowledged belief that the dictators hold all the trumps.

The reasoning, when you bring it to light, is something like this. There are two kinds of education in the world: the free, which develops the individual according to his nature, and the specialized, which turns out doctors, scientists, mechanics—useful servants of the state or of industry. In a democracy each individual has both types. In the Soviet he gets only the specialized—the whole plan is to make him a state slave.

But it seems that free education merely debases the standards of thought and life by producing mob minds without spiritual strength. Meanwhile the Soviet acquires millions of workers, docile as serfs, yet skillful as our own craftsmen. Aiming deliberately at the creation of a mass mind it will easily defeat the free world, where opinions are shallow and divided.

But this is based on bad psychology. The West is not producing a mass mind, but a variety of strong minds with the richest sense of adventure and will for discovery. The East is not succeeding in obtaining a mass mind either—it is going in the opposite direction. Merely by process of education, it is producing every year people who can at least think a little more freely than illiterate peasants, who are very likely therefore to think critical thoughts, however much they may hide them. That is why the task of the dictatorship becomes constantly more difficult, why it is obliged to stiffen its grip, to hire more police, to bribe more spies, and to purge its own party, every year or so, of "deviators."

What I suggest is that no kind of education, however narrow, can produce the mass mind. The reason is that minds are creative, that thoughts wander by themselves and cannot be controlled by the cleverest police. All education is free in this sense; it cannot be shut up within walls. To teach people to think, if only to make them more useful as soldiers and mechanics, is to open all thoughts to them—a whole world of new ideas. And though the dictator may wish to think of them as a proletariat they have already begun to leave the proletariat.

The "mass mind" is a delusion. How many dictators have been amazed when their rule, which seemed so strong, has collapsed in a few hours, without a friend?

A Bonanza for Education

Lister Hill

U. S. Senator from Alabama

THE American people find themselves today very much like a man who has suddenly inherited a fortune. The people of the nation own at least fifty billion dollars' worth of oil and gas and haven't made up their minds what to do with it. Of course, when a man unexpectedly comes into great wealth it takes him quite a while just to get used to the idea of being rich. So it is, perhaps, with the American people and their fortune in oil.

In the Gulf of Mexico and in the Pacific Ocean are vast deposits of oil under the marginal sea and the Continental Shelf, which in some places in the Gulf extends out as far as 150 miles from shore. The geologists of the United States Department of the Interior and of private oil companies estimate that here are at least fifteen billion barrels of oil. At the going price of $2.70 a barrel, which may well increase as the world's oil reserves are depleted, this adds up to over forty billion dollars.

In addition to the oil, estimates published by the American Petroleum Institute and the American Gas Association say there are also fabulous quantities of natural gas. For the same areas, these estimates of gas total 140 billion units of 1,000 cubic feet. If we take seven cents a unit as a conservative figure for the purpose of arriving at the value of the gas reserves and multiply by 140 billion we see that the gas is worth almost ten billion dollars. For centuries the oil and gas lay undiscovered, the subject of no controversy. Today, they are capable of being lifted from the depths through modern technology.

The Supreme Court of the United States has ruled three times—once in 1947 and twice in 1950—that these submerged coastal lands beyond the low-tide mark, often erroneously termed "tidelands," belong to the United States as a whole—that is, to all the people of the forty-eight states—and are not the property of the adjoining states, California, Texas, and Louisiana. These decisions had nothing to do with the true "tidelands" (the lands between the points of high and low tide) nor with our inland waterways, which belong to the individual States.

WHEN a man becomes suddenly rich he often finds himself surrounded by new faces—people anxious to tell him about their pet projects, personal needs, and get-rich-quick schemes. The same thing has

Citizens who are struggling to find an adequate solution to the financial crisis in public education will eagerly scrutinize this dramatic proposal by the Senator from Alabama and his colleagues from seventeen states.

happened to the American people and particularly to their representatives in Congress with regard to the nation's undersea oil. Many proposals have been put forward for getting rid of these fifty billion dollars. I shall not discuss them here except to mention the most fantastic of them all, which for some strange reason is the one most in danger of acceptance. This is the suggestion that the Senators and Representatives from the forty-eight states disregard the decisions of our highest court and make an outright gift of the bulk of this oil and gas to three states, California, Texas, and Louisiana.

I am not going to devote much time to discussing this suggestion here except to say that I do not believe the American people want the Congress to overrule the Supreme Court and give away their fifty billion dollars. The question that should concern the Congress and the American people is not how to give the oil and gas away, but how to keep it and use it in the national interest. This vast national patrimony belongs to the people of the entire nation and must be used for their benefit and the benefit of succeeding generations.

With the best legal talent that ample funds could employ, the three states put forward their claims for these undersea resources in the Supreme Court and lost. Now this dissatisfied minority of states, with the help of certain private oil interests, are carrying on a relentless campaign to get this national wealth for themselves by means of a bill in Congress. They have actually managed to push their bill through the House of Representatives. It is exactly the same kind of give-away bill that the President vetoed five years ago—before the three lawsuits were decided. This bill to make the biggest gift in history is now in the Senate.

It is inconceivable that Congress—now that the question of title has been adjudicated by our highest court—should give away the bulk of these vast national properties or that the American people when they become acquainted with this situation will permit it.

The wise and prudent man, when blessed with a sudden and surprising inheritance, thinks first of the security of his family. The American people must think first of the security of their families—which means the security of their country.

In national security our first line of defense is, of course, the military establishment itself. But the second and strongest line of defense is the education and training, the intellectual and scientific competence of our citizens. Holding these two considerations paramount, seventeen of my colleagues and I joined in the last session of Congress in introducing in the Senate an amendment to dedicate these precious, irreplaceable national oil and gas resources *to the common defense and to education in all the states, at all levels: primary, secondary, and higher education.*

Sponsoring the "Oil for Education Amendment" with me are Democratic and Republican Senators from seventeen states, representing every section of the country: Senators Kefauver of Tennessee, Neely of West Virginia, Tobey of New Hampshire, Morse of Oregon, Douglas of Illinois, Benton of Connecticut, Sparkman of Alabama, Humphrey of Minnesota, Chavez of New Mexico, Hennings of Missouri, Gillette of Iowa, Lehman of New York, Murray of Montana, Langer of North Dakota, Moody of Michigan, Aiken of Vermont, and Fulbright of Arkansas.

Our proposal heeds the warning of the global tremors in Iran and the Middle East where lie over half the world's oil resources—in Russia's back yard. It bears in mind the strategic foresight of the late James Forrestal, who as Secretary of Defense called the offshore oil the nation's "most priceless possession." Our amendment also recognizes the necessity of conserving these resources by keeping the withdrawal of the oil under the supervision of the United States Department of the Interior, in co-operation with the Department of Defense.

We have specifically provided that during the present emergency the royalties from this offshore oil may be used for the urgent needs of national defense. But once the emergency needs of national defense are met, our amendment looks ahead to the use of the resources of these great new "public lands" for the education of our children, to serve the longer-range needs of national security.

We propose this in the thorough conviction that the development of every American boy and girl to the fullest extent of his or her capabilities adds overwhelmingly to the strength of our democracy.

II

I SUGGEST that our present American capacity for organization and production—which is the essential basis of our national security—is largely the direct result of two mighty American inspirations about education. The first of these was the idea of public support for free schools with good educational standards, advocated and fought for by Thomas Jefferson and first implemented in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts by Horace Mann. The second was the policy of dedicating revenues from our public lands to education.

From the earliest beginnings in colonial times many of the colonies earmarked public lands for the support of schools. The first case was in Virginia in 1618. Colleges started with the aid of land grants in the various colonies include Harvard in Massachusetts, William and Mary in Virginia, Yale in Connecticut, Princeton in New Jersey, and others in South Carolina and Georgia. After the American Revolution, when individual states laid claim to the territories west of the Appalachians, Congress wisely ruled against them, and in 1785 and 1787 passed ordinances which specifically set aside a portion of the public lands west of the mountains for school purposes. Many of the great state universities were started with the aid of these lands. And the policy was greatly extended when the Morrill Act, passed by Congress in 1862 and signed into law by President Abraham Lincoln, established our magnificent system of land-grant colleges, which play such an important part in our public system of higher education—particularly in the South and West.

Out of this farsighted and inspired use of a portion of the national domain has arisen a system of great educational institutions upon which the higher education of a great number of Americans depends. No one can estimate what it has meant to the development and progress of the United States. Along with the application of public funds for free education for all at the primary and secondary level, it has contributed vastly to that trained competence—in industry, in agriculture, in social organization—upon which our national strength is based: a trained competence, not of a selected few, but of a whole nation.

Now this precious intellectual heritage of education for all our people is threatened. Witness the dilapidated condition of our schools, all too many of which are dangerously overcrowded; the alarming exodus of inadequately salaried teachers from the teaching profession into better-paying pursuits; and, furthermore, the absolute necessity of expanding our schools to meet the needs of the next few years. Elementary school enrollment jumped by nearly a million last year as the increased wartime crop of babies began to enter school, and over the next few years a tidal wave of six-year-olds will hit the educational system. This will bring a need for thousands upon thousands of new elementary school teachers, upon whose qualities of mind and character we shall rely to help us mold the children of the nation for the responsibilities of manhood and womanhood. We have never given our teachers the recognition, the appreciation, and the financial security they deserve. They were poorly paid even before World War II and they are much worse off today, for their earnings have not kept pace with earnings in general, nor with prices. And the drain is greatest among those who are best trained; teacher-training colleges cannot even begin to meet the huge demands for teachers from among their dwindling graduating classes.

As for our colleges and universities, their situation is likewise grave. Whether they are state institutions, land-grant colleges, large private universities, or small colleges, they are almost universally in financial trouble. I need not belabor this point for the readers of *Harper's,* almost every one of whom must be painfully acquainted with the urgency of the financial problem as it affects one institution or another. I need only remind them that at the very moment when the colleges are running short of funds we are facing a national need for more teachers, more agriculturists, more scientists, more engineers, and more doctors, to say nothing of more well-equipped professional and business leaders.

In such an emergency we are fortunate to be able to apply an old and tried tradition to the solution of a new and growing problem: to be able, in effect, to strengthen American education with a new fifty-billion-dollar endowment.

The proposal embodied in the oil-for-education amendment is entirely in accordance with our continuing national tradition of devoting the proceeds of public lands to the support of education. The adoption of this proposal will be a historic act comparable to the Ordinances of 1785 and 1787 and to the Morrill Act of 1862. In fact, the revenues from the oil-for-education idea will probably in the course of time far exceed the sum total of receipts from all previous federal grants of public lands for educational purposes. Adoption of the proposal will be like dedicating an oil well to the support of each school and college in America.

III

You may ask, "How do you propose to use these funds for education?" The answer is simple. First, say my seventeen Senate colleagues and I, let us make sure that the resources are kept in hand. When that is assured, then let us devote the time and brains necessary to find out how best to devote these resources to the national needs in education.

Our amendment provides that a national council of twelve educators be appointed to study the question of applying the funds to aid education in every state in the union, and to report back to Congress its recommendations for action. Of the twelve members, four are to be appointed by the President, four by the Speaker of the House, and four by the President of the Senate. The sponsors of the amendment, who are to be drawn from both political parties, envisage a completely nonpartisan, nonpolitical council.

Even more important, we believe, is the quality of its membership, which should be drawn from among such expert and responsible people as the heads of the great educational foundations, the heads of our colleges and universities, large and small, and the ablest men and women in the secondary and elementary fields. We must bring together on the council the most brilliant, the best informed, and most experienced minds.

Out of a study by such a council should come intelligent and equitable plans for relieving the financial straits of our elementary and secondary schools; and also for helping our colleges and universities, medical schools, dental schools, nursing schools, technological schools, and research institutions, presumably through measures such as scholarships and grants-in-aid. The possibilities challenge the imagination.

Here we are offered the opportunity—and this one, I assure you, really does knock but once—of using the nation's wealth under the sea, given by Providence without taxes, to meet a large part of the pressing needs of American education.

How often have all of us dreamed of some vast bonanza which would give us the bricks and mortar, the men and the women, the institutions and instrumentalities to offer our children what they really need! Now it is within our reach.

Let us not be less wise and foresighted than those great statesmen of our earlier history who seized similar opportunities to dedicate great national resources for education, to the benefit of generations to come.

"Bread Rise!"

CLAIRE NICOLAS

"Bread rise!" said the woman,
Her hands in the dough.
"Make silence, make silence!
Hear my children grow!"

With a well-filled cradle
She nows wields a ladle.
Yet this powerful woman
Was once wondrous fair.

Her pallor made men tremble
As she wrote some rare verse
By the light of a candle,
And wept for this earth.

Now matrons respect her
But poets neglect her
For her judgments are sound
And her feet on the ground.



Captain of the White Yacht

A Story by Max Steele

Drawings by David Carlson

AN ISLAND, to be sure, is a timeless place. But these sandbanks off the Carolina shores are as involved with time as one is with a memory which threatens to quiver with life. A stranger has the same feeling here he might have when he awakes at twilight and finds that the watch on his wrist has stopped and the only clue from the gray sky through the window is that it is either dusk or dawn. But then the stranger hears the commanding ticking of the hall clock and the wonder becomes agony. Somewhere order exists and he cannot lie pleasantly on his back perusing the opalescent sky and choosing at will either dawn or dusk.

Perhaps the natives whose families have existed on the outerbanks for a hundred years and longer are not time-haunted. Perhaps in their hall they have a different clock which the stranger cannot see or hear: a clock which keeps a secret time. They tell you in their Old England accents: "Hoi toide comes noigh touching the light'ouse now. Ere it was a moil away." And "ere" may mean either yesterday or two hundred years ago. An island is timeless and constant; on the outerbanks the shorelines shift with the seasons and within a man's lifetime he may surf fish where he once hunted golden pheasants and chased wild ponies. He may build a house where once he launched a boat.

Thus the changing sea gradually ate into the land and threatened the lighthouse; thus a tower with the new light was built in the low pine hills above Baxter, a mile away from the old lighthouse and the inconstant sea. A light a mile away from the lighthouse, one would think, could easily have been confusing to unchartered boats, but every day ships passed safely in Punto Sound and on the Atlantic—every day except one.

Late on that September evening before good dark, four men from Little Mitty Mitchell saw a white yacht approaching. It was a beautiful craft, a pleasure boat. They watched a moment. Certainly it was steer-

ing directly toward an underwater sandbar that had begun twisting two miles offshore. The four men waved her back with a canvas top from the sand-stalled jeep. They shouted desperately and ridiculously and still the white yacht steered true toward the treacherous sandbar. In Little Mitty Mitchell they heard the shouting and the younger men came running. The older people and the children hurried down after them with lanterns and torches and with the long rope and rusty first-aid tin. The young men waved the lanterns and ran up and down the twilit beach near the black ocean. The vessel moved slowly on a straight course. The old people huddled together on the soft sand, talking low, looking not at each other but at the imperiled craft. Gradually and then suddenly they ceased their murmuring and were silent. The white yacht was no longer moving. The young men stopped their running, stopped their signaling. An old sailor ran down to the water-edge and tried to shout in a rasping voice above the hollow roar of the surf.

Soon it was good dark. A beach fire was blazing and the tall sandgrass was dancing brightly on the dunes behind the still natives. Family at a time left to eat and returned to wait. They brought back coffee which they kept boiling in a bucket half buried in the ashes. They lay in the sand drinking coffee and later cold ale and recalling the hundred and more boats that had sunk during storms and wars at Star Point. They sat up wondering again why the yacht had not yet sent out a boat. Some of the younger men argued that they should go out to her, but the older men who had been sailors and coast guardsmen pointed out wisely that that would be work and that she was obviously not disabled. Wait, they said, if the skipper wants help he'll send for it. Wait. It would indeed be work: they waited.

Claude, the strong and foolish golden retriever, bounded up the beach and barked at the darkness. Rushed back by a stampede of following phantoms he circled the fire once, then suddenly flopped, and gazed thoughtfully at the dying fire. The night was powdery with starlight; the flames were thinning blue over the bright coals; and far out on the ocean the sole light stared coldly at the shore.

"I BELIEVE the damn fool's dying." The voice sounded deep and resonant on the night air. The fire-flickering faces turned up the beach toward the night voice, frowning to hear more. The silly dog yawned and shut his eyes. Keppin Devron whispered what he had heard: "I believe the damn fool's dying." The others nodded yes indeed.

First his white cap, then his white trousers appeared, then his face and the gold buttons on his dark jacket. He strode briskly to the beach fire in long elegant strides. "Has anyone a cigarette?" It was more a command than a request. He glanced quickly down at the curious faces and dismissed them immediately. With a thin, engraved lighter he lit the cigarette that a skull-faced man handed him, drew once deeply, blew smoke over the stars, and said again: "I believe the damn fool's dying." The faces questioned.

"The ship's cook. Up the beach." He jerked his head backward. "Is there a doctor on this place?"

Keppin Devron began explaining that during the last year of the war a naval doctor who had lost a leg in an explosion had arrived and was now living. . . . "Better take him to the doctor. He's down the beach. About a half mile."

Without a word the four MacMillan brothers, already in their jeep, raced on the hard sand up the beach. The captain shifted the large flat case under his arm. "I want to be taken to the nearest coast guard station. I'm on a sandbar."

Keppin Devron offered to drive him the four miles up the inside-rut. Together they walked toward the tar-painted A-model. Underfoot the soft sand whispered.

At the coast guard station, a ridiculous old Victorian house on a lonely stretch of sand, the captain strode without knocking into the smoky station and announced: "I'd like for you to send for the cutter."

The old coast guard lieutenant stood and questioned with his squinted eyes.

"I need the cutter immediately."

"The cutter is at Charleston. What do you want it for?"

"I'm on your goddamn sandbar."

"I have no sandbar." The lieutenant spoke firmly.

Keppin Devron intervened with his good-

natured voice and laughing eyes: "The one you're plotting on the new chart. Out from Little Mitty. Up from Star Point."

The lieutenant asked when and where and why and how; and why the coast guard had not been notified immediately. The captain presented his card and pronounced the name: "Shaffer Daniel Cadenhead." He did not seem willing to say more to the men who were gathering close around.

A hullabaloo cleared the smoke. Cadenhead listened carefully to each man and waited until all curiosity was uttered before letting a muscle relax in his hard face. He considered well before answering in a flat and final tone. He had set sail from Boston. Yes, he owned the yacht outright. Had bought it three months ago with money left by his first wife. At that time the craft was insured for $100,000. Now there was no insurance covering her. He had refused to sell her for $123,500 before leaving Boston. She had a seventy-ton keel. The charter was for Bermuda. Early that day the cook had doubled over in cramps. Appendicitis undoubtedly. Probably ruptured by now. Naturally he had to be put ashore. Before dark they had sighted the lighthouse. A few minutes later when the light came on they seemed to be off course. Cadenhead himself had taken the wheel for correction. The ship had struck the sandbar and stuck fast. He would attempt nothing more until the cutter arrived. Now he was hungry.

A befreckled lad disappeared and returned with a hot plate of fried fish, cheese, big biscuits, and bitter black coffee steaming in a huge cup. Cadenhead opened the case which he had been holding under his arm and inspected the purple velvet and the ornate silverware before choosing a knife, fork, and spoon—unaware of the men who stood watching in an amused yet respectful awe.

AT DAWN, at the very instant the sun burst from the sea, Cadenhead was walking to the top of the tall sandfence to stare out toward Star Point where the white yacht lay motionless on the brilliant water. The old beach fire and ale cans had been night-buried by the high tide and now dry sand was washing over them. Delicately, stealthily, the sand traced the creases of his white shoes, then lavished them completely.

It was a solemn yet festive morning. By noon most of the natives of Little Mitty had come down and now men were coming from Mitty Mitchell, Cornwallis, and even from as far as Hesperes. Some had come to see the yacht, and others had come apurpose to see the captain who ate with his own silverware. Cadenhead stood on the sand dune above the beach and refused with curt but civil answers to be engaged in conversation.

By afternoon a herd of old jeeps and A-model Fords with slick balloon tires were standing on the beach, their motors pointing upwind away from the blowing sand. The fish were biting and the natives were already forgetting the plight of the yacht. Cadenhead alone was not fishing. Standing on a high dune and momentarily turning his eyes from the yacht, he caught sight of the Negro walking slowly up the beach. "Why in hell aren't you dead?"

"I didn't have appendicitis," the Negro called. "Stomach-ache was all."

Cadenhead poised until the Negro was close below him. Then he sprang and knocked him to the ground, falling with him, hitting him in the face with his fist, and rolling with him to the bottom of the dune. "You sonovabitch. I'll kill you." They rolled in the sand. Cadenhead swung a hard fist and cracked the Negro's eye socket. The Negro's huge hand closed on his throat. Cadenhead kicked free, leaped to his feet. The Negro tackled him. Breathlessly they struggled together and stood up gripping desperately. "I'll kill you," Cadenhead gasped. The Negro tore clean, ran up the beach, disappeared over a sand dune. Cadenhead sank to his knees; his coat sleeve, torn at the shoulder seam, hung down over the knuckles of his elegant bony hands. Blood dripped steadily from his nostrils and stained the white sand and one knee. He ignored the natives who offered him medicine or bandages, and brandy. When finally he raised his head, he stared only at the white yacht.

THE following day the cutter arrived—and left. Cadenhead had coldly demanded ridiculous help. He expected the cutter to approach his ship through the treacherous sandbars, which they could not hope to do successfully. They would throw out long lines and try tugging her free. But



"Wait," they said, "if the skipper wants help he'll send for it."

Cadenhead knew a craft could be wrenched apart by long lines. The coast guard officers refused to sign a statement which would make the coast guard responsible for all damages done to the vessel during the attempted rescue work. Cadenhead, now in a cold temper, revealed his first plan: he would open a suit against the coast guard for giving inadequate information about the coast and the separation of the light from the lighthouse. The officers informed him about the sources of quite adequate information. "We'll let the courts decide," Cadenhead announced. The officers said in such a case they could not touch the yacht. "Then get out!" Cadenhead ordered.

The yacht's crew, listening to the quarrel, demanded release and pay; Cadenhead said they could not quit, said wait, wait until he could phone a salvaging company in Wilmington. Wait. The crew waited. Cadenhead phoned. The small company had one job on hand but ten days later the salvaging tugs and barges appeared. A week passed before Cadenhead came ashore again. He had not shaved and his white shoes and trousers were oil-stained. Looking directly at nothing he marched to Mr. Billy's Grocery. He ordered ten pounds of corn meal, ten pounds of white beans, eight pounds of streaked bacon, and a dozen bottles of ketchup.

Then, although he had not been asked, he turned and faced the natives, who were sitting on wall-benches near the soda fountain, and explained: "The sand is silting around the keel faster than they can move it." He had signed a contract for $10,000 with the company but he did not have much faith in them. The owners, two ex-GIs, were sinking tanks, securing them to the ship, emptying them of water and pumping them full of air. But the tanks barely budged the yacht, barely made it tremble. Of course, Cadenhead smiled, if they did not free the ship the contract would be broken, whether they knew it or not, without a penny paid. As he spoke his eyes sighted every person in the store before stopping hypnotically on Keppin Devron and Rona Bruton who sat close together, their hands touching. Finally Keppin Devron, the laugh-wrinkles deepening about his faded blue eyes, spoke: "You're wasting your time and their money."

Cadenhead blazed: "How do you know?"

"We've had a storm and three high seas since she's been out there. I know what a storm does to that ocean floor. If the ocean can't float her, you can't. Each of those seas has buried that hull even more."

Cadenhead smiled. "You may be right." He gazed deliberately at Rona, who clung quickly to Keppin Devron. He picked up his bundles and left, still smiling.

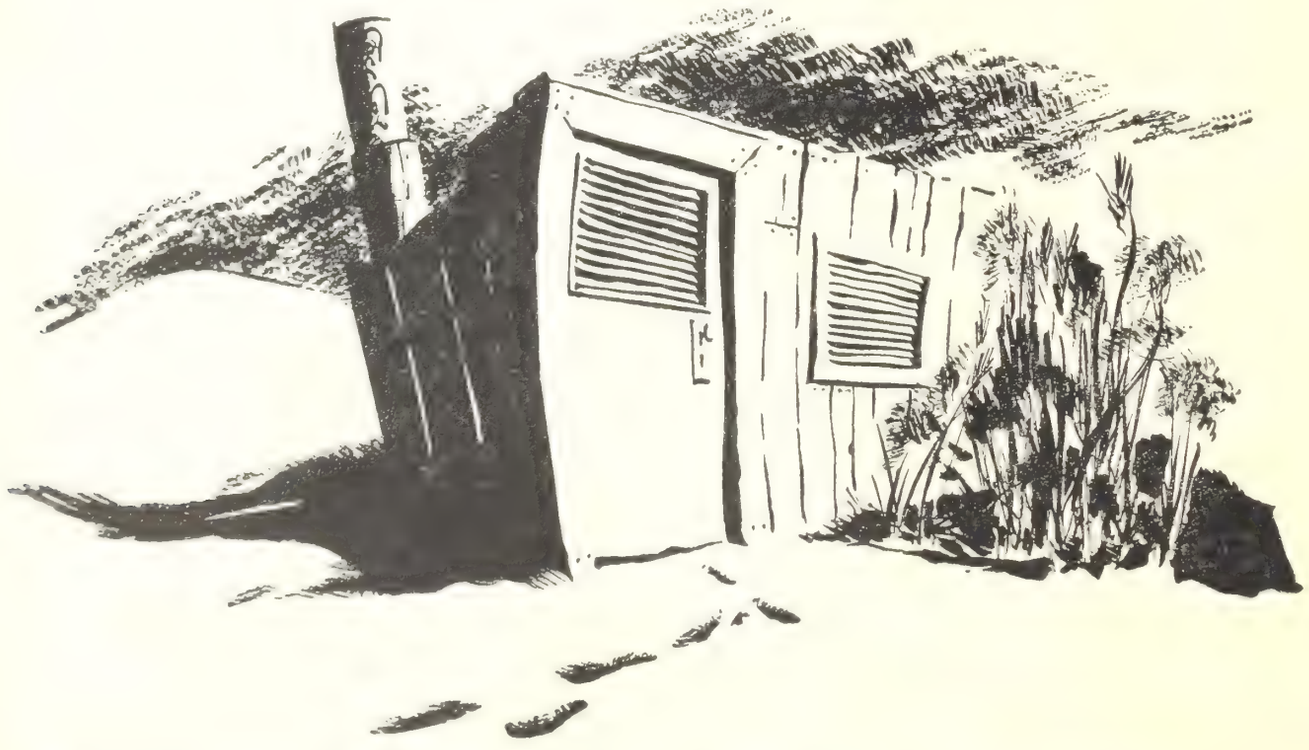
Now October can be a bitter month on the banks. Obsessed hurricane winds whirl near and push the ocean over

the banks into the sound and then draw it back again, cutting gullies and channels across the island roads while the natives locked inside their houses battle the salt-sprayed wind which threatens them at every sash. The coast guard began to warn of an approaching twister. Maddened by the imminent danger to their equipment the two GIs demanded release. Cadenhead would not listen. "We'll save her. We've got to save her. During the high seas we'll free her. There'll be a bonus. Hear me. A bonus." The GIs, as though paralyzed at sight of this desperate man, and perhaps wanting to believe that the rough sea might be a boon, waited. The hurricane whipped in, blinding, unleashing a fury that ripped across the yacht taking wood and brass superstructure with it. The barge with all the salvaging equipment and then the tug broke loose and within sight of the yacht were dashed under the waves. After the storm Cadenhead walked the yacht's deck writing in a ledger the considerable damage done; deaf to the GIs who had lost all of their equipment; blind apparently at the moment they put ashore penniless.

In the confused and gray-scudded dawn of the following day his own crew put down their boat, rowed steadily toward the shore, and there at the grocery store bargained for passage up the beach on the icetruck to the ferry. They would not discuss Cadenhead other than to say that on a clear sea he was a good captain. So saying, lean and ashgray from their long and steady diet of white navy beans, and still wet and cold from the recent high seas, they climbed into the old icetruck, and without looking out either at the sea and their abandoned white yacht or back at the store where the natives were wishing them well, they rolled up the beach, never to be seen again.

Alone on the yacht, Cadenhead was walking the deck, writing in his log, crawling on his hands and knees, hammering, lashing canvas over the gaping holes, and, like an old crab, dragging material down into the hold. After securing the yacht as best he could, he too put to shore where he asked briefly about the welfare and departure of his crew before inquiring about a temporary lodging for himself.

Thus it was that Cadenhead, late that October, began his daily and unfailing lookout. Each morning he would leave his room at Mrs. Maddy's and go to the beach where over a small driftwood fire he would scramble an egg or cook two slices of bacon. During the morning he would sit sheltered in a tent-half from the biting winds and gaze steadily through the haze or rain at the forlorn yacht. In the afternoons, stirring himself and



". . . on a flat and bone-strewed gully where once the sea had cut through . . ."

ranging the length of the beach for planks and boxes washed up from the wreckage of the war-sunk cargo ships and tankers, he would work until dark on the one-room shack that was taking shape between two magnificent dunes, on a flat and bone-strewed gully where once the tornado-driven sea had cut through. Each evening he cooked before his cabin and ate standing, staring out at his distant possession, unheedful of the taunts which were directed at him by the laughing singing fishermen going out or coming in. Wiping the grease from his young wild beard he would stare after them and spit into their fresh tracks.

Occasionally Keppin Devron and Rona came and fished near the completed shack; and sometimes he would join them. Together the three would cast and reel, silently, commenting only when a catch was landed, or more rarely when one escaped.

One night in late winter Keppin Devron, having heard the fresh racking cough that shook Cadenhead's very bones as they fished, brought down a Thermos bottle of steaming rum to the lantern-lit shack. Cadenhead was sitting up on the cot, shrouded in blankets, when Devron, bidden, entered. They poured their drinks and sat opposite each other in the silence which they both were accustomed to. Whether out of a gratitude for the hot grog which burned through his body, warming for the first time that winter his feet and hands, or whether from a degree of loneliness unusual even in a man as solitary as himself, Cadenhead spoke direct with none of the island gift for small talk, insinuation, and weighty casualness of purpose.

"You feel responsible for me?"

"No." Keppin answered, not casually, but as though previously committed to at least one intimate and searching conversation with this stranger who had come ashore so long ago at night. "Not responsible. Interested. Curious you might say. Maybe kinship."

"Kinship hell. I have no kin. Father and a brother but no real kin." He drank from the Thermos cup. "No offense."

"Nope."

"What is it you're curious about? Speak up. I may not talk again."

"Nothing specific." Keppin Devron spoke gravely with a reserve and dignity that would not let him question.

"Good. There's nothing to me. Out yonder is me. That yacht. It's everything I've ever dreamed of, worked, stole, lied, cheated, and married for. There's nothing else." He hugged two blankets about his neck, clutching them desperately with grime-nailed fingers to his chest. His red-webbed eyes were deep in the lamp-shadowed sockets, and his voice was thin when he spoke, softly, as though Keppin Devron were not sitting there respectfully looking away.

"You have a dream. And you know it's a good dream. I worked a long time. Thirty-seven jobs from the day I quit high school till I shipped out at eighteen on an old merchant ship. What a joke that was. Young, full of ambition of a sea career, full of ideals about what a ship should be. Oh I'd read too much. A ship was a universe. It was the perfect escape, the perfect, clean, and man-made world of law and order. And then I saw that first captain, what a sonovabitch he was, and that stinking tub and the filthy, brutal, lying, cheating passel of self-made bastards aboard her. And not just that ship. One wasn't enough to kill such a world as I had in mind; yeah, I was gut-strong in those days. It took a hundred. Yet each time I boarded a new ship, I'd stand in the bow and look at her and see her in my mind's eye as she should be, ship-shape and clean, happy, proper, and proud with a fine crew that popped-to and a captain who knew the proper respect for his men and I'd swear to myself to have such a ship. But each voyage was the same. When you see in your mind's eye a ship the way I did, you aren't likely to find her in any ordinary harbor. So I quit the sea till I could buy my own craft. That yacht out there and that with the crew gone. Not one of them realized a boat can be a universe and you can make it what you will."

His cough racked through him and seemed so certainly to be tearing him bodily apart that for a moment Devron leaned forward to catch the blankets which were, in the frenzy, being scattered about.

Cadenhead squeezed his thick rummy eyes and wiped the cough tears from his gray face and glistening beard. "You'd better go," he said. "Thanks for the drink."

The two men stood up in their usual

silence. "One more thing," Cadenhead said while Devron paused in the open door. "Don't repeat what I've said. I may be drunk or delirious. At any rate it's nobody's business. Hear me, old man?"

Devron offered his hand in silent promise before going out onto the night beach where the late winter wind was making snow flurries of the sand.

EACH day, shaking and bending double, lassoed by great strangling coughs, Cadenhead, bearded, dirty, and smelling, with his coat sleeve pinned at the shoulder, moved slowly up the gully of whistling cold air to the hard-surface road and to the Post Office where he anxiously demanded a letter. He never seemed to believe Miss Hannah when she said: "Still nothing." Often he stood on the steps before the open mail window and cussed a round of names. One day in early March, just as he had left the hard-surface, a yellow convertible roared honking down the road. He spun quickly back and half-running, half-limping, as though all the racking cold had settled in his foot, he chased the car to where it was now stopping across from the Post Office.

The driver, a Cornwallis fisherman, was already out holding open the door when Cadenhead, forehead blue-white and popping sweat beads arrived. A tremendous frowzy and rumpled blonde climbed out dragging and tugging at her thick bright purple coat. She gave a regal flounce to the white fox collar that settled about her shoulders and across her heavy bosom. She inspected the heels of one purple pump and the grease on her bare plump ankle before looking up at Cadenhead who was regarding her in half-amused wonder.

"Cadenhead!" she screamed in actual astonishment when, after studying this bearded man, she recognized him. "Cadenhead." She seemed inclined to throw herself into his arms, then paused and offered her hand of clinking rings.

The disguise, she chattered hysterically, was perfect and were the whiskers real and where had he ever found those vastly amusing clothes and why was he hiding in such a darling outfit on such a completely isolated place, maybe from the police, and naturally she had not written but had simply left Miami which was really dreadfully dull when she received his forwarded letter but she couldn't believe the boat would still be afloat. How perfectly droll and could they leave absolutely at once for Barbados. On she talked ignoring the staring natives and the restlessness of Cadenhead's eyes. Finally she screeched again with laughter, screamed darling, and kissed him above his eyes, leaving large orange lips gaping lasciviously from his forehead. Cadenhead leaned forward; and while pretending to study the back seat, where a fur coat was trapped in the skelter of air luggage, wiped the lips from his forehead, and then sat down behind the steering wheel. "Get in," he commanded.

The blonde was on the island three days, during which time the islanders were full of talk about the hard drinking, shouting, and general brawling heard day and night near the shack. By God she had no money and she could not apparently shout these words loud enough or often enough to please herself or Cadenhead. No! She would not sell the car and the coat!

On the fourth morning they drove up at the grocery store just as Keppin Devron and Rona were passing toward the beach. "There she is!" the blonde woman screamed. "I've seen you at the shack watching every move Cadenhead makes. Take him. You can have him. If you can get him away from that boat. I can't. Here. Here he is! Take him! He. . . ."

But at that second Cadenhead slapped her soft face. The blonde bent over the front fender and laughed and cried with astonishing abandon.

"Who wants a ride up to the ferry?" Cadenhead asked the four men sitting on the bench. At last one shyly volunteered. "Get in," Cadenhead ordered the big blonde. She crawled in behind the wheel and the fisherman crept in and made himself small beside her. The yellow car backed up, swerved through the sand, and disappeared between two dunes.

Keppin Devron stood entranced but Rona was running off in the opposite direction, away from the beach, away from Devron, and away from Cadenhead. She was holding her forehead and was crying. Cadenhead strode to the Post Office, where he knocked sharply on the unopened window and demanded

again the letter which still had not arrived.

All the islanders whispered that Cadenhead was broke; and with the beginning of warm weather he often ranged the hard-surface, and never refused either work or an invitation to eat. When he was not scavenging for work, or fishing with new intent, he would row out to the crippled ship and stay all day, explaining upon return his plans for floating her on one of the first spring full tides. The natives usually waited until he was out of sight before scoffing at a man so deluded and willfully mad that he could look at a wreck and expect it to float, could not tell when a ship was lost, aye, was breaking to pieces in his very face.

Late in April the letter, which he had demanded morning after morning, arrived. He read it to himself while walking the windy gully toward the shack. A restlessness seemingly caught from the brisk and variable spring wind seized him and carried him rapidly through the grass dunes toward the pine woods through the cedar stumps and marshes. It was a crazy dance he was held in, like the hunger-tethered flight of a sea gull over a shrimp boat. He ranged the beach until off in the distance he saw Keppin Devron hunched over, working. When Keppin, glancing up at the wind-cleared sky, saw him, Cadenhead slowed his pace and approached in his usual long dignified strides.

"I haven't seen you," Cadenhead paused, out of breath, and thought, "since my wife left." He thought again. "No. Not since then."

Keppin returned his attention to the snarled reel. "I've been going out with the fleet." The two men remained silent until finally Keppin spoke again: "I didn't know she was your wife."

"Yes. She was. My second. She's gone to get a divorce now." Again, as though he had not said it before, he said: "I haven't seen you about, or Rona."

Keppin glanced quickly up when Rona was mentioned. Yellow wrinkles cut furrows in his new-brown forehead as he probed the snarled line. "I reckon not."

Cadenhead studied him awhile longer. Then turning his back to the whipping wind he spoke quickly. "Got this today." He unfolded the crumpled letter from his grease-stained jacket. "The letter I was waiting for. From my father."

"Yes," Keppin said in a tone that did not admit either curiosity or ignorance.

"Read it. See what you think."

Devron regarded the letter with an obvious respect for its privacy. But then squinting with his humorous blue eyes, he regarded Cadenhead and, not wishing to offend, balanced his words carefully. "I'm busy. But read it aloud if you like."

Cadenhead steadied the paper in the whipping wind and read in a voice which became even deeper and more majestic, apparently in mockery of a voice even more bass than his own:

> Dear Shaffer: Whether your monotonous and absurd demands for money are purely for the purpose of outraging and mocking me further, or whether, as you claim, you are in dire threat of losing your boat, I have no way of knowing, and fortunately, as one of the bounties of old age, little energy to care. I know only that I have watched mutely while you exploited and if possible crippled every person who stood between you and the gangplank of that white yacht which would be most certainly, you prophesied, the "perfect craft."
>
> Even this late I find that you are still using criminal methods in your attempts to be a captain. Your last threatening letter had the effect of making me tired, but certainly not afraid; and I have turned it over to my lawyers for whatever legal amusement it may afford them, and for further assurance that you will not be permitted any substantial part of the estate after my eagerly awaited death. I had naturally hoped that you would someday realize that the quest is the important part of the grail, but until you do I cannot refrain from praying that your justly damned boat will sink.

Cadenhead laughed in short explosives. "That was my fifth ace. Not even money enough to sue the coast guard now that I can estimate the full damage."

"What about the ten thousand you had when you signed the contract with that GI outfit?"

"I never had ten thousand. All paper manipulation." Cadenhead laughed and started off again in the driven dance. He called back: "Drop by the hut tonight for a

drink." He observed the wonder on Keppin Devron's face. "The last I had on the boat bar. I've been saving it for this answer." He hit his chest pocket which held the crumpled bottle and was off again in the crazy dance, now walking, now running.

That evening, spring moonlight blanched the whalebones and giant shells and ran like a fire-river through the gully cut by the wind. Alone on his sand dune Cadenhead gazed out at the stricken yacht and hummed quietly to himself. He did not seem to know at what moment Keppin first stood behind him in the silent sand. "The tide runs high," Cadenhead said easily.

"It does." Keppin agreed. "Yet the wind has died." He stretched out on the sand near Cadenhead and looked at the ragged shadow of the yacht. His hands worked nervously through the loose sand and around the grass roots, probing, searching; at the same time his lips were finding and abandoning unspoken words. Cadenhead was secretly watching this agitation, but continued casually with a square of metal writing his name in the sand, pressing it out, and writing and embellishing it anew, each time more elaborately.

Startled, Keppin discovered the narrow eyes watching him. His glance darted seaward, moonward, and through the sand, over the ornate name and elegant hand, up the rag sleeve to the bearded face and hawk eyes that were watching him relentlessly. He looked away. Finally his eyes seized upon the metal in Cadenhead's hand. His voice was exaggerated in slowness and his words pounded on it pulse-like. "Do you know what that is?"

Cadenhead, still steady in gaze, held the square of metal on his open palm. "No, what?"

Devron took it and examined it with excess exactness and interest. "It's part of an old Spanish breastplate." He held it over his pectoral muscle.

"How did you know?" Cadenhead continued to study the troubled man.

"The old galleon's buried over there. We used to dig hereabouts for coins and spikes and bits of armor when I was a boy."

"Where?" Cadenhead pushed himself to his feet and stumbled uncertainly in the direction Keppin had pointed. "Where? I've never seen a wreckage near."

"Hereabouts. Maybe the sand's covered it completely now." Devron's voice was relaxing slowly. "Part of the prow used to stick straight skyward when I was a boy. We used to play 'pirate' there."

"Real Spanish coins?"

"Not many. Not gold. One or two. But thousands of bits of iron: hinges and the like."

"Maybe it was a treasure ship."

"No, not likely. The gold ships seldom ventured this far north. And Kidd and the pirates were down between here and Sea Island. There's treasure on down. Here though. . . ." He kicked the sand. "Just a ship." They walked through the tall grass, kicking the sand—until, stopping, Devron waved his arm overhead in a childish flourish. "Here." He pointed to a double row of iron spikes which outlined a boat prow against a low sandhill. "The sea was there." He pointed to the steep dunes which hid the ocean and the new beach. "The beach is building up here. Fast too. I'll probably live to see it reach Star Point."

"A ship. Here." Cadenhead mumbled, unaware of being heard. "Buried." He stumbled drunkenly back to his dune where the bottle of rye was stuck like a jib-boom in the sand. He drank and coughed and wiped his matted beard with the sleeve of his filthy jacket. He offered the remaining few drops to Devron who refused. "I thought you came out for a drink." Cadenhead's eyes burned with reflected moonlight.

Devron slapped his fist with the open palm of his other hand. "I came down to talk."

Letting himself down gently onto the soft sand dune Cadenhead asked: "About what?"

Devron crouched on his knees and again nervously sifted sand through his frightened fingers. "Rona."

"Ah." Cadenhead grinned, knowingly, wickedly.

"And what your wife said at the store."

Cadenhead's grin widened from wickedness to lewd delight. "Oh."

"What did she mean?" The slow casualness was gone from Devron's voice.

"I don't remember what she said." Cadenhead shrugged his shoulders in a gesture of ignorance.

Devron crouched, tense, his words rapid and impersonal. "About you and Rona."

"That?" Cadenhead laughed. "I don't know."

Devron stood up and glared down at the man. "You do."

Cadenhead arched an eyebrow, dead quiet, then observing better Devron's scowl answered: "I hadn't thought of it. Why did she say that about Rona? Maybe because that's the way she feels about men and she can't imagine a woman feeling any other way."

Devron's fists unclinched. Cadenhead rose uneasily to his feet and weaved as he walked toward the sea. "Or maybe she discovered the truth."

"You mean you think Rona's in love with you."

"Damned if I know. What does she say?"

"She doesn't say anything. She won't talk about you or about that day or about that woman. Fact is: she doesn't seem to want to talk to me about anything any more." Like a fringe of grass fire the white waves were eating at the beach. The two men trod the hard-packed sand, gazing oceanward at the jagged shadow of the yacht through the thickening air. "Even her folks say she's strange now and odd-like. And naturally everybody talks about what was said and how we aren't seen much together anymore."

"They do?" Cadenhead was smiling with immense pleasure.

"Mr. Bruton wants her to go down and visit her brothers in New Orleans."

"Brothers? I thought she was the only child."

"There's Rona and then there are the twins: Cawdor and Thane."

Cadenhead snapped his fingers and whirled rapidly. "They're the boys with the fleet of tugs and river barges!" He slapped his hand against his flanks like a young crowing gamecock.

"I'll be damned. I knew that. Why didn't I remember? I heard about them before I got that company from Norfolk. And then I forgot. They were too far away. I'll be damned. They're her *brothers*?" He giggled aloud to himself. "How old is Rona?" If he had been more sober and less full of this intense jubilance, he might have seen all the humor and gentleness and every trace of friendship leave Keppin Devron's face. Instead he was squinting his eyes to cut through the moonlit fog which was covering the white yacht.

"How old?" he repeated as though the answer had been given and he had not heard.

"Eighteen."

Cadenhead's laugh muffled the whisper of Devron's steps as he disappeared down the tornado gully.

Flowing over the beach and through the gully the warm fog lake spilled over the rusty red roof of the shack and over the swaying grass on the dunes. Cadenhead cackled and kicked sandspray and danced a drunken hornpipe. He grasped the soft fog by the hips and



"Don't repeat what I've said. I may be drunk or delirious."

followed up the gully in a wild conga, out of the seafog, onto the road, and down to the store where in the light of the gas pumps two men were playing checkers on the carved squares of the bench between them.

"Oh where and oh where does my bonnie lassie live?" He sang in a deep merry voice and shuffle-danced, grinning at the two men. "Where's Rona live?"

"On down near Baxter. The big yellow house."

"Oho!" Cadenhead saluted a toy-soldier salute, bowed, and was off down the road singing: "Come out come out wherever you are!"

He did not turn back to see Keppin Devron come out from the store and pump three gallons of gasoline into a jerry-can which he carried into the fog toward the yacht.

Long after midnight a jeepload of youngsters swerved to a stop on the hard-surface four miles beyond Baxter. Cadenhead was sitting in the middle of the road. He accepted without thanks the ride offered him on the hot hood of the Birddog. He was mumbling to himself: "She wouldn't even talk to me. Wouldn't even open the door. 'Go away,' they said. Like a drunk tramp. Me." Back at the store, now dark, the Birddog bounced off the highway and plowed through the sand ruts down toward the shack. Gaining the hard beach sand it raced along the water-edge and was turning sharply around when Cadenhead stood up and was thrown over the hood and onto the hard-packed sand.

He jumped to his feet and ran limping to the land's edge. Out off Star Point a light was blazing: the yacht was burning. "Hurry. Get help!" he yelled to the kids as he ran limping to his boat. "Hurry." He pushed off into the cove. "Dammit. Hurry," he screamed as the Birddog plowed past.

All night the ship burned. The coast guard worked dangerously close to save her, then fell back exhausted. The fishermen on their way out and the night fleet on its way in detoured to watch as the yacht, listing more precariously, waved fire-flags at the distant shore which in the early dawn was crawling with people. Cadenhead, driven back by the coast guard, circled madly in his boat shouting for help above the crackle and hiss of the fork-tongued flames. Once he eluded the guard and rowed straight in but was pushed back by the white heat. Finally when he could row and shout no more, he sat open-mouthed and stupid with exhaustion. The coast-guard men again threw him a line which this time he accepted. With swollen fingers Cadenhead, entranced, secured the line and sat watching the leaping flames that still gorged on the ship. As the coast guard boat towed him slowly away, the white yacht wallowed over, hissed live steam, blew white smoke, and dived under the burning oil-slick.

Cadenhead walked through the natives who gathered round and followed in his wake, like waves from the bow. Shoulders sagging, he limped to the cabin and in the half-dark stared with smoke-reddened eyes about him. He kicked over the canvas cot and opened a secret door in the baseboard. From there he pulled out the leather case with the ship's silver. He unfastened it, dreamily touched the purple velvet and the silver, then shut the lid. Glaring about him, he painfully reached to a rafter for an immaculate white- and gold-braided captain's cap. Pulling it low over his smoke-blackened, blistered, and greasy face, he stumbled out of the shack.

He was coughing and wheezing with desperation as he shuffled up the gully, ignoring the sympathies of the natives who were all saying: "It happened so fast." He sat on the checkerboard bench, wheezing painfully, and staring dumbly. "Cigarette?" he finally managed to beg in a hoarse whisper. He lit one, took a long draw, exhaled, and gasping again for air, he dropped the cigarette and pocketed the pack.

When the ferry-bound icetruck pulled off the highway, Cadenhead climbed in. Mrs. Maddy handed the driver a dollar and another to Cadenhead who, without looking down at the natives or into the store where Rona was numbly sitting or at the side of the store where Keppin Devron stood with bandaged hands and blistered wrists, signaled the iceman to drive on. The old icetruck rumbled up to the end of the highway and out between the sand dunes and on up the beach through the screeching laughter of the seagulls and the maniacal applause of the surf.

The Easy Chair

The Third Floor

Bernard DeVoto

At intervals I receive a letter which I have never tried to answer for I am not sure I could tune in on its wave length. I think of it as the same letter for it always says the same things, though various people who do not know each other write it. It begins as a criticism of the Easy Chair but modulates into a complaint about *Harper's* and ends as a lamentation about something entirely different, something for which there is no help.

But let me describe the house I bought a year or so before the war. It is big as, seemingly, houses still capable of being lived in can be big only in New England and ugly as they can be only in Cambridge. It is an Old Cambridge house; it once belonged to a very distinguished and celebrated man. His widow lived in it for years after he died and her heirs sold it to me. I could not have afforded to buy it except that real estate was badly depressed that year, and of course in Old Cambridge such an interloper as I would never have aspired to own property on Berkeley Street. But Old Cambridge perished a long time ago.

When I bought the house the only twentieth-century bathroom was on the third floor. It was antiquated but there had been some effort to make it convenient and comfortable and that was incongruous, for the rest of the floor was comfortless, stark, and dreary. It had been finished only in part and that part parsimoniously. There were only four windows and they were very small; they gave little ventilation and admitted little light. There was just one electric light, the one in the bathroom. Though the flooring elsewhere in the house was of fine oak, much of it parquetry, here it was cheap pine, jagged with splinters and in some places worn through. The heating system had not been extended to the third floor.

In houses the age of mine throughout greater Boston you can see that same floor; usually, in fact, it is cheaper and dingier. It was the servants' floor. In the spacious time nearly a century ago Boston's servants were the surplus virgins of Ireland. They were fortunate girls; by coming here they raised themselves above their station and were privileged to spend their lives among gentle, cultured people and fine possessions. They went to work for four dollars a month. It had increased to four dollars a week thirty-five or forty years later when the master, being on the board of trustees, got them a snug place in the Home for the Aged. The mistress taught them neatness, orderliness, obedience, decorum, and virtuous living. She supervised their diversions and their reading, to make sure that they were wholesome. They were free to go to six o'clock Mass on Sunday morning and they had the afternoon hours off one Sunday a month and two Thursdays. They were permitted to receive friends, of the same sex, on evenings when the family did not need their services and the mistress had approved. They received them in the kitchen; they spent their free time in the kitchen after the dishes were washed, the table in the breakfast room set, and the beds on the second floor turned down. They could read by candlelight in their own good warm beds but not for long: the candles were counted. They must be up betimes and too much leisure, too many candles, too much comfort would encourage slackness. That was why the steam pipes were not carried to the third floor; besides, the coal bill would

have been bigger. But all day long they could admire the family's furniture and china, the pictures and the books, and could take pride in the carriages that came to the door and the elegant people who got out of them.

But for the last of these maids at 8 Berkeley Street it had been necessary, at some expense, to put in a bathroom.

THE latest variant of my periodic letter begins by mentioning "the beautiful dignified English" that Mr. George William Curtis wrote in the Easy Chair. The letter usually begins with a reference to Mr. Curtis or to Mr. William Dean Howells, who also wrote beautiful dignified English in the Easy Chair as, my correspondent points out, I do not. He remembers the bound volumes of *Harper's* in his father's study and the boyhood hours he spent reading them. He learned from Mr. Curtis or Mr. Howells the value of chaste prose, prose unmarred by the neologisms, the vulgarisms, the slang, "the crudities like 'OK' and 'sure' for 'surely,'" the bad grammar that he finds everywhere today, even in this once dignified, once chastely written magazine. The language he is forced to read is, in fact, no longer to be called English; it is a debased dialect. He wishes that *Harper's* had been willing to act as "an English Academy, like the French, to pass judgment on any change or addition of new words to our vocabulary." Instead it has basely surrendered to the vulgar. I was therefore, he says, under a greater obligation to preserve in the Easy Chair the fine English that Mr. Curtis and Mr. Howells wrote for it. This, assuredly, I have not done; the Easy Chair is often more offensively written than the rest of *Harper's*. I write the debased dialect, I write vulgarly, I write, as the letter before the latest one put it, like a stable boy.

Yet my correspondent acknowledges that *Harper's* and I are rather signs of our time than debauchers of it. "The truth is," he says, "there are so few cultured people left." I am presumably an "educated" man, nearly everyone is nowadays, nearly everyone has been "to a college of some sort" and has acquired a smattering of new ideas and inventions. But we have no Latin and no Greek, no intellectual discipline, no history and therefore none of the wisdom that history imparts, no reverence for the true or the good, no reasoning power, no ability to perceive the falsity of vulgar errors or the speciousness of popular fallacies. Indeed, though somehow the vulgarization of America is responsible for the disappearance of cultured people, it may also be that their disappearance, which the spread of college education explains, is responsible for the vulgarization.

Here the letter usually turns from the Easy Chair to some article elsewhere in *Harper's*, an article which signalizes the downfall of *Harper's* and of the United States. In the latest variant it was an article that discussed Social Security. This time the letter-writer was a woman but her theme is the constant one, "the way we have drifted into socialism," as Social Security shows we have done. She cannot separate that drift from our vulgarity, and she remembers her shock on first perceiving how they were related. That was when, shortly after Inauguration Day in 1933, she went to a reception for U. S. Senators at the Pan American Building, "of all the crude surroundings and crude people." She was the more shocked in that she had but recently returned from France, which, though a democracy, "gives her functions with dignity and elegance."

Is postwar apathy responsible for our drift into socialism, she wonders, or has some subtler malady made us thoughtless and indifferent? When she was young every county had its Poor House and its Work House, "the latter for those lazy people who would not work to support themselves." So every county could enforce proper behavior on the poor, whereas now Washington just hands out the money without inquiring how it is spent. "I always taught my servants to lay up part of their wages in a savings bank against a rainy day." But now women of the servant class scorn to be thrifty. A waitress will not even save her tips; she regards security in the rainy days of old age as her due.

Since 1933 my correspondent has again traveled much, as she always did. Egypt and Greece are fine places to spend the winter in, South Africa was intensely interesting, South America is always a delight, and the Orient is fascinating. But she always feels a violent shock when she comes home: always we have sunk deeper into the morass. The morass of vulgarity and socialism. Social Security is,

as Mr. Curtis might have put it, the payoff. It has killed self-reliance and initiative. It has poisoned us; the United States is "apparently so prosperous but is so rotten at the core. The five-day week and forty-hour week will cause our downfall. To become great we worked all day and six days, and laid by for our old age." But now everyone is recklessly spending money. Everyone has an automobile. Everyone has radio and television, which are turning us into morons. And where, my correspondent asks, where will all this have taken us in another fifty years? This scandalous, appalling idea that people should retire at sixty-five!—"the age should be extended to seventy years."

I need hardly say that this depravity began when Roosevelt, of whom one does not care to speak as President or Mr. Roosevelt, "gave the green light to labor." The unions "have become so strong that they will take over the government unless someone with cold clear judgment and courage gets the Presidency or is put in a leading position." Those last seven words have what Mr. Howells might have called a dying fall and I have heard it before. Not long before Inauguration Day of 1933 various trustees of servants' savings accounts who had embezzled them to trade in the futures of gaseous equities were crying out, not coldly but perhaps courageously, to be saved by someone who might be put in a leading position.

WHY, Madam, in the Centennial Issue, the editor of *Harper's* and Mr. Elmer Davis and I all addressed ourselves to this matter. All three of us were remembering those bound volumes of *Harper's*. They were in my father's house, though since he was a poor man the room they were kept in was not called a study. I read Mr. Curtis and Mr. Howells when I was a boy: I cannot plead ignorance of the tradition I have betrayed. But though I wish I could write as well as Mr. Curtis and Mr. Howells I would not care to write like them. They were of their times and wrote for them; and, as you say, their times were not ours, which I must write for. I like the crudities of today's prose that strike your ears so harshly; they are from the living speech. I would hope to get some of the currency of that speech, some of its liveliness, some of its rhythm and accent, in the prose I offer to readers who for all I know may be having *Harper's* bound for their children. I think that Mr. Curtis and Mr. Howells would not want to act as an Academy for this generation's idiom and would not want their prose to be a mold which their successor's must fit. They would ask him, I think, to write workmanlike prose, as they did. They would ask him, I am certain, to keep the Easy Chair free of vulgarity —the vulgarity not of expressions like "OK" and "sure" but of idea. Such vulgarity as the idea that the United States is rotten at the core because A will not gladly work six twelve-hour days a week so that B can find Egypt a pleasant place to winter in.

If I have betrayed their tradition it is not by writing the vernacular of my time but, conceivably, by failing to wade as deep into the morass as, if they had found themselves in that time, they might have done. My correspondent has forgotten their biographies. Mr. Howells championed uncultivated people, quite poor people in fact, and defended anarchists. He was a professing socialist. Though he had lived in Cambridge (just off Berkeley Street) when it was Old Cambridge, he wrote the Easy Chair in the service of the very drift that has acquainted my correspondent with despair. No one ever respected culture more than he did but in an age when cultured people were much more numerous than they are now he saw some tendencies which, he said with the most violent emphasis, must be reversed. By whatever means.

Mr. Curtis was reared a communist and once solemnly forswore allegiance to the United States on the ground that, though apparently so prosperous, it was rotten at the core. Part of the rot was the educational system: it was turning out morons, especially economic and social morons. Its philosophy was a puritanism very favorable to the cultured class: it taught some people that to labor from the rising up to the going down of the sun was virtuous, and it taught some that to possess the fruit of other people's labor was righteous. The United States of his time, he said, killed self-reliance and initiative, making the poor submissive while those who exploited their submission sold them for a pair of shoes. Looking about him, he found vulgarity on all sides. Uncultured people were vulgar in their willingness to accept so

small a fraction of the wealth their labor created. Cultured people were vulgar in exhorting sixty-five-year-old workers to stick it out another five years so that the tax for the Poor House and the Work House would not inconvenience their betters. I do not know what he would have said about the idea that it is reckless to spend money you have earned but admirable to spend money someone else has earned, that a gentlewoman may properly tour the Orient on an inherited income but a waitress is bringing about our downfall if she buys a radio. I do know that year by year in the Easy Chair he told the waitress that her birthright included a radio and much more. Of the system that had her laying by money for someone else's rainy days, he said that it must be changed. By whatever means.

MY RADICAL predecessors meant just what they said: by whatever means. If my correspondent will look again at her files of *Harper's,* she will find reported and advocated there the process by which, happily, it was kept from being by whatever means. In her girlhood the magazine was not speaking for the culture she laments as vanished but for another native culture that had self-reliance and initiative of a different kind. For a hundred and two years it has spoken for those who thought American society able and obliged to achieve a very considerable portion of what Mr. Curtis and Mr. Howells desired, thought it could be achieved by implicit means, and foresaw no downfall. That belief was natural to the people whom, like my predecessors, I have called natural readers of *Harper's.*

They believed that it was no more wrong of the waitress than of the gentlewoman to want a becoming coiffure and a good-looking dress. They believed that leisure and the satisfactions of life were no less good, no less comely, for the unlettered than for the cultured. The seventy-two hour week, they believed, made leisure impossible and stunted one's capacity to enjoy the satisfactions of life. They believed that a shorter work-week would increase the satisfactions open to people and their capacity to enjoy them, and that it would also increase the wealth that the hours of work produced. If it did, they believed, not only crude persons but the gentle as well would be better off. Would live in a better country, a United States less likely to rot at the core. They believed that the rich natural endowment of the United States could be so managed that it would produce a more widespread affluence—and, yes, even a more widespread freedom to spend money. If some people spent money for radios and automobiles, they would not think the expenditure sinful. Perhaps others would take a trip to South America.

They did not profess to foresee how much of this vision could be achieved. They were sure, however, that any part of it would be an improvement on the village Poor House and Work House. If it meant that they must themselves throw in with the vulgar, OK. If it meant disturbing the serenity of the cultured, sure. If it meant the fading-out of elegance, too bad but so be it. They believed that what they knew was possible was more desirable than elegance. So they committed themselves, and the United States, to their belief. There was no need to tear the house down, they said, but remodeling was called for and we had better get about it.

It happened just about as they said it would and, Madam, if you will look back through *Harper's* you can see it happening. Mr. Curtis was writing the Easy Chair when it began to happen, and his successor tells you that that beginning, which cannot perhaps be precisely dated but which has had much less celebration than it deserves, was one of the decisive turning points in the history of the world. That a very great deal of it had happened by the time Mr. Howells took over the Easy Chair is attested by 8 Berkeley Street, where at just about that time a bathroom was installed for the servants. Mr. Howells' successor tells you that we now have the advantage of hindsight: looking back, we can see as they could not that it was certain to happen. There was bound to come a time when a candle, a tin washbasin, and a chamberpot would not suffice for the third floor.

The Domestic Bard:

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

by

Naomi Lewis

Though critics may bow to art, and I am its own true lover,
It is not art, but heart, which wins the wide world over.

According to *The Oxford Companion to American Literature*—though the date varies a little in the different source books—it is just over a hundred years since the birth of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, author of this pleasing couplet. The *Companion's* entry, so far from being genial, is not only terse but tart. Impaling the lady as the "Wisconsin poetaster," it adds:

> Her first book, *Drops of Water* (1872), a collection of temperance verse, was followed by nearly forty volumes of romantic, unctuous verse, distinguished by a sentimental approach to spiritualistic, metaphysical, and pseudo-erotic subjects. Her popular reputation was insured when *Poems of Passion* (1883) was rejected for "immorality." Her platitudes also found expression in many short stories, sketches, and novels.

As a piece of lexicography this can scarcely be called dispassionate; nor does it convey very much about those seventy years of the poet's life, except that they were busy.

The Oxford Companion to English Literature, at once more generous and more cautious (though even less rich in biographical detail), simply quotes from the *Times* of London obituary notice of October 1919, the month of Mrs. Wilcox's death. She was, this affirms, "the most popular poet of either sex and of any age, read by thousands who never open Shakespeare." True, in 1919 there can have been few English homes still unprovided with

one or more of the suede-covered volumelets, violet, rose, or sage-green in color, containing extracts (or "Gems") from Mrs. Wilcox's body of poetry. True, at this very moment there can be few adults unfamiliar with the poet's name and it may be, though unwittingly, with some of her verses. "Laugh and the world laughs with you. . . ."—"It is easy enough to be pleasant, When life flows by like a song. . . ." Do not these lines, even in the most cultivated mind, ring some distant, thin, metallic bell? All the same, the *Times* of 1919 has made a bold statement, and one which tempts a curious reader to journey a little further into the lady's life and works.

So to the pursuit of Mrs. Wilcox. An intensive reading of all the Wilcoxiana I could lay my hands on—her complete poems, an autobiography, some fragmentary material, and an edition of her verses prepared for school use—left me not only exhilarated but —what shall I say?—respectful.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the poet at all ages were quite abundant; they present a face so little unexpected as to seem straightway familiar. It is a handsome face, changing little with the years—a face at once feminine and formidable, with plenty of fair curling hair, attractive blunt features, and a determined lower jaw. The eyes are intensely purposeful. Though full-length photographs show that she was very short (she would have liked to be tall, with a "long swan-like neck") it is clear that she was never insignificant. "Her hair was light," one writer noted; "her eyes had tigerish gleams when she wore her favorite topaz. She always had to have some chiffon fluttering in her hand or round her neck."

The episode of her meeting with James Whitcomb Riley in the days of her early success as a magazine contributor adds a little to this picture. The two poets had been corresponding for several months, about poetry, and would, no doubt, have long continued to do so had not Mr. Riley arranged one day to call. "I attired myself," she relates, "in a new gown—one of the first really modish gowns I had ever owned. I remember it was black, with little pipings of pale blue, simple, but quite in the fashion. My hair also was arranged in the fashion of the hour. The front was cut in a full fluffy 'bang' which everybody feminine wore just then. I had at that time a radiant bloom; and I went to meet my caller, thinking my black and cerulean gown was very becoming. Not so Mr. Riley." Mr. Riley, in fact, had exact views on how "a genius" should dress and behave, and these views did not include the pastimes (to which Miss Wheeler admitted) of dancing and lawn tennis. And how, he asked her, did she think "that God-woman Mrs. Browning" would have looked in a fashionable gown and with a bang? "Very much better," Mrs. Wilcox tells us that she replied, "than she did with the corkscrew curls prominent in the pictures I had seen of her." Their friendship never recovered from the meeting. Still, she commented, "He and I were not suited to be chums."

This bright young woman came of an impoverished family who had moved from Vermont to Wisconsin a year before her birth—she was the last of four children—in a melancholy attempt to earn a living by farming. Such a life destroys the weak, though the tough may profit from it. It gave Ella a stimulus to exotic dreaming, but also a habit of desperate industry even more useful, maybe, than her prenatal experience of Shakespeare, Scott, and "various works of fiction," to which her mother, frustrated in her own life, had applied herself, in the hope and belief that the child would turn out to be a novelist. In late years this daughter was able to write:

> . . . I am one who lives to say
> My life has held more gold than gray,
> And that the splendor of the real
> Surpassed my early dreams' ideal.

For, apart from dreams and toil, the dismal farm life had little to offer the romantic and energetic Ella. By the time she was twenty she was almost supporting the Wheeler family with her busy verse and prose contributions to Western magazines. Her success, though large and demonstrative in the native manner, was of a local kind until 1883, the year of *Poems of Passion.*

POEMS OF PASSION! How thrilling is the sound—and yet, how innocent the story of this little volume. The fifty or so poems it contains had all appeared separately in periodicals before the author offered the

collection to a publisher. "My amazement," she records, "can hardly be imagined when Jansen and McClung returned the manuscript of my volume, intimating that it was immoral."

A newspaper heard of the matter and came out with the strange headlines:

TOO LOUD FOR CHICAGO
SCARLET CITY BY THE LAKE SHOCKED
BY A BADGER GIRL WHOSE VERSES
OUT-SWINBURNE SWINBURNE AND
OUT-WHITMAN WHITMAN

Other papers echoed the tale; other publishers made offers for the book, which was an immediate and lasting success when it appeared, on both sides of the Atlantic. Churlish readers insisted that the poems were based on the author's own "immoral experiences." It was far from being the case.

> My knowledge of life [she writes] was bounded by visits to Madison and Milwaukee, Chicago, and some lesser villages; and by books I had read and letters I had received from more or less intellectual people.
>
> The works of Gautier, Daudet, Ouida, with a bit of Shakespeare, Swinburne, and Byron . . . no doubt lent to my vivid imagination and temperamental nature the flame which produced the censured verses.

No critic could have put it better—though the list might have included Rossetti. The American press, all the same, showed displeasure. The Chicago *Herald,* quoting a description of them as "the songs of half-tipsy wantons," expressed the hope that Miss Ella Wheeler would "now relapse into Poems of Decency." Charles A. Dana, in a scathing review for the New York *Sun,* quoted half a column of lines containing the word *kiss.*

"This brought me," she notes, "scores of letters asking where the book could be purchased; and I wrote a note of thanks to Mr. Dana." Mr. Dana, she adds, "was exceedingly wroth at my note."

It is hard today to understand the disturbance caused by these simple though spirited verses. One or two drawing-room pieces have, it is true, an extra dash of operatic Bohemia; "The Duet," for instance, in which a gentleman indulges, while his wife Maud is singing, in memories of Lisette, a *"grisette,"* with whom he was once (as Mrs. Wilcox would have put it) chums.

> And between the verses for interlude,
> I kissed your throat, and your shoulders nude . . . .
> They have ceased singing that old duet,
> Stately Maud and the tenor McKey.
> "You are burning your coat with your cigarette,
> And *qu'avez-vous,* dearest, your lids are wet,"
> Maud says, as she leans o'er me.
> And I smile, and lie to her, husband-wise,
> "Oh, it is nothing but smoke in my eyes."

But mostly they confine their *élan,* which is considerable, to a less precise treatment of such motifs in human relationships as constancy, inconstancy, hope, pleasure, nostalgia.

Still, however guilelessly meant, her poems have an impulsiveness that often invited trouble. One of these was "The Birth of the Opal," written at the request of a jeweler who thought of this stone (he said) as the child of the sunbeam and the moonbeam. A pretty notion. Yet one literary hostess ceased to invite the author to her *salon* on the grounds that in her somewhat *dégagé* lines she had "laid bare all the secrets of married life."

"My God, madam," exclaimed a Spaniard to whom Mrs. Wilcox confided this, "did the lady think that she alone knew those secrets?"

The poem, nevertheless, remained a favorite piece for recital in those fabulous New York drawing rooms of the eighties and nineties. We are told that young Aubrey Boucicault, "a beautiful lad, a sort of child prodigy in the artistic circles of New York," made them a specialty.

II

Mrs. Wilcox's marriage, it is pleasant to note, was long and happy. Robert Wilcox, her husband, a large and kindly man, seems to have possessed the peculiar reserves of calm, stability, and devotion that his position exacted; he shared with her, moreover, the interest in psychic phenomena which became more and more part of her life. But poetry and spiritualism alone could not absorb her enthusiastic energy. At her summer home on the Connecticut coast we read of her organizing good works, running "cos-

tume balls, soirees, and musicales." She loved swimming (which her poor mother had forbidden as "immodest"); she loved dancing even more. She invented a dance, the Ella Wheeler Wilcox Glide—"though" (to quote a friend) "there was only one person in all the United States who would perform all those rococo turns and twists on a ballroom floor; and that was Ella Wheeler Wilcox." Her enormous vitality never flagged. She traveled. She was over sixty when she went with her husband to North Africa where "each evening" (she recalls) "he liked to have me take my mandolin out under the big terebinth tree and play the Arabian airs while he smoked his cigar." She enjoyed reading—and rhyming—about scientific progress. "I look to Science for the cure of Crime," runs one of her poems. Even more practically, she wrote in the Hearst press answers to everyday problems that are remarkable for their common sense, boldness, and absence of sanctimoniousness. They include a recommendation to parents to give biological instruction to the young. "Do not imagine that innocence necessitates ignorance," she declared. "Deep in each human entity the sex impulse is implanted, and will assert itself sooner or later."

Her good will embraced not only "democracy," but transatlantic accord. We may pause at this portrait, the Englishman's portrait:

> For under the front that seems so cold,
> And the voice that is wont to storm,
> We are certain to find a big broad mind
> And a heart that is soft and warm.
> And he carries his woes in a lordly way
> As only the great souls can:
> And it makes us glad when in truth we say,
> "We are kin of the Englishman."

When Queen Victoria died she was sent over by the New York *American* to write a poem about the funeral. A sentence: *"The Queen is taking a drive today,"* in an old magazine in the hotel reading room gave her inspiration. "I had never been especially interested in the Queen," she records, "but as I wrote I began to feel very deeply her worth, and the pathos of her last ride; and I wept copiously"—a sentence that should be studied by all occasional-verse writers. The poem, "The Queen's Last Drive," was cabled to America, cabled back to an English paper the same day, set to music by a friend of the new King, and a year later sung at the Royal Family's memorial service. Without being somber or overawed—its author never was either—it is a set piece of which no Laureate need have been ashamed; though I find in the journals of "Michael Field" that it drew a peevish comment from the two esoteric ladies who wrote under this name.

We see her for a moment in Paris, invited (commanded is perhaps a better word) to take breakfast with Sarah Bernhardt; and in London again, in 1913, being presented at Court. A little difficulty arose here because—in spite of the nervous protests of her publishers and of American Embassy officials—she declared that she would wear a headdress not of feathers but of lilies. "I shall speak to the Lord Chamberlain," she told them. She did. She wore feathers. But her verve, we may be sure, was unabated.

Verve and versatility—they are the outstanding features of her writing, as of her life. They prevented her, undoubtedly, from being a better poet than she was. For what is likely to disconcert a sophisticated reader is not merely the range of her poetic output, but how nearly good it contrives at moments to be. (She herself, it is only fair to say, would not have admitted the variation in quality that such a tribute assumes.)

A poem like "The South" suggests, for all its glib adjectives, something a little more than virtuosity.

> A queen of indolence and idle grace,
> Robed in the vestments of a costly gown,
> She turns the languor of her lovely face
> Upon progression with a lazy frown.
> Her throne is built upon a marshy down;
> Malarial mosses wreath her like old lace;
> With slim crossed feet, unshod and bare and brown
> She sits indifferent to the world's swift race.
>
> Across the seas there stalks an ogre grim;
> Too languid she even for fear's alarms,
> While frightened nations rally in defense,
> She lifts her smiling Creole eyes to him,
> And reaching out her shapely unwashed arms
> She clasps her rightful lover—Pestilence.

In her early poems it is interesting to see her

sampling the manners of her illustrious near-contemporaries: it may be Tennyson:

> I said to my heart, "Let us take our fill
> Of mirth, and music, and love, and laughter;
> For it all must end with this waltz-quadrille. . . ."

or Swinburne:

> She walks in her beauty immortal.
> Each household grows sad as she nears,
> But she crosses at length every portal,
> The mystical Lady of Tears.

or Rossetti:

> Her cheek was wan, her wistful mouth
> Was lifted like a cup,
> The moonful night dripped liquid light:
> She seemed to quaff it up.
> (Oh! that unburied corpse that lies in space.)

Here are dramatic monologues on the Browning model; here a verse narrative "Maurine" not in the least unrelated to "Aurora Leigh." Yet rightly, I think, we prefer to those just quoted, such lines as:

> We people who chum with the waves and the wind
> Know more than all wise weather bureaus combined.

For she was in her own way an original. The Wilcox manner is unmistakable.

> Why sit down in gloom and darkness
> With your grief to sup?
> As you drink Fate's bitter tonic
> Smile across the cup.

One can almost hear the voice behind it. It is the authentic voice of that nineteenth-century literary phenomenon, the domestic bard.

III

The domestic bard—the poet of the universal middle sentiment appearing in homes and hearts but not the serious anthologies—is, indeed, one of the many by-products of the Industrial Age. The particular virtues extolled, the consolations offered, are acceptable only to a middle-class community, of few and small ambitions and many and small anxieties. Such an audience appeared for the first time in the newly-domesticated nineteenth century. The popular poets it created are not identical in manner or even in philosophy, but they share certain features. In language made palatable by familiar groups of words (not enough tribute has been paid to the consoling powers of the cliché) they offer a compound of hope and acceptance. They are immensely fluent. They believe absolutely in what they write—and they assure their readers that their reach is equal to their grasp. In their own work, about which they have no doubts at all, they have found that the principle holds true.

Without understanding the needs of this audience and the power of the simple sentiment, the popularity of Martin Tupper, the foremost nineteenth-century exponent in England, must always seem a mystery. He was a pioneer, it is true; he could wring innumerable themes from the favorite matter of family life; but he was *dull,* which Mrs. Wilcox never was.

Nothing of Martin Tupper survives. More interesting is the comparison between Mrs. Wilcox and her present-day successors. I have been studying some of the works of a best-selling English versifier of our own time, whose rhymes—printed on the page to resemble prose—are read, it would seem, in many, many homes. Homely—or should it be homey?—is a word which well describes them. They recommend a little hope, much submission ("making the best of it"), no resentment, no rebellion. Be thankful, says this poet in her way, for the *little* things: gardens, daffodils, the kettle on the hearth, "doggies," gnomes and pixies, "mem'ries" or gentle wish-fantasies ("just a little house that's built of little passing dreams"). It is a consoling but not an inspiring message; beside Mrs. Wilcox's robust exhortations to stand up to life, it looks distinctly pale. If Ella Wheeler was banal, she was at least banal on the grand scale. Woman to her was not a kitchen vestal but "a saint, a siren, and a paradox." Gnomes and daffodils were all very well—she was not small about such things—but people were better; new ones when those she knew let her down.

"Give me strong *new* friends when the

old prove weak," she wrote. She lived in the moment; it was one of her many likeable qualities.

But I—I look out on my fair Today;
I clasp it close and kiss its radiant brow.
Here with the perfect Present let me stay,
For I am happy now.

The Quiet Corner out of the world can never have been to her taste. "Be not content; contentment means inaction," she declared. And in another poem: "All virtue is worth just the price it cost; Black sin is oft white truth that missed its way."

It's easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away;
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire. . . .

No virtue of which she approved could remain negative. It was part of her skill to invest any form of abstinence, if the context required, with a positive and even exhilarating quality.

We see this in her first published work, those temperance verses which are so remarkably like drinking songs;* and in one of her latest pieces, a verse exhortation to the soldiers in the 1914 war to "Come Back Clean." Both, we are told, had something of the same hypnotic success.

In practice the most virtuous of women—her own marriage and the admiration of her public provided all the romance she needed—she made it clear in her writings that nothing came before the claims of "that warm red rebel, the Heart." She had no use for half-measures, in love or in anything else. About polygamy she remarked (she had been visiting Utah): "I would rather be a deceived wife, or the unfortunate affinity, even, on whom the world looks askance, than accept the position of one of a syndicate owning stock in a husband." The married coquette—frequently the subject of her verses—drew her particular criticism. I quote from one dramatic monologue in which a gentleman explains to the wife of his friend the reason for his abrupt departure:

Then why, you ask, am I going!
A friend of mine abroad,
Whose theories I have been acting upon
Has proven himself a fraud.
You have heard me quote from Plato
A thousand times, no doubt;
Well, I have discovered he did not know
What he was talking about.

She was not silent in the face of criticism: pity and scorn joined in her vigorous replies to letters or reviews. "It cannot harm me," was a typical reply to an attack, "because my gifts are too well known, my work too well appreciated, and my own reverence and love for my growing poetical powers too great to be affected by such a stab, but it does great harm to you as a critic." Criticism, she held, should be "big, broad, fearless, kind." Even in the *Poems of Passion* days she had been self-possessed enough to reply to a lady objector: "It would have been wrong for *you* to write *Poems of Passion* because you would have felt that you did wrong. My impulse was entirely free from wrong. . . . Nor would I omit *one* from the collection now. . . ."

But verse was always her best weapon. Let us look, for instance, at her defense of rhyme:

And quite out of date, too, is rhythmical metre;
The critics declare it an insult to art.
But oh! the sweet swing of it, oh! the clear ring of it,
Oh, the great pulse of it, right from the heart,
Art or no art.

---

* Here are some samples from *Drops of Water:*

Don't drink, boys, don't!
There is nothing of happiness, pleasure, or cheer
In brandy, in whiskey, in rum, ale, or beer. . . .

I will paint you a sign, rumseller,
And hang it about your door. . . .
I will paint you again, rumseller,
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor,
Holding in either hand.

He wavers, but you urge him,
"Drink! pledge me just this one!"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

I see the maiden with the beaming eye,
She lightly laughs and lifts the wine-glass high,
And says the while her red lips sip and taste,
"A fig for temperance; wine's too good to waste!"

I find these lines quite irresistible. They contain, moreover, the essential Ella Wheeler Wilcox—her absolute assurance, her gaiety, gusto, and generosity, her relative placing of heart and art. She had enough talent, one suspects, to be able to choose her road—and a choice always involves a rejection. If we find her at her best when she is at her worst, this is the inevitable fate of a capable writer unhaunted by the sad anxieties of taste, or the pains of self-criticism, who deliberately elects to be a domestic bard.

The Wren

RAYMOND HENRI

IF A WREN
With three, four thimblesful of fledglings,
Who must carve her luncheon inch worm and
Puree the supper pea . . .

If a wren,
Not from need, nor threat, nor fear,
Will spring into a fury, fly
At any other wrens that dare contest
The title to her green and gravel acre
That lies between the latitudes of angleworms and heaven . . .

If a wren
Will fling herself against trespassing feathers
As against a horde of mailed invaders;
Comparatively chattering, decibel to inch,
Enough to sound the trumpets of an army . . .

If a wren
That, mothering her nest,
Or skating on the morning ponds of cold Spring air,
Or momentarily perched upon a brushstroke of a twig,
Looking something shaped of sugar
Lying in an angel's hand,
Can yet be suddenly impelled
Into such buzzsaw of behavior . . .
Why do you say some men and nations are enigmas?

Preach peace? First preach it to the wren,
The bloody, raucous little wren;
And preach goodwill to shrikes;
And codify the rights of grasshoppers,
Especially *that* grasshopper
The shrike impaled upon a hawthorn tine.

And preach it to the owl
Whose wisdom chooses mice and all things small
But never full-grown rabbits.

All you with faith in men,
Come watch the wren.

Little Gadget With a Large Future

Leonard Engel

In July 1948 the *Physical Review,* the almanac of physics, published three short papers from the Bell Telephone Laboratories. The first, by John Bardeen and Walter H. Brattain, began: "A three-element electronic device which utilizes a newly-discovered principle involving a semi-conductor as the basic element is described." Thus was announced, in deceptively restrained language, an invention which may change our way of living more than atomic energy. The invention is the transistor, a device which performs about the same functions as a vacuum tube but is so much more convenient that it is destined to superimpose a new technological revolution on the already very revolutionary branch of technology called electronics.

To begin with, the transistor is much smaller than the vacuum tube. One model is about half the size of a pea and smaller ones still can easily be made if they are wanted. Further, there is no vacuum and no glass envelope, no filament to burn out. Hence transistors should last almost indefinitely; transistors probably capable of operating continuously for more than 100,000 hours (over eleven years) have already been made in the laboratory. Finally, the transistor consumes vanishingly small amounts of power and generates almost no heat. These two properties alone make the transistor invaluable, for it appears that two of the principal obstacles to new electronic wonders have been the large amount of power required and the heat given off by the vacuum tube.

Dr. Louis Ridenour, dean of the University of Illinois Graduate College, predicts that the transistor will make possible computing machines with a hundred times as many computing elements as any calculator now in existence and, for problems within their grasp, a tenth as competent as the human brain. The transistor may also bring into being the elaborate electronic control systems which, we have been told, are ready to take over many of the intricate but tedious tasks of an industrial society, but which never got off the ground in the vacuum-tube era: the all-electronic record-keepers, the robot inventory and warehouse control systems, automatic centralized control for air and rail traffic, automatic utility meter reading and billing, and so on. This super-compact, durable successor to the vacuum tube likewise has obvious applications to military electronics. On a homelier plane, the transistor promises telephones with built-in amplifiers, matchbook-size hearing aids capable of running for several years on a single set of batteries, really small portable radios, TV sets whose "tubes" will never need renewal (except for the picture tube, which is a relative of the X-ray tube and not a conventional vacuum tube at all, and therefore won't be replaced by the transistor). And, of course, the transistor will bring contrivances and gadgets that cannot now be imagined.

II

THE device that is to accomplish all this is a sort of educated cousin of the old crystal detector, which Father used in the headphone radio set he built when he was a boy. Like the crystal detector, the transistor makes use of the special electrical properties of a curious class of materials called semi-conductors, of which we'll be hearing a good deal more in the next ten years. To say more about the transistor, though, it is necessary to go back briefly over the marvelous, turbulent history of the electronic devices that have given us not only Eniac, the 18,000-tube calculating machine, but also Kukla, Fran, and Ollie.

The story begins on a day in 1883, when an adventurous glass blower in Thomas Edison's laboratory sealed a metal electrode into the head of one of Edison's new incandescent lamps, the first electric light bulbs. Edison did not understand, and saw no use for, the odd thing that happened when the electrode was connected to the positive terminal of the battery and the lamp turned on. The "Edison effect" led, however, some two decades later, to the vacuum tube and the real birth of radio.

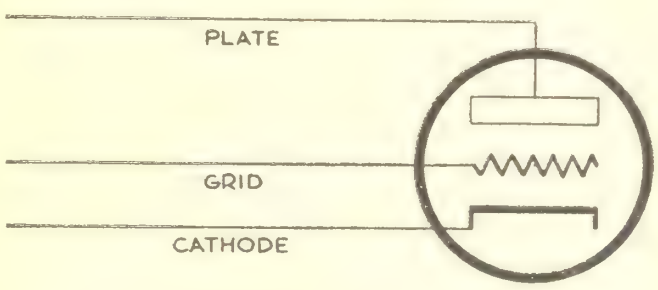
When the electrode of the doctored lamp was connected to the positive terminal of a battery and the lamp switched on, a current could be detected in the wire from the electrode to the battery. There was no current in the wire, on the other hand, when the electrode was connected to the negative terminal of the battery. In other words, a current could flow through the vacuum inside the lamp, but only in one direction—from filament to plate, as it turned out. What was happening was that electrons were being boiled out of the hot glowing filament; since electrons are negative in charge, they were attracted to the electrode and moved toward it as long as the electrode was positively charged.

In 1905, a British physicist by the name of J. Ambrose Fleming built a tube based on the Edison effect. It contained two elements: a filament hot enough to boil off electrons and an electrode or, in modern radio parlance, plate. The "Fleming valve" could be (and, in most home radios, still is) used to "detect" radio signals, that is, convert the signal picked up by the antenna into a form suitable for moving the diaphragm of earphones or, after amplification, a loudspeaker.

The crucial step was taken the next year by a youthful American engineer, Lee de Forest. De Forest discovered that the current flowing from filament to plate could be controlled by a much smaller current in a fine wire grid placed between the filament and the plate. All the variations in the smaller current were impressed upon the larger, making the latter a faithful, but much enlarged, replica of the former.

This was the three-element vacuum tube, or audion, as de Forest called it. The audion was soon at work amplifying long-distance phone calls. Nothing much else was done with it for several years, however, until the invention of the regenerative circuit (the first practical radio circuit) by a Columbia undergraduate, Edwin H. Armstrong, who was later to invent FM. The vacuum tube has since proved to be one of the most fruitful inventions in history, the source not only of an astonishing array of other inventions, but of some of the most torrid patent battles on record. One was the battle between Arnold of AT&T and Langmuir of General Electric over high vacuum, which greatly improved the vacuum tube. Another, the celebrated struggle between Armstrong and de Forest over the regenerative circuit, led to the longest, bloodiest patent suit in United States court annals.

Since de Forest's day, the vacuum tube has undergone innumerable changes and permutations. There are now tubes with four, five, six, and even seven or eight elements,



The principle of the vacuum tube is still essentially the same as in de Forest's audion. The flow of electrons from cathode (filament) to electrode (plate) is controlled by a much smaller current in the mesh of fine wire grid.

to attain various refinements of control or suit them for special purposes. There are tubes half an inch long (for hearing aids) and tubes bigger than a man. In 1950, American plants produced over 400 million vacuum tubes in close to a thousand varieties. The principle, though, is essentially the same as in the original de Forest audion.

Let us see a few of the useful things that can be done with this ingenious device for patterning a large current after a small one—things that, as we shall see, can be done even more efficiently by the transistor. The most obvious is to amplify weak currents, such as those generated by a radio signal or by the modern high-fidelity phonograph pick-up. Amplification is the purpose for which the largest number of vacuum tubes is in fact made.

Another application is crucial to the radio sending station. Radio signals are generated by oscillating electric currents. Electric currents can be made to oscillate in a number of ways, but some means of reinforcement is always needed to keep the oscillations going. A suitable means is a special type of vacuum tube known as an oscillator. Part of the oscillating current is fed back through the oscillator, where it is continuously amplified and regenerated, keeping the radio signal strong and clear.

Vacuum tubes can also be used as relays to turn electrical equipment on and off, for if one current can be made to follow the pattern of another, it can be turned on and off by the latter. Thus vacuum tubes can be made to open doors, ring burglar alarms, and so on. Further, they can be made to count the pulses of electricity generated by radioactivity, as in radiation detectors, or by "programing units" in computing machines.

III

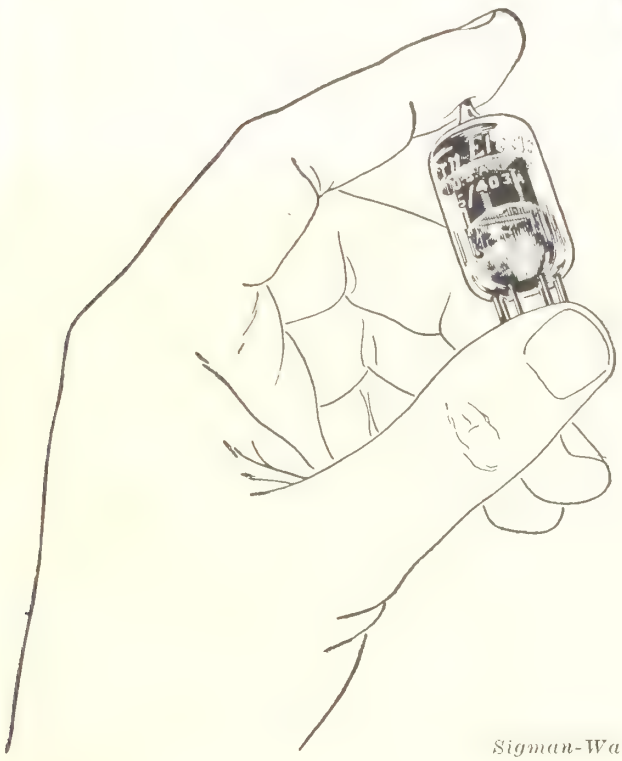
Two generations of scientists and engineers have elaborated these simple capabilities of the vacuum tube into an imposing assortment of devices. Amplifying tubes are at the heart of not only radio and TV, but sound movies, dictation machines, wire recorders, radio facsimile, and long-distance telephone. Vacuum tube amplifiers, oscillators, relays, pulse generators, and pulse counters are the stuff of guided-missile controls, radar, proximity fuses, electronic gun- and bombsights, and military communications. We would possibly be better off without the latter, but essentially similar tubes are required for air and marine navigation, and also perform hundreds of other jobs which contribute substantially to our well-being, from curing rubber and plastics by high-frequency induction heating to checking the labels of drug bottles. Last but not least, vacuum tubes are the sensitive eyes and ears of science, and can do much of its routine brainwork. The electron microscope makes visible the infinitesimally small; action-potential apparatus tunes in nerve impulses; electronic controls regulate atom-smashers; electronic computers whip through the unbelievably tedious mathematical equations which seem to arise from even the simplest research problems.

But paradoxically, the vacuum tube, which made radio and electronics possible, has become an obstacle to further progress. There are two chief difficulties. The first is that the vacuum tube is inherently short-lived and unreliable. The second is that the vacuum tube, in Dr. Ridenour's phrase, is the grandchild of the electric light bulb. It was originally conceived as a hot wire inside a bottle and, like its progenitor, it requires a large amount of power to operate and thus dissipates a great deal of heat.

The vacuum tube is a self-consuming device. As in the ordinary light bulb, the heated filament (or heating element in tubes that employ indirect heating) is bound to fail sooner or later. Of course, the filament can be made heavier, but then a larger current will be needed to boil off electrons. The problem is compounded by price competition in the tube industry. Manufacturers have performed prodigies of ingenuity in the fabrication of vacuum tubes, but the primary object has been to cut costs for the mass radio and television market. Vacuum tubes, consequently, are not as carefully made or as dependable as they might be; most have a useful life of only a few thousand hours.

This is not a serious matter in an inexpensive six-tube radio set. It is quite inconvenient, however, in a TV set with twenty-five to thirty-five tubes, where the chance of set failure as a result of tube failure is multiplied by five, and where an expensive service-

man is needed to determine which tube failed. It is a still more serious matter in long-distance telephones and in complex devices like electronic calculators. The completion of a telephone call between New York and San Francisco, for instance, depends on the proper functioning of nearly a quarter of a million electrical components, including about 1,200 vacuum tubes in repeaters or amplifiers spaced roughly every eight miles across the continent. The IBM Selective Sequence Electronic Calculator, one of the simplest high-capacity general-purpose computers, has no less than 12,500 vacuum tubes, of which 125 burn out every month; elaborate daily tests and other expensive precautions are necessary to prevent tube failures from causing the machine to spew forth a nightmarish deluge of wrong answers.



Sigman-Ward

By the exercise of special care in manufacture, much can be done to prolong the life of a tube beyond ordinary limits. As an illustration, there are six repeaters, each containing three vacuum tubes, sealed into the new Havana–Key West submarine telephone cable. The Bell system engineers who laid the cable are confident that the eighteen tubes, which are inaccessible for replacement, will serve for at least twenty years. But nearly as many years were needed to design, manufacture, and test the eighteen tubes. And the telephone company, which probably builds the most durable vacuum tubes in the world, has never been able to manufacture at practicable cost tubes sufficiently dependable for two important purposes—dial switching and amplification on local lines.

The second difficulty inherent in the vacuum tube, the large amount of heat it dissipates, imposes severe restrictions on the design of electronic equipment, particularly in respect to size. As electronic equipment grows in complexity, it grows in bulk. Designers have attempted to meet this problem by "miniaturization." Vacuum tubes and other circuit components have been produced in miniature and subminiature versions. Conventional wiring has been replaced by "printed circuits" and other forms of minute, prefabricated wiring. The "air has been designed out" of equipment; components fill every nook and cranny of the set.



The size of the junction transistor (right) can be seen in this comparison with an unusually small conventional vacuum tube (left).

Yet there are limits beyond which the miniaturization of vacuum-tube equipment cannot be pushed. Aside from the difficulty of fabricating and assembling very small components, there is the circumstance that

miniature tubes of comparable performance have the same power requirements as standard tubes and therefore dissipate just as much heat. The National Bureau of Standards, for example, recently worked out a miniature edition of the standard aircraft radio range receiver. The miniaturized set has less than one-fifth the bulk of the standard receiver. Both, however, consume roughly the same amount of power, some thirty watts. In the standard range receiver, this results in the dissipation of heat energy at a rate equivalent to a tenth of a watt per cubic inch. In the miniaturized model, the dissipation rate is half a watt per cubic inch—just about the rate of energy release in a kitchen oven. The temperature inside the miniature range receiver accordingly may reach four hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

If the temperature were to go higher, it would soften the glass in the tube envelopes. As it is, high-melting-point solders must be used for connections, greatly increasing the tediousness and cost of assembling miniaturized equipment. More serious, the excessive heat shortens the life not only of tubes, but of other components of the set, adding materially to the chances of set failure.

IV

The difficulties that have made the vacuum tube a troublesome, if remarkably versatile, tool of technology are neatly avoided by the transistor. Like the vacuum tube, the transistor (so named because it transfers an electric current across a resistance) imposes the pattern of one current on another; thus it can also be employed to amplify a current or generate a radio signal, or as a relay. In the new device, however, electrons are not boiled out of a filament; the current flows through a crystalline solid.

This indeed sounds something like the crystal detector of radio's early days. The transistor, in fact, grew out of a rebirth of the crystal detector. During the war, it was found that the two-element vacuum tube detector used in standard radio wouldn't do for radar. The crystal detector proved much more effective and therefore stimulated a renewed study of semi-conductors, the curious materials of which crystal detectors are made.

Semi-conductors are substances falling somewhere between conductors and insulators in their ability to conduct an electric current. They do not conduct it as easily as a metal like copper; but they do not have the electrical resistance of an insulator like porcelain or glass. One semi-conductor is galena (lead sulfide), the crystalline mineral originally used in crystal detectors; another is the substance now used, germanium, a fairly common semi-metallic element obtained as a by-product of zinc refining; still another is silicon, one of the principal constituents of sand.

Semi-conductors have many extraordinary properties. Thus some release electrons (*i.e.*, generate a current) when struck by light; others have the opposite property, giving off light when bombarded by a stream of electrons. The former property is the basis of the "electric eye," the latter of the TV picture tube. Other semi-conductors can be used to transform heat energy directly into electricity; scientists at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are currently looking into an ingenious scheme for using them to generate electricity from solar (and later, perhaps, atomic) heat without boilers or dynamos.

To return to the transistor, systematic study of semi-conductors was undertaken soon after the war by, among others, a group of physicists at the Bell Telephone Laboratories under William Shockley. Bell Labs originally had no specific "practical" purpose in mind; the object at first was simply to learn something about the inner mechanics of semi-conductors. As had happened with the Edison effect, however, an essay in "pure" research paid off with an unexpected discovery of whopping commercial importance.

The Bell group found that semi-conductors are indeed curious materials. Although crystalline, they often do not have the right number of atomic electrons for a normal crystal structure. There may be either too many or too few. If there are too many, the excess electrons can travel through the crystal much as through a vacuum. If there are too few, on the other hand, the "holes," or vacant electron positions, can also travel through the crystal as the insufficient number of electrons dance about in a futile attempt to fill the vacancies. Most remarkable of all, the flow of electrons and holes can be

controlled by a current applied at barriers between electron-rich and electron-deficient regions, in much the same way as the flow of electrons through a vacuum tube is controlled by the current in the grid.

Of the two key men in the group that worked out this picture of what happens in semi-conductors, one had just turned forty: John Bardeen had come to the Bell Laboratories from the University of Minnesota and the Naval Ordnance Laboratory after the war. Walter H. Brattain, a few years his senior, had spent most of his professional career as a Bell Labs physicist, studying the flow of electrons. Dr. Bardeen, in particular, is credited with important contributions to the underlying theory, which not only threw new light on semi-conductors but led Drs. Bardeen and Brattain to concoct a revolutionary device for exploiting them, the point-contact transistor. The latter, the first tool of the new era in electronics, is a little larger than the eraser on the end of a lead pencil. It contains, inside a simple cylindrical metal case, two hair-thin wires—"cat's whiskers," in radioman's language—resting on a small piece of germanium soldered to a metal disc. When properly connected, a signal put into one cat's whisker comes out through the other amplified one hundred times.

An even simpler type, the junction transistor, was developed by Dr. Shockley last year. The junction transistor is a germanium rod perhaps a tenth of an inch long in a plastic case half as large as a pea. Exceedingly minute impurities have been introduced to make the ends of the rod electron-rich and the center deficient in electrons: the electron-rich ends serve as "filament" and "plate," the electron-deficient center is the "grid." A wire from each section of the rod completes the transistor assembly.

V

Beside simplicity and small size, the great advantage of the transistor is the fact that the electrons and holes are lying about loose inside the crystal, ready to go to work. No energy is needed to boil them out of a filament. As a result—to mention only one convenient feature of transistor devices—there is no delay for warming up. Transistor equipment comes to full strength the instant it is switched on; long-distance telephone amplifiers, ships' radios, and other devices which must be ready to operate on demand will not need to be kept turned on continuously.

There is, of course, no filament or heating element in the transistor to burn out. Consequently, transistors should last almost indefinitely, subject only to the limitations of abuse, deterioration through diffusion of water vapor through the casing, and so on. Transistors have not been in existence long enough for the life span to be known with certainty, but development engineer J. A. Morton estimates from survival curves that the first point-contact transistors will have lifetimes of about 70,000 hours and junction transistors, about 100,000 hours. This is already long enough to outlast most home radios, making it possible to dispense with sockets and expensive demountable wiring in home receivers. It should not be very difficult to make transistors good for half a century of continuous service.

The most striking feature of the transistor is the modesty of its power requirements. In the vacuum tube, by far the greater part of the power goes to heat the filament; only a small part reappears as output signal. In devices like vacuum tube relays and in the first stages of a radio receiver, there is usually no need for an output signal of more than a few millionths of a watt; only in the sending station oscillator and in the part of the radio receiver that drives the loudspeaker are more powerful outputs necessary. Yet, to put out a millionth of a watt signal, the average vacuum tube requires the expenditure of one to two watts of power; the most economical hearing-aid tubes, which sacrifice performance in favor of low power consumption, require thirty thousandths of a watt. This is, remarks Ralph Bown of the Bell laboratories, about like sending a twelve-car freight train, locomotive and all, for a pound of butter.

Since it needs no energy to set electrons free, the transistor requires only the power necessary for the desired signal. A millionth-of-a-watt signal is put out with a total expenditure of power of very little more than a millionth of a watt. Bell Labs has a demonstration junction transistor circuit which can

operate on the energy picked up by a photoelectric cell held in front of a white shirt, about six ten-millionths of a watt—the energy expended, a Bell lecturer has calculated, by a flea jumping once every eight seconds. As the amount of energy wasted on heat will be negligible even in powerful transistor circuits, transistors may be packed as closely as we please in miniaturized equipment, without any danger whatever of overheating.

The transistor is not ready for immediate assumption of the vacuum tube's many roles. Its new properties call for new circuit arrangements, which will take at least a little time to work out; present-day radio represents not only four decades of tube design but four decades of circuit-making. The most powerful transistors made thus far, furthermore, have a signal output of only two watts, roughly a fifth of the power needed to operate a loudspeaker. Also, the junction transistor, which has the most desirable characteristics in other respects, cannot in its present form handle shortwave, FM, or television frequencies, and hence can be used only for special purposes in such equipment.

Nevertheless, the new era in electronics is at hand, for equipment based on the revolutionary Bell device will soon be in production. A key part of the new long-distance dial telephone system will be an automatic route selector based on a photo-transistor, a combination of photoelectric cell and transistor, for "reading" and "translating" coded intercity telephone route cards. General Electric, RCA, Sylvania, and other major electronics companies, moreover, have active transistor research and development programs. GE is near production of a device closely related to the transistor, the n-p diode, which promises to be the simplest and most efficient means yet devised for converting alternating to direct current. One model, about the size of a large olive, can put out enough direct current for a row of aluminum refining pots or electroplating baths; a handful of them can replace an entire roomful of rectifiers. Were it not for defense delays, another type of n-p diode would have gone into GE's 1952 television sets instead of the rather inefficient selenium rectifiers now used, in most home radio receivers, for converting the house AC supply into the DC needed by the set. If transistors had been available, a GE engineer adds, they could also have been used in 1952 TV sets in place of four or five of the thirty or so tubes.

This is certainly but a small and altogether insignificant sample, however, of what is to come. Qualified electronics engineers are agreed that the transistor is certain, before not too many years, to replace the vacuum tube in nearly all its present applications. The result will be an explosively rapid series of developments in two directions. Radios, television receivers, hearing aids, and the like will become simpler, more efficient, more reliable, and (within limits set by picture tubes and loudspeakers, which are necessarily large) smaller. The inherent simplicity and convenience of the transistor will also be exploited to construct devices much more complex than can now be attempted, and therefore much more competent, more versatile, and more useful. All sorts of tasks which must now be performed by hand (or at best with partial aid from machines) will fall into the province of electronics. Beyond this, the transistor will doubtless lead to instruments and machines that cannot presently be imagined. The quietly-announced invention of Drs. Bardeen and Brattain opens up new horizons as wide as those opened up by the de Forest audion forty-five years ago.

Now About This Additional Material . . .

This material is in addition to the previously announced export quota of 12,500 short tons of tinplate and terneplate waste waste and unmended menders.

—From a press release of the Office of International Trade.

Illness from the Inside

Ian Stevenson

The victim of a disease has an intimacy with his condition which is denied to the mere observer. His knowledge may be less objective, but he possesses a detailed insight which is not otherwise obtainable. If, in addition, the patient is equipped with the topical knowledge of a physician, his opportunity is unique and, one might almost admit, enviable. No engineer can by introspection sense the defects of a bridge in the manner of the self-observing physician watching his own sickness. Under these circumstances the latter can claim a special title and at times an outright obligation to record his impressions for the benefit of others.

Yet propitious as the circumstances might seem, such examinations are frequently casual and ill directed. Apart from the display of a more luxuriant technical vocabulary, the physician rarely furnishes a better history than his lay patients. We would hardly expect it to be otherwise because the study of self is the least practiced of human virtues, and even those who devote their lives to the study of others, as physicians do, are rarely skilled in examining themselves. The obstacle arises partly from our resistance to the unpleasant in general and especially to its particular manifestations in ourselves. Men are only slowly aroused to the presence of disease in themselves although they are curiously, almost indecently, quick to detect it in their friends.

This suppression of the awareness of disease is even stronger in children. Where the adult resists the notion of illness, the child may reject it altogether. If the adult can postpone the consciousness of symptoms for months, the child may do this for years. As a child grows into the feeling that life is pleasant, he does not like to realize that this pleasantness is for him diminished by some abnormality. Furthermore, the sick child has the chance to adjust himself to his illness as he grows and has less need to recognize it than one who has to adapt himself to it in later years.

Such at any rate was my experience, for although besieged by respiratory illness from the age of one, I did not admit it until I was in my late teens. Indeed, I can remember an internal dialogue between my talking and listening selves which occurred when I was over twenty, during which the one said and the other heard, each with perfect seriousness, that other people did not cough as I did. The statement was made and accepted as an important but quite unexpected discovery—like finding that one has come out without his tie on. For years preceding this inner comment a severe productive cough had bothered me not a little. By that time I was bringing up daily a large amount of sputum. Insensibly over the years I had come to work this cough and expectoration into my scheme of things. I knew, for example, that most of the coughing would occur around noon and I tried to anticipate this by slipping away or arranging to be by myself at that time. I learned to cough up and clear out my bronchi ahead of some important engagement which I might

Dr. Stevenson is assistant professor of psychiatry and medicine at Louisiana State University. *His essay will be included in* When Doctors Are Patients, *edited by Max Pinner, M.D., and Benjamin F. Miller, M.D., to be published soon by W. W. Norton.*

not want to leave. Looked at objectively, the cough and expectoration were really not much more trouble than eating, or brushing the teeth. They were an added burden, but not a special one laden with anxiety until I began to learn something about what was going on inside me.

The reason why we tend to refuse to recognize disease in ourselves is reasonably clear. Disease begins for the most part as a slight deviation from normal function. But the average person is too engrossed in his own purposes to be concerned with the normality of his functions. Illness to him is not a departure from healthful living but an interference with the routine pleasures of life. He will recognize that he is ill only when he becomes aware of symptoms which clamorously intrude on the pattern of his daily business. Even then he may belittle the idea that there is anything seriously the matter with him; he may even postpone doing so until the scene is more fittingly dominated by a clergyman than by a physician. In this way much time passes between the cessation of what we should consider health and the evidence of what we do consider disease.

This suppression of the awareness of disease is a manifestation of the universal human trait of denying unpleasant reality. This withdrawing, schizoid maneuver for dealing with pain has in the physically sick, as in the emotionally sick, the purpose and the result of diminishing suffering. But sooner or later in everyone (and so it was in me) recognition is forced into consciousness and the individual must then find other ways of coping with his disability. At that point he can hardly do better than begin with the study of himself.

II

Such a study cannot proceed long without a realization that the patient himself is intimately concerned in the pathologic process. The usual patient does not consider himself much of a participant in his illness. There is a remarkable contrast between the agitated subjectivity of the patient in recounting his symptoms and the detached objectivity with which he regards the steps in treatment. He hires the doctor to attack the disease much in the manner of a Renaissance king hiring Swiss mercenaries, and although he is painfully aware that he also furnishes the battleground, it rarely occurs to him that he might himself engage in the battle.

The chronically ill patient is particularly tempted to objectify his illness and frequently comes to regard it with as much detachment as he would an article of clothing. And this also may have a defensive purpose. For if the illness is seen to be integrated, as it were, in his whole organism, then he carries a sort of responsibility for the course it takes. If we recognize that illness is not a visitation from without but an imperfection in living processes, then we must accept the need to modify those processes. In acute illnesses the patient is strongly motivated to struggle with all his power; but in chronic illnesses the fight is not only intense but prolonged, tedious, and often apparently unrewarding. It is more comfortable for the patient to think that he has no part in his illness. And it is hardly surprising that many patients slip into the passive attitude expressed by physicians themselves in their use of such terms as "epileptic seizures" and "attacks of angina," as if the patient were seized or attacked from without rather than weakened by his own way of living.

The delicate reactions between my emotional state and the disease process were soon impressed on me, and led me to make what amounted to an extended self-directed study in psychosomatic medicine. The details of this research are more properly reserved for the scientific journals in which they have been published. Suffice it to say here that I had the remarkable experience of observing in myself the subtle but enormous influence on symptoms, of changes in the psychic state. Could any word of lecturer or phrase of textbook be more instructive to a young physician?

It may be added that at the time of this little study I was supposedly suffering from a fixed organic disease. I soon realized that there were nevertheless large fluctuations of function in my respiratory system. One should hardly be surprised at this, since all cells whether in healthy or in diseased structures are still living as long as there is life in the organism as a whole. And any living cell connected to other living cells in the body can have its function modified. My observations impressed me deeply with the futility of set-

ting up a division between functional and structural illness, a division which arose in the first place because we could see some things with our microscopes and not others. So-called organic illness, even when apparently well established, is still exacerbated by emotional disturbances. It is no less important for the patient with this type of illness to have inner peace than it is for the person whose disorder is still conceived to exist on the functional plane alone. A patient dying of uremia may have his body as much disturbed (and perhaps more injured) by an emotional storm as a patient with incipient hypertension. It is a vague realization of this fact, rather than pity, which prevents us from burdening a sick man with the petty vexations of the everyday world when he is wrestling with his disease.

Perhaps it is not too fantastic after the foregoing to suggest that if all conditions can be deteriorated by further functional impairment, they can be ameliorated by the restoration and preservation of the original functional harmony. Probably many of the undeniable miracles of religious healing have been achieved by the substitution of some ineffable but none the less powerful functional eurhythmy for the previous functional chaos. Presumably the therapeutic effects of music and other promoters of love and happiness are similarly produced. Under any of these circumstances, virtue may replace vice in some kind of psycho-physiological circle.

III

So much for the influence of the person on the disease. But what of the effect of the disease on the person? Certainly as the person determines his illness, in no less degree does the disease modify (we should not say its victim) the person who lives it.

In the first place, illness restricts the patient's social intercourse and in teaching him to be alone may teach him also to be self-sufficient in his interests and amusements. In the second place, by restricting his interests and turning him from physical pleasures the illness opens for him the world of intellectual pursuits and all the delights therein. It is not surprising that so many talented men have been chronically ill when we remember that frequently illness has imposed their talents on them by the sheer necessity of improving their time and the unavailability of physical distractions. This bending may give the mind a permanent twist, so that even (as in my own case) when worldly dissipations later become possible the taste for them can never be fully awakened. People who have been ill for long periods are usually permanently deprived of the enjoyment of the grosser forms of physical activity. They will rarely be found among the addicts of violent sport and the drivers of fast automobiles, or even among the heavy eaters and thick drinkers. Indeed, it frequently becomes impossible for them to relax completely at gay social activities which they formerly enjoyed. Having with much trouble kept one end of their candle lit, they are not anxious to try the wick at the other end.

This withdrawal from physical activity may be harmful to the illness itself. It was all too easy for me, bookish as I was, to retire from physical contests to the comfort of a deep cushioned chair and there, curled up with a book, have little sorrow at not being able to play football. This went on for years and illness with it apace, until gradually I became aware that respiratory function was not improved by sitting on my spine and hypoventilating. Then there came a realization that there were intermediate shades in the spectrum of physical activity between abject sloth and professional athletics. These strange notions having at last penetrated the train of more interesting thoughts, some time still elapsed before I did anything to implement them. But finally I became fully aware that physical activity to the limit of healthy fatigue was not only possible for me, but highly desirable, and this has since engaged an increasing amount of my attention. This became all the easier as my improving health permitted me to enjoy vigorous tennis matches and to experience the physical glow which comes with exercise. Indeed, it became difficult for me to avoid the silly vanity which the sick man enjoys so often when he overdoes to show the doctor that the latter has underestimated his reserves.

Even more important than the changes wrought in the habits and tastes of the patient by his disease are the alterations in his intimate thoughts and feelings. Such effects are noticeable not only in the

superficial *persona* of the patient but in his constant attitudes to life itself. In one whose illness has extended from childhood, it is difficult to demonstrate just how much influence it has had on the development of his personality. The character and the illness extend together in a constant cause-effect continuum in which, we can be certain, each in large measure modifies the other.

Certainly the sensitivity to the feelings of others is greatly enhanced; and this can become a rich asset to the physician. He has an increased understanding of physical symptoms which for the patient are so difficult to describe and for the healthy physician so hard to appreciate. He is also aware of subtle, ill-defined sensations of malaise which patients are frequently unable to convey to their physicians but which make up a large part of all symptomatic complaints. The physician who has himself been sick is alert to detect the fluctuations in the well-being of the patient which accompany changes in physical state and mood, each of which is reflected in the other.

Such a physician is endowed also with the rare quality better described as understanding than sympathy. It is, after all, for understanding rather than pity that the average patient seeks a doctor; yet this important talent is far harder to acquire than the facile half-virtue of sympathy; both the praise and scorn of the public for the latter are well summarized in the phrase "bedside manner." This sensitivity increases when one is oneself most ill; although the sick physician is never guilty of the coldness which sometimes blemishes his healthy colleague, his own understanding of patients is greatly enhanced when he is himself most in need of understanding. Under circumstances a sort of grace may illumine the physician in his work.

The sick physician learns also the avidity with which a patient will clutch and possess every word uttered by the doctor. So great is the ignorance of the layman in medical matters that his doctor's statements have for him an oracular significance which the physician rarely appreciates until he has himself been dejected by a gesture or encouraged by a smile.

The physician is responsible not only for curing his patients but for assisting them to that attitude toward their illness which will most promote this cure. Here also an understanding of the sensations of the sick man is of immense value. Of this Plato was aware, for in his Republic he would allow only physicians who had themselves been sick. "You will certainly," he wrote, "make very clever doctors of men who from their earliest years, besides acquiring scientific knowledge, had come in contact with very many cases, including those which were very much diseased, and who had themselves suffered from every malady, and were not constitutionally very healthy. Because they do not, I fancy, cure the body with the body. If that were so it would not do for their bodies to be unhealthy or for them to become ill; but they cure the body with the mind, and if the mind is evil or has become so, it cannot cure anything properly."

It is precisely in this dominance of illness by mind that the sick physician can aid his patient. He will convey to him not only immediate courage but constant equanimity. Nor will he attempt crudely to transmit the courage in himself to his patient by recounting his own sufferings. To boast of our own small achievements in handling pain would destroy the example of what we are trying to teach. Yet the conviction of the lesson is enhanced if we have ourselves experienced its truth.

It is curious perhaps, but nevertheless true, that the physician who is himself ill will impart not only courage but also hope to his patients. Many doctors talk glibly of "helping the patient to live with his disease." This philosophy is a simple one and sometimes acceptable to their patients. But it is instinctively repugnant to the majority of patients, who resist illness by every means at their disposal. The only way to live with a disease is to fight it. This does not mean that a patient should brashly exceed the physical limitations of his capacity in a manner which will impede his recovery; but he should constantly seek to expand these limitations and should at all costs be prevented from subsiding into a life of passive invalidism. Unfortunately physicians frequently forget the biological law that structures adapt themselves to the functions they are called upon to perform. They forget that the more normal the function the more normal will the structure tend

to remain or become. Many patients sense this and wish to do more for themselves. And so the trade of quacks and charlatans is swelled by patients who have been told by orthodox physicians that they "must learn to live with their diseases."

This instruction also is wrong for other reasons. It brutally snatches hope from the patient who is vividly aware of the truth spoken by Kant, "Take hope and sleep away from man and he is the most miserable creature on earth." The average physician thinks all too often of his own bubbly reputation and fears he may lose it in holding out false hopes to his patients. Yet it is always possible to offer hope without promises, and the physician who selfishly withholds this word of comfort from his patients may some day look for it in vain from those whom he has taught to deny it to others. I have had this hope torn from me by one physician and the fragments put together again by another toward whom my feelings are very different. It is not so much that the latter echoed what I wanted to believe, but rather that he allowed me to think my beliefs possible and by doing that he enabled me to benefit from the specific physiological actions of hope.

Furthermore the effects of hopelessness are not on the spirit alone; despair produces a casual attitude in the patient towards his disease. Feeling he is doomed, a patient may abandon himself to reckless pleasure or sink into a depression of spirits which affects in a most serious manner his resistance to the illness.

IV

In considering the increased sensitivity of the sick physician, one naturally wonders at its origin. That the change in mental attitudes between sickness and health is great has been well known to all students of psychology. "When we are well," wrote Pascal, "we wonder what we would do if we were ill, but when we are ill we take medicine cheerfully; the illness persuades us to do so. We have no longer the passions and desires for amusements and promenades which health gives to us, but which are incompatible with the necessities of illness. Nature gives, then, passions and desires suitable to our present state. We are only troubled with the fears which we and not nature give ourselves, for they add to the state in which we are, the passions of the state in which we are not." Here are skillfully touched the two factors which affect the cravings and attitudes of the sick man. There is certainly a noticeable diminution in the desire for physical exhilarations. Appetite and libido are absent in much illness and even if these are present, the quality of zest is usually missing in all but the most vital of patients.

No less prominent, however, than the abatement of physical desires is the softening of emotional tensions.

> Crabbed age and youth cannot live together
> Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care.

Why is age full of care? Because it turns to what it considers the important things to be attended to in a shortened life. As eternity approaches, temporality becomes more precious because it has been much wasted. Sick youth is precipitated into maturity and the thoughts of age are thrust forward into the prime of life. We are all of us in a sense Faust at the end of his twenty years and we are oppressed by feelings of inadequacy and remorse. For me these feelings have been prominent. They have cut down worldly ambition and made repulsive all places where it dominates. They have accounted largely for an attraction toward quiet, solitary people and places. They have made me shun the noisy clamor of cocktail parties or the clash of dogma and reputation found at so many public and professional meetings.

This rejection of worldly chatter in favor of a sense of the preciousness of time is defensive to ourselves, but not constructive to others. What we have for them comes from the remorse which illness brings to us all. Charity is greatly catalyzed by remorse and remorse by suffering. We feel most sorry for others when we feel most sorry for ourselves. St. Thomas à Kempis was aware of this feeling and also of its tragic transience when he wrote in *The Imitation of Christ:* "While thou art whole thou mayst do much good; but when thou art sick I wot not what thou mayst do: few there be that are amended by sickness even as they that go much on pilgrimage are but seldom the holier." Yet there does reach the sick man a certain spiritual exaltation—however fleeting—which, could he

but preserve it with him, would enrich and [illegible]. And this makes it all the more distressing to observe, as I have done, that these feelings wax and wane with [illegible] of one's symptoms.

Illness, therefore, chastens by reminding us not only of the brevity of life, but of the seriousness of our purpose and the feebleness of our efforts. In addition, to many patients there comes with illness a peculiar but none the less definite sense of shame or guilt which is rarely associated with the other calamities which befall men. The stigma which has at various times been attached to lepers, the tuberculous, epileptics, and now to patients with cancer, will never be eradicated, for some of this shadow lies over every sick person. The strong have a pervasive contempt for the weak, but the humiliation felt by the sensitive sick man does not arise alone from the malicious gossip of idle minds. Perhaps it derives partly from the natural discomfort experienced by anyone in being abnormal. And perhaps it comes somewhat from the fear that the healthy will hurry by and leave one a lonely straggler on the economic highway. In our society, unhappily, to fail in making money is to fail in living. Still deeper than these anxieties, however, lies the thought that the patient himself is responsible for his illness; and feeling himself responsible for his physical illness he seeks to hide it as he would his moral vices.

This also I have noted in myself and found closely related to the severity of my symptoms. When these were worse nothing would induce me to discuss my illness and I would make vigorous, almost ruthless efforts to suppress the subject even with my closest relatives; any attempt on their part to discuss my condition I resented as the grossest uncouthness, almost as if they had conducted a public psychoanalysis of me. Yet when my symptoms abated and I could feel some pride of con[illegible] much of this vanished and the subject became less painful. There was even considerable satisfaction in allowing my friends to know that I was better, as if I had finally controlled an almost overpowering desire to rob a bank. Physicians do not adequately appreciate this reticence in their patients; yet it certainly accounts for much of the delay in consulting a doctor.

There are, of course, some persons who imagine that the escapes and luxuries of illness are pleasurable. But when we read Lamb's essay, "The Convalescent," we need to remind ourselves that it was written by Elia when he was getting better, not when he was getting worse. Few things can be more disheartening to the genuinely ill than to hear a healthy person flippantly wish himself ill so that he could take a month off from work. No one who is sick will ever derive any pleasure from the illness commensurate with his misery. I am aware that many sick people are apparently happy, that most derive some satisfaction from the courage with which they meet their sufferings, and that a few almost enjoy the richness which illness gives to their lives. But despite all this the sick man is still a biological failure and he often senses his failure.

V

One may wonder why ill health is felt so much as a failure when other misfortunes are not so considered. A man is not likely to feel ashamed if his house burns down or his bank fails and it seems unreasonable that any guilt should be attached to sickness. The shame, however, is experienced only by some and not by all; whether or not it is felt depends upon the patient's answer to the problem of the origin of illness.

The most urgent of all questions for the sick man is "Why am I sick?" This is constantly playing in his mind and on his lips. If illness comes acutely, the first reaction is usually one of mingled amazement and annoyance at the palpable injustice that one so healthy, so deserving, should now be struck down. As the patient is provided with time for further reflection, he usually arrives at further conclusions.

Three answers to the question seem possible. Probably most patients feel that an omnipotent Deity has arbitrarily decreed this suffering to them, either from mere caprice or in order that the sufferers may have a greater opportunity for spiritual growth through mortification on earth. Whatever else He may be, such a God is not just and will not have the worship of those whose metaphysical beliefs demand a more reasonable order of things. At the other extreme the Deter-

minists believe that illness is the product of a complex evolutionary system in which the unfit are gradually eliminated by their own weaknesses. In this cosmology the patient with disease is like a short-necked giraffe or a porcupine without quills. In both of these formulations a man is no more responsible for the pneumonia which stops than for the birth which starts his career.

For the smaller group of patients in which I find myself the truth lies somewhere between these extremes. This group believes the universe to be governed by natural laws which seem to have been laid down for the conduct and evolution of life; health consists in following these laws and illness results from their infringement. Health is not thrust upon us but requires our active participation and is maintained only by the constant practice of these rules which are accessible if we seek them. It is the function of medicine to discover these laws but it is the responsibility of the people to follow them. The Emperor Tiberius had this thought in mind when he declared that anyone who consulted a doctor after the age of thirty was a fool since by that time everyone should know how to regulate his life properly. Perhaps they handled these matters better in Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, where a man was tried and convicted for the crime of pulmonary tuberculosis.

It is quite probable that the shame which is so often felt by the patient arises from this uneasy sense of responsibility for his own illness; even if he cannot identify his own errors, he is dimly aware of them. He has abundant leisure in which to meditate on the function of life on this planet and the laws by which it is governed. He returns to these questions again and again and finally he may realize that the leisure he has for studying them now is the result of his failure to study them earlier. If a man will not study himself when well, he must when ill.

Requiem

E. A. MUIR

DROOPING homeward, he lost the thought of home,
Caught by the smoke-stained sky, a broken curb,
A pigeon dead in the gutter, a sewer's breath—
Thronging lazars that plucked at his twilight yearning.

He gave no alms, but tapped encysted feeling
To heed their wails of the dying city, its fall
To dust under one more sun-ray's beating, its rise
As a stifling cloud before one sighing breeze.

He climbed the stairs with creaks in treads and knees;
Shouts rattled his plywood door to proclaim
The usual history of the local day—
The mother-state besieged by lawless young.

Entering, suddenly cast as Jove and The Dove,
Glued-on whiskers atremble, he squeaked of peace,
Cross-fire above, foot-mines at every word,
Dropped at last in his chair as warriors embraced.

Headlines explode in his face. Certain that topless
Radar towers and guided missles invisibly
Henceforth hedge him round, he turns the page,
Safe in the arms of perfect vulnerability.

Frontier for This Century

Peter F. Drucker

The fundamental blunder underlying our China policy—a blunder made by Republicans and Democrats alike—was our assumption that land policy was the key to China's problem. Undoubtedly, the Chinese crisis was caused by the disintegration—amounting to collapse—of an agrarian society and economy. But even the most enlightened land policies would hardly have touched the disease: they would, at best, have doctored minor surface symptoms, and even that for a very short while only. The only remedy for China is industrialization—rapid industrialization. It was precisely because the Communists understood this that they succeeded in gaining effective control of the entire country.

What is true of China is true of practically the entire agrarian world today, a world which stretches from the heart of Europe clear across to the Indian Ocean and the China Sea. Every single agrarian society within this tremendous area is bankrupt, economically as well as culturally. In every one, agrarian solutions are impossible—to the point where it makes almost no difference what land policies are being adopted. In every one, rapid industrialization is the only way out. Even in Latin America, where there is still some scope for effective agrarian policies (there is, for instance, still a good deal of land available for settlement in Brazil), industrialization is the primary need.

In this truly global crisis there is nothing more dangerous than the illusions that underlay our policy toward China—and that underlie, unfortunately, our entire approach to the problem of the agrarian world. These illusions—part ignorance, part misreading of our own history, part pure sentimentalism—explain in large part why we are losing strength every day in the agrarian world; and our loss is Russia's gain.

The most persistent of these illusions is the belief in the effectiveness of "land reform." This assumes first that there is large-scale estate farming in the agrarian world. But estate farming is almost unknown in most agrarian countries. It was never dominant except in European countries—Southern Italy, Spain, Russia, Hungary, Rumania, parts of Poland, and the extreme east of Germany. Even in these countries, by the way, redistribution of land did not affect the peasant problem materially; there were simply too many peasants to give everyone even a submarginal plot. In the rest of the agrarian world there are few large estates—there are small holdings to begin with. For estate farming presupposes a higher degree of farm technology than most countries possess. In fact, estate farming flourishes today, except on Russian collectives, mainly in Great Britain and in some parts of the United States, which conspicuously have no "peasant" problem.

There are "landlords," of course, though they are by no means the universal phenomenon we imagine them to be. But the typical

Mr. Drucker is professor of management at the Graduate Business School of New York University, consulting editor for the Research Institute of America, and a management consultant. He is the author of The New Society *and several other books.*

"landlord" of the peasant countries is not the owner of an estate or a plantation, employing hired labor for extensive agriculture. He is a creditor; under one title or another (tax, tribute, interest on loans, or rent) he receives a share of the peasant's crop. To remove the landlord would certainly ease the peasant's lot—at least for a time. But it would not increase the supply of land available to the peasant population. For "landlordism" is not the cause of the peasants' land-hunger; it is the inevitable consequence.

The truth is that, instead of holdings being too large, holdings are everywhere far too small. Effective land reform in almost any peasant country means making holdings larger and fewer, not splitting up (non-existent) large estates. The real need, to be brutally frank, is not to get rid of the "landlord," but to get rid of the submarginal peasant—to get him off the land.

Above all, making holdings larger is the only way to increase the food supply in most of these countries. The much-advertised "overpopulation problem" is largely a problem of so many people living on the land that they cannot farm it efficiently. It is no exaggeration to say that food production in practically all of them would double if the number of people on the land were halved. In short, industrialization is the only answer.

This should be self-evident to any Westerner. Not only would every Western country, including the United States, be unbearably overcrowded were 90 per cent of the population to live by farming; we would also all starve.

Our failure to recognize the primary importance of industrialization is partly the result of that curious misreading of our own history of which Walter Prescott Webb's recent *Harper's* article ("Ended: Four Hundred Year Boom") was such a noble example: the frontier theory of modern history with its disregard of the role industrialization has played in our expansion—including the expansion of the frontier of agrarian settlement itself.

But pure sentimentalism has also played a part; we have a lingering nostalgia for the Jeffersonian view of the farmer as the embodiment of all virtues and nobility, and of city-dwellers as a depraved and hardly human rabble. The history of this country during the past hundred years is the story of a largely successful attempt to dispel the Jeffersonian illusion by building a free and moral industrial society; and indeed, as far as this country is concerned, the illusion persists only as a literary nostalgia. But we seem to cling to it all the more tenaciously in our approach to the agrarian countries.

A more grotesque misreading of the actual conditions of the agrarian world could hardly be imagined. For the dominant fact—a fact more important than population figures and food supply—is that agrarian society and culture have disintegrated and have lost all faculty of regeneration from within. The real and absolute obstacles to reform are neither economic nor political but are embedded in the very tradition and culture of peasant society. For a century now there has been one reform movement after another in the agrarian countries—led often by great and good men who fired the imaginations of the peasants as well as of the educated classes. They often rose to power; they made revolutions, they changed laws of land tenure and indebtedness; they left behind a great literature, beautiful folk songs, and stirring legends of saintliness, courage, and dedication. But without exception they failed to change rural society and economy—they could not break the "cake of custom" of the peasantry itself. The discrepancy between Gandhi's political success and his utter social failure is only the latest example.

Today agrarian society is in complete collapse everywhere. The last twenty years have given it the *coup de grâce*. The peasants have sunk into a paralysis of despair in which they are capable only of the venomous hatred which exploded so tragically in the religious riots of India, and which is being played on so skillfully by the Chinese Communists. We are wont to speak of a "Crisis of the West." But the "Crisis of the East" is infinitely greater; for the agrarian societies have lost hope in themselves. And only industrialization can restore this hope.

II

In this industrial world revolution which is the central event of the twentieth century, the United States would appear to

be the natural leader. We certainly are to most of the world the very symbol of industrial society. Furthermore, the most elementary self-interest of this country demands that the agrarian areas build their industrial societies on the values, beliefs, and methods of a free society rather than on the Soviet model and under Soviet auspices. Indeed, leadership in the industrial world revolution must be the fixed star of American foreign policy. By it alone we can hope to navigate in these cataclysmic times.

What does this mean concretely?

Does it mean pumping huge sums of capital into the "underdeveloped areas"? Capital investment has been in the foreground of almost all the discussion so far. Yet it may not belong in the picture at all.

In the first place, large-scale capital investments are not acceptable either to us or to the agrarian countries. Americans are naturally reluctant to invest in enterprises which may be nationalized, and whose profits may not be convertible into dollars. More important: massive capital investments by the West are considered "imperialism." That may be totally irrational, but to the Turk, the Indian, the Argentinian, even the Australian, it is a dogma which no rational argument can shake.

In the second place, there is the danger that American capital might be used, not for industrialization, but to prop up the tottering agrarian society. That is what American loans to peasant Europe or to South America were mostly used for during the twenties. Nothing could harm us more than such a misuse of American capital; for it would seem to the peoples of the agrarian world to confirm what Moscow's propaganda says about us. And it would be quite impossible for the United States to police the use of American capital lent to or invested in a foreign country. That much at least our experience in China proves conclusively.

But above all, capital is not the main need for industrialization. The preoccupation with it ignores the evidence. Developments in Japan, Russia, Turkey, Brazil, Argentina, and Australia during this century have differed from one another in every respect except one: industrialization in all of these countries has been accomplished rapidly without using foreign capital to any significant extent. Today, the Soviet Union is pushing large-scale industrialization in its peasant satellites, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Poland; does anybody believe that the Communists pour Russian capital into these countries? On the contrary, all the capital is raised locally; and what is more, everything these new industries produce—plus a goodly part of the production of the old industries—is confiscated by Russia for exclusively Russian use. Yet it is not shortage of capital that hampers the Hungarian or the Polish Five-Year Plan.

Massive investments of American capital in the industrialization of the agrarian world are not possible, not desirable, and not necessary. There are exceptions to this rule: the investment in raw materials intended mainly for American use—ore, petroleum, timber, etc.—should properly come from this country, though it would be the better part of wisdom to bring native capital into partnership as far and as fast as possible. The same applies to assembly plants. But the bulk of capital needs will be for such things as manufacturing plants, power stations, railroads, and highways, and for a distributive system—mass distribution being as important as mass production in an industrial economy. Even in projects of this kind some initial "working capital" from abroad may be required to buy machine tools, for instance, or other producer goods which the agrarian countries cannot for the present make themselves. But these sums should be fairly small—millions rather than billions. The real capital investments must be raised from native sources.

In short, we must help the agrarian countries to learn how *to do the job of industrialization themselves.*

This means that we must:

(1) help develop native managers, executives, technicians, and skilled workers as fast as possible;

(2) help establish sound principles for the relationship between business and society in an industrial economy and lead in developing concrete policies, practices, and methods embodying these principles; and

(3) help channel the native capital into industrial investment, and especially, help develop the habit of investing savings in industry and business—in a rational and businesslike fashion rather than on a get-rich-quick and gravy-skimming basis.

What does each of these mean?

III

IT CAN be said with little exaggeration that every single issue in the industrialization of the agrarian countries revolves around the lack of trained and educated industrial manpower—skilled workers, technologists, and executives—a native middle class. If that lack can be overcome, every other obstacle can be surmounted.

It was a bad enough political blunder for the British to assert, after fifty years of operations, that the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company employed no natives capable of running even technical functions. But that this assertion was true—as it undoubtedly was—was infinitely worse. In the eyes of everybody in the agrarian countries it certainly would seem to justify the expropriation and expulsion of the British. Inevitably they must compare this result of industrialization by the West with Russia's achievement of producing, practically out of nothing, an entirely new industrial population in fewer than twenty years. In fact, Iran—whatever the final outcome of the dispute—was as great a victory for Soviet Russia as the conquest of China.

In the West, the rise of the urban middle class preceded industrialization by several hundred years. In fact, it was the existence of these classes, rather than the agricultural frontier of settlement, that made the industrial revolution possible. For a long time—until, say, about 1900—industry did not require large numbers of trained technicians; the traditional skills of the craftsman could be easily adapted to industrial work. It is no accident that the systematic education of engineers and chemists for industry did not even start until a hundred years after the industrial revolution. Earlier, there had only been "mechanics' institutes"; Britain, the mother country of industrialization, still has little more than that. And the systematic education of business managers made its appearance only in the present century.

The agrarian countries, however, have no middle class. At the same time, they have no choice but to industrialize according to the ways of the twentieth century; they cannot go back and rediscover Watt's steam engine. This means that the craftsman of a rural society can no longer simply move his skill into a factory. He has to learn entirely new and alien skills. It means, above all, that both in numbers and in knowledge and education, the demands for technically trained and educated people is a thousandfold greater than any the West had to satisfy in the earlier stages of its own industrialization. For it is of the very essence of modern technology that it requires an incredibly large—and steadily increasing—supply of very highly trained and educated people: design engineers and chemists, process and product engineers, production men, foremen, toolmakers and repairmen, bookkeepers, personnel men, cost accountants and time-study men—let alone people capable of managing a business. The belief, popular particularly among the intellectuals, that modern technology consists in the replacing of skilled by unskilled labor, is nonsense. What it really is is the replacement of manual labor—both skilled and unskilled—by technical and intellectual knowledge.

This explains why, contrary to Marx's prediction, modern industrialization does not proletarianize a country but converts it increasingly into a middle-class society. But it also explains why in an agrarian country, where the great bulk of the people are still peasants, the creation of an industrial middle class is not only the most important, but also the most difficult task. Even in this country, the demands of modern industry for educated and trained people are so hard to fill that every large company has had to devise a systematic program of finding, training, and developing skilled workers, technicians, and executives. And yet shortages of technical personnel—for instance, engineers—are so great as to threaten our defense production.

IV

WE MUST also help to put the future industrial system of the agrarian countries on a firm basis of principles and policies right from the start. American technical "know-how" will be useful, but American business policies, American concepts of the function and organization of business, American business morality have an even greater contribution to make.

Basically, this means that we have to convert the agrarian countries to our belief that it is not enough for business and industry to contribute to the economic strength of the

country they must contribute to its social welfare and cohesion as well, if only for the good of the business. To American business management this has become almost axiomatic in the past fifty and especially in the past twenty years. Anywhere else, however, this is revolutionary doctrine, as ECA's experience in Europe has proved. In the agrarian countries in particular, business and industry are generally considered, both by those in business and by those outside, as ways to get rich at the expense of the community.

Here are a few of the things that American business leadership must bring to the agrarian countries:

Our concept of increasing productivity as a means toward more goods, higher wages, or lower prices, rather than as just a means to inflate monopoly profits. In an industrial society business, in its own interest, cannot aim to make the rich richer; it must make the poor richer.

Our belief in a mixed economy of large and small businesses working together in the partnership between large manufacturer and independent supplier, between large manufacturer and independent distributor, between large basic producer and independent fabricator.

Our concept of competition, but also, and just as important, the habit of co-operation for greater productivity and stiffer competition. For our constant and highly organized interchange of experience, of technical information, of problems and of the way to solve them is as radically at variance with the traditional secretiveness of business and industry in the rest of the world as our emphasis on competition.

Our belief that mass distribution is as important as mass production—and especially our belief that it is up to business to create the market for its goods, rather than be content to seek a high profit in existing luxury markets.

Above all, the things we ourselves have learned the hard way about human beings, how and why they work, and what the relationship between them and the business enterprise should be. This includes not only the traditional American belief that it is the duty of the business enterprise to give the maximum of opportunities to the men in its employ, regardless of birth or caste. It includes all our hard-gained knowledge about the management of human resources, a good many of our personnel techniques, and even a few of our personnel gadgets.

In this country not one of these principles is considered incompatible with profitable business. On the contrary, they are today regarded by most of our industrial and business leaders as indispensable to successful—that is, profitable—business operations. Yet they are anything but traditional "capitalism," and particularly "capitalism" as understood or practiced in semi-colonial areas. Without them, however, a sound and durable industrial system cannot be built; at least we in this country do not believe so.

V

FINALLY, we must help agrarian countries to channel the community's savings into business and industry. Otherwise, these countries will inevitably resort to compulsory government monopoly of savings and investment; and that must mean collectivism.

The rate of capital formation in some of these countries is, of course, very low. But it is not the scarcity of capital that is the problem. It is the common attitude toward investment. Land and treasure are still the main outlets for savings; if there is any investment in business at all, it is in speculation. In tiny Lebanon, for instance, international gold speculation has become the major business investment. This has made Beirut an international gold-trading center, to be sure. But a less productive way to use the very scarce liquid capital of a small peasant country could hardly be imagined.

There are two ways to attack this problem. One is to build up organs of financial circulation that will collect the capital of the country and pump it into industry and business: credit co-operatives, a banking system, and, above all, insurance companies. In this, neither America nor any other foreign country can give more than technical advice. But the second way is up to business, and especially

to foreign business operating in the country: to build up the small, local business—the fabricator, the supplier, the distributor—to make business attractive to local talent as a career, and to local capital as an investment. The agrarian countries do not lack traders; they have far too many as a rule. But they lack a local business class through which the savings of the local community can be channeled into productive investment.

Some of the sorely-needed basic industries —power plants, steel mills, truck and tractor plants, chemical plants, and the like—will require so much capital that probably the government of the country will have to provide it. But only for the time being. A great many of us have swallowed one of the most absurd of the Marxist doctrines: the assertion that "socialism," that is, state ownership, always *follows* private capitalism. But the truth is that historically it has as often *preceded* it. On the continent of Europe, for instance, the state-owned enterprises of mercantilist governments paved the way for the development of private enterprise. Even more important, in Japan, Turkey, and Puerto Rico, all countries with a record of fairly rapid industrialization, state ownership has been used deliberately and successfully to bring industries to the point where they could be handed over to private capitalists. So we need not shy away from government ownership in the early years. We may well regard it in many industries as a transitory stage on the way to private ownership.

Underlying all three of these objectives is an even more important one: to capture the imagination of the peoples of the agrarian countries, and especially of their young people. They all know that they have to industrialize to survive. But they rightly demand more than an easing of unbearable economic misery. They want and need a goal, something to be proud of, something to believe in, something, in short, to dedicate themselves to. It is here, above all, that Russia exerts its greatest appeal. We need not—indeed, we must not—try to compete with communism's false rhetoric of "production battles" and "industrial shock battalions." But we must not only demand of the agrarian countries that they themselves make great exertions and set high goals; we must, above all, base our leadership on policies that promise without a shadow of doubt to lead to genuine independence and to a stronger and healthier society.

VI

One thing definitely follows from this analysis; only private American business can do the job. The U. S. government has a big part to play. It must start the program. It must act as liaison with the agrarian countries, as adviser, as co-ordinator, as a supplier of technical experts to survey and to plan. It may even have to insure loans to agrarian countries against currency and war risks. Indeed, we need a special government agency of Cabinet rank, and a man of Paul Hoffman's stature and energy to get the program going. But the job itself, if it is to be done by the United States at all, will have to be done by private industry.

But the major contribution American business has to make is not capital but *management*. It is the thing we lead in—and the thing the agrarian countries lack the most and need the most.

This does not mean that the new enterprises in the agrarian countries should operate without profit. On the contrary, they will have to run on high profit margins, because the risks are very high. But it does mean, in essence, that American business will have to work on the basis of a management contract and on a fee-basis, whether a straight fee, a fixed amount contingent upon profits, or a share in the profits. For a management contract is the only instrument that clearly expresses that it is the intention—and the duty —of Americans to work themselves out of the job as fast as possible or, in other words, to teach the agrarian countries to do the job and to develop the people who can do it.

Specifically, such a contract should be for a limited period of time—fifteen to twenty years or so. It should spell out that the American company is (a) to develop as rapidly as possible native people for all skilled, technical, and management positions; (b) to strive to provide "more and better products for more people"—the General Motors slogan that so well sums up the philosophy of mass production and mass distribution; and (c) to develop native small businesses as suppliers, distributors, and fabricators.

This may sound a radical departure from

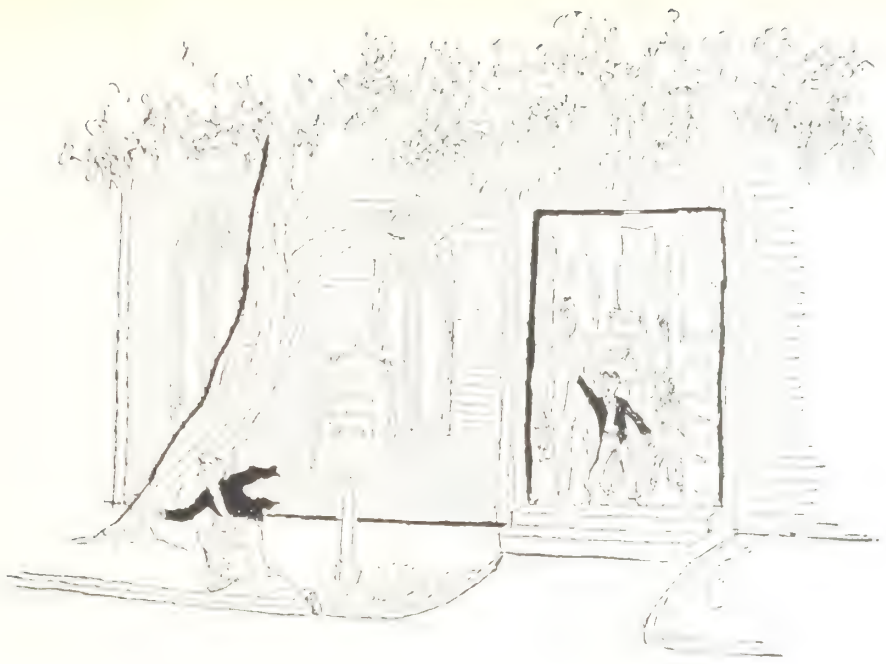
tradition. But the only thing really new is the legal form. A few American companies actually operate on a basis that is not too dissimilar. Some of the oil companies in the Caribbean, for instance, openly stress the development of native technicians and managers as one of their major goals. For its Latin American stores, Sears Roebuck has had to develop, almost overnight, native manufacturing businesses for a multitude of products—businesses able not only to turn out large quantities of quality goods at a low price, but able and willing to adopt American methods of management and American principles in the handling of their employees. And the extremely successful and mutually profitable relationship between General Motors and its Australian licensees for automobiles, trucks, and diesel locomotives is almost identical with the "management contract" sketched out here. One result, incidentally, has been that Australia has what is probably the most efficient automobile industry to be found anywhere.

Nor is the concept so very alien to our own practice at home. The managements of our very large decentralized companies—General Electric, the Bell Telephone Company, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and General Motors—really operate on the basis of such a "management contract." Of course, they own their subsidiaries or divisions. But this means only that they keep their "management fee" absurdly low and can rely for their major compensation on profits. The function which central management in these companies performs, however, is exactly the one that American business will have to perform in the agrarian countries.

But even if the concept were novel to the point of being radical, it would still be the only basis on which America can assume leadership in the industrialization of the agrarian [illegible] should be extremely profitable and attractive business, especially for the larger American companies. For there is nothing that ensures constant and expanding demand for the services of a consultant as much as his open and sincere determination to "work himself out of a job." Where today the Western business man is regarded with deep suspicion, even by the most genuine anti-Communists in the agrarian countries, he almost certainly will find himself pursued with new business offers once he establishes clearly that his main aim is to make himself dispensable. And the more the position of American business in these newly industrialized countries depends on its function as management rather than on its legal power of ownership, the greater will be the demands for American goods and equipment. In fact, the management function in the industrialization of the agrarian countries offers an almost limitless new frontier to the American economy: in jobs here and abroad, in orders for American manufacturers, and in direct income. Above all, however, it is in the discharge of this management function that we can best show to ourselves and to the world what "free enterprise" really means and what a free industrial society really is.

Russian propaganda and policy in the agrarian world are based on the one endlessly repeated assertion: only Stalinism can bring about the industrialization of an agrarian society. There can be no doubt: Stalinism offers a ruthlessly practical program for the job. That it is not the only possible one, experiences in many parts of the world have proven during the last fifty years—in Japan, Australia, Argentina, Mexico, Brazil, Turkey, and Puerto Rico. But even if there were no such experiences, this country could not let the Stalinist assertion go unchallenged. To do so would mean that the best we could hope for are enough Titoist deviations and fights within world communism to allow us—and maybe a few other relics of the "old regime" in Western Europe—to survive in constant tension and frightened isolation. For not even open force could prevent any longer the industrialization of the agrarian countries. The only question is under whose leadership it will occur.

The rapid development of a program that will give to America the decisive role in this great industrial revolution now sweeping the world is thus not just a way to open new markets and new fields of activity to American business. It is not just a way to live up to the responsibility our power and progress have thrust upon us. It is, above all, the way, the only way, to take the offensive in the great conflict between freedom and tyranny today; the only way, short of total war, to break the stalemate and to win real peace.



Zeke Hamblett

A Story by Hazel Heckman

Drawings by Oscar Liebman

When Syd Benton was twelve he had as best friend a harelipped boy by the name of Zeke Hamblett. The two boys went everywhere and did everything together. Zeke was absolutely the toughest boy Syd had ever known. He wasn't afraid of anything at all. He ran out on the highest diving limb and sprang free without a moment's hesitation, and no tree was too high for him to climb for a clump of mistletoe or a crow's nest. And he could take a rawhiding from Professor Cannon, the school principal, that would have sent any other boy whimpering to his seat, and not even flinch. He could also stand up in class when called upon and read a creditable composition from a perfectly blank page.

But Zeke was stubborn, too. If someone wanted him to do something and he didn't want to do it, nothing could make him.

Every year on Frances Willard's birthday the Picket Rock school put on a temperance program. The students from all four rooms would crowd together into one room, and Miss Rhinerson, the grammar room teacher, who was a strong prohibition advocate, would give a talk about the evils of drink. Her own father had been a drunkard, and she was very earnest about it. As she talked she would take off her glasses and wipe away the moisture; and sometimes she would get excited and pound the desk.

The year the Hambletts came to Picket Rock to live, the Frances Willard program material, which was sent out from WCTU headquarters, included pledge cards for the male students to sign. Any school that signed 100 per cent of its boys and sent in the cards would receive a large picture of Frances Willard, Miss Rhinerson explained, "suitable for hanging."

Syd signed a card, as did all of the other boys in school except Zeke. Miss Rhinerson worked on him all afternoon, but he still refused to sign. He didn't say anything. He just sat still in his seat, and when she laid the



No tree was too high for him to climb.

card in front of him he wouldn't even look at it. She kept him in at last recess, but he still wouldn't sign. Her face was splotched with red and as she talked to him she kept raising her voice. The boys took turns climbing on the fire escape to look through the window and see how things were going.

"I'll bet a nickel he won't ever sign," Gus Ellis said. "He won't ever do anything he don't want to do."

"He's keeping the whole school from having the picture," Irma Steffen said. "He's just doing it to be mean."

"This is a free country," Syd said. "You don't have to sign anything you don't want to sign." He couldn't help admiring Zeke a little.

"Why didn't the girls have to sign?" Gus asked.

"Girls don't drink, silly," Irma said.

"Made of sugar and spice and everything nice," Gus said.

"I'll bet my father could get him to sign," Irma said. She went off with her arm around Jennie Summers.

When the students marched back into the building Zeke still sat in his seat. Miss Rhinerson's mouth was a thin line. She tapped the bell for the students to be seated and got out her grade book.

"There'll be an oral exam in geography," she said. "Your answers will count 50 per cent of your month's grade." She tapped her pencil on the desk to silence the collective groan.

She fairly snapped out the questions. When she came to Zeke her eyes would move down the list until she came to a hard one. But he always came up with the right answer; and that made her even madder. It was as though his knowing the answers and giving them with that grin on his face infuriated her. But Zeke wasn't really grinning and Syd knew that. His eyes were perfectly sober and a little like the eyes of a whipped dog. It was only that his harelip always made him look like he was laughing.

THE following Sunday, Asa Steffen, who was superintendent that year, brought a packet of the pledge cards to Sunday school. It wasn't really Temperance Sunday, but he talked about what a fine woman Frances Willard was. His daughter Irma sang, "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now," and Asa read off the names of the boys who had signed at school and got the signatures of all the men in the Bible Class. Then he, too, started to work on Zeke.

But he didn't get anywhere either. Zeke sat in his seat and stared straight ahead and his face got red. When Asa laid the card in his lap and held the pencil out, Zeke pretended he didn't see them. Asa's face got as red as a watermelon.

As soon as Sunday school was dismissed, Zeke walked out without waiting for Syd. Syd yelled at him, but Zeke turned into the alley behind the livery stable and walked fast. When Syd tried to catch up with him he started to run. . . . The next Sunday he didn't show up at Sunday school. He never came back again, not even to get the treat at Christmas time.

No one knew exactly where the Hambletts had come from into Picket Rock, nor why they had come there. Most new people came because they had relatives there, but the Hambletts weren't related to anybody.

Charlie Hamblett, Zeke's father, a big raw-boned man with a red and meaty look, simply got off the four-forty one afternoon and began to look around for a house and a place of business. He talked to Nate Alden, who ran the general store, and to Zack Kaufmann, who ran the livery stable, and finally to Asa Steffen, who, had Picket Rock afforded a Chamber of Commerce, would certainly have been the president of that institution.

"What's your trade, Mr. Hamblett?" Asa asked Charlie.

"Well, I'm an embalmer by profession," Charlie said. "But I raise bees and ferrets to make a living. Lately, I've been thinking about laying in a stock of caskets and shrouds."

It didn't take long for that news to spread. Before night word had gone all over town that the new man was planning to do embalming, a practice some considered to be distinctly heathen.

"Well, here's one man he'll never get on his table," Abel Carter, the section boss, said. "Flesh was meant to decay, whether it's man or beast, and add to the soil, and I don't believe in anything that slows the process."

Will Bray, the butcher, concurred. "Suppose a man wasn't really dead," he said. "Doctors make mistakes. It's happened before now that a man has come back to life while the womenfolk were getting him washed to lay out. Now if you pop him off to this Hamblett's place and he gets his blood all pumped out and his veins filled with formaldehyde, what chance would he have then? About as much chance as a snowball down in the hot place."

But there were those, too, who thought it was all right. They were the progressives. The nearest undertaker lived in a town ten dirt-road miles away, and that was a long way to haul a body in a wagon box. It would be a fine thing to have a man right there in town who could take care of such matters. If Hamblett were to bring in a hearse later, as he had hinted he might, there wouldn't be any need to call in outside help at all. The progressives liked the thought of Picket Rock being entirely independent of the neighboring towns of Albion and Meade.

"I think it's a real forward step," Zack Kaufmann said. "Take where the kinfolks have to come from a ways off, there won't be any danger of the corpse not keeping, even in hot weather. Remember the buzzard that followed the procession to the cemetery when Old Man Ebright was buried?"

Everyone remembered the buzzard.

UNLIKE most boys, Zeke Hamblett never talked about the boys and the school from which he had come, and he brought no report card. On the first day of school he simply climbed the stairs to the grammar room and reported to Miss Rhinerson that he was in the seventh grade.

"What grade were you in last year?" she asked, beginning to look suspicious. Zeke wasn't much to look at. His face was fairly clean and his hair was combed after a fashion, but his blue shirt was far from tidy and his corduroy knee-pants had a button missing. And there was his harelip.

"I was promoted to the seventh last spring," he said.

"Maybe I should talk to your mother," Miss Rhinerson said. She looked a little beyond him in order to avoid looking at his harelip. "Ask her to come in and see me. Tell her to come tomorrow, so you can start where you belong."

"I was promoted to the seventh," he said.

Miss Rhinerson's long horse face turned a faint pink.

"Ask your mother to come in tomorrow," she said curtly.

"She's not here yet."

"Then you'll have to write for your report card; or take an examination."

"I'll take an examination," he said, leaving her no choice.

It was along toward spring before Mrs. Hamblett put in an appearance.

"My mother's coming tonight," Zeke told Syd one afternoon at last recess. "I can't come out for ball practice."

It was the first time Zeke had ever mentioned his mother. Syd had thought she must be dead. The bell tapped and they took their places in line and started marking time to the beating of the triangle.

"Zeke can't play tonight," Syd passed the word along to Gus Ellis. "His mother's coming."

"What'll we do for pitcher?" Gus asked. He looked sore. The team meant everything to Gus. It was his whole life.

"Let's call it off until tomorrow," Syd said. "We can't play without Zeke, that's for sure."

"Can Zeke play then?"

Sure," Syd said. "He's only got to meet his mother."

If it had been Gus's mother, Gus would have gone ahead and played. Since Gus's mother had got religion she wasn't all there in the head and Gus didn't spend much time around home.

When the four-forty came in that afternoon Syd was in front of Nate Alden's store. When he saw Zeke's mother get off the train and run along the platform and put her arms around Zeke and stand there rocking him back and forth, Syd looked the other way. He knew Zeke wouldn't want him watching. But Syd felt tears coming up in his eyes.

"Lord love her, she's no bigger than a pint of soap," Nate Alden said. "Imagine a big meaty man like Charlie Hamblett having a little woman like that. He could wrap her right around his little finger."

Nate stood beside Syd and they watched Charlie and Zeke and Mrs. Hamblett get into the hearse, with Mrs. Hamblett's luggage, and drive down the road in the direction of the Hamblett house.

Before that winter had come to a gusty end with the passing of the spring equinox, Charlie Hamblett had become one of the most indispensable men in Picket Rock. There was only one thing wrong with him. He was a two-bottle man. His self-appointed ration was two pints a day and he took it neat. But people were wont to look upon this human failing with tolerance, for he never got obnoxious. And he never drank during office hours. "I'd take a few nips myself," Zack Kaufmann said, "if I had his job to do." Zack Kaufmann was a two-bottle man, also. The third two-bottle man in Picket Rock was Henry Boner, who kept the lumber yard.

That was a bad year for *la grippe,* and a good many old people and a few of the younger ones dropped off with it in one guise or another. Most of them died of "complications." With dirt roads almost bottomless from melting snows, grateful citizens found how handy it was to have an undertaker right at home in Picket Rock, and a stock of plush-covered caskets to choose from. And Charlie was honest; his prices were plainly marked.

It was true that he had several sets of printed price cards; and if the bereaved family were what was known as well-to-do, he would send Zeke around the back way to distribute the higher-bracket figures over the stock. But if the family were hard up he frequently marked the caskets below cost. This practice of Charlie's, while pretty well known, was not really resented; for customers had only to check the much higher prices charged for the shoddy stuff in city establishments to know that Charlie wasn't taking, even from the well-to-do, any very great profit for his undertaking.

Prior to Charlie's coming, the poorer people of the community had frequently been forced to make do with strong boxes nailed up at Henry Boner's lumber yard; but now, thanks to Charlie, caskets were within reach of even the most humble corpse. Now there were *both* coffin and strong box. As soon as the grave was dug, by kindly neighbors of the deceased, Charlie and Henry, who had become great cronies, could be seen pulling up the hill to the cemetery in Henry's old Hanna wagon to set the strong box.

Sometimes the trip took a long while and the two friends were not so very steady on the spring seat when they came down again. But Charlie always managed to be as sober as a judge by service time, standing correct and funereal in his black coat and white gloves to direct the lowering of the coffin on its harness lines.

"It's a downright pleasure to go to a funeral since Mr. Hamblett came to town," Mrs. Tom Summers said warmly. "He conducts one so nice."

When a mix-up set a protracted meeting of the first M. E. church and a Picket Rock funeral service at the same hour, depriving the service of the usual mixed quartet, Charlie amazed the townsfolk by arising quietly and singing "Lead, Kindly Light" in a whiskey tenor.

"Wasn't he just marvelous?" Mrs. Summers remarked to her husband. "Did you ever hear of an undertaker singing at a funeral?"

"Well, I don't know why he *shouldn't* be the one to sing," Tom retorted. "He's the only one who's getting anything out of it." But he said it kindly. He knew Charlie wasn't getting much.

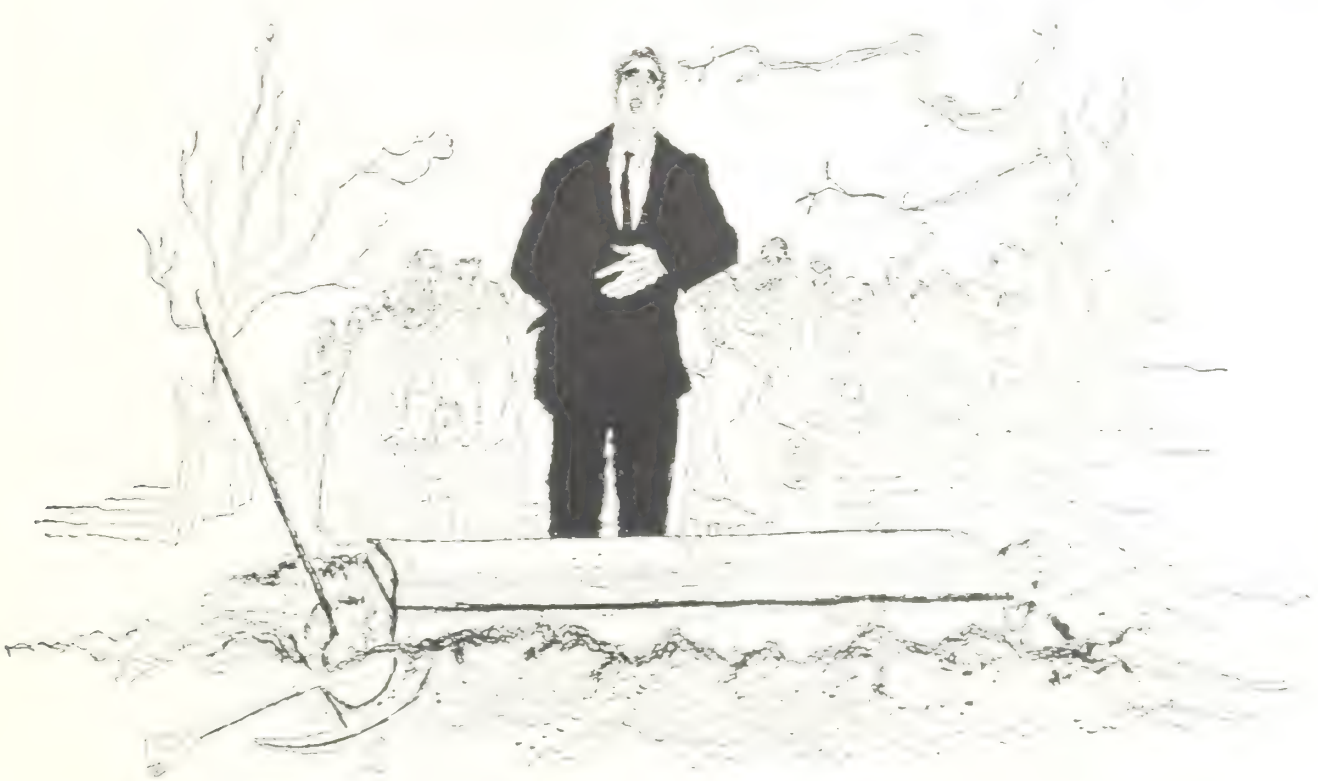
That summer after Mrs. Hamblett came home, Syd Benton spent a good deal of time at the Hamblett house. Charlie and Mattie Hamblett treated him like a grownup, and he liked that. And he liked the pale clear squares of honey that came from Charlie's beehive suppers, and Mrs. Hamblett's bright quince preserves and her big brown sugar cookies. And the embalming equipment, installed in the driveway of Charlie's spacious haybarn, filled Syd with a morbid fascination.

The barn was airy and clean, and the driveway, which was protected overhead, made a fine place for Charlie to work. There were bins for grain storage on either side, and a tall stationary ladder led to the hayloft. At either end of the driveway large square doors hung on rollers that moved smoothly along a track, so that the place could be closed off overnight in case it were necessary to keep a body there. In cold weather these doors, which were fitted with windows for light, could be rolled shut and in summer they could be left open, creating a pleasant, well ventilated breezeway where there was always enough breeze to keep flies to a minimum.

Syd had never seen Charlie at work at his embalming, for he forbade the boys to watch. But when Charlie was away, Syd and Zeke often played in the breezeway; and Zeke had explained to Syd in detail the embalming process. It seemed very simple, as Zeke told it, and the furnishings were plain and functional.

Frequently, when there was to be a funeral, Syd went with Zeke to the church to help with the tolling of the bell, one tap, at minute intervals, for each year of the deceased's age. The tolling of the bell was a service Charlie Hamblett supplied to his customers free of charge and he made it plain to Zeke that the tolling and the counting were a grave responsibility and that he must make no mistake. Sometimes Syd did the tolling and Zeke the marking off of the number of tolls and sometimes Syd did the marking and Zeke the ringing. They did it solemnly and carefully, acutely conscious of a vast counting audience on the outside.

It was not until after Syd had been going to the Hambletts' for some time that he began to notice that there was something queer about Mattie Hamblett. Not always, but sometimes. She was a small woman, "wiry," people called her, and filled with energy. It was she who tended the ferrets and the bees while Charlie was away; and her courage in the midst of angry swarms of bees



Charlie arose quietly and sang "Lead, Kindly Light" in a whiskey tenor.



The tolling and the counting were a grave responsibility.

filled Syd with the same kind of admiration he had for Zeke's fearlessness. Syd saw Mrs. Hamblett scoop masses of roaring bees into the bare cupped palms of her hands and deposit them in the hives, the way you would dip into beans or raisins. He never saw her sting.

"It's because she's not afraid," Zeke explained. "The bees know that, the way dogs know when you're afraid. If you're afraid the bees can smell the fraid on you and they sting you because they don't have any respect for afraid people."

But sometimes when Syd went to Hamblets', Mrs. Hamblett wouldn't be doing anything at all. Her face would have a funny mottled look and her voice would be thick and her words come out more garbled than Zeke's did with his harelip. She would look at Syd as though she did not see him at all and smile and go on mumbling to herself. Zeke would pay no attention to her; but go to the big red Tiger tobacco can and take out a handful of cookies for Syd and another for himself and the two boys would go on out

The first time that happened Syd asked Zeke, "Is your mother sick?"

"No, she's not sick," Zeke said. He turned a flip and hung by his toes over an apple limb. "I'll bet I can eat a cookie and swallow it uphill faster than you can."

Well, maybe it was fits, Syd thought. One of Gus Ellis' sisters had fits. But she always screamed and wet her pants and then turned as gray as wood ashes and passed out. Whereas Mrs. Hamblett was red and all she did was to mutter to herself.

It was not until late that spring that Syd found out that when Mrs. Hamblett acted that way she was drunk.

Zeke and Syd were hanging around Alden's store one day when Henry Boner came waddling across from the lumber yard.

"I've got that deal we spoke of all arranged, Charlie," he said. "You can get it by the hogshead for less than half, and it's good strong stuff." He grinned at the two boys. "Got a kick like Kernoodle's mule."

Charlie leaned back in his swivel chair. "I can't," he said. "I just can't. I'm sure much obliged to you for your trouble, Henry. But it's like I told you. I just don't dare place temptation in her path. She's been at the cure three times now, and me and Zeke need her here at home. I'm a big man. I can soak it up like a sponge and never feel it. But she's too little a woman to take it. And she can't leave it be."

"Well, I've got a plan," Henry said. "It came to me last night in bed. Mrs. Hamblett's a small woman, I told myself, and not so very stout."

"For her size," Charlie broke in, "Mattie's the stoutest little woman you ever saw."

"Sure she is," Henry agreed. "She sure is. For her size. And fine goods always comes in small packages as the saying goes. . . . But there you have it. If you were to hang this hogshead from a rope over a pulley out in your embalming place, nobody would be

stout enough to let it down and hoist it up but you and me."

Charlie was silent.

"If Nellie wasn't so simon-pure," Henry said, "I'd keep it down to my place. But she's a regular Carrie Nation when it comes to booze. I can keep a demijohn hid out all right, but not a whole barrel."

Charlie gazed thoughtfully down the quiet dusty street.

"She hardly ever goes there," he said. "She don't like the place."

"It's not likely she'd ever see it," Henry said. "If she did, she'd likely think it was some of your pickling rig. And if she were to untie the rope, which she wouldn't, she'd be took up to the rafters like a kite in high wind. She wouldn't risk that."

"No, she'd know better than to try that," Charlie agreed. "It would seem like a kind of dirty trick, though. Putting it up high so we could have it all to ourselves."

"You could let her have a little," Henry said. "Portion it out to her from time to time. Whatever you thought she ought to have."

"It's what I do," Charlie said. "I guess it wouldn't do any harm to try it once. I hate paying what the Green Front asks. Mattie's taking the eggs into town Saturday. If I were to drive around by, you reckon we could get the hogshead in the hearse?"

It was Syd and Zeke who found her. Obviously she had been in search of a hidden nest and had climbed onto the embalming table and over into the bin. Her market basket, half filled with brown eggs, had been left outside in the breezeway and her gingham sunbonnet had fallen to the ground. The hogshead was still snugged tight against the rafters, the way Charlie and Henry had left it, the rope wrapped tight around a beam and the bung driven fast into the bunghole. But Charlie's squirrel rifle lay on the floor, and beside the bunghole in the hogshead another hole had been drilled, through which the contents had drained and filled to overflowing the galvanized washing tub that had been set on the floor especially to receive it.

Mrs. Hamblett sat on a pile of oats bags, her pale brown hair disheveled and her apron damp.

When she saw the boys she began to smile foolishly and to mutter to herself.

Zeke picked up the gun and looked to see whether it were loaded, and then set it carefully in a corner.

"Give me a hand with the tub, will you, Syd?" he requested. "She'll keep after it if I leave it here."

The two boys dragged the tub to the edge of the bin and dumped the contents through the grain door. A strong smell of whiskey arose and made Syd cough. Mrs. Hamblett began to cry softly.

"Let's go to the house and scramble some eggs," Zeke said. He climbed out of the oats bin and picked up the egg basket, skirted the embalming table, and set off up the path.

"Aren't you going to do anything about your mother?" Syd called after him. Syd remembered all of the times he had seen her smiling and muttering and knew now that she had been drunk. But he had never seen her cry.

"No," Zeke said. "She'll be all right."

Syd followed Zeke into the neat kitchen. Four fresh loaves of bread stood on the table, and the Tiger tobacco can was filled with big round sugar cookies. Zeke washed his hands and dried them on the roller towel. He did not act as though anything had happened. He lit a gas jet and took the spider from its nail on the wall and adjusted the flame underneath. Then he started breaking eggs into a bowl, cracking them on the edge of the zinc-topped table.

"Look," Syd said. "Why don't you come home with me for supper, Zeke?" He thought uneasily of Charlie's return and the discovery of the loss of his whiskey. And he thought of Mrs. Hamblett crying on the oats bags.

"No," Zeke said. "I'd better stay." He broke the yolks with a spoon and ladled a scoopful of soft lard into the smoking spider and poured in the eggs.

Make Them Tell Congress the Truth

—*or Take the Consequences*

Lloyd Cutler and Herbert Packer

WE ARE in a cycle of public investigations. At last count 130 committees and subcommittees of the Congress were busily engaged in digging up as many varieties of alleged sin and corruption. Anything of interest the committees unearth is known at once throughout the land, thanks to a marriage of mass communication with our ancient and insatiable appetite for scandal.

The process is not new, and despite the damage it often does to innocent people its value is proven. We should have been the poorer without the hearings into the coal-lands scandals of 1910; or the Teapot Dome investigation; or Senator Black's probe of pyramidal holding companies; or the Truman Committee's work in exposing World War II contract frauds; or, most recently, the Kefauver Committee's investigation of organized crime. If the King Subcommittee's current exposé results in a house-cleaning for our tax collection system, that too will be a net gain.

But even these "good" committees have done some bad things by airing charges without taking the time to find out whether they are true. Witnesses before investigating committees—human beings with human motives of personal profit or spite—occasionally stretch the truth or completely distort it. When this happens, innocent people get hurt. Lies on the witness stand—unchecked by the safeguards of court procedure, uncontradicted by cross-examination and rebuttal testimony, and magnified a thousandfold by the press, radio, and television—can ruin the work and reputation of a lifetime.

There have been many suggestions for giving the victims of false testimony a chance to prove their innocence. Most of these proposals have been aimed at removing the present immunity from suit for libel and slander enjoyed by witnesses before congressional committees. At the present time their testimony is "privileged." They cannot be sued for libel or slander for saying something that is in fact false, regardless of whether the witness believes or was told that it was true.

The policy behind this rule is probably a sound one. If you expose witnesses to suits for libel and slander, you discourage them from testifying fully and freely. If there were no "privilege" and a witness testified, "Black told me that White took a bribe," the witness would be subject to a libel suit by White if it turned out that White did not in fact take a bribe, even though the witness truthfully said that Black made such a statement to him. Under those circumstances it is a good bet that a witness will not care to testify about what someone told him unless he gets protection.

The argument is a strong one. But if a witness *lies* about what someone else told him—if Black never said any such thing about White—why should the witness be protected? Nonetheless, as the law stands today, even if a witness lied on the witness stand and the victim of the lie can prove it, the liar is immune from any kind of legal action by his victim. (It is true that the liar can be subjected to criminal prosecution for perjury, but a perjury prosecution is in the hands of the government, which may not be sufficiently interested to press the case.)

WE PROPOSE a simple remedy for this deficiency: a federal law permitting anyone who has been injured by false testimony before any governmental investigating body (including administrative agencies as well as the Congress) to bring a civil suit for damages against the false witness. If the injured man can persuade a court or jury that the witness lied, then he would be awarded a judgment which would explicitly brand the injurious testimony as false.

As matters stand today, the victim of false testimony can get no such decision. He is in an especially bad spot if he is a government

employee. His only choice is between quitting his job or trying to carry on with it under a cloud which he can never wholly dispel. If he chooses to fight, there are no Marquess of Queensberry rules to fight by, and there is no one to keep score.

Our proposed remedy gives the victim of false testimony a tribunal. It also gives him the thing he needs most: a decision which the public will respect. If a judge or jury says, "Jones was lying when he said that he saw Smith at a Communist meeting in 1935," then Jones is damned and Smith vindicated in the eyes of the public.

What may be even more important, other Joneses will be discouraged from telling lies in public about other Smiths. The kind of civil remedy we are talking about can be a preventive as well as a cure, especially if it carries a sting. One way to make it hurt might be to award the victim of false testimony a money judgment for three times the amount of his proven damages, plus the costs of suit and his lawyer's fees. But even if the judgment does not carry a money award, it will pin the "liar" label on the false witness.

A law that gives this kind of remedy to the victim of false testimony invades no interest which deserves protection. Perjurers already run the risk of criminal prosecution. Exposing them to civil suit should not discourage truthful testimony.

THERE is, of course, the problem of the nuisance suit. Some harassment of truthful witnesses may be inevitable, but a means of warding off a spate of suits would be to adopt the sensible rule (long standard in Great Britain) that the losing side must pay the winner's lawyer. The price of a lawsuit comes high, and British experience with this simple mechanism has shown that it pretty well deters groundless litigation.

The draftsmen of our proposed statute will have to tackle a number of more or less technical questions. Here are a few of them:

Proof. The big problem is how much proof to require that the harmful statement was false. The rule in perjury trials in the federal courts may be a good one: you need the testimony of at least two witnesses that the offending statement was false (another good hedge against nuisance suits).

Sworn and unsworn statements. For the crime of perjury to exist, the false statement must have been made under oath. Should the same rule apply here? We don't think so, because the harmful effect on the victim is the same whether the statement was sworn or unsworn. Witnesses should tell the truth whether they are under oath or not.

Expediting the suit. Our remedy is useless unless it can be made available quickly, before the public forgets. Our statute ought to carry a provision to expedite the trial.

Secret testimony. Much testimony is given in "executive session" and is supposedly secret. But it may get out, one way or another. If it does and it happens to be false, we think the perjurer should be made to answer to his victim. A liar should not be protected merely because he did not know how many people would eventually hear the lie.

Joining actions and parties. If Green testifies that Black told him that White took a bribe, it may not help White to sue Green if Green was merely repeating what Black told him. Perhaps our statute should permit White to sue both Green for false testimony and Black for libel or slander, joining the two actions together. If White is innocent, he is bound to win against one or the other, since one of them must have lied.

Our proposal is not a radical innovation. The victims of most crimes—murders, thefts, rapes, frauds—are allowed to bring civil damage actions against the criminal. The same thing is true of such "federal" crimes as restraint of trade, monopoly, and fraud in the sale of securities. We would merely extend this principle to perjury. We don't pretend that our proposal will completely protect the victim of false testimony. But we do think that it will go far to reduce the present helplessness of government officials and private citizens who have been hurt by false testimony before congressional committees.

We have mentioned only a sampling of the many questions which would have to be answered in getting a statute off the drawing board. Their technical side can be left to experts in the art of turning language into legislative command. But the experts will not get a crack at this until conscientious legislators recognize the existence of the problem and resolve to do something about it. We think it is high time they did.

How to Disappear

Ted Robinson Jr.

In my dreams I often used to be a fugitive, a hunted man living on the run, and this dream-experience was an adventure to me—something shot through with fear but nevertheless an experience that was pleasurable in a hair-raising sort of way. I doubt that I'll ever dream the dream again with quite the same feeling, now that I've actually been through the business in real life. I dropped myself out of sight a while back and lived under assumed names for a couple of months while the people who hunt missing persons hunted me, and you can't imagine what a lot of bother an existence like that can be.

Life had lost much of its charm for me and I had tentatively decided to have nothing more to do with it, but I thought I ought to enter into a sort of trial separation first, on the chance that a thoughful period of isolation might restore my curiosity, about the world around me and possibly even about myself. I didn't quite succeed, of course, in isolating myself from myself, but I gave it a very good try, and I must say that I did about as well as anybody could be expected to. It wasn't, however, what you could call a restful experience.

Absolute and perhaps permanent privacy was attainable, I thought, only if I became, in effect, invisible to the rest of the world. The only way I could do that, short of living in the woods, was to become somebody else. This proved to be quite a trick. Being nobody would be a breeze if you could just be nobody and let it go at that. But the world requires you constantly to be somebody in particular. This is much the most trying aspect of preserving one's invisibility. What is the first requirement of playing a role in circumstances like these? That you not be yourself. I found this very difficult.

I decided to remove myself to an environment as far as possible from my old one and to cover the distance in the least possible time. My usual environment was midtown New York. In my office I leafed through an atlas, and found the field of possibilities shrinking before my eyes. I couldn't, as a fictitious character, go anywhere a passport would be required of me. I would be making it perilously complicated for myself if I went where I could not speak the language. I could not safely return anywhere I had been in the past or anywhere near anywhere I had been in the past. I was a news writer and former reporter with a wide acquaintance among newspaper and magazine correspondents, and it would be prudent of me to avoid every spot where a correspondent I knew was stationed, or any place where I would be likely to attract attention in a correspondent's area. I *would* not go where the physical conditions of my environment were apt in themselves to force me into any deeper a depression than I already suffered. I meant at least to reduce the routine miseries of living to a minimum.

The farthest, safest, easiest, most private but most quickly accessible place seemed to

me just then to be the remotest part of the "wrong" side of Florida. This was in July, and nobody went to Florida in July. In New York when you thought of Florida you thought of the east coast; I would therefore go down the west coast. Not even Southerners went down the west coast in July.

I studied a map of Florida, where I had never been. The end of the railroad line down the west coast appeared to be a place called Naples. I would go down and have a look at Naples.

What I had to do was leave New York without having been seen to leave it by anyone, and reappear some 1,400 miles away as someone else, without having been recognized en route. So long as I remained myself everything had to appear as usual; from the moment I became somebody else nothing about me should be of any interest; and the transition had to be invisible. There could be no discoverable end to one character, no beginning to the other, and of course no relation between the two. I did the best I could without any practical experience of any sort and with almost no theoretical education. I have never lived as an outlaw or engaged in espionage, and I read very few detective novels.

Flying would cut to a minimum my time of passage and cut with it the opportunities of being recognized on the way. The departure was apt to be slightly more conspicuous, but when I visualized myself sweating out two days on a train I decided to do the thing the short way. It appeared from the map that the way to fly to Naples was to fly to Miami and take a bus across the tip of Florida. I decided to avoid Miami entirely. I would fly to Tampa, which seemed to be as far down the west coast of Florida as you could fly from New York, and I would cover the remaining 170-or-so miles to Naples as unobtrusively as I could. I took some dimes into a public telephone booth and called the airlines for information. I refrained from mentioning Naples. I found that I felt conspicuous even as an anonymous voice on the telephone. It turned out that there were flights out of Tampa south to Fort Myers, forty or fifty miles north of Naples. I would take one plane to Tampa and then another to Fort Myers; I would figure out the rest in Fort Myers.

At just what point along the route from my current life to my new identity was I going to assume that new identity? I could certainly not board the plane as myself, nor be seen buying the ticket, nor even approaching or leaving the airline office in town or the airport. I would somehow have to disappear myself imperceptibly before I ever left New York. How was I going to accomplish such a thing? How did Judge Crater do it after he got into that cab he was last seen entering in 1930?

There was no quick way of doing it that carried a guarantee so far as I could figure out, and I wanted to do the thing right away. The best I could do was to make the least number of moves the quietest possible way and resign myself to taking a few large chances. I had been a reporter and knew a little about police routines, and, visualizing the ordinary procedures in this sort of case, I planned backward from the procedures.

II

THERE was very little I could safely do in a hurry about my appearance, but what little I could do I did. I habitually wore conservative, solid-color ties and plain shirts with soft, spread collars. At one store I bought a loud tie I didn't like; at another I bought two striped, tab-collar shirts; I got a small weekend bag at a third store; and at a fourth I got sunglasses, a razor, and a pair of small scissors. I put one of the shirts in the bag, put the bag in a locker at Grand Central, and put the rest of the stuff in my desk at the office. I had just got my salary check. I usually cashed it at one nearby bank and deposited most of it at another; now I cashed it and kept it. Later from a public phone I made a plane reservation to Tampa in the name of Paul McCullough of New Haven—no local address—and that night, after two fortifying drinks, I took my biggest chance and quickly picked up the reservations the way I was. In the morning I went to the office early, and stopped at a barber shop on the way. My hair was thick and I habitually wore it long. I got a thoroughgoing haircut, short on the sides. At the office, which was empty at that hour, I removed the mustache which I had worn for several years. I now looked like an ape. I trimmed my eyebrows, which were heavy, till they looked like other peo-

ples'. I tried on the sunglasses. I looked like hell. I stuck the sunglasses in my breast pocket. I put on the striped shirt and the awful tie and stowed my own shirt and tie and the razor in a large manila envelope. I now had to reach the airline terminal, then the plane itself, without being recognized. I could only conduct myself quietly, and hope.

New York was going to work, and presently people I knew would be arriving at my office. I went to the elevator and rang for it. I was pleased to find that the operator was unfamiliar to me. Downstairs the lobby was empty. I went out of it fast, walked a block down a side street, put the glasses on, and hailed a cab. I was glad that it was a sunny morning. Lots and lots of people wear sunglasses, I said to myself. I looked for some on the street, and wished I could see some. At Grand Central I went directly to the locker and got out the bag and walked across the street to the airline terminal. I went to the men's room, which was empty. I had about ten minutes before the airport bus left. When somebody came into the men's room I walked out to the waiting room and got a morning paper, and sat and read the bottom of the paper until the bus was announced. I went out to the bus and got in and sat in the back. I kept my hat on, and the sunglasses. Half a dozen other people got in, none of whom I had ever seen and none of whom appeared to take any notice of me. I looked out the window, or down at my paper. As we moved off toward the airport I began to feel that I was already out of New York.

I followed the other passengers off the bus at the airport, and left them when I saw where the proper gate was and found that I had a half an hour's wait. I went into the men's room and looked at myself. I took off the sunglasses, and put them back on again. I felt spectacularly conspicuous either way. Where was I going to spend the next half-hour? Out in the corridor I saw a café sign. I looked in, saw three or four people, dim lights, a bar, and went in. I very much wanted a drink, but at ten in the morning at that bar it just might have attracted a little attention, so I sat and ate breakfast all over again, the paper beside me and my eyes modestly on the paper. I had a second cup of coffee, and toyed with it till the Tampa flight was announced. I went directly to the gate and walked steadily out to the plane and got in.

I sat in the plane's tail, in the last seat. I kept the sunglasses and hat on, and looked out the porthole while the other passengers filed in. They distributed themselves in seats ahead of me, and when they were all in I saw that the plane was three-quarters empty. No one was near me. I looked at the stewardess standing at the door amidships. She was one of the best-looking girls I had ever seen. I looked out the window. The door of the plane closed and we fastened our seat belts. We taxied out to the runway and turned, the sound of the engines rose, we moved, sped down the runway, and we were airborne. Distantly below us and a little to the left was the line of the Atlantic coast.

Up in this no-world I felt that I was already a great distance from New York, and I felt a little more secure. I felt nowhere at all now, between one life and another: I was now going through the mirror. Whatever happened now, I was gone. I looked out the window at the Atlantic. But you aren't quite gone, I said to myself. You're hiding. You still can't have any conversation at all with the stewardess, now or later on.

I looked at my watch. Back at the office the morning would be just getting under way. The stewardess approached me with a paper, and I shook my head pleasantly, and looked out the window. When we landed at Washington I went to the nearest men's room and took another look at myself, and walked to the airport café. It was empty, and I felt conspicuous and walked away. I stood under a shed at the edge of the airfield and looked at the hot morning in Washington till flight time. In the plane and aloft again, I stared out the window. The fields of Virginia dropped steadily away and grew hazy. We were very high. The stewardess brought lunch on a tray and I ate it. Later we were over water, and the next time we saw the coast I knew it was Florida. We flew inland over the flat wilderness, and landed at Tampa airport, and I walked in the sun with my bag into the frame airline building. I asked where a bar was, and walked across the road to it and had a large whiskey and water. Then I went back and found out about the plane to Fort Myers. It was leaving in an hour or so, and I took a reservation in the name of George Hiebert, of

Atlanta. I went back to the bar and stayed there until flight time. We landed at Fort Myers' weedy airfield around four o'clock, and I rode into town in the airport manager's cab. I registered at a hotel as Vincent Sheridan, of Hartford, Connecticut, and went to a bar down the street, and went to bed in bad shape. I kept trying not to think of my home.

In the morning it was bright and very quiet when I woke, and I saw an open window with the flat blue sky in it and heard a tree nearby swish in the quiet and I remembered that now I was in Florida. The hunt would have begun for me now. Who was in on it, and how long had it been going on? How long ago had I been missed? Nobody in New York had seen me for a day and a night now, and the second day was beginning. Just what was being done? My office knew about it, and friends were being called. I tried not to imagine it too clearly. Had anybody inquired of the police? Probably not. The chance was that a quiet, a discreet beginning was being made. Relatives were making suggestions, friends were calling friends. I probably still had a day's grace before things began to move. The police probably wouldn't be told until tonight, or tomorrow morning. I might, on the other hand, be wrong. The police just might have been notified already. Supposing that they had? A missing-person report would have been circulated. How far would it go? Would it be just in New York, or in the surrounding area, or farther? How far were these things usually sent, and how soon? I had known once, but I couldn't remember. I had to assume the worst: there was no other way to act that was safe. I had to assume that the police had been notified by now and that a teletype report had gone out, with a description of me, and that it had gone out to the police all over. I had to assume also that some New York paper would have made a story out of it, and that the story would appear late today or tomorrow and might be picked up by the wire services. I had to assume that if the Fort Myers police didn't already have at least a routine teletype report they would certainly have one by tomorrow, and I also had to assume that I might soon be running into casual strangers who had read a little story somewhere. I couldn't stay in Fort Myers; I had to get out of town and completely out of sight as soon as I could.

III

I WENT to a couple of clothing stores before breakfast and assembled what seemed to be the local uniform. I got tan wash pants, sneakers, some skivvy shirts, and two very cheap, very loud sport shirts. I changed my clothes and found a place to eat breakfast and learned there that the bus station was just around the corner. At the bus station I learned there was a bus to Naples in two hours and I decided to go down for a look, and move there for good that night or in the morning, if it turned out to be the thing to do. I picked up a Chamber of Commerce throwaway about the attractions of Fort Myers and environs, and took it to the hotel room and read it while I waited for the two hours to pass. There was a Fort Myers Beach, which sounded like a resort, and there was a string of islands off the coast which sounded as if there was virtually nothing on them at all. Naples was forty-odd miles down the coast, and it was impossible to discover much of anything about it, except that it was apparently small and quiet. I walked the back street to the bus station, and sat in the waiting room with a magazine and waited, trying to look as if I belonged. The bus I was waiting for was half an hour late, and by the time it came I felt that I had been well studied by a lot of people. I sat in the rear of the bus, and we drove steadily through flat scrub country for an hour or so, and I got off alone in Naples, between the everglades and the gulf.

It turned out to be a small, rather dressy shopping center, two quietly elegant hotels, a colony of small private homes, and a greater number of large private homes which dominated the beach front. That was it. I don't know why I had imagined Naples as a rather ramshackle fishing village, a port of wharves. Rain began falling while I was walking some street a mile or so from the highway. Suddenly the rain came down in a roar, but there was nothing I could do about it, there was no shelter to get under. I walked back in the pounding rain toward the shopping center. I wasn't going to stay here. I couldn't hide here. I didn't want to be here anyway. This wasn't it at all. But what was I going to do now? I was now wasting a day. This wasn't it, and things were beginning to move fast in

New York, and I didn't know where I was going. I was a stationary target today, just [illegible] everybody came closer. I had to move. The police in Fort Myers would almost certainly have a missing-person report by tonight, and where was I going to be tonight and tomorrow? Tomorrow would suddenly seem very late: three days would have gone by. It would seem very bright and public in Fort Myers, and very late tomorrow, and I would probably still be there.

A light truck pulled up and stopped ahead of me on the road and the driver waved me in out of the rain. He was an elderly man who had a hardware store back in Fort Myers and he was making deliveries. He was happy to give me a lift all the way back if I didn't mind waiting while he did a few errands. I decided to take the chance. I got in an hour's practice session in lying, and I judged from the way he acted that I was doing all right. I said I was a teacher on vacation, looking for a quiet, really isolated place to do some scholarly work, far from everybody, and somebody had recommended Naples, but it didn't seem to be quite the spot. The hardware man knew just the place for me, and by the time we got to Fort Myers I had decided to go to it fast. It was one of the islands off the coast. Nobody visited it at this time of year, but there was a grocery store on it and I could probably rent a cottage cheap. The island was about twenty miles long, and the store served a dozen or so farm families that lived there the year around. The hardware man gave me the name of a woman who had an inn there. She could find me a cottage, he said.

In Fort Myers the rain had stopped and the weather was clear, and I wanted to move right on to the island without waiting, but there was no way to do it until the next day. A ferry made the crossing twice a day and it was too late now. I sat on a bench on the waterfront for a half an hour in the late afternoon, and got nervous about people looking at me and went back to the hotel room. I thought I had better stay completely out of sight from now till I left. But after I had sat in the room a while I couldn't stay. I went out to a fairly ratty bar and had a few drinks and then went to a movie. Then I went to another bar for a while, and went back to the hotel room, and finally went to sleep.

I FELT a little panicky in the morning. I didn't want to go out. I knew that I should have been completely gone from town the day before. If a missing-person report had arrived here, somebody might have studied it and remembered me and be wondering about it now. I wished that I could go out and not be seen by anyone at all. I knew there was nothing I could do about it except take a chance, a few final chances, and just as few as I could possibly manage. I felt very uneasy. The hardware man had told me what time the ferry would leave this morning, and I figured that I had two hours to wait now. The trip from Fort Myers to the ferry landing would take a half an hour or so. I packed my overnight bag and prepared to leave.

I took my key to the desk, and was happy to see that the clerk was a very old man whom I hadn't seen before. I checked out with my bag and walked a roundabout, back-street way to a cab office, where I made a date for later and left the bag. Then I had breakfast at a counter lunch, and walked to a waterfront bench and sat there with my back to the road until it was time to return to the cab office.

The driver was a morning drinker and in such wonderful condition that I didn't have to worry about explaining myself. He told me about the fruit farms and the bulb business and his brother-in-law in prison as we went along. We drove through farmland and then through woods for about three-quarters of an hour, and came to a sandy clearing at the edge of the gulf, where there was a small farmhouse and a shack store, and the ferry waiting. Guinea hens and a family of little pigs hunted together in the road, cats were on the porch of the store, and four hounds flicked at insects in a wire cage in the yard. I paid the driver off and watched him go.

The ferry was a wooden toy drawn up to the shore, with a tail-gate let down flat for a gangplank. A pick-up truck stood aboard it. I went aboard to get out of the mosquitoes. In the truck were two Negroes. The ferryman leaned on the rail looking at the fish jump. Out on the horizon in the bright sunlight I could just barely make out what I supposed was the island.

I told the ferryman the name of the woman the hardware man had told me to see, and he arranged with the men in the truck to give

me a lift. After a few minutes we cast off. We were barely moving out from the shore before I began to feel good. I watched the shacks and the clearing in the woods move back and I felt that I had done it, that I had really got away, that it was not too late after all, I was all right. The shore was still right there, but it was going and at this moment I was already out of reach. I was gone now.

We moved in the sunlight through the open water for nearly half an hour. The island lay so low that it looked like palm trees growing right out of the water. The landing was a wharf that ran up to the island store. Up the beach to the left was a lighthouse, to the right, trees; the island ran back of this point like a narrow curved blade, with a beach on one edge, marsh on the other, and wild scrub country in between. I got into the truck and we set off down a road through palm trees, and went on for seven miles before they dropped me off at the side road to the inn. I remembered passing only three houses along the way. I walked down a sandy road like a tunnel under a canopy of oaks, and came out in a grove of palms at the edge of a beach. The road ended among three white frame buildings.

I picked the largest house and went up onto the screened porch. Inside was a sort of lobby full of bamboo furniture, and beyond that was a dining room. A handsomely gray woman in a summery white dress came out of the dining room as I approached it. I said, "How do you do," and introduced myself as Vincent Sheridan, and went into my teacher-looking-for-a-place-to-work routine. We sat down and talked for a while, and she explained the setup to me, and I knew that this was it.

IV

The inn was officially closed—since hardly anybody turned up at this time of year—but the family that owned it lived there, and the kitchen stayed open, and I could be accommodated if I chose to eat there. I could have one of three cottages down the beach. There was nothing on this part of the island but the inn and these few empty cottages. There was no transportation. I could get groceries by taking the inn's truck to the store at the ferry landing. The only telephone service was a line between the inn and the store. Once a week a couple of members of the inn family made the trip over to the mainland to shop in Fort Myers and see a movie. The family consisted of three elderly women, two younger ones, one young man, and two children. Otherwise there was a colored man of all work. Nobody else was on the island now, except for the lighthouse keeper, the storekeeper, two year-round white families, and a few colored farmers. There wasn't anything to do.

I moved into the cottage the farthest down the beach and prepared to burrow, to grow smaller and smaller and, finally vanishing entirely, rematerialize as somebody else. I meant if possible to ditch myself and get a new one. I would restore myself if it killed me. The very least that I would achieve, I knew, would be an unprecedented rest. Certainly for purposes either of undisturbed self-transformation or just leisurely repair it would have been hard to imagine circumstances more nearly perfect. It was the few small imperfections that made life so difficult.

By moving to an island I had got myself out of sight, but I had also cornered myself. There was only one entrance and exit: the ferry. If I ever wanted to get off the island ahead of unwelcome visitors it would likely be impossible. The family male and I had a great laugh over his anecdote about one fellow who had tried to jump his rent. They just telephoned the storekeeper to holler down to the dock to hold the ferry and the fellow was trapped.

I knew the hours the ferry arrived and bore them in mind each day; twice a day I watched sharp for visitors. The cottage had a front and rear door, and an attic with a rear window giving onto a large tree. I stationed myself equidistant from these three exits whenever a car approached. If I was down the beach at ferry time, when I returned I approached the cottage quietly and prayerfully. I kept the screen doors latched whenever I was inside, and the attic window stood permanently open.

Mail arrived once a day, by jeep from the ferry. When I saw the postmaster pause only briefly at the inn and then drive away, I felt all right; when he lingered indoors, I sat in the cottage and sweated. The mail always included two newspapers, from Tampa and

Fort Myers. The inn family usually read them in the afternoon, and I usually tried to get a look at them first, but it was frequently difficult to do this with any grace. Whenever I approached the family after they had read the papers—and I myself had not—I watched their faces for signs. I also had to bear constantly in mind the old ladies' faithful attendance on the daily words of several radio "newscasters." Since there was never any telling just when who had been listening to what, I suffered a sort of second-class, permanent uneasiness in addition to the off-and-on panics—just a small fear turned down low, but never gone, a thing I had to "live with," the way people live with a trick heart or a tendency to faint.

Visitors from the mainland did arrive. For a week a married couple from New York state lived in the cottage next to mine. I managed to avoid talking to them all the time they were there, but they saw me going in and out of my own place or passing theirs, and once they got a good long look at me as we passed on the beach. The day before they left I learned that they were old residents of the little community I had just moved away from a while back, after two years there.

An evening's imaginings of the couple's conversations about me, of their seeing a picture in the paper back home, of their seeming to remember, of more visitors arriving and departing, moved me to do a little more about the burial of my identity. First I got rid of the few clothes I had that bore laundry marks, and removed all the labels from the rest. It was tedious work, like disposing of a body. I couldn't just take the stuff out in the bush and dump it, somebody, sometime, might just wander into it. I couldn't burn it; the smoke would be noticed in the daylight and a flame at night, and just what would I be doing out making a smudge? So I cut it all up into little pieces. It was tiresome enough, snipping away at the microscopic matting of threads they affix labels with, but you ought to try cutting up a shirt or the leather sweatband of a hat sometime with a pair of nail scissors, which was all I had to work with. I cut up a shirt, a tie, two pairs of underwear shorts, the sweatband, all the labels, put them in a pillow case, and took them a distance down the beach one night. I shook the stuff out into the Gulf of Mexico, and the next afternoon spent an hour or two collecting it all off the beach, where the next tide had redistributed it. I took it into the deep grass and sowed it lightly here and there and said the hell with it.

I wrote some bad verse and mailed it to magazines, so that I would be receiving occasional mail on the island. Some of it I signed with the assumed name the islanders thought was my real one, and some I signed with a nom de plume, which I explained to the inn family. Thus I received mail addressed to the nom de plume, in care of the assumed name, and now I really felt buried.

I pushed the change in my appearance a little farther. When the family went on a shopping trip to Fort Myers one day I went with them and got a crew haircut. I stopped at a café for lunch, where one of the countermen stared at me so much that I finally threw discretion out the window and asked him what the trouble was. He said he had the feeling he had seen me somewhere before but he couldn't figure where, and I never went back to that place again. I did some shopping at a liquor store and sat by myself on the waterfront until it was time to go back to the island.

That night I put away a pint or so and changed my appearance some more. I remember studying my face in the mirror for a long time, and trying out a number of things with the nail scissors. It was fascinating. The next morning I was aware that I had a crew cut, but I had forgotten about the rest. When I looked in the mirror I felt that I was somebody else altogether. I had removed my eyebrows and eyelashes, and done such a painstaking job on deepening the slight bays in my hair that I was now rapidly approaching absolute baldness. It must have taken me half the night.

I managed to avoid the inn family entirely for the next couple of days, and in that time I tried to deepen my tan so profoundly that they might conceivably attribute my altered appearance to the new color instead of the hairlessness. But when I finally ran into the male of the family and saw his expression I knew that it was no go. I put on an extremely embarrassed act and told him exactly what had happened, but left out the motive.

Just one of those ridiculous damn things you're apt to do when you get cockeyed. We laughed and exchanged reminiscences about a few other ridiculous damn things, and I never heard any more about it. The women of the family just pretended that I hadn't done it.

I DON'T believe that any of them actually did think anything of it. They regarded me, I found, as a harmless eccentric, not *too* eccentric but just the slightly unaccountable sort of oddity they imagined the woods of art were thick with. Such a role was thrust on me at the outset, and I soon embraced it with gratitude. It relieved me of a great many responsibilities, chiefly the responsibility of being consistent, and I know that there was many a little mystery about me which might have worried them in another person but which worried them not at all in my case because I was just that way, that was me, *you* know artists.

Very early I dropped the pretense of having been much of a teacher and admitted (falsely) that I was actually a painter, as they had guessed. I told them I was fed up with the work I had been doing, however, and was now engaged in trying some writing, of which I said I had done just a little. The teaching I had done, I told them, had been only fragmentary tutoring. I said I had painted mostly on commission, on an occasional grant, or under the sponsorship of a fictitious patron. I had written some poetry.

This sort of thing was designed to keep my background as unofficial, disorganized, informal, individual, and uncheckable as possible. I had no connections with any organizations, institutions, businesses. I was in no one's employ. I said I traveled a great deal, and at the moment had no home address—I had put my things in storage. I had lived at various times in Boston, New York, Paris—wherever it turned out the ladies had not lived, or at such periods as they had not lived there.

I could talk like a painter because I had grown up among painters and gone to art school when I was a boy. I felt fortunate in this background when a real painter turned up on the island to visit the family for a few days. I felt doubly fortunate when it turned out that he was a disappointed painter who had gradually slipped into interior decoration and didn't particularly care to talk about art. Yet when he left I was relieved of a great strain. The family held two parties for him which I was unable to avoid. The painter's first name was my own actual first name, and I passed two tense evenings at constant double-checking—checking myself from responding every time I heard my real name, and checking my memory on the nickname one of the women had recently made out of my assumed name.

I never did get used to my assumed name—not as used to it as my own, at any rate. If somebody speaks your own name in a roomful of noisy conversation, it jumps out at you; but not your assumed name. Unless you're looking at the person addressing you, it doesn't even jump out at you from a quiet conversation among three people. I often had the feeling, hearing myself spoken to, that this was the second or third time, and more than once I wondered if somebody had been trying me out. I remember two occasions early in my stay on the island when a stranger asked me my name and I underwent a frantic and almost certainly visible struggle to recall what it was.

IT WASN'T difficult to maintain a passable consistency about my fictitious background, in conversation, but it was very difficult indeed to accumulate a background in the first place that had almost nothing in common with the backgrounds of the people to whom I was talking, which was the way my background had to be if things were not suddenly to become so cozy that the jig was up. The ladies at the inn had very little to do at this time of year, and it was impossible to avoid a half an hour of porch-rocker conversation with one or another of them now and then. I could not speak knowingly of the things with which I was familiar, because the ladies were quite acute and in time would certainly have managed to reconstruct my background all by themselves. I had to profess ignorance of most general subjects on which I was actually fairly well informed, had to disavow any real familiarity with the places I knew best, and could never, of course, admit to a real acquaintanceship with anybody at all. This meant that I could never speak intelligently on any subject the other party

to the conversation knew anything about, and could say very little, ever, about anything *I* knew anything about, and almost nothing at all—to be on the safe side—about anything I really *didn't* know anything about.

This tended to make the conversations sound like most of the conversations you overhear. They were very agreeable, serenely eye-to-eye conversations, almost entirely devoid of content. I became the perfect conversationalist, because all I could safely do was keep the other party talking, which of course is what the other party enjoys most. But there was very little enjoyment in it for me. As a matter of fact, the conversations sometimes became almost intolerable. I am a man of deep feeling and wide acquaintance, and it was a hard thing to have to hold my tongue every time an invitation presented itself to set somebody straight in a tone of authority. It was a very hard thing always to have to reply in the negative when somebody said, "You don't happen to know George Soandso, do you," or, "Did you ever eat at that place on Tenth Street?" or, "Were you ever in Truro?" The family and I had many things in common, and it would have been diverting to talk about them, but I never could. The women had frequently visited an obscure corner of New England where I had lived, and they probably knew relatives of mine. They knew and liked at least two writers whom I knew well and liked well. One of their good friends had been a friend of my father's. A distant cousin was a man for whom I had worked for some years. But I had to be a man without a friend, without a family, without a background, without anything to say.

We belabored each other with this repartee three or four times a week. In between times I was alone, and talked to myself, which was neither more nor less rewarding than talking with the others. I sat in the cottage and talked things over, either silently or aloud, and walked on the beach and talked, usually to myself but occasionally, when I was hard up, to old herons that hung around there. I never got anywhere.

I became so discouraged about the prospects of my restoring my soul through conversations with myself that on three occasions I made impulsive, indiscreet trips to Fort Myers in desperate attempts either to reinvigorate myself with some intensive hilarity or somehow lose myself entirely. But of course it was no good. The more I attempted to indulge myself the more cautious I became. On the island I was fairly at ease in between deliveries of mail and arrivals of visitors; in town I was aware of being a hunted man every moment. As soon as I got to town I headed for the back streets. I confined my attentions to the least attractive, least patronized bars and cafés. I sat with my face turned away from the other customers when I could. On the street I looked in the shop windows when someone approached. I kept away from all the places most people went. I bought newspapers and magazines and took them to the waterfront and sat alone and read them. I went back into the crummy bars and fed the juke boxes. I looked at pretty girls and thought about them, and let them alone. I stayed out of trouble. I had too many drinks, and became very tired. Then I went back to the island.

I stayed on the island—except for these few trips—and sat and stared at the gulf, and considered my life, and stood on the beach, speaking to myself of this and that, and stared at my feet, and examined my soul, and thought of what I had left behind, and talked it over, and waited for a transformation of some sort, and grew less and less optimistic, and jumped whenever a car appeared, for about two months. No visitors ever appeared who recognized me. No tracer of missing persons ever turned up. None of the papers that were delivered to the island carried a story about it. If a radio broadcaster made any mention of it, I never learned about it. Nobody on the island ever uttered a word that suggested that I wasn't being taken at my face value. No excitement of any sort ever developed, except for a hurricane, which made our part of the island a garbage dump and brought on a plague of buzzards. They crowded the beaches. Numbers of them roosted on the ridgepole of my cottage at night, crowded together, and I used to wake in the night and hear their cumbersome flopping as they shifted their weight. The wind died, and for a long time there didn't seem to be any wind at all. How the buzzards stood the mosquitoes I don't know. I got fed up with both of them. It became very hard to breathe, and no fun, but there wasn't any-

thing that could be done about it. I finally gave up and decided to go.

When I left the island I wasn't absolutely sure just where I was going, and I didn't give it a great deal of thought. I took a plane to Tampa, and changed my mind and took another plane out. I rattled around in the South on impulse, spending a few days here and there, concentratedly pursuing my meditations nowhere, for somewhat more than a week. After two months of hiding out I was sick of it, and I made no effort at all now to be inconspicuous. I managed to dismiss from my mind completely the possibility of being recognized; I moved about freely, went wherever I wished and did as I pleased, and it didn't seem to make any difference.

In the end I came to the decision that I really ought to kick it around with an analyst, like everybody else, and returned to New York.

It developed that the hunting that had been going on you could have fitted comfortably into a coffee spoon. A few out-of-town friends had been alerted, but that seemed to have been the extent of the countrywide manhunt outside of New York. At least a few of my friends hadn't heard I was missing. There hadn't been any radio broadcasts, and the only newspaper story had been one obscure paragraph in the Yonkers *Herald Statesman*. I had been back in circulation in New York two weeks when Walter Winchell informed his readers that I was missing.

The Remarkable Swiss

George Soloveytchik

THERE is one country in Europe—and only one—that has never asked for Marshall Plan aid or aid of any other sort, that has never had a dollar shortage, that enjoys a stable currency, a balanced budget, and high productivity, and that is quite ready for any military emergency that may occur—despite the fact that it has practically no natural resources, no outlet to the sea, and a small territory one quarter of which is completely barren while the rest offers only limited scope for productive exploitation. That is the extraordinary record of Switzerland. In the half-gloom of postwar Europe it stands out like a bright light.

We are accustomed, these days, to thinking of the dollar as the hardest unit of currency in the world, and of other nations as trying desperately to amass dollars. But the monetary condition of Switzerland is actually much healthier than that of the United States. The Swiss franc is fully covered by gold, with an ample margin to spare. Until the devaluation crisis of 1949 the American dollar actually sold at a discount of 10 to 15 per cent in Switzerland, and the board of the National Bank deliberately pursued a policy of keeping dollars out by adopting a discriminatory rate—a unique phenomenon in dollar-starved Europe. This policy was brought to an end during the short period of uncertainty that followed the devaluation of sterling; even now, however, the dollar still sells in Switzerland at a slight discount.

If Switzerland joined the Marshall Plan community of nations, this was solely to assist others and not because she needed any help herself. Long before the Plan came into being she had achieved the balanced prosperity which the Plan was intended to help the rest of Europe to reach. Moreover, she has made an appreciable contribution to European recovery by adopting a liberal trade policy and by organizing on her own initiative a program of gifts, loans, credits, and other facilities to the rest of Europe, to the tune of no less than 2½ billion francs, or approximately $600,000,000. It is quite true

that in the long run she hopes to benefit greatly from these financial sacrifices and commitments; nevertheless they have involved a considerable strain upon her resources and a considerable hazard. Like the Americans, she can claim that she has been taking a "calculated risk" in behalf of everybody's future.

What is the secret of Switzerland's extraordinary economic health? Partly, of course, it lies in her successful policy of neutrality, which has left her unbled and undamaged after two wars which wrecked much of the rest of Europe. But there is much more to it than that.

Consider the difficult economic situation she has to face. Her natural resources are meager; they consist of a great deal of very lovely scenery, on which a lively tourist industry can be based; abundant water power from her mountain streams; some stone, timber, and salt—and almost nothing else. She has to import about two-thirds of the food which her citizens eat; she has to import almost all the raw materials and fuel she uses in her industries. That means that she must sell to other countries, and in quantity. In fact, in order to live prosperously she must be able to sell in other countries one-third of all she produces—an extraordinarily high proportion. How is this done? Through the application of skill.

Take watches, for example. The materials of which they are made are not Swiss; they have to be imported. But the cost of these imported materials represents only about 3 per cent of the value of the average watch when it is exported; the remaining 97 per cent represents the work and the knowledge that the Swiss have put into it. Skill, plus a unique capacity for hard work, efficiency, good management, and thrift have enabled a fundamentally poor nation not merely to overcome its natural handicaps, but to build up great financial resources which for generations have been successfully used by her banks and insurance companies both in their domestic and their international activities.

Not long ago General Marshall told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the United States was planning to have 400,000 men in Europe by the end of 1952, and this figure struck some of the experts as excessively large. Yet permanently neutral Switzerland, with a population thirty-three times smaller than the United States, can put into the field considerably more than 400,000 men at any time and at the shortest notice. What is more, these Swiss soldiers are properly trained, well equipped, and fully instructed as to where they are to go and what they are to do.

Switzerland's neutrality does not signify disarmament or defeatism. On the contrary, from early childhood every citizen is trained in the faith that national independence is worth fighting for and dying for. A term of compulsory military service is followed by regular refresher courses for all healthy males between twenty and sixty years of age. Between periods of service the citizen keeps his uniform, gun, and ammunition at home and, if he happens to be a cavalryman, even his horse, in which he and the state have a joint interest. Thus the state and the citizens are partners in national defense—not master and servant.

In the person of Otto Zipfel, Switzerland has an able economic expert whose official title is "Delegate for the Creation of Employment." Since Switzerland has been enjoying full employment for many years, there has been a standing joke to the effect that this excellent public servant is "the only unemployed man in the country." Since 1948, however, he has been extremely busy behind the scenes setting up the necessary shadow organization for a war economy in case Switzerland should be attacked or, more likely, suffer from blockade conditions during a war. Mr. Zipfel now has the additional title of "Delegate for War Economy," and with a small staff of half a dozen assistants, working in an office of only four or five rooms, he is engaged in stockpiling foodstuffs and building up extra stocks of raw materials for industry. And a huge program for the construction of silos and storage space of all kinds has been set in motion, including important installations for oil storage which are built into the mountains themselves.

At the beginning of May 1950—or well before Korea—the government issued an appeal to private householders, catering establishments, hospitals, and food retailers, suggesting that they should maintain a reasonable extra stock of food in addition to their regu-

lar requirements. It was pointed out that this appeal was not due to any immediate apprehensions, but solely to the desire to neglect no precautionary measures. The public took the advice in the spirit in which it was given and laid in stocks of domestic foodstuffs, but there was no panic buying. This was all the more striking since everybody knew that rationing would be introduced immediately in case of an emergency; indeed, the ration cards are already printed and could be distributed within a few hours.

Switzerland began her precautionary preparations for World War II in 1934, five years before the outbreak of hostilities. And now—without noise, without much additional expense to the taxpayer, and without any interruption to the normal ways of her economic life—the Swiss nation is once again ahead of everybody else.

SWITZERLAND is not an easy country to govern. It has no common language, no common race, no common religion, not even a common history. Seventy-two per cent of the population are of Germanic stock; 22 per cent are of French; 6 per cent of Italian. Fifty-eight per cent of the people are Protestant, 41 per cent Catholic, and only 1 per cent represent various other religious leanings. And all these people, of whatever origin and religious persuasion, are sticklers for their rights. Furthermore the Swiss Confederation is a democratic republic composed of twenty-two sovereign cantons, three of which are subdivided into two equally sovereign half-cantons each. There are therefore twenty-five sovereign states within the Confederation. And these are real states—not mere provinces or administrative districts subject to a centrally governed body. And they are divided into 3,107 communes (or parishes), which likewise insist on maintaining the greatest local autonomy. In addition, the constitution safeguards vigilantly the rights of the individual citizen, who is a chronic grouser and hates authority—all forms of authority.

How any central government can be made to function efficiently under such centrifugal circumstances is a mystery for which there seem to be two valid explanations. One is that religious, linguistic, and cantonal divisions do not coincide. A vital part of Germanic Switzerland, for instance, is Catholic, while the main parts of French Switzerland are Protestant. Where people are separated by cantonal allegiance or by language, they are held together by religion, and vice versa. This diversity and its unqualified acceptance by every citizen is a firm foundation on which the Swiss Confederation is built. Though they are not by nature a tolerant people, the Swiss know that without mutual tolerance their republic would founder. Thus it comes about that governmental offices are divided up with a wary eye for balance between political parties and ethnical and religious groups, in order that each may be fairly represented—very much as politicians in the multinational city of New York strive to see that each of the various groups of citizens gets its adequate share of both the burdens and the perquisites of office.

The other explanation is that the Swiss people love order and accept government as an unavoidable evil without which the order they love so dearly could not be maintained.

The unity they have built upon their diversity was put to a severe test during the first world war, when sympathies among the national groups were bitterly divided. But the second world war, which involved Switzerland in prodigious unproductive defense expenditure at home and great financial losses abroad, and also unbalanced international trade for years thereafter, unquestionably solidified the people by rousing their feeling of national identity, and by bringing home to every citizen the value of his threatened liberties and institutions.

NEVERTHELESS the Swiss continue as always to grouse and to worry. And in recent years they have had much to worry about. They spent the greater part of 1949 in uneasiness about the decline of business conditions and an approaching crisis (the much heralded American business recession, which did not take place, and the devaluation of the pound sterling, which did), only to discover to their surprise that it had been an excellent year after all. Much the same thing happened in 1950. This time it was the war in Korea and the scramble for raw materials—largely as a result of American stockpiling—that caused them anxiety. In 1951 there were such problems to face as the

financing of a greatly expanded national defense program, the inflationary effects of the international and domestic situation on wages and prices, and finally the perennial worries about commercial and financial relations with the rest of the world.

America—Switzerland's best customer, and also her chief source of supply—has been one of her main headaches. There has been much mutual irritation over the vexatious question—as yet unsolved—of the disposal of Germany's assets in Switzerland, and meanwhile the Swiss have been forced to pay America the sum of 250 million francs on account. There was annoyance on both sides when Washington tried to impose an ECA mission on Switzerland, and the Swiss—quite rightly in my opinion—refused to accept one because they do not receive one cent of American money under the Marshall Plan and are not accountable to the United States for the way they choose to conduct their economy. Since Korea there has been considerable pressure from Washington to force the Swiss to curtail their trade with the Iron Curtain countries; the United States actually withheld some needed raw materials from Switzerland until the Swiss agreed to a compromise, imposing an embargo on the re-export of goods which might be considered of strategic importance, but insisting meanwhile on their right to sell their own manufactured goods to anybody they pleased. Last summer the United States introduced a so-called escape clause into her trade treaty with Switzerland to which the Swiss reacted with almost hysterical violence; the watchmakers in particular expected some serious discriminatory action.

So far, however, this has proved a false alarm—which is fortunate for Switzerland, since the sale of watches and watch movements to America represents not only some 60 per cent of all Swiss exports to America but over one-third of the Swiss watch industry's total output!

Yet although the Swiss are uncomfortably aware that their economic future is precariously dependent upon a whole series of outside factors over which they have no control, their prosperity continues; in fact, in 1951 their foreign trade broke all records both for volume and for value. This is all the more remarkable when one considers how the economic skies have been darkening again elsewhere in western Europe. As to the political dangers, the willingness of the Swiss to defend their small country against any and all comers reinforces Napoleon's famous dictum about Switzerland that "no wise man would attempt to conquer it." The trouble is that today there are so few wise men. In fact, the Swiss are firmly convinced that outside their own country there are none at all, and maybe they are not far wrong.

Late Night Final

BRIAN HOWARD

Poets, write your final poems
Lovers, play your game—
The leaves will fall for different reasons
One of these autumns, and none of the seasons
Will ever be quite the same.

Sparkling soldiers now prepare
What they were born to do—
The death for which they live their lives
They wish to share it, with their wives
Their children, and with you.

After Hours

Incremented Pixies

According to Webster, the mathematical definition of an "increment" is "a change, generally arbitrary, either positive or negative, in the value of an independent variable; also, the corresponding change in the value of the dependent function."

Now that you understand about an increment, I can tell you about a puppet. This is not just any puppet. It is an electronic puppet. It is full of wires and armatures and secret devices, and it is controlled by a panel of twelve dials. It has a skin made of rubber and plastic that feels like real skin, and according to the publicity agent who is employed to extol it, it "achieves over 800,000 separate increments of expression . . . or 3,700 more expressions than Laurence Olivier or José Ferrer." The publicity man does not tell us how he counted Sir Laurence's or Mr. Ferrer's 796,300 increments or how they happen to have the same number. Electronically, probably. If you add what Olivier and Ferrer do with their hands and feet, which can also be measured in increments, I suppose, they can certainly do better than the puppet in question which has only a head and shoulders.

The puppet lives at 76th Street and Broadway, New York City, and is the handiwork of four young men named Herb, Pete, George, and Jim, who are pretty pleased with themselves because they are pleased with their puppet. They should be. They made him. He is an impressive monster, a magician in a peaked cap, with a green face and a long nose (which has increments), who, when George demonstrated him to me by twisting the dials, moved his mouth, rolled his eyes, switched his nose, wrinkled his forehead, and pouted his cheeks. He is known to the boys as "the close-up puppet." They told me he works mechanically, electronically, and pneumatically; beyond that they would not go.

The magician is only one of their puppets, and the only one that is electronically controlled. The others are all full figures about thirty inches or less high. Their bodies and faces and hands are fully articulated and they can assume any position a human can assume and hold it, which a human can't. The stage on which they are worked is magnetized and their feet (inside their shoes) are metal, so that the magnet can hold them in what would be an off-balance pose for you or me. Like the magician, these puppets have soft, pliable skin. "They're not temperamental," George said, "but they droop. They have that in common with actors."

When they droop they get new make-up, regular theatrical make-up, and if they droop too much they get new faces.

I should explain that these puppets are made only for the purpose of being photographed and are intended for movie and television use. They are not manipulated by strings or wires. They are moved from pose to pose by hand, and having been posed, are photographed a single frame at a time in the same way that an animated cartoon is made. So far the total commercial use of the puppets has been one twenty-second commercial for Camel cigarettes, but Mr. Michael Myerberg, who has sunk five hundred thousand dollars into their development in the past twelve years, expects to make a killing. Full-length feature pictures made with his puppet would, he says, cost only 10 per cent of what it costs to make an animated cartoon movie.

George, whose last name is Butler, showed me around. First he took me into a room

where Jim Summers was working on a model in clay of a standing figure, nude, legs apart, arms slightly out from the sides. All the puppet figures are made in this pose from drawings. Their limbs have to be free, so that when they are cast in the compound of rubber and plastic which makes their skins they can assume any position. The walls of the room were hung with sketches of puppets for the "Arabian Nights" drawn by Sam Berman. On shelves there were casts, half-finished models, and gurry. In one corner was the machine (devised by Pete) for casting. George does the casting. He says he gets ninety-nine out of a hundred perfect castings, and credits this to the machine that Pete invented.

Then he took me to the front of the building, where Pete and Herb run the machine shop in which the pieces for the armatures are made and assembled. This is no simple matter. The armatures are put together out of aluminum tubing, joined together with universal joints which lock in any position. Pete devised this joint, which he is modest about but which the publicity man says people have been trying to devise ever since the days of Leonardo da Vinci. Pete, whose last name is Ianuzzi, is a sort of mechanical genius who used to be a laboratory technician for Sperry Gyroscope. Herb Schaeffer, who works with Pete, is officially the animator, but he is also a machinist, toolmaker, woodworker, and natural born wit. Herb put on a pair of white cotton gloves and demonstrated the puppets to me, pushing them into poses of many sorts, and moving the features of their faces with his skillful thumbs.

"Like a cup of coffee?" George asked me after he had showed me some color films that the boys had made as test shots of the puppets. I said I would. All five of us sat in the room where the sculptured models and casts are made and George poured out coffee in big white cups.

The boys gave down. Each puppet costs in time, material, wages, and overhead between $2,500 and $3,000. The boys do not consider the puppets works of art but pieces of machinery. Somebody else can worry about the art. They are satisfied that they work. They also pride themselves now that they can build the machinery for any kind of puppet that a designer could dream up. "Of course," said Herb, "if the designer puts a quarter of an inch ankle on a big figure, we can't make it stand up, but that's just a matter of adjustment. We ask for a bigger ankle. Art has to stop at the machine shop door."

"That's not quite right," Jim, the sculptor, corrected him. "We work together. We talk it over. You might say we co-operate."

And indeed they do, or at least they gave the effect of co-operation, and they all seemed to be enjoying themselves.

"You know why Myerberg hired us?" George asked. "Well, he wanted experts but he didn't want them too expert. He didn't want them so expert that they'd be set in their ways. He didn't want people who would say, 'You can't do that.' That's what we are, experts, but none of us knew anything about puppets before we started to work here, so we didn't know what you couldn't do, so we just go ahead and do about anything."

Complaint

There is a curious sort of discrimination going on in some New York movie houses that makes my children mad as hops, and makes me mad at second hand. I have no idea how widespread this is, but it seems to apply to that minority of the population who are just too old to get into the movies for half price but who are still too young to stand up for their rights.

What happens is this: children over twelve have to pay full price at the movies (even on Saturday afternoons). Mine go and plunk down their seventy-five or eighty cents and then are herded together by the ushers and made to sit down front in a "children's section." The fact that the kids have paid the same full price as the adults and then are treated like second-class citizens makes them mad. Since the children are mine and the eighty-centses are mine (or used to be) and neither are getting what they and I have paid for, I feel we are being discriminated against.

Spare us the likelihood of a minority uprising of children from twelve to sixteen. What a racket! It's probably because of hints of that racket that the theater owners now herd them up front, but if they want the custom of the youngsers they ought either to treat them like the grownups they contend they are when they charge them full price, or

they ought to let them in for half price until they are old enough to sit with the adults.

All God's Chillun

ALAN E. MURRAY, an enthusiast with a reformer's zeal for remaking the world by way of his own enthusiasm, is a shoemaker who lives at 130 West 10th Street, New York City. Mr. Murray was not always in the cobbler's trade. Originally he was a professional skater, who discovered at the age of forty that his feet were beginning to fail him. For a time he sampled the available palliatives for his difficulty, all of which he found unsatisfactory, and so he started to experiment with his own. For one company he designed a pair of skating shoes that continues to be worn, but—becoming convinced that orthodox methods would never give him what he wanted—went on to make a "silver slipper," a skate consisting of the imprint of his own foot molded in stainless steel. It worked, and he gave a barefoot demonstration at Madison Square Garden, thinking that "doctors, dancers, skaters, shoe manufacturers, and skate makers" would now rejoice. When they failed to do so, Mr. Murray entered into a one-man effort to revolutionize the making of shoes in spite of them, a battle in which he is today wholeheartedly engaged.

Since he first made a pair of shoes professionally in Wilmington, Delaware, a dozen years ago, Mr. Murray has made some twenty-five thousand like it (last year he made 3,500). He has thirty-five employees in Bridgeport, Connecticut (where the shoes are put together), his laboratory in New York (where they are repaired), agents in scattered sections of the country who are authorized to take fittings, and more business than he can handle. The shoes are unusual in appearance, as though the wearer had web feet and had recently walked through a heavy, adhesive mud. They are expensive (sixty-five dollars and up) and they take time to make (three months). Nonetheless they continue to grow in popularity among individualists who will sacrifice fashion to comfort; among people (like my own dentist and many of his colleagues) who must work on their feet the whole day long; and among sufferers from bunions, fallen arches, hammer toes, metatarsaglia, corns, heel spurs, Morton's toe, Schafer's foot, *pes cavis*, and other ills of civilization. "All the sick feet in the world," says Mr. Murray, "come in here."

Mr. Murray believes that Americans have the worst shoe of history. His argument is that only two kinds of shoe are good for the foot—one that does not fit at all, or one that fits all the way. Most of mankind during most of its existence has worn the former kind, either a sandal (or slipper) or else an oversized clodhopper. Walking over rough ground in a shoe that made no attempt to fit, the wearer gave his foot a statistically-distributed workout over its entirety. Historically, by contrast, the shoes that *tried* to fit were worn by a small class that did not have to walk or could afford some other transportation. Our mistake, according to Mr. Murray, lies in trying to carry over this minority shoe —"Caballero shoes, shoes to be used in conjunction with sofas or sitting on horseback"— into majority use, attempting to have all shoes fit but not fit well enough. "The machine shoe," he says, "is worse than the cobbler's, because the cobbler was never quite right; he was always a little different"—like the foot itself and like the infinitely varied surface it was meant (so Murray thinks) to function on. As the middle classes rose in numbers they tried to adapt from aristocratic usage a shoe designed (as Bernard Rudovsky suggested in *Are Clothes Modern?*) as though the big toe were in the middle. Murray implies that trouble comes from trying to fit an entire society into this socially pretentious shoe and from smoothing out and hardening the ground it walks on. "The only thing that saves us is the automobile," says Mr. Murray.

Murray's solution is two-fold: (1) his expensive shoe, an "absolute" shoe, which is shaped as perfectly as possible around an individually and specially prepared plaster cast, and (2) an inexpensive model the wearer manufactures for himself, directly onto his or her own feet. Both are based on the principle that the foot has an "internal plan for perfection" needing only to be liberated, and the conviction that the foot itself can best design its outward covering. Mr. Murray, although he admits to an exceptional restraint about the part to be played by analogy in science, prefers to regard the foot as a plastic membrane filled with liquid; only thus does he believe that a truly even fit can

be achieved around its diverse contours. His laboratory and sales room are filled with plaster casts of customers' feet, many of them misshapen, but he claims not to think of them as deformed. "There is no deformity in Nature. She merely works with what she has. She is a great compromiser. If she weren't, we would none of us be here." If feet improve through the wearing of his shoes—and he collects quantities of evidence that they do so—he believes this to result merely from the fact that "the foot remembers" its plan for perfection and that his design has allowed it a chance to act accordingly.

A LARGE component of "organic" philosophy is apparent in this reasoning, and in the "privately published and secretly distributed" book, *Shoes and Feet to Boot,* in which Mr. Murray has expounded it. He is aware that some orthopedists compare him derisively to Gaylord Hauser. Yet Murray's position is not altogether unconventional, and he is not a "back-to-nature" type. "The term 'science' signifies a very irregular battle-front," he says. "Great advance spearheads exist at certain points, but alongside them are depressions in the line, even backward bulges, which are labeled 'science' too." In these areas Murray contends that "we are not half delicate enough on the body. Doctors are born. Why, the best doctor in Bridgeport ran a gas station till he was thirty-six. Pasteur himself was a quack. I don't want to go back to those days, but I hate to see us miss all the natural things, all the lucky accidents, that happened then."

Murray's philosophy is so much a part of his shoemaking that his market, as a consequence, has been a limited one. He will not —like Nature—compromise, even in the elements of design which are more a matter of appearance than conformity to the foot. Complaints along this line, though they are more serious than he supposes, he chooses to regard as arguments for "style" and fashion, and to these he is deaf. As a result, through no fault of the shoe's (which is on the way to attaining its own natural form), it has been more easily accessible to the *avant-garde* than to those staid citizens who may need it more. In a sense his own style has made its way to becoming nearly a bohemian trademark—as sandals, or the mitten-like Matthews shoes, or ballet slippers by Capezio have been from time to time—in part because of its oddness. This also he prefers, for Murray holds with the "minority rules" view of democracy. "The trouble with democracy is that the majority is always wrong—they wear the wrong shoes, for example. But there is a saving grace, this thing vaguely called minority rights. The minority of the lowest number, one, can still rise or fall, subject only to its own peculiar destiny." The people Murray wishes to appeal to he calls, not the "lunatic fringe," but the "goat fringe." "We want the goats, the unafraid. We don't pay any attention to the sheep, though now the sheep are coming too. If they hear about someone important who has had Murray shoes—Fredric March, or Arthur Godfrey, or Joe Di Maggio (I was the one that got him on his feet), or Madame Litvinov, or Risë Stevens, or Lillian Gish—then they come in and say they want a pair that looks the same."

Mr. Murray is determined that his work shall outlive him, even if he has to put himself out of business in the process. It is to this end that he has developed his second shoe, called "kit shoe," which anyone can make. "In one night you can learn to make the best shoe of history." Kit shoe is a bulgy object, seeming to be made of rubberized toweling, which is in its own way not unattractive. "I think it is my best shoe. The other is better for sick feet, but it is static. This one is dynamic; it shapes itself with the foot." Best of all, the kit shoe is capable of infinite variation, at the maker's whim. The kit costs eighteen dollars, but contains material for at least two adult shoes or as many as four for children. (Children, whose feet represent to Murray both a state of uncontamination and the future generation's hope, interest him especially.) He gives weekly classes in the use of the kit (the last one was attended by a hundred people) and is hopeful that this much of his revolution will take hold. "If you want a prophecy, I will tell you the future of shoemaking—and until you change the whole of shoemaking, nothing else can change. In the future there will be no stock, no thousands of shoes. You will go into a store and half an hour later come out with a pair of shoes made around your feet. That's all there'll be to it."

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

From the General to Caviar

Charles Poore

WHAT has happened to the campaign biography? It used to be one of the gaudiest growths of a Presidential year's springtime. No one ever confused it with *symplocarpus foetidus,* though like the skunk cabbage, that uncharitably named harbinger, it also appeared early, also generated its own heat in cold soil, also bore large, showy leaves and fought valiantly for a place in the sun.

The vanishing campaign biography has an honorable history. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote one for his good if not great friend Franklin Pierce. All sorts of people produced such books for Lincoln. Owen Wister (whose rather more famous *Virginian* is completing the first half-century of its immortality this year) even wrote what you might call a posthumous one for Theodore Roosevelt. There was no spectacular lack of biographical support for FDR. Today the form is barely kept alive as candidates stalk office with richly sonorous whither-are-we-drifting collections of speeches and other threnodies of desire.

The trend, now, is toward less formal targeting of the eternal Issues. When Governor Dewey put his suspenders on television, when Senator Kefauver followed with a live crime quiz show, what could books do to keep up with the parade? One suggestion came from James Reston, who said in the *New York Times* that Senator Taft's *A Foreign Policy for Americans* might be printed in loose-leaf binder form so that pages could be changed when the Senator changed his mind.

It may be that William Hillman's ***Mr. President*** will set a new pattern in one way or another. Farrar, Straus & Young will publish it later this month. As announced, it is to have some five dozen exclusive pictures in full color, another hundred or so in black and white, and excerpts from Mr. Truman's diary. Whew! Whether it will turn out to be a campaign document remains to be seen. Meantime, we still have Stefan Lorant's fine cavalcade of all the previous campaigns, *The Presidency,* to show us just how much the quadrennial saturnalia changes, how much it remains the same.

Books About Eisenhower

WHAT about Eisenhower? I think it would be prudent to say that no man in our history has had so much written about him before he became a candidate for the Presidency. One of these days Henry Steele Commager or some other academic historian is going to set his captive hordes of graduate students to building an Eisenhower bibliography. It will, in itself, be a portly book. There should be a hundred linear miles of newspaper and magazine entries (abroad, as well as at home, of course), for a start.

All the celebrated memoirs of our time—Churchill's, Bradley's, Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* and so on—tell us a great deal about Eisenhower. So do the more civilian chronicles of this crowded decade, and the military histories, such as *Washington Command Post* and *Cross-Channel Attack.* Then there's his own book, *Crusade in Europe,* and Captain Butcher's *My Three Years with Eisenhower,* and Kay Summersby's *Eisenhower Was My Boss,* and Alden Hatch's *General Ike* (to be reissued by Holt), and Kenneth S. Davis' *Soldier of Democracy,* and

Why 55 million people read this unique magazine

• The February 1952 issue of The Reader's Digest, which marks its thirtieth anniversary, has by far the largest circulation and the largest readership of any magazine in the world. There are 26 separate editions, including one in Braille and another on records for the blind. They appear in 11 different languages and have a total circulation of over 15 million. Each month more than 55 million people read the Digest.



"Again we are involved in war, but this time with far more of international complications and difficulties in finding peaceful solutions to our troubles. The Digest performs an invaluable service in translating these problems to the general public in understandable and unbiased form."
—GEN. GEORGE C. MARSHALL



"Not fearing the high-brow nor scorning the popular, spicing both with gleanings of wit, the Digest carries in 11 languages an intensely interesting and attractive picture of America to many foreign lands without the unpalatable flavor of propaganda."
—DOROTHY THOMPSON



"In one neat, time-saving package, The Reader's Digest hands us wisdom essential to an informed, alert citizenry in a democratic society. I have been brought up on the Digest in the thirty years in which it has blazed new magazine trails and become the publication marvel of our time."
—ERIC JOHNSTON
Former Economic Stabilizer



"The Reader's Digest is an important part of the 'must-kit' of information that every intelligent person needs."
—BERNARD BARUCH

Q. Where is The Reader's Digest bought and read?

A. In every country where people are free to read what they choose—58 by actual count. In addition, smuggled copies are read by thousands behind the Iron Curtain, frequently at serious personal risk.

Q. Where do the articles in the International Editions come from?

A. Every article has first appeared in the American edition of the Reader's Digest. More often than not, the same articles which were most popular in Kansas City and San Francisco turn out to be most popular also in Buenos Aires and Manila. *The Digest has proved that the basic interests of intelligent men and women are alike the world over.*

Q. Who are the 55 million readers?

A. In the United States, more college-trained and economically well-off men and women read the Digest than any other magazine. *Any one issue is read by 52% of all Americans who have attended college.* Sixty-one percent of Digest readers are high school graduates, though only 36% of the American population in the same age groups have finished high school.

Surveys show an equally high educational and economic level among readers of all the International Editions. In France, for example, more than twice as many people who are college-trained—more than twice as many of the well-to-do—read the Digest than any other magazine. The same holds true in Japan, Norway, Canada and virtually every country where the Digest is published. *Digest readers have more education—have more money to spend than those of any other widely circulated magazine in the world.*

Q. Why is the Digest so popular among leaders in all walks of life?

A. Because each issue contains a wealth of ideas that stimulate thought and conversation. Because each issue is packed with material that extends mental horizons, quickens the imagination, whets one's curiosity. Because each issue gives one a keener zest for life and a sharper appreciation of the fine art of living.

Q. Do The Reader's Digest International Editions differ in any way from the United States edition?

A. Yes. The United States edition does not carry advertising, but all International Editions do.

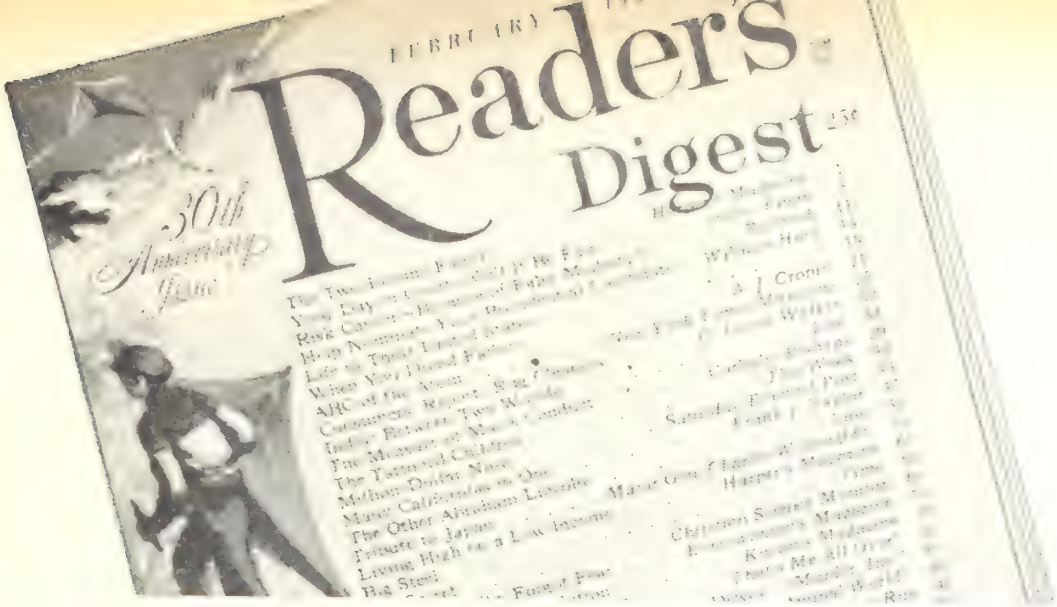
Each of these editions, wherever circulated, is an outstanding advertising medium. This is because of the Digest's large readership among intelligent people and its recognized prestige among people of influence in business, the professions and government.

Advertisers all over the world have responded eagerly to the opportunity to advertise in the pages of this magazine, every copy of which is read by more than three people.

The list of Digest advertisers includes the great names in industry in every country of the world, the export departments of the outstanding U. S. advertisers having much the largest representation.

There are four French-language editions of The Reader's Digest (for Canada, France, Belgium and Switzerland); four in Spanish (one for the Caribbean and Central America, one for Mexico and two for South America); eight in English (for the United States, Canada, Britain, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Latin America and Japan); two in German (for Germany and Switzerland); and one each in Danish, Finnish, Norwegian, Swedish, Italian and Japanese.

30th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE—February 1952



HAT U.S. AND INTERNATIONAL LEADERS
Y ABOUT READER'S DIGEST:

he following comments have appeared in The Reader's gest or are scheduled for publication)



"The Digest has proved that a free press is not limited by frontiers and oceans, and that a publication which presents the truth will be sought regardless of difficulties by those who seek truth."

—General Walter Bedell Smith
Director of Central Intelligence Agency



"I am greatly impressed by the profoundly practical idealism which has guided The Reader's Digest since its inception. Here is a most promising road toward a more solid and friendly understanding among people of all the world's nations."

—H. R. H. The Duke of Windsor



"The Reader's Digest has demonstrated that the people in this country and in many others can be interested in serious subjects. The Digest has become an important educational force."

—Robert M. Hutchins
Former Chancellor, Chicago University



"I have seen articles by and about Canadians published in Spanish, Norwegian, Japanese, Italian and various other languages by The Reader's Digest and I hope to see many more. The Digest tells 58 nations about each other. We cannot have too much of this free exchange of information if the world is to achieve trust and understanding."

—Right Honorable Louis St. Laurent
Prime Minister of Canada



"Reader's Digest is contributing to the job of world-wide communication and understanding in a way that has always interested us at Pan American. It parallels closely our own efforts to bring peoples of the world closer together. And, because Reader's Digest is read everywhere by leaders of the business world, we find it a useful medium for our international advertising."

—Juan T. Trippe, *President*
Pan American World Airways



"Through its unprecedented circulation among the free peoples of the world, The Reader's Digest has contributed remarkably to the advance in mass communication."

—Milton S. Eisenhower, *President*
Pennsylvania State College



"Civilization together with democracy progresses thanks to the diffusion of culture. Reader's Digest has given for 30 years a precious contribution to the diffusion of culture."

—Vittorio Emanuele Orlando
Former Premier of Italy



"No other periodical in all America would be quite as much missed as would The Reader's Digest, should its compact, slim little figure disappear some month from our library tables, our book stalls, our newspaper corners, our conversation. Much love and long life to it."

—Kathleen Norris



"The goal of international understanding cannot be achieved by government-to-government action alone. There must also be a people-to-people expression of their work and hopes. On its thirtieth anniversary, Reader's Digest is to be congratulated for its part in people-to-people communication."

Paul Hoffman, *Former E. C. A. Administrator, Now President, Ford Foundation*



"The success of your Japanese edition attests to the universal appeal of The Reader's Digest and its value as a channel for international cultural exchange. May Reader's Digest grow and prosper further in its service to humanity."

—Shigeru Yoshida, *Premier of Japan*



"The unparalleled world-wide appeal of Reader's Digest represents the triumph of readability, entertainment and substance. Reader's Digest has been a notable ambassador of American democracy and good will among the people of the world."

—Sam Goldwyn, *Motion Picture Producer*

The READER'S DIGEST—Pleasantville, N. Y.

Miss Taylor forthcoming, *What Eisenhower Thinks* (Crowell, $2.75), and the Lord knows how many other books now on the publishers' drafting boards or dancing through the minds of NEHQ and SHAFF writers of the time-wars.

Inside SHAPE and Things to Come

John Gunther, who will be on hand selling me a book to be called *Inside Chaos* the day after nine-tenths of creation has been blitzed, has stolen a march, as usual, with ***Eisenhower: The Man and the Symbol*** (Harper, $2.50). This is a brief, brisk, jumpy, and very readable book. Naturally enough, events are constantly running ahead of it, but if you remember all the incarnations of *Inside Europe* that came out while the continent was coming unstuck, you can be confident that it will be reguntherized at appropriate intervals. In looking at the man and searching for the symbol, Gunther has drawn on earlier Eisenhowerana (though not enough), his own memories of D-Day in Sicily with Eisenhower (too much), and recent talks at SHAPE (too reticently).

This book gives us all sides of Eisenhower. We can make our own choice. The symbol we look for in a man is a reflection of ourselves. When we say we don't want another soldier in the White House we somehow think we are taking a bold stand for peace, though it's soldiers who have given us what peace we have today. When we call Eisenhower an armchair general, on the other hand, aren't we inadvertently revealing that, in his place, we'd constantly be riding big white horses around the battlefields? Well, shouldn't soldiers have all the rights of citizens?

In a world full of singularly bellicose civilians, Eisenhower stands out through the pages of this book as a remarkably peaceful man. In wartime he defended Bill Mauldin's right to draw as he pleased. In peacetime he stood up for Dr. Philip Jessup and opposed loyalty oaths at universities. After Hitler had been beaten, in his last Order of the Day, Eisenhower said: "Our common problems of the immediate and distant future can best be solved in the same conceptions of co-operation and devotion to the cause of human freedom as have made this Expeditionary Force such a mighty engine of righteous destruction. Let us have no part in the profitless quarrels in which other men will engage as to what country, what service, won the European war." Has anyone done more, in Lincoln's words toward the end of an earlier war, to bind up the wounds of the nations?

They Don't Fade Away

The quarrel as to who won the war is seldom opened in the novels written afterward by young men who fought in it, though in your reading experience, I imagine, you can find exceptions to that rule. More frequently, men saved their most savage displeasure for rearguard elements of their own commands. And, old-fashioned as it may seem, they even felt strongly about the enemy across the way. If they spent long stretches in German prison camps, like the characters in David Walker's new novel, ***The Pillar*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3), they developed a special insularity.

Mr. Walker (born a Scot and now a citizen of Canada, where Scotsmen flourish) spent five years as a prisoner, so he really knows what he's talking about when he describes the day to day adventures of his six carefully differentiated men. When he delves into their backgrounds, however, and follows them through high life or bleak living in civilian days, he is not so persuasive. The pattern for that aspect may have been Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, though the similarity is scarcely striking. Some of the flashback episodes—particularly Adrian's preposterous adventures in New York with his mother, a glittering novelist—seem more the sort of thing a prisoner would like to imagine as a relief from the numbing monotony of prison camps, than transcripts from any reality. The stories of how prisoners of war organized their attempts to escape, on the other hand, are told with wonderful precision and such tension of suspense that you hope they'll really bring it off each time.

Serenade to the Big Bird, by Bert Stiles (Norton, $2.75), is the unfinished testament of a young American flier who served with the 8th Air Force in bombers for thirty-five missions, transferred to fighters when he might have gone home on leave, and was shot

the new book almanac

Literally hundreds of books are published *every single week*. In this flood of print that sums up so much learning and so much wit, many a fine book goes unreviewed . . . almost unannounced. Some are privately printed, others too special for the literary column. Many more are missed simply because there are so many new books that critics can find time and space for only a few with broad appeal. The New Book Almanac is planned as a reference place where publishers can call to the attention of Harper's readers, who are bookhounds of a specially eager breed, good books, reviewed or unreviewed, which they may have missed.

FICTION

THE BEST OF THE BEST American Short Stories

THE TREASURE HUNT. by Ethel M. Hubbell. A

THE DUKE OF GALLODORO by Aubrey Menen.

RACHEL RAY by Anthony

THE GIANT

FULL CARGO by Wilbur Daniel Steele. A master of the short story offers a superb selection of his

ART

JOHN SLOAN, by Lloyd Goodrich. The first book-

SCIENCE

ENERGY SOURCES—THE WEALTH OF THE WORLD by and Charles A. Scarlott. A

BIOGRAPHY

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF LA SALLE

RUNAWAY STAR: AN APPRECIATION OF

TIVE. By Thomas Anderson.

HERMAN MELVILLE

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON: A

HISTORY

HISTORY AND HUMAN RELATIONS

THE ENGLISH PART

West, N. Y. Times. Macmillan.....$5.00

TRAIL DRIVING DAYS

Here are the early cattle days in Texas; tales of the big-roaming trail bosses, colorful figures of the era,

A HISTORY OF JAZZ IN AMERICA, by Barry

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

CARAVAN: The Story of the Middle East, by

EDUCATION

ATTAINING MANHOOD

ATTAINING WOMANHOOD

Corner, M. D. Revised and enlarged editions of two widely recommended books of sex education

TRAVEL

MEXICO AND I, by Amy Pruitt. A happy com-

Mexico's most interesting landmarks and spectacular beauties vividly. More than a travel book . . . a fresh appreciation of the national characteristics

NEWMAN'S EUROPEAN TRAVEL GUIDE. New, Revised Edition. Handy size, 192 pages, maps,

LONDON by Jan

SELF-HELP

YOU CAN TOO! by Mary Jane Moore, R. N.

approach to nutrition, dieting and values for

EVERY DOLLAR COUNTS! By Max Hess, Jr. An

THE TECHNIQUE OF CLEAR WRITING by Rob-

along the path to clear, readable writing. A "Fog Index" provides a simple to use yardstick for

proved successful. Mr. Gunning has taught thou-

WAKE UP YOUR MIND, by Alex Osborn. A

OTHER GOOD BOOKS

APE, MAN, APE
Taylor—A brilliant study of the influence of en-

UNDERSTANDING HEREDITY by Richard B.

tude written a compact readable "primer" that can

are what you are . . . why you are different from others . . . question mark and beginning . . . and

BEDS
Or, Under, or About Them, by Rowland Reynolds.

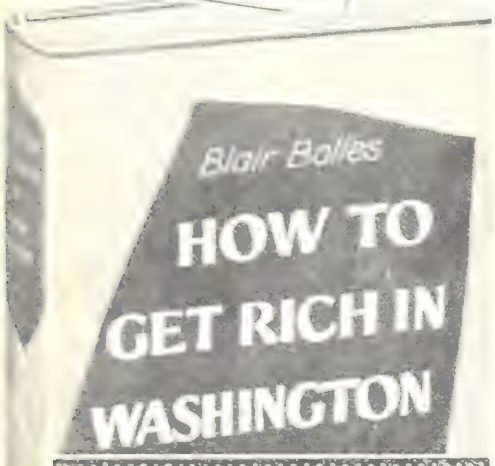
. . . Anyone who want to add that one to his stock

THE ANTIQUE COLLECTOR'S MANUAL. *A Price*

and arranged by Raymond F. Yates. An invaluable aid to the average American collector or

Order any of these books from your own bookseller. Or write directly to the publisher.

Now you can read the complete exposé



Rich Man's Division of the Welfare State

By BLAIR BOLLES. You read a summary entitled "Corruption in Washington *And How It Works*," in the January *Harper's*. The entire, documented story of how certain people are getting rich on *your* tax money is now available at all bookstores. $3.75

NORTON

If you're going abroad

the first thing to do is buy one of the

FODOR GUIDES

• They're *always* new, up-to-date, complete, authoritative. They tell you how to budget and plan your trip . . . how to go . . . what to see . . . what to do . . . where to eat . . . what to buy . . . EVERYTHING! And — your new Fodor Guide brings you a membership card that entitles you to up to 10% DISCOUNTS in 800 leading continental shops, restaurants, etc.

New **FODOR** Guides

Britain in 1952	$3.00
France in 1952	$3.00
Italy in 1952	$3.00
Switzerland in 1952	$3.00
Spain & Portugal in 1952	$3.75
Scandinavia in 1952	$3.75
Benelux in 1952	$3.75

At all bookstores

David McKay COMPANY, Inc.
225 Park Ave., New York 17

down in a P-51 toward the end of 1944's dark November. It is written in a free-flying style, but the disturbing questions it raises transcend the wild-blue-yonder manner:

"Day after day we were on the list, for a trip to Berlin or Nancy or Munich or somewhere. We weren't meeting any new people, or learning anything constructive, or deepening our understanding, or cementing any friendships. We just went up there and over, to knock hell out of some city with a vague hope that some day that city will be rebuilt for some people we can get along with. Offhand it always seemed like a sort of sick way of doing things, and when the day turns up that we can start using other methods, I'm going to be one of the gladder people in the world." The tragic irony needs no italicizing. Yet Stiles lived more fully in his few years than many a stuffed shirt lives in threescore and ten.

Synthetic Man of His Time

JEFFERSON SELLECK, by Carl Jonas (Little, Brown, $3), has almost everything a novel of American life should have except spontaneity. It is planned with care, developed with skill, and relentlessly made to illustrate the typical aspects of a typical milieu in a significant time. The trouble with it is that it's all too planned, all too pat, and somehow synthetic.

Selleck is a literary robot. He has been trained to exemplify and articulate all the hopes and prejudices and foibles of a generation, not so much, you feel, directly from life as from the library—possibly out of deference for the novels of Booth Tarkington and Sinclair Lewis, the *Our Times* of Mark Sullivan, the *Only Yesterday* and *Since Yesterday* of Frederick Lewis Allen.

Now synthesis is a useful technique in scholarship, a perilous mixture in art. And inasmuch as John Marquand has already blended Tarkington and Lewis in his own style, there's not much left for Mr. Jonas but additional research into the times and yesterdays of Jefferson Selleck, a sort of Midwestern H. M. Pulham, Esq., a rustic Apley.

The story is told as a reminiscence. It has ostensibly been dictated by Selleck into a recorder while he is suffering from occlusion—complicated, I should say, by violent spells of total recall. After his death his ruthlessly sympathetic doctor adds appropriate grace notes, and his wife and son and daughter put in their ruefully understanding remarks.

This kind of thing can sound pretty arch, on occasion. "In spite of Mr. Selleck's disapproval of the entire New Deal," his editor will say, "he was not too proud to avail himself of government aids upon the farms he owned, the CCC and WPA soil-erosion conservation projects in particular." Mrs. Selleck's rebuttal to his account of their uninspired marriage (she'd naturally taken him only when nothing better offered) is more cutting. The children's belated understandings of father's misunderstandings of their revolts are just about what you are expecting to hear.

Selleck's own accounts of how he got ahead in business, how he mixed prohibition gin, how he cut up at stag parties, what he thought of That Man in the White House, his adventures in politics and civic rhubarbs, how he stood the expense of his beloved daughter's wedding, how he coped with his son's ensnarement by a Designing Woman, and so on, offer, unhappily, nothing new, nothing spontaneous, nothing that does not have an air of mechanical contrivance. He shows the truest signs of life when Mr. Jonas puts a gun in his hands and sends him on a hunting trip or into a wartime reminiscence.

Why? Partly, I suspect, because, in a more or less Lewisian setting, he cannot help improving on Sinclair Lewis' remarkably implausible passages about any kind of shooting.

Works Without Love

WRIGHT MORRIS' ***The Works of Love*** (Knopf, $3) is also a story of a man's quest for certainty in midland America during this violent century. If you compare it to Mr. Morris' last book, *Man and Boy*, it is a disappointment; if you compare it to *Jefferson Selleck*, it is a masterpiece. For no matter what he is writing about, Mr. Morris always has the magic touch of original

bservation and the capacity to ex- ress it in an unusual way. His orld of rabbity men and predatory omen is like nothing to be found his side of James Thurber's car- oons—but since the men couldn't nderstand Thurber and do not un- rstand themselves, that probably oesn't matter.

The title of his novel is, I must arn you, a fraud if you are expect g something rich in British Ther- al Units. The hero of *The Works Love,* Will Jennings Brady, rail- oad man, egg tycoon, and, finally, wandering wraith in Chicago's iddle depths, never seems to in- ire, or to feel, much more than a ild, benevolent, vegetarian affec- on. He might strike you as rather ckless, rather commonplace, if you ncountered him in one of his fa- rite lobby resting places near the otted plants. Nevertheless, as Mr. lorris points out in his most ex- licitly symbolic passage, he is, in uth, stranger than a voyager to the ioon.

Vest Winds Blowing

THE winds of the America that lies beyond the Mississippi are lowing strongly through the nonth's books, aren't they? Eisen- ower is from Kansas, Bert Stiles as from Colorado, Carl Jonas and Wright Morris are Nebraskans. Now ere is ***A Treasury of Western Folk- ore*** (Crown, $4), edited by B. A. Botkin, a rawhide anthology of the ee world on the other side of the undredth meridian, with a fine in- oduction by the Chevalier DeVoto, o carry us further toward the Rockies.

And, surprisingly enough, even Bryan MacMahon's beautifully written and stingingly alive novel f Ireland in the nineteen-twenties, ***Children of the Rainbow*** (Dutton, 3.95), is linked to that country hrough the words of Willa Cather n the flyleaf: "In little towns, lives oll along so close to one another, oves and hates beat about, their vings almost touching."

The Irish town of Mr. Mac- Mahon's story is Cloone, where loves nd hates in conflict are set to the acy, pointed measures of some of the best dialogue produced anywhere— though it flows out as ordinary, everyday conversation, so that you're not oppressively aware that you're in the land that bred Sheridan, Wilde, and Shaw at all. On the contrary, you are much more apt to think of the Synge of *The Playboy of the Western World,* or the O'Casey of *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars,* as you read about these fancy free but not footloose young men and women —Finn Dillon, "Prince of Cloone," Chestnut Macnamara, his friend and heir apparent, and the rest, on serious business bent or the most harebrained escapades.

The Best from "The Best"?

IRISH melodies are always beguiling, but I confess that I returned with a certain sense of relief to the more familiar cadences of American speech in Martha Foley's ***The Best of the Best American Short Stories, 1915-1950*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75) with its tales by Nelson Algren, Sherwood Anderson, Warren Beck, Kay Boyle, Erskine Caldwell, Ring Lardner, Ernest Hemingway, Jean Stafford, Pietro di Donato, Irwin Shaw, Wallace Stegner, William Saroyan, Eudora Welty, James Thurber, and the inevitable Wilbur Daniel Steele, without whose presence ("How Beautiful with Shoes," of course) any Martha Foley–Edward J. O'Brien collection could only be regarded as a clumsy forgery. It's a good and interesting anthology, as far as it goes.

And since Miss Foley is in charge, it does not go as far as some other fine storytellers, some other fine tales undreamable in the "How Beautiful with Shoes" philosophy. Therefore, it would be idle to suggest that she should have included, somehow, stories by Carson McCullers, Katherine Anne Porter, Scott Fitzgerald, John O'Hara, Mary McCarthy, Dorothy Parker, and John Steinbeck—though I propose to do just that every time the question of the best short-story writers of these years turns up.

In reply, Miss Foley may quote a quatrain which, you will discover in Basil Davenport's ***The Portable Roman Reader*** (Viking, $2.50), or, if you are Gilbert Highet, remember, comes from Martial, as translated by Thomas Brown:

NEW WAY To Learn A Foreign Language

IN YOUR OWN HOME— WITH NATIVE SPEAKERS

Yes, you can learn to speak a foreign language -like a native— faster, easier than you ever dreamed possible! Double travel enjoyment, increase career and social opportunities. The secret is the *Guided Imitation* method of the HOLT Spoken Language records . . used and endorsed by 1600 schools and colleges, hundreds of business firms, thousands of students!

FRENCH • SPANISH
GERMAN • ITALIAN
RUSSIAN
and 16 other useful languages

Courses now on LP (Long-Play) or 78 rpm records

FREE *booklet describes streamlined method created for the U. S. Govt.!*



Mail coupon for illustrated booklet describing method developed by the American Council of Learned Societies and used with such amazing success by the Army and State Dept.! No obligation.

HOLT Spoken Language Courses

HENRY HOLT & CO., Dept. V.
257 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me at once without obligation your free illustrated booklet describing the famous HOLT Spoken Language courses.

Name.....
Address.....
City, Zone, State.....

$1,000,000 a day spent . . . yet we are losing the cold war in . . .



GREECE

American Dilemma and Opportunity

by L. S. Stavrianos
$3.25

"The able analysis of Greek politics by Mr. Stavrianos clearly describes why our program of guns and subsidies is not enough . . . Greece illustrates why we are losing the cold war."
— John Nuveen
Former ECA Administrator in Greece

At Your Bookstore or Write to:
Henry Regnery Co., Chicago 4, Illinois

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell:
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

Caviar for Savory

The weirdest new novel of the year—I'm looking forward to anything that can top it—is Louis Kronenberger's ***Grand Right and Left*** (Viking, $3). This is caviar for the General's year. It is the story of the richest man in the world, a contemporary New Yorker, who, having grown spectacularly bored with collecting old masters, books, châteaux, racehorses, jewels, Gobelins, marble staircases, carriages, an inland sea, four other watering places, and a buffer state, is persuaded by his psychiatrist and his wife to start collecting live people. Naturally enough, any old celebrities wouldn't do. He didn't want to buy himself a set of matched radicals who had never turned their coats, nor a single composer who had written a chorale without the word "hallelujah" in it, or a six-day bicycle racer who had completed the course in five, or a mystery writer who disdained the phrase, "It doesn't make sense; it just—doesn't—make—sense"; or a political pundit who had not quite started picking Eisenhower's cabinet.

Instead, he chose to collect an English nobleman, a French diplomat, a beautiful young European woman of the world, and an American lady playwright who sounds rather like Alexander Woollcott without the bustle. These are duly imported to his Manhattan town house, a *pied à terre* of sorts with a frontage scarcely a block longer than the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Fortunately they all seem to have read everything in Mr. Kronenberger's superb anthology of civilized writing, *The Pleasure of Their Company*, so that most of them, as the *meringue soufflée* of intrigues develops, easily turn the show into a revival of the Age of Reason—which is better than serving as aides to a fable in slang. Only the English duke is treated shabbily, and this seems an odd observance of *noblesse oblige* toward a man whose ancestors contributed so much toward the whole style and pace and polish of the entertainment.

Anyway, at a time when "the world, which so little lent itself to high comedy, had become a huge platform for fantasy and low farce," it pleased them to move to the music of Boccherini instead of the tunes of the hit parade. Even the satire on television soon makes way for an indispensable play within a play. The hero of Mr. Kronenberger's magnificently entertaining novel in search of a playwright is a persistent sort, who rose sturdily by his own efforts, turning a nest egg of three hundred million dollars into a setting of nine billions. In due course, no doubt, he'll be wanting to collect slightly used but genuine candidates from the national political conventions.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

My Cousin Rachel, by Daphne du Maurier.
In eighteenth-century England there lived, in a womanless household, an orphan boy brought up and cared for by his older cousin, Ambrose, a landowner and gentleman farmer. When Ambrose is forced to go to Italy for his health, falls in love with and marries an Italian woman, a whole important pattern of life is changed. When Ambrose dies mysteriously in Italy leaving nothing to his widow and all to his nephew, and the wife comes to England to visit the estate, a strange new pattern begins. It is a pattern wondrously woven of fear and terror and love and hate, so like *Rebecca* that it will inevitably be compared with it. It is a real spellbinder with depths of atmosphere and story in which this reader was happy to be drowned.
Doubleday, $3.50

The Season's Difference, by Frederick Beuchner.
There is no denying that Mr. Beuchner's style is difficult, and probably few readers will take the trouble to grope through it to find the wisdom and observation beneath. . . . A group of people—adults and children at a seaside summer home—are galvanized into new attitudes when one of their number, the children's tutor, believes he has had a divinely inspired vision. The story moves too slowly to whip the lagging attention to great efforts, yet one feels that Mr. Beuchner is determined to say things his own way. Like the schoolmaster in his novel, he has his own vision. As one of the characters says to the tutor: "Go ahead and show . . . the whole world . . . your vision in all its loveliness, and you still, Peter, may not have proved anything to them. . . ." But Peter is not put off, nor is Mr. Beuchner, in trying to show in his own way that one man's faith may affect the scoffing unbelievers—innocent and hardened alike—more than they admit, or even, indeed, more than they know.
Knopf, $3.50

Mittee, by Daphne Rooke.
The veldt and the Transvaal country around Pretoria and Plessisburg in South Africa were wild and untamed in the days just before the second Boer War. And the people who lived there—Kaffirs and Boers—were untamed too. Miss Rooke in this novel about two girls, one a Boer and the other her half-caste servant and devoted friend from childhood, uses these dramatic facts and background to the very best advantage. Something passionate happens in nearly every chapter—love, birth, rape, murder—but the story moves as swiftly and easily as the feet of Mittee, the lovely unpredictable heroine, when she runs over the veldt to meet her lover. The narrator of the story is Selina, the graceful, gentle colored servant, and for all its fury the novel has a wild beauty and tenderness that give it force and distinction. A Book-of-the-Month choice. Houghton Mifflin, $3

Hold Back the Night, by Pat Frank.
This is the story of Dog Company of the First Marine Division whose dirty job it was to cover the retreat from the Changjin Reservoir to the evacuation at Hungnam in the bitter November days of 1950 in Korea. They started their mission as a company of 126 men. Fourteen came out alive, or half alive, after a trek that no one who reads the book will ever forget. Yet there are no heroics, which is one reason it is memorable.

t is just a group of men, hardly more than boys, doing a job at the isk of their lives, in worse than reezing weather. Some of them are ood, some not so good, but by the ime that Captain McKenzie and ergeant Ekland get them to the a they have all become great in he eyes of the reader. I had thought didn't want to read any more war ovels. This one I read, from the rst page, with anxiety, terror, some aughter, and in the end with an verwhelming pride. Whatever hapens in Korea these men (and their ottle of Scotch) have created a egend to make other Americans aspire to greatness. It is hard to explain how Mr. Frank gets his effects. There is talk of what all the fighting's for, but it never gets sentimental and never lasts long, usually nding in a joke. One feels that hat's the way it is. There are cowards who turn into brave men and t's credible. And while my memry may betray me, I don't remember a single four-letter word in the ook though obviously the men nust have used them. Yet the dialogue seems perfect. A real achievement, by the author of *Mr. Adam.* Literary Guild choice for April.

Lippincott, $3

NON-FICTION

Adventures in Two Worlds, by A. J. Cronin.

Doctors' lives are in their nature ull of dramatic moments, and when best-selling novelist turns to writing stories about his own life as a doctor, it's bound to be interesting. That is the first of Dr. Cronin's two worlds, and that is perhaps why the irst half of his book is the more interesting, that part dealing with his medical studies, his watching a brain operation, his life as intern in a mental institution, his practice as assistant in a rural community, and ater his own practice among London society folk and the London slums. If the second half—his life as author, even best-selling author—seems less enthralling on the whole, his final chapter, an effective affirmation of faith, brings it to a resounding climax. We venture to predict that his thousands of admirers will find the book as absorbing as the best of his novels. McGraw-Hill, $4

Dance to the Piper, by Agnes de Mille.

The woman who has done much to change the character of American musical comedy and built a whole new audience for the dance has written a biography that is a delight. It has many facets. It starts as a charming picture of family life up to the time of the divorce of her parents, when Miss de Mille graduated from college. (Her father was the playwright and producer William de Mille; her uncle, the director Cecil de Mille; and her mother, the daughter of Henry George.) The picture of the early days of Hollywood in which her family was so deeply involved is the most vivid and evocative that I have come across. Many of her chapters are memorable in themselves—on the physical, emotional, and financial costs of a dancing career, on seeing Pavlova dance, on sex and the ballet, on her own desperate search for her place in the dance world (she is not a great technician) until "Rodeo" and "Oklahoma!" settled the problem once and for all. But what joins all these diverse parts into a most pleasing unity and gives the book its special quality is the driving vitality and charm of Miss de Mille herself. It is a most readable, a most stimulating book.

Little, Brown, $3.50

The Alarms and Excursions of Lady Littlehampton, by Osbert Lancaster. Readers of *Harper's* need no introduction to Osbert Lancaster, cartoonist, author, co-designer of the pleasure gardens at Battersea in Britain's festival this summer. In this book his well known cartoon character, Lady Littlehampton of Britain's impoverished upper classes, comes to America and allows Mr. Lancaster to have a good deal of fun at the expense of both. She also goes to Europe and some of the best drawings in the book (accompanied by verse) are double spread views of European city squares and landscapes. A gay addition to *Classical Landscape with Figures* and *There'll Always Be a Drayneflete.*

Houghton Mifflin, $2.75

The English Past: Persons and Places, by A. L. Rowse.

The author of *The England of Eliz-*

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED

In Chesterton, Irish literature, the devil, Spain, or [illegible] write [illegible] Sheed & Ward, Open Trumpet, free and prepaid.

GERTRUDE MACGILL, Sheed & Ward, NEW YORK 3

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE

Literary Agent, established 35 years. Manuscripts criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to [illegible]

Dept. B [illegible]

STORIES, ARTICLES, NOVELS, BOOKS [illegible] Non-fiction, Sold. Highly recommended for publication. Successes include Best-Seller, Literary "Discovery," Book-of-the-Month Recommendation! Recognized sales, editorial aid for new authors. Unestablished authors assisted. Information [illegible]

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT
35 West 42d St. New York 18.

ATHEIST BOOKS

32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO.

38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

STORY CLASSICS

[illegible] winning awards for their format. *Illustrated by famous artists.* Send for Free Brochure, STORY CLASSICS, Dept. HM2, EMMAUS, PA.

An even better novel than **REBECCA!**

My Cousin Rachel

by **DAPHNE du MAURIER**

$3.50 at all booksellers • **Doubleday**

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS
supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.
(We also supply all current books at retail store prices —Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of Harper's Magazine.)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 19, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY [illegible]

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Whether you are changing your address for a few months or permanently, you will [illegible] issue of Harper's promptly. When advising us of a change of address please indicate *both* the old and new address. Please allow four weeks for effecting this change. Address all correspondence to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.

Let these MILTON CROSS Records show you how to talk your way to SUCCESS!

The Famous

Dr. Robinson Course in

EFFECTIVE SPEAKING

Narrated by MILTON CROSS

Five double-side, non-breakable standard speed records in a beautifully bound, sturdy album

Now, you can improve your voice and speaking ability this quick, easy way — merely by listening to Milton Cross on these self-teaching records for a few minutes a day. You gain poise, a rich speaking voice, and the knack of expressing your ideas clearly and naturally without stepping outside your own home. At last, here is your golden opportunity to acquire the secrets of successful speaking at an extraordinary low cost and with minimum effort.

10 Powerful Lessons

Ten dynamic lessons explain and illustrate every aspect of speaking effectively. You discover how to banish forever the fear of talking on your feet—how to make your voice more resonant, richer in tone, and more capable of holding the interest of listeners—how to achieve complete relaxation of voice, manner and body—and how to speak without the slightest trace of nervousness, timidity, or self-consciousness.

Let Milton Cross show you how . . .

On these records, Milton Cross, in the voice that is familiar to millions of admirers, brings you the methods which helped him become one of America's finest speakers. You hear him pronouncing words with his flawless diction. You get easy-to-follow drills and specific exercises. You learn to speak fluent, effortless, powerful English — the easy way — by listening and imitating.

In his Carnegie Hall studios, Dr. Walter O. Robinson has helped thousands of men and women whose careers were being handicapped by their inability to talk well. Now, that his famous course is available on records [illegible] for you right in your own home.

Ten Days' Free Examination

HARPER & BROTHERS
51 E. 33rd St., N. Y. 16

Gentlemen: Please send me Dr. Robinson's Course in EFFECTIVE SPEAKING for 10 days' free examination. Within that time I will remit $8.95, plus a few cents mailing charges, [illegible]

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

SAVE! If you enclose payment publisher will pay mailing charges. Same return privilege [illegible]

abeth, The English Spirit, and *The Spirit of English History* has combined his knowledge of history, his literary background, and his genius for the informal essay to produce a book of considerable charm. He visits D. H. Lawrence's home at Eastwood; he goes over Milton's Country, and Thomas Hardy's; he recreates the world of the Brontés; he writes an essay on Swift and Buchan and includes a very moving introduction to the letters of the young poet Alun Lewis who was killed in World War II. A splendid volume for bedside or study.

Macmillan, $3.75

Wild Wings, by Frank S. Stuart. The author of *City of the Bees* writes this time of a flock of wild ducks. He personalizes, but never enough to be absurd, the courtship of a pintail drake and duck, and the excitement and accidents of the annual migration. It is a fine story and obviously full of authentic fact as well as perceptive observation and imaginative interpretation.

McGraw-Hill, $3.50

FORECAST

Important Reissues

Just about ten years before ***Rachel Carson's*** *The Sea Around Us* had made its way to the top of all the best-seller lists and won the National Book Award, Simon and Schuster had published her delightful *Under the Sea-Wind: A Naturalist's Picture of Ocean Life.* It is now out of print but on April 7 Oxford is reissuing it in a new edition. We are more sea-minded now. By the same token, Doubleday will republish on May 22 *City Boy,* an earlier novel first published in 1948 by ***Herman Wouk,*** author of the now famous sea-saga, *The Caine Mutiny.*

Trials and Lawyers

Francis X. Busch, former corporation counsel for the city of Chicago and former dean of De Paul University, is writing a series of books on famous American trials, the first two of which will be published by Bobbs-Merrill in March. The first volume covers the trials of Sacco and Vanzetti, Leopold and Loeb, Bruno Hauptmann, and William Haywood. The second reports those of Leo Frank, D. C. Stephenson, Samuel Insull, and Alger Hiss. . . . Wilfred Funk plans to publish later in the spring a book on a lawyer who always makes news of a trial, Judge Harold R. Medina. ***Hawthorne Daniels*** is writing it. . . . And while we are speaking of trials, the Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen for its June selection ***Whittaker Chambers'*** personal testament, *Witness,* which the *Saturday Evening Post* is serializing and Random House will publish on May 21.

Political and International

One of Appleton Century's biggest spring books will be ***Drew Middleton's*** (head of the *New York Times'* European Bureau) *The Defense of Western Europe.* Mr. Middleton has had the "active co-operation" of General Eisenhower and his staff in reporting on the progress that has been made in building up the forces of Europe under SHAPE. It will be published in April. . . . Harcourt Brace announces for spring publication the story of ***Robert Vogeler's*** ordeal in Hungary. Mr. Vogeler will write the book, *I Was Stalin's Prisoner,* with ***Leigh White,*** author and journalist. . . . And on March 13 Little, Brown will interject a happy note into a campaign year with *Will Rogers on How We Elect Our Presidents,* edited by ***Donald Day,*** who did the writing of Mr. Rogers' autobiography.

Signs of Spring

April will see the opening of the baseball season heralded by the publication of several books. ***Warren Brown*** has written *The Chicago White Sox* for Putnam, and ***Frank Graham,*** sports writer for the old *World,* the New York *Sun,* and now for the New York *Journal-American,* has written *The New York Giants* for the same publisher, while on April 15, the very day the pennant-winners open at the Polo Ground, ***Laraine Day,*** wife of Leo Durocher, and a very decorative actress in her own right, publishes *Day with the Giants* or "what it is like to be married to a baseball team." From Doubleday.

What a woman and what a book!

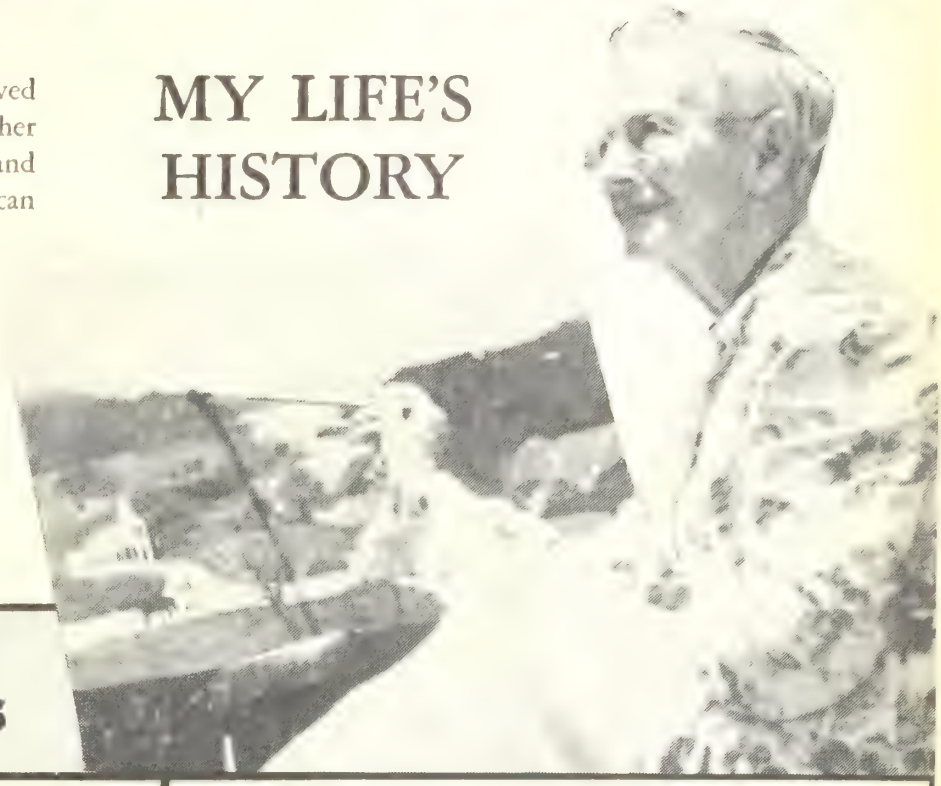
Grandma Moses

MY LIFE'S HISTORY

One of America's most famous and best loved women tells *in her own words* the story of her life as girl, wife, mother, grandmother and painter. It covers ninety-one years of American history — and what a story it is!

"As delightful, simple and charming as her pictures."—LOUIS BROMFIELD

16 pages of paintings in full color, 8 pages of family photographs and facsimile letters • $3.50



At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

Fascinating memoirs of a

Daughter OF THE Pacific

by YOKO MATSUOKA

"This is an absorbing story, told with almost painful honesty, of a young Japanese Christian's search for the truth among the conflicting moral and political claims and doctrines of East and West. Miss Matsuoka has written more than the highly interesting personal history of one of Japan's leading women. It is also the record of the traumatic experiences of a whole nation during and after World War II, and of adjustment to a new role in the international community."—*Edgar Snow*

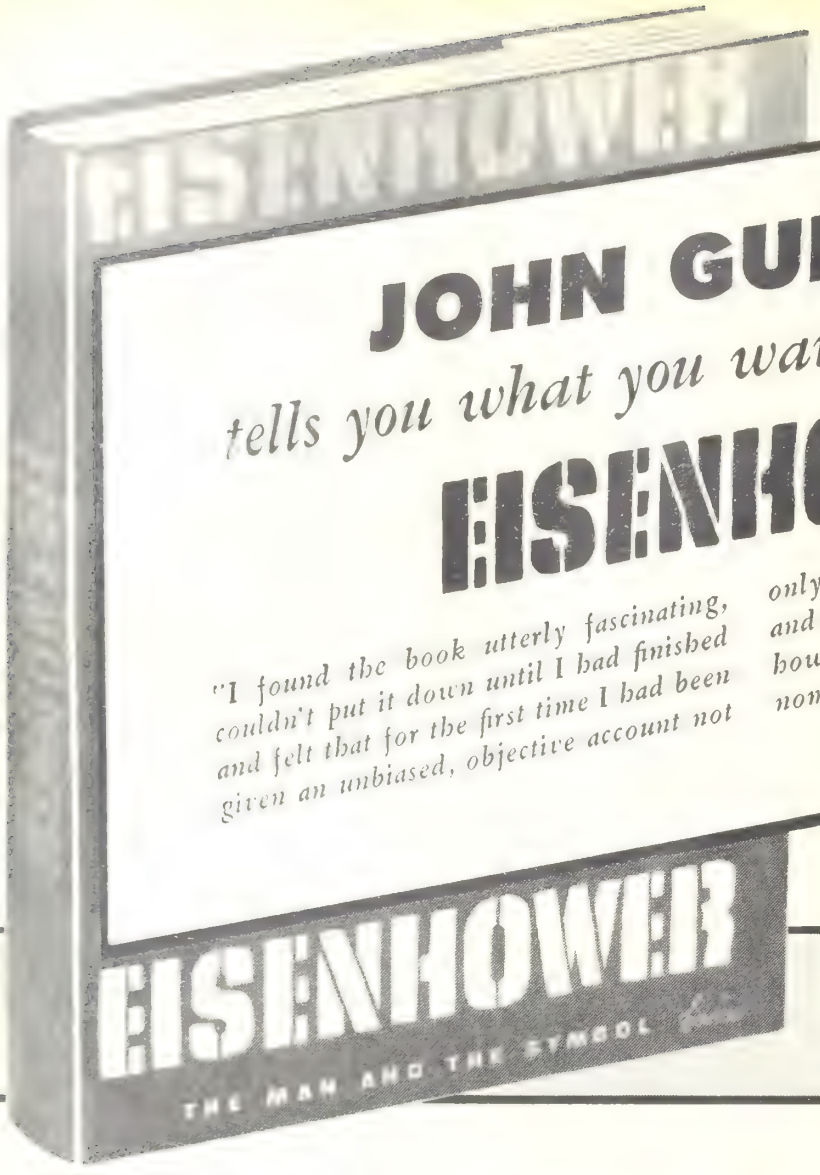
$3.00

The eyewitness story of America's Continental Army

Rag, Tag and Bobtail

by LYNN MONTROSS

Rebels and loyalists, Britons and Hessians and Frenchmen, generals and privates all tell their stories of the Revolution as they knew it and fought it. Based on actual diaries and letters, this authoritative and well-documented narrative is an exciting contribution to the human side of conflict. *Endpapers and 37 maps. 480 pages.* $5.00



JOHN GUNTHER

tells you what you want to know about

EISENHOWER

"I found the book utterly fascinating, couldn't put it down until I had finished and felt that for the first time I had been given an unbiased, objective account not only of Eisenhower, the man, the general, and the chief of SHAPE, but of Eisenhower, the candidate for the Republican nomination for President."

—WILLIAM L. SHIRER. $2.50

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

That delightful memoirist-raconteur

. . . that "innocent from Indiana"

EMILY KIMBROUGH

tells the sometimes hilarious, sometimes poignant story of her business career in Marshall Field's, one of the world's great department stores.
Drawings by Alice Harvey. $3.00



Through Charley's Door



Stride the ramparts...Sound the bugle...Capture all of Wales!

APTURE this life-long memory! *Your* castle in Wales — ancient Harlech, hose early defenders inspired the stirring elsh anthem: *"Men of Harlech! On to ory..."* But first—these other memories, ese other glorious conquests. Capture ngland...London with all its rich, historic easures . . . Canterbury of the pilgrim's cathedral...Oxford...Cambridge. And on to the sea! To Plymouth, Bristol, Land's End. On to the thatched roofs and cobbled streets of Devonshire and Cornwall. There are famous castles there, too—Tintagel with its memories of King Arthur, and the glories of Saint Michael's Mount. Wander through the Lake District where Wordsworth wandered, "lonely as a cloud." England! Wales! Now to Scotland —greeted by the skirl of bagpipes. Capture every loch, every glen. And then Northern Ireland. The Giant's Causeway . . . the rugged headlands . . the shining sea. Indeed, why settle for a single land—when all of Britain can be yours?

See your travel agent now, or write for information and free literature, British Travel Centre, Box 57, 336 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC AT THE END OF A JOY-FILLED DAY ON A GRACE LINE "SANTA

Cruises TO THE CARIBBEAN AND SOUTH AMERICA

12 TO 18 DAYS OR LONGER...SAILINGS EVERY FRIDAY

Grace "Santas" are especially designed for tropical cruising

all rooms outside, each with private bath

light airy dining rooms on promenade decks

outdoor tiled swimming pools. See your travel agent or

GRACE LINE

10 Hanover Square, New York

Agents and offices in all principal cities

Harper's MAGAZINE

APRIL
50 CENTS

What's Happened to Taft?.....
Richard H. Rovere

The Pirates' Nest of New York .....
Mary Heaton Vorse

Stevenson & the Independent Voter ..
Bernard DeVoto

On Reading.....
A. Whitney Griswold

Twelve Other Articles, Stories, Reviews, etc.

Dewar's "White Label

and "Victoria Vat

The Medal SCOTCH *of the Wo*



No prouder tradition in Scottis history than the story of the Clans. their colorful tartans worn in glo through the years. Traditional, to is Dewar's White Label an Victoria Vat, forever and alway a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle

for distinguished servic

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"









Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky





Defense is on the lines!

"LONG DISTANCE, PLEASE!"

Seems that's what everyone is saying these days – in factories, offices, army camps and navy yards . . . on farms, in homes, in shipyards and arsenals.

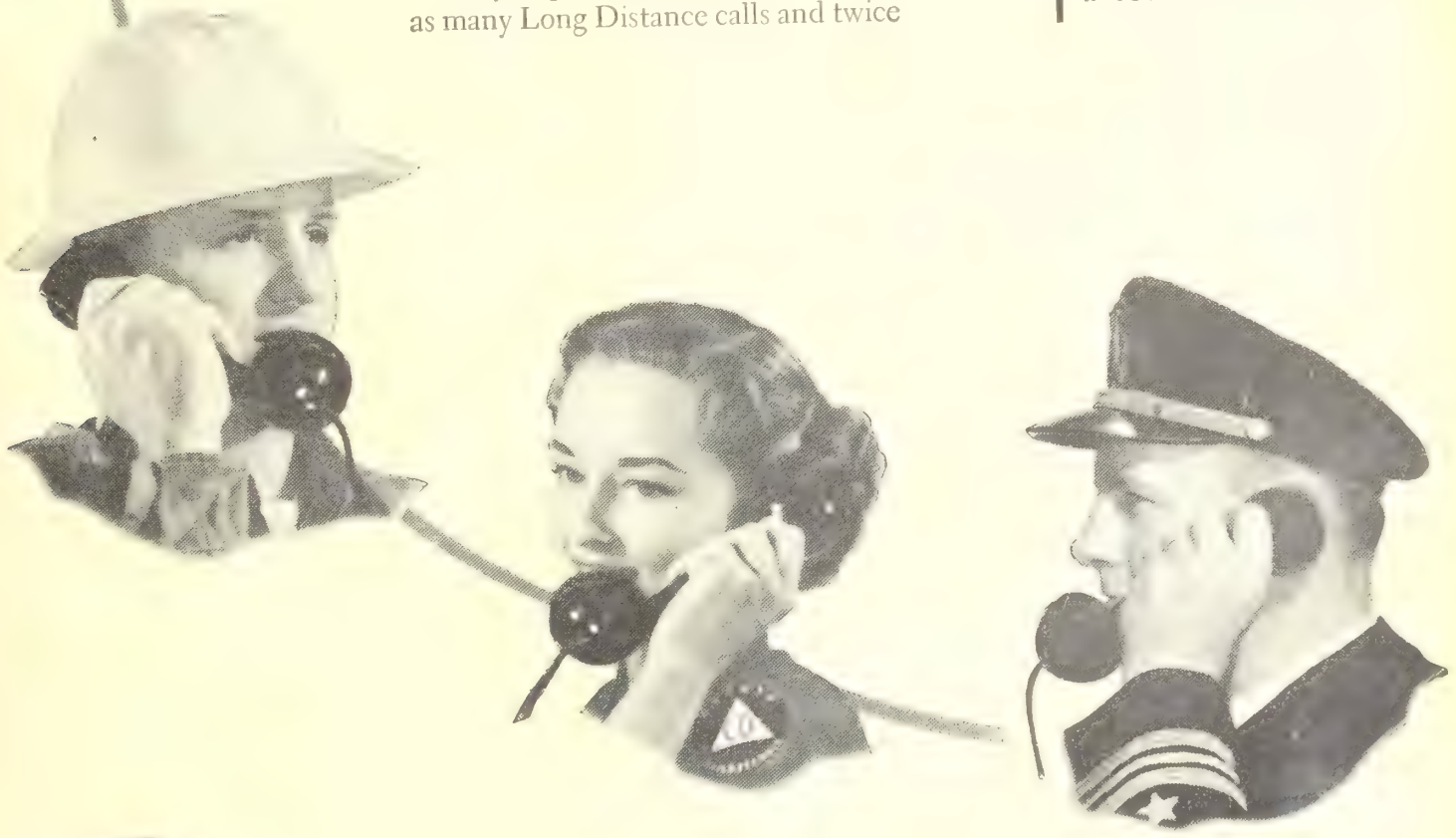
For America is doing a big job in a hurry. To speed things up and get work done, the nation depends on Long Distance. So, it's "full speed ahead" for thousands of telephone men and women, too.

They're putting through four times as many Long Distance calls and twice as many teletypewriter messages as in 1940. Millions of miles of Long Distance pathways have been added —in wires, in cables, and by radio-relay.

Even that is not enough. More of everything is being built as fast as we can get materials.

For America's defense is on the lines, and telephone people are getting the message through.

YOUR LONG DISTANCE CALL WILL GO THROUGH FASTER, IF YOU CALL BY NUMBER.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



THE DEVON, by Du Mont.
[illegible]
Plug-in for record player. Cabinet of fine mahogany or limed oak veneers.



THE BANBURY, by Du Mont,
with giant 21-inch rectangular tube. Plug-in for record player. Cabinet of fine mahogany or limed oak veneers—the latter available with raffia doors in several decorator colors.

Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

EXPECT TO BE ENVIED

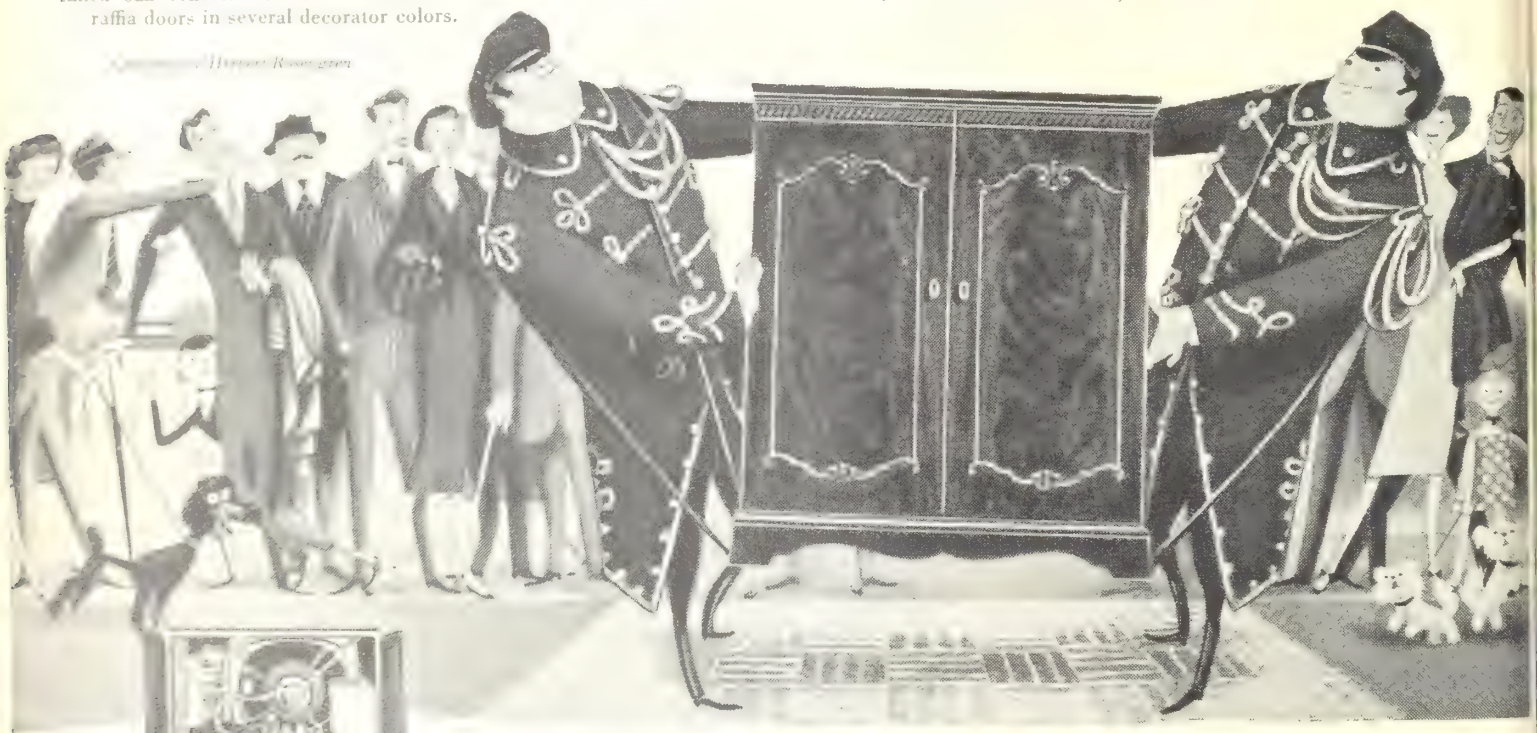
that's part of getting a

Du Mont

TELESET*

Expect to be delighted, of course. For, as you would expect from television's pioneer, your new Du Mont will give you sound and pictures absolutely unmatched—in velvet richness, starry brilliance, mirror clarity.

Expect to be satisfied, of course. For you know you can depend on the precision engineering that gives your new Du Mont • the new cylindrical-face Selfocus* tube for sharpest pictures *automatically!* • the new Distan-Selector* for weakest and strongest signals *both!* • the new Static Eraser* for clearest pictures *possible!* And provision for UHF, of course.



THE WHITEHALL SERIES II, by Du Mont, with giant 21-inch rectangular tube. Plug-in for record player. Cabinet of fine mahogany veneers.



[illegible]
See why Du Monts Do More in '52.

Expect to be envied, then.
For here is your new Du Mont—solid, precise, enduring—surely the most advanced television set ever built.

The Harvest of 21 years pioneering by DU MONT First with the Finest in Television

*Trade Mark

Copyright, 1952, Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc., Television Receiver Division, East Paterson, N. J., and the Du Mont Television Network, 515 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Du Mont prices range from $269.95 to $1,795.00. Slightly higher in South and West. Warranty included. Fed. excise tax extra.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 204 CONTENTS—APRIL 1952 No. 1223

Personal & Otherwise. *Mostly about our contributors* 6

Letters 20

The Pirates' Nest of New York . . . . . MARY HEATON VORSE 27
Drawings by Ben Shahn

What's Happened to Taft? . . . . . RICHARD H. ROVERE 38

Aspects of the Novel 41

A Present for a Good Girl. *A Story* . . . . . NADINE GORDIMER 45
Drawings by W. T. Mars

The Mother Molecules of Life . . . . . GEORGE W. GRAY 51
Diagrams by Sigman-Ward

The Easy Chair. *Stevenson and the Independent Voter* BERNARD DEVOTO 62

Leonie. *A Story* . . . . . DAN WICKENDEN 67
Drawings by Tom O'Sullivan

What You Can Read in Russia . . . . . MICHEL GORDEY 77

How Now, Mr. Mao 84

The Great Australian Trek . . . . . C. HARTLEY GRATTAN 85
Drawings by Dahl Collings

Why Retire at Sixty-Five? . . . . . HENRY S. CURTIS 92

After Hours . . . . . MR. HARPER 95

On Reading . . . . . A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD 98

College Library. *A Poem* . . . . . JOHN CIARDI 101

New Books . . . . . CHARLES POORE 102

Books in Brief . . . . . KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON 107

HARPER & BROTHERS—PUBLISHERS

Harper's Magazine: Published monthly by Harper & Brothers: 50 cents a copy; $5.00 a year. Vol. 204, Serial No. 1223. Issue for April 1952. Publication office, 99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising offices, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Copyright, 1952, by Harper & Brothers. All rights reserved. "What You Can Read in Russia," copyright, 1952, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

in next month's

Harper's MAGAZINE

DURING the coming months we shall publish many political articles, and anyone who knows *Harper's* knows that, inevitably, they will represent a variety of points of view. In the May number, ***Richard H. Rovere,*** who discusses Senator Taft in this issue, turns his attention to President Truman. In a later issue, ***Louis H. Bean*** will survey the election prospects; two years ago he did this for us and his estimate of Republican gains was very close to what the election actually produced.

ALSO in May, ***Peter F. Drucker*** explodes "The Myth of American Uniformity," while ***C. Hartley Grattan*** explores "Beardsley Ruml and His Ideas," and ***William Manchester*** reports on "The Case of Luella Mundel," an all-too-little-noted battle in the war over academic freedom that took place recently in West Virginia.

LOOKING to the future—and a not too distant one either—***Harland Manchester*** and ***John McPartland*** present two complementary, and astonishing, pictures of the prospects for "Space Ships Ahead." There is a new short story by ***Stephen Becker***, and a second one by ***Nadine Gordimer,*** who appears for the first time in this number.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE: FREDERICK L. ALLEN, *Editor in Chief;* RUSSELL LYNES, KATHERINE [illegible] JACKSON, ERIC LARRABEE, CATHARINE MEYER, ANNE L. GOODMAN, *Editors;* JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN, JOHN FISCHER, RICHARD H. ROVERE, *Contributing Editors.* JOHN JAY HUGHES, *Assistant to the Publisher, and Circulation Director;* WALDO W. SELLEW, *Advertising Director.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS: CASS CANFIELD, *Chairman of the Board;* FRANK S. MACGREGOR, *President;* RAYMOND C. HARWOOD, *Executive Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer;* FREDERICK L. ALLEN, WILLIAM H. ROSE, JR., EDWARD J. TYLER, JR., *Vice Presi-*[illegible]

GAZINE: Published Monthly; 50 cents a copy; $5.00 a year; two years, $8.00; three years, $10.00. Foreign [illegible] *cal. Volume 204, Serial No. 1223. Issue for April 1952. Composed and printed in the U. S. A. by union* [illegible] *Press, Albany, N. Y. Publication Office, 99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising* [illegible] *33d Street, New York 16. Copyright 1952 in the United States and Great Britain by Harper & Brothers.* [illegible] *into other languages, reserved by Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and* [illegible] *countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as* [illegible] *matter at the post office at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.*

Four weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as new, are necessary for change of subscriber's address. [illegible] address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to Subscription Department, 49 East 33d St., New York 16, N. Y.

Free

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE

American History Book Society

THE ONLY BOOK CLUB DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO AMERICAN HISTORY





Your FREE membership gift

The BLUE and the GRAY

The story of the Civil War as told by participants

Edited by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

In two volumes, boxed. 1200 pages, with many maps and illustrations. Bibliography and index.

The glory and the sadness, the turmoil and mighty sweep of the War of Brothers, told by those who saw the struggle. Soldiers, blockade-runners, foreign observers, statesmen . . . their 450-odd narratives embrace every major campaign and battle on land and on sea, as well as recruiting, discipline, life in camp and in prison, medicine, diplomacy, and life behind the lines.

Each of the thirty-one chapters has an introduction that explains the campaign or the issue presented. No library of the Civil War is complete without this comprehensive book on its history; this stirring account, compiled from source material, of the greatest crisis that ever gripped America.

Retail price $12.00 **Your FREE membership gift**

NOW IS THE TIME TO JOIN THE

American History Book Society

Signing and mailing the coupon enrolls you. It costs nothing to join this distinguished Society. Each month our editors select an outstanding current book. You pay only for the books you want, *after* you receive them, at the reduced, special member's price plus a small, fixed mailing charge.

When you join, we send you *The Blue and The Gray* FREE. For each additional four selections you buy, we send you a valuable Bonus Book free. And we also give you, without charge, a subscription to *Americana*, monthly magazine that among other features tells you about next month's selection.

If you do not want the forthcoming book, simply return a printed form that is always furnished. You enroll for no fixed term, and you may buy as few as four Society selections a year.

Start your membership with

The American Constitution



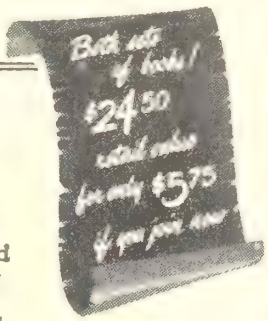
Its Origins and Development

By ALFRED H. KELLY and WINFRED A. HARBISON

From faraway origins, through the birth of American liberty, through times of national crisis and times of complex industrial growth, the authors trace the Constitution as a basic fact of our national life. The *San Francisco Chronicle* said of this unique and revealing book: "... a clear picture of the factors which make our government a living and dynamic organism."

In a handsome, special two-volume edition available only to members of the American History Book Society

Retail Value $12.50 **Member's Price $5.75**



This coupon makes you a member with all privileges

THE AMERICAN HISTORY BOOK SOCIETY, Dept. H-4,
11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y.



Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive, free as a gift upon joining, *The Blue and The Gray*. With it, send as my first selection *The American Constitution* at the special, low member's price of $5.75 plus 30c postage and packing charge. I will receive *Americana* free every month. I will receive a free Bonus Book for each additional four selections I buy, and my only obligation is to accept four Society selections the first year I am a member.

Name .....

Address .....

City, Zone, State .....

AMERICAN HISTORY BOOK SOCIETY
Dept. H-4, 11 East 36th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Personal & Otherwise

Our old friend, Mr. Dooley of Archey Road, had ideas about books which are at odds with those of the present president of Yale. Both men's ideas are worth considering.

Yale's president, ***A. Whitney Griswold,*** is a distinguished historian, scholar, teacher, author, and administrator. His books—*The Far Eastern Policy of the United States* (1938) and *Farming and Democracy* (1948)—are the works of a learned, humane, and diligent scholar.

Mr. Dooley, as you undoubtedly remember from Finley Peter Dunne's memoirs of same, was a "traveler, archaeologist, historian, social observer, saloon keeper, economist, and philosopher" who talked several booksful which reveal him to have been less learned and less scholarly but no less humane than Mr. Griswold.

Mr. Dooley "On Books" and Mr. Griswold "On Reading" (p. 98 of this issue of *Harper's*) offer some instructive comparisons and contrasts. One should begin, of course, by acknowledging that their remarks are addressed to very different audiences. Mr. Griswold, as the editorial note at the head of his article indicates, was speaking to a group of publishers, book reviewers, booksellers, and writers—all of whom have, we may suppose, a legitimate inclination to be pleased by favorable comments about books and reading. Mr. Dooley, on the other hand, was speaking to Mr. Hennessy, whose domestic life had recently been disrupted by his childrens' interest in books. This difference in audiences may account for some of the differences in what the two men say.

In response to Mr. Hennessy's indignant announcement that, instead of "fightin' and skylarkin' in th' evenin'," his children were settin' around the table with their noses glued into books, Mr. Dooley was appropriately sympathetic:

> 'Tis all wrong [said Mr. Dooley]. They're on'y three books in th' wurruld worth readin'—Shakespeare, th' Bible, an' Mike Ahearn's histhry iv Chicago. I have Shakespeare on thrust, Father Kelly r-reads th' Bible f'r me, an' I didn't buy Mike Ahearn's histhry because I seen more thin he cud put into it. . . . Anny other kind iv r-readin', barrin' th' newspapers, which will niver hurt anny onedycated man, is desthructive iv morals.

In contrast to this, Mr. Griswold reminds us of the delight—and the utility—which the chief architects of American liberty found in the prodigiously wide reading which they managed to combine with their other activities. And he speculates upon the possible consequences of a decline of reading, among statesmen and among the public at large.

There is no one, P & O supposes, who would deny that some of our contemporary statesmen would profit from a course of reading like that which Jefferson, Adams, or Madison undertook. But one wonders if Mr.

Canada
Vacations Unlimited!

New horizons!

Lake life!

Resorts!



Holiday centre or secluded fishing spot — take your choice in this land of lakes.

Beauty is all about you as you bowl, golf, ride in the great outdoors.

Break away from routine on a trip "abroad" to the beauty spots, the cities and spaces of Canada. Just over the border you enter a magic new world of lakes and woods, of inspiring National Parks and storied country-sides, of friendly cities with a "different" flavour. See your travel or transportation agent; meanwhile mail the coupon.

THIS YEAR... A BEST-YET VACATION!



01-1-20-52-03

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
Dept. of Resources & Development, Ottawa, Canada

Please send me your illustrated book,
"Canada, Vacations Unlimited"

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

Griswold does not paint too gloomy a picture. For all our forests of television masts, our ghost writers, and so on, are we really "succumbing one by one to technological illiteracy?" Was President Roosevelt less of a reader than President Washington (who read little, according to Jefferson, "and that only in agricultural and English history")? Or is President Truman less of a reader than (let us say) President Jackson? How does one compare the literacy of Secretary of State Dean Acheson and of Edmund Randolph (who succeeded Jefferson as Washington's Secretary of State)?

As for the amount and kind of reading done by Americans in general, the available statistics on contemporary book sales and library circulation suggest that, in spite of the recent decline in authors' and publishers' profits, Mr. Griswold may be unduly pessimistic. It is Mr. Dooley who should be worried, if he were around.

Which brings us to what Mr. Dooley was talking about—a point which we had better clear up. Mr. Dooley was agin reading because the books he knew about didn't make sense in terms of life as he knew it, and he loved the life he knew. He scolded Father Kelly for giving story books as prizes at the school. The "young wans" would get all sorts of wrong ideas about life from books. "Ye're goin' to teach thim that a man doesn't have to use an ax to get along in th' wur-ruld," he told the Father. "Ye're goin' to teach thim that a la-ad with a curlin' black mustache an' smokin' a cigareet is always a villyan, whin he's more often a barber with a lar-rge family." And so on.

Those of us who make a living out of books, by writing, publishing, selling, and teaching them, need to be reminded occasionally of the truth which Mr. Dooley had a hold on here. It is not an unimportant truth in a civilization which, like our own, contains so many elements which the writers of books have, by and large, been uninterested in. There are, after all, vast and compellingly important areas of contemporary American life into which all the reading Jefferson did and all the things he wrote would provide little if any insight. (One such is the area "east iv State Sthreet an' south iv Jackson Bullyvard," as Dooley defined it, "that looks like nawthin' but smoke fr'm th' roof iv th' Onion League Club.")

One of the men who did most to create this non-Jeffersonian area of American life was Henry Ford. For more than thirty years those of us who know and value our country's history have enjoyed laughing at the ignorant mechanic who said, "History is bunk." We save our homage for men like Jefferson, who said that history "by apprising [men] of the past, will enable them to judge of the future; it will avail them of the experience of other times and other nations." What we have failed to see, in our amusement—or disgust—with Ford's remark, was that he, too, had hold of a truth.

If we think of history as a record of what man has done, the following passage from Ford's *My Life and Work* (1923) will make his comment on history seem less silly than we had supposed:

> The factory keeps no record of experiments. The foremen and superintendents remember what has been done. If a certain method has formerly been tried and failed, somebody will remember it—but I am not particularly anxious for the men to remember what someone else has tried to do in the past, for then we might quickly accumulate far too many things that could not be done. . . . They told us we could not cast gray iron by our endless chain method and I believe there is a record of failures. But we are doing it. The man who carried through our work either did not know or paid no attention to the previous figures.

What Ford is saying here is, at bottom, simply that however much things may appear to remain the same, they are really constantly changing. The trouble is, of course, that sometimes the rate of change is so rapid that human life seems to be discontinuous and chaotic. Ford, himself, was one of those who precipitate rapid changes, thereby making it difficult for themselves or others to retain an awareness of the underlying continuity in the sequence of change. In such circumstances men can quite easily overlook the connections between the reality they know and the reality which their predecessors understood—and which is recorded in books. To such men history is inevitably bunk, and books are by and large a waste of time. To them the past is dead. If they ever become aware of it at all, their interest in it will be sentimental, as Mr. Ford's was when he built Greenfield Village and patronized the square dance.

P & O

Not everyone, fortunately, sees the world in such a night-marish split as that between the irrelevant antiquarianism of Greenfield Village and the apparently rootless empiricism of the River Rouge plant. But all of us know moments when we see the world around us primarily as the unchanging survivor of centuries and others when we see it primarily as something unprecedented and new. It was in the former mood that Jefferson spoke of history as a guide to the future. But in the other mood, seeing all the elements in the American situation which had no precedent in the long history of the Western world, he looked at history in much the same way that Ford looked at factory records. "History, in general," he wrote at one of these moments, "only informs us what bad government is." It doesn't tell us what should or could be done.

What saved Jefferson from the extremes of antiquarianism and empiricism was that he not only read "virtually every book in print in the Western world" but also kept his eyes and ears open to the world around him. It would be difficult to prove, one imagines, that Jefferson's contributions to the documents on which our liberties are founded owed more to his readings than to the kind of firsthand observation recorded, for instance, in his *Notes on the State of Virginia*.

By and large Jefferson maintained a productive balance between what William James called "knowledge about" (or erudition) and "knowledge of acquaintance" (the empirical, practical kind). It is this balance, of course, that President Griswold wants us all to attain, or maintain. Speaking as the head of an institution devoted to erudition, to an audience whose fortunes are bound up with erudition's principal tool, he naturally emphasized the importance of books in maintaining this balance. East of State Street and south of Jackson Boulevard he would, we trust, make common cause with the sage of Archey Road.

While we are on this subject of reading, by the way, may we call your attention to ***Michel Gordey's*** article on "What You Can Read in Russia" (p. 77). The papers

NEW TOURIST SERVICE
Also Available Special Low Fare
$522 Round Trip*
New-type, long-range Constellations



THE MEN WHO FLY the giant AIR FRANCE new-type, long-range Constellations are veteran pilots; most of whom have logged more than a million miles in the air. Experienced travelers know and respect the world-renowned AIR FRANCE record for dependability, precision, and luxury unexcelled in air travel.

Going Abroad?

ENJOY THE LAST WORD IN LUXURY AIR TRAVEL...

Go Air France!

GRACIOUS LIVING ALOFT: Stretch out your legs, sink deep into your soft "sky lounger" chair. Enjoy the comfortable extra roominess of the new-type AIR FRANCE Constellation, while charming, English-speaking stewards and hostess serve you flawlessly...as *only* the French know how.

WORLD'S FINEST AIR CUISINE: Exquisite French food, prepared by masters of the art of French cooking and served to you aloft in the famed French style. Champagne or a fine vintage wine...and of course, a liqueur after dinner...a delightful experience in gracious living.

"THE PARISIAN"—Luxury trans-Atlantic air travel—an experience in gracious living aloft ...from New York, Boston and Montreal to Paris, Frankfurt, Berlin, Rome.

"THE PARISIAN SPECIAL"—The world-famous ultra-de-luxe AIR FRANCE [illegible] overnight from New York to Paris. Ten dollars additional fare. Every Friday evening.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST NETWORK OF AIR ROUTES
Serving 76 Countries On 6 Continents



EUROPE



FAR EAST AND AUSTRALASIA



AFRICA AND THE NEAR EAST



AIR FRANCE
THE **LUXURY** WORLD-WIDE AIRLINE

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

AIR FRANCE, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22. Offices in Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D. C., Bogota, Caracas, Havana, Montreal. Representative in Mexico.

*Starting May, 1952. Meals available moderately priced. New York-Paris Fare subject to Governmental approval. Please write AIR FRANCE—Dept. M for details.



Touring by train, bus, or car is easy . . . you'll find many comfortable hotels where costs fit your budget. Thrift-season steamship and air fares are still available —air-tourist rates start May 1. Plan a

FRENCH GOVERNMENT
TOURIST OFFICE

these days are full of headlines about book purges of one sort or another. Communist "cultural advisers" in the Soviet zone of Germany recently purged at least five million books from the shelves of libraries, shops, and schools. Similarly, a haphazard committee of citizens out in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, "investigated" the local libraries and burned "five or six" unspecified books in the high school library which "just weren't good reading for teen-age children."

Fortunately for us such burnings and purgings in this country are still on a small scale and are chiefly the work of misguided individuals in various nongovernmental organizations like the Sapulpa "committee" and the American Legion's "Americanism" committee. In Russia and its satellites the government itself does the job.

It is interesting, therefore, to read a firsthand report on books and reading in Russia, by a French journalist who, in 1950, had the extraordinary experience of applying for a visa to visit that secretive country, getting it, and spending two months there. M. Gordey speaks Russian fluently (his parents were White Russians, though he was educated in France and has been a French citizen since 1937), and has long been interested in Russian history, politics, and culture. His article will be part of a book, *Visa to Moscow,* which Knopf will publish in this country on April 21.

M. Gordey was graduated from the *Ecole des Sciences Politiques,* with honors, and took his law degree at the University of Paris in 1933. He practiced law until 1937, served in the French army from 1937 to 1940, and was active in the Free French movement in the United States from 1941 to 1945, serving in the OWI as chief editor of French broadcasts. Since 1946 he has been diplomatic and roving correspondent for *France-Soir,* the largest daily in France.

Uncovering the Waterfront

Ex-Mayor Philip Hone of New York wrote in his diary one cold February day a hundred and sixteen winters ago that "the stevedores and other laborers employed along-shore" had demanded a wage increase which the employers had consented to grant "in consideration of the severity of the weather, the increased expense of living, and the abundance of work." But this concession encouraged further demands, and the men wouldn't go to work "without a promise of the new wages for a year in advance." When this demand was refused, the trouble began—the same kind of trouble that has been going on, sporadically, for much the same reasons, ever since. "An immense body of the malcontents," Hone wrote, "paraded the wharves all yesterday and attacked the men who refused to join them." The police moved in; one policeman had his skull fractured; the Mayor called out the troops; and the order was "for the present" restored.

But Hone was not really reassured. "I fear the elements of disorder are at work," he wrote; "the bands of Irish and other foreigners, instigated by the mischievous councils of the trades-union and other combinations of discontented men, are acquiring strength and importance which will ere long be difficult to quell."

The pattern, as anyone who knows the history of New York's waterfront will recognize, was for a long time the classic one. But in our own time it has changed. The violence still exists, but the alignment of forces is much more complex. The old strikers *vs.* employers-*cum*-police setup looks, in retrospect, almost idyllic.

"The Pirates' Nest of New York" (p. 27) is as vivid, as human, as perceptive a look at what lies behind the recent longshoreman's wildcat strike, and the recent waterfront murders, as you are likely to find anywhere. Its author, ***Mary Heaton Vorse,*** is not only the dean of American labor reporters but also one of the most active and indefatigable. She has been writing for *Harper's* for almost fifty years (since 1906, to be exact) and we don't know any reporter of either sex or of any age who can dig out a tough and explosive story with more energy, imaginative grasp, and human kindness. Mrs. Vorse commented to P & O on this article as follows:

> This has been a strange story to get. Instead of going to union halls

or making contacts otherwise. I had to use the same discretion as in 1919 in the steel strike when the steelworkers [illegible] spies, talked only to those who came through trusted friends. Father Kazinsci of Braddock, Pennsylvania, then helped me to know the steelworkers in their own homes.

Father John M. Corridan, S. J., of the St. Francis Xavier labor school, made it possible for me to talk to longshoremen whom it would have been impossible for me to meet otherwise because of the code of silence so imperative to longshoremen. Father Corridan's detailed personal knowledge, his analyses of the complicated factors involved, and his comprehensive files helped to lay the groundwork for this story, as did William J. Keating of the New York City [illegible] nonprofit association of public spirited citizens supported by private contributions and headed by Spruille Braden. Early last year the Kings County grand jury recommended that a group of citizens form an anticrime committee to search constantly for the links between the underworld and those in government office. The help given me by Mr. Keating in documenting each statement made in this article has been invaluable.

Ben Shahn's pictures of dock workers and the docks constitute the fourth group which he has done for articles in *Harper's*. The others were for pieces by John Bartlow Martin: for "The Blast in Centralia No. 5"—about the Illinois mine disaster of March 1947; for "The Hickman Story"—about a tenement fire and a murder in Chicago; and for "The Strangest Place in Chicago"—about the Mecca Building, "one of the most remarkable slum exhibits in the world." Like those drawings, his illustrations for "The Pirates' Nest of New York" are studies of poor people in poor surroundings where violence impends. It was pictures of a similar milieu, the paintings he made on the Sacco-Vanzetti case more than twenty years ago, which brought Mr. Shahn his first major artistic triumph. Much of his work has been inspired by such human problems, but his reputation today as one of the major artists in America is built on a great variety



1: Bustling Vancouver, B. C., is the starting point of your thrilling *Princess* cruise to Skagway, Alaska. 2: Escape motor-map cares—glide through the sky-high Rockies by Canadian Pacific *Diesel* train.

15 cruise thrills to wonderful Alaska

Go Canadian Pacific for service

3: 2000 miles of glorious Inside Passage on your exciting *Princess* cruise. 4: See Alaska's amazing past and future at all these stops... 5: Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau, Skagway. 6: Wonderful side trips up the gold rush "Trail of '98" by rail...or to inland glaciers.





7: New friends for golden shipboard hours! 8: Deck tennis, shuffleboard. 9: Dancing, movies. 10: Superb Canadian Pacific cuisine. 11: Soothing, skilled service.



12: See natives, pioneers in North America's youngest frontier. 13: Wonderful shopping for nuggets, furs, exquisite handicrafts. 14: Tip: dress for warm days, cool nights. 15: Important! Your *Princess* cruise to Alaska is thrifty—low as $150.00!



Ask "Mr. Agent" about Canadian Pacific service. White Empress liners to Europe. Air routes to the Far East. New Zealand and Australia. Nineteen hotels and resorts across Canada.

Canadian Pacific

See your local agent or Canadian Pacific in principal cities in U.S. and Canada

great
Sights
to See

great way to see them



San Ildefonso
Ko-Sha-Ri dancer

Any one of
Santa Fe's five great trains
each day, each way between
Chicago and California
takes you through the
Southwest Indian country—
most colorful part of America.

Santa Fe

of work. A book about his life and art is *Portrait of the Artist as an American*, by Selden Rodman, published last fall, which reproduces, among a quantity of pictures, a number of those he drew for the Martin articles.

Not-So-Blest Retirement

IF THE achievements of Mrs. Vorse (discussed above) are not enough to make you question the wisdom of mandatory retirement at sixty-five, you will surely have your doubts after reading "Why Retire at Sixty-Five?" (p. 92). The authority of the article, ***Henry S. Curtis***, has been active for many years in organizations which serve the young and the old.

He was the organizer and first secretary of the National Playground Association (now the National Recreation Association). At present he is a member of the Michigan commission to study problems of aging. He is the author of five books and many magazine articles, and two of the papers he delivered in Washington last summer at the National Conference on Aging were widely distributed. Mr. Curtis is eighty-two years old.

The problems he discusses in the present article are the subject of widespread concern these days. Seventy-five leaders in industry, labor, education, and medicine met for three days at Harriman, New York, early this year to consider ways and means of coping with these problems. Another conference, at the University of Florida, was held in March a year ago. And a number of other groups are studying the social, economic, and political consequences of compulsory retirement, pensions, increased life expectancy, and so on.

Since sending in his article, Mr. Curtis has written to say that several Michigan companies have reported changes in their retirement policies. The Ford Motor Company has raised the age of compulsory retirement from sixty-five to sixty-eight, and the Kaiser-Fraser Corporation has a policy which permits workers to stay on indefinitely after sixty-five if they want to and if their health and working ability remain unimpaired.

ONLY A FEW HOURS
TO BLOSSOMING
SPRINGTIME IN NEAR-BY

MEXICO

Sunshine, spring weather and gaiety in the garden that is Mexico, are only a few hours away! Because of the exchange, you can stay for triple-vacation time—many pleasure-packed weeks! Bring the family, and make Mexico your winter home. Health and relaxation at medicinal spas, glorious fun at beaches and in the capital. Make a winter rendezvous with happiness in MEXICO, where every month is June!



DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO
Juarez 89 México, D. F.
offices
NEW YORK 630 Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO 333 N. Michigan Blvd.
LOS ANGELES 511 W. 6th Street
SAN ANTONIO 518 W. Houston

Midwestern Diptych

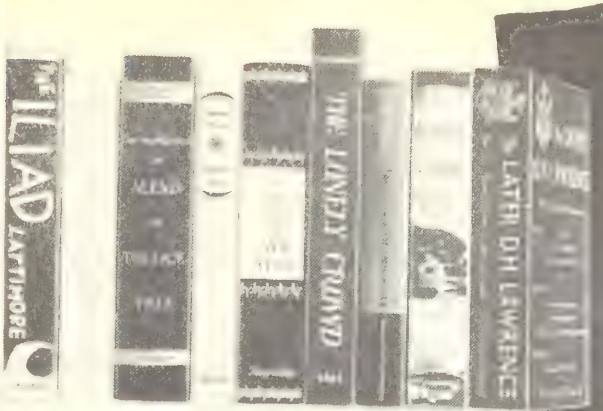
On February 13 P & O noted the remark of Representative Adolph J. Sabath to the reporters who asked about a little talk he had just had with the President. "I myself don't see how in the hell he can refuse," said the Illinois Congressman, who has continued working for two decades beyond the conventional retiring age of sixty-five and is still going strong. Come April, we thought, when this issue of *Harper's* will appear, old and young from all corners of the country will have expressed themselves on this point; but President Truman will still be free to accept or refuse, and July will still be a comfortable shouting distance away.

From April on, the shouts are likely to become louder and more confusing. So, in poring over the articles about Senator Taft and Governor Stevenson in this issue, P & O is solemnly aware of the possibility that the picture may be quite different in July, and that in place of Ohio and Illinois, we may see Kansas and Missouri (or some other pair) represented.

Richard H. Rovere, who portrays "What's Happened to Taft?" (p. 38), is a contributing editor of this magazine, formerly its chief book critic, and the author of a stellar series of political profiles which appeared during the 1948 campaign. He has written a good deal already in 1952 on Presidential politics in his "Washington Letter," which appears regularly in the *New Yorker,* and he will attend the national conventions of both parties and ride on both campaign trains—as he did in '48. Next month, we hope to have his new portrait of President Truman—candidate or no.

Last year, the MacArthur episode inspired a widely read article which Mr. Rovere wrote in collaboration with Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. for *Harper's,* "The Story of Douglas MacArthur," and the two writers went on to complete a book on the subject, published by Farrar, Straus & Young, under the title, *The General and the President.* But Mr. Rovere's interests are not confined to political questions. He contributes book reviews frequently to the *New Yorker* and the *New York*

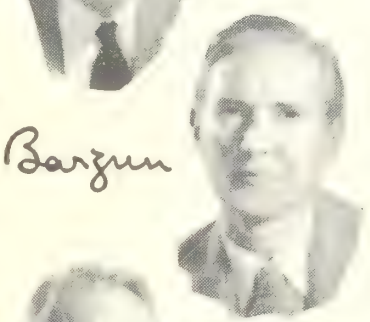
AN UNEQUALLED VALUE —



by any Literary Standards

These Books Selected by Editors







MEMBERSHIP in The Readers' Subscription costs you nothing. You may begin your membership by accepting, as a gift, any one of the following books:

The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats
The Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville
The Notebooks of Samuel Butler
Collected Poems of Marianne Moore
The Iliad

And by ordering as your first selection, at $3.75, any one of the following books:

Two Cheers for Democracy by E. M. Forster
Short Novels of Colette, Introduction by Glenway Wescott
The Lonely Crowd by David Riesman
The Later D. H. Lawrence

As a member, each month you will receive a copy of *The Griffin,* the monthly magazine of The Readers' Subscription which in recent months has featured original contributions by *Forster, Wescott, Riesman* and *Colette.* After reading reliable reviews by Editors *Auden, Barzun* and *Trilling,* you will be able to accept or reject the current selection. And with every fourth selection accepted you will receive a bonus book of your own choice.

Savings on monthly selections may run as high as 25%, and your over-all savings, realized through the receipt of bonus books will surely exceed 40%. For the opportunity of enjoying these extraordinary savings and services, you simply agree to accept four selections during the next year.

have been offered to Subscribers by *The Readers' Subscription*

AT A SAVING OF 40%

THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION, INC.
35 WEST 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Please enroll me in The Readers' Subscription. I am to receive, free, the book checked below. ☐ *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats* ☐ *The Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville* ☐ *The Notebooks of Samuel Butler* ☐ *Collected Poems of Marianne Moore* ☐ *The Iliad*

As my first selection send me, at $3.75 plus 25¢ for postage and handling, the book checked below. ☐ *Two Cheers for Democracy* ☐ *Short Novels of Colette* ☐ *The Lonely Crowd* ☐ *The Later D. H. Lawrence*

I agree to accept three other selections during the next year.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE....STATE.....AT

Fadiman writes again!

Many an author has taunted his critics with the aphorism that men who can write, do so, and those who can't write become critics.

This doesn't fit Clifton Fadiman, who now writes for Holiday magazine a monthly piece of criticism, in our opinion, the most entertaining review of entertainment—books, theatre, radio, television—available today. Mr. Fadiman dips his pen into the milk of human kindness as often as he does into the vitriol of critique.

Having been called, among other things, "the gentle genius of delicate malice," he is by no means enjoying beginner's luck in a new field. Not too many years ago, he brought added brilliance to the brilliant pages of The New Yorker, and since then, on "Information Please" and other mature programs, he has brought a grown-up patina to those frequently infantile media,

Holiday and Fadiman are made [illegible] he has free [illegible] inment field—fine.

[illegible] rehead, Herbert

Times Book Review, and he still goes after off-beat studies of the American social scene. His first book was *Howe & Hummel,* dealing with a celebrated firm of criminal lawyers, and he is now at work on a study of Houdini. At about the time his piece in this issue appears, he will be submerged on a new submarine, getting material for an article in yet another field.

Bernard DeVoto, who sizes up "Stevenson and the Independent Voter" (p. 62), has been the firebrand-sage of the Easy Chair since 1935. His pro-Stevenson stand is undisguised—as are his opinions on the multitude of subjects which he has discussed in the Easy Chair month in and month out over the years. He recently wrote to P & O about his politics as follows:

> Though I think of myself as one of the surviving Populists, I probably should be classified as a 55 or 60 per cent New Dealer. I have voted for every Democratic Presidential candidate since 1928 but anyone who cares to look through the files of the Easy Chair will see that I opposed a good many New Deal measures and have maintained an attitude of critical wariness toward the Administrations I have voted for. I customarily vote Republican in state elections in Massachusetts but have never voted for a Republican Presidential candidate, and indeed have never, I think, voted a straight ticket at any election.
>
> My first experience of politics was in 1920, when, just out of Harvard, I campaigned for Cox. On Election Day, however, local patriotism assailed me and I voted not for Cox but for my fellow-Utahan, Parley P. Christianson, who was the Farmer-Labor candidate. This makes me the only member of my literary generation who never cast a vote for Gene Debs. I voted for LaFollette in 1924 and for Al Smith in 1928. The Easy Chair indicates how, if it is minded to, the Democratic party can make sure of my continuing allegiance this fall, how in fact it can make sure of a solid bloc of votes from 8 Berkeley Street.

Sometime before Election Day next fall, Mr. DeVoto will himself be put up for view on the literary hustings when his big new book, on



Why do thousands of people

decide each year to invest their extra money in common stocks?

Our new booklet, listing 638 companies that have paid dividends continuously for 20 years or more, has some convincing answers.

If you'd like to see them, just ask for a copy of *"Dividends"*. Simply address—

Department SW-18

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 97 Cities



American Wine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

which he has been long at work and for which no title has yet been announced, will be published by Houghton Mifflin. Though Mr. DeVoto is widely known as the author of the *Harper's* Easy Chair, as a novelist, and as a literary critic, probably it is his historical studies which have taken the lion's share of his labors, at least in the past decade. The new book will be the earliest chronologically, though the last written, of his trilogy on American continentalism. (The volumes already published are *The Year of Decision*, 1943, and *Across the Wide Missouri*, 1947.) The book was supposed to be about Lewis and Clark, P & O had always understood, but we have it from the author now that it is a complex orchestration of six themes, the most important being the exploration of a route across North America to the Pacific Ocean; and we know, from having snatched a reading of some of its chapters, that it opens a world of beauty and horror in which you will live entranced.

"In the final revision," Mr. DeVoto told us, "I disciplined myself to cut out the preliminary discussion, which had begun with the Fourth Ice Age and had included flash-backs to the Cambrian and the Cretacious, so that it now begins at a comparatively modern date, 700 A.D. The narrative extends from Cabeza de Vaca through Lewis and Clark."

Well, there is the man who will vote, the Democrats willing, for Governor Stevenson of Illinois.

Molecules and People

•••*Nadine Gordimer,* who wrote "A Present for a Good Girl" (p. 45), is a South African still in her early twenties whose stories are just beginning to appear in this country. She is a graduate of the University of Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, is married, and has a year-old daughter. *Harper's* will publish soon the title story of her forthcoming volume, *The Soft Voice of the Serpent and Other Stories,* which Simon and Schuster will bring out early this summer. Miss Gordimer is at work on a first novel.

The illustrations for "A Present for a Good Girl" are the work of *W. T. Mars,* Polish-born artist who

THIS YEAR- COME TO JASPER SHOWPLACE OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



ONE OF CANADA'S 10 TOP MAPLE LEAF VACATIONS

You'll agree with world travellers that nowhere else does Nature set such a breathtaking background for a full vacation . . . golfing, riding, fishing, motoring. You'll enjoy the social charm, luxury and informality of Jasper Park Lodge . . . the convenience and comfort of travelling by the Scenic Rail Route across Canada. Ask your nearest Canadian National Office* about this or the other Top Vacations listed. "We'll tell you where and take you there".

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

SERVING ALL 10 PROVINCES OF CANADA

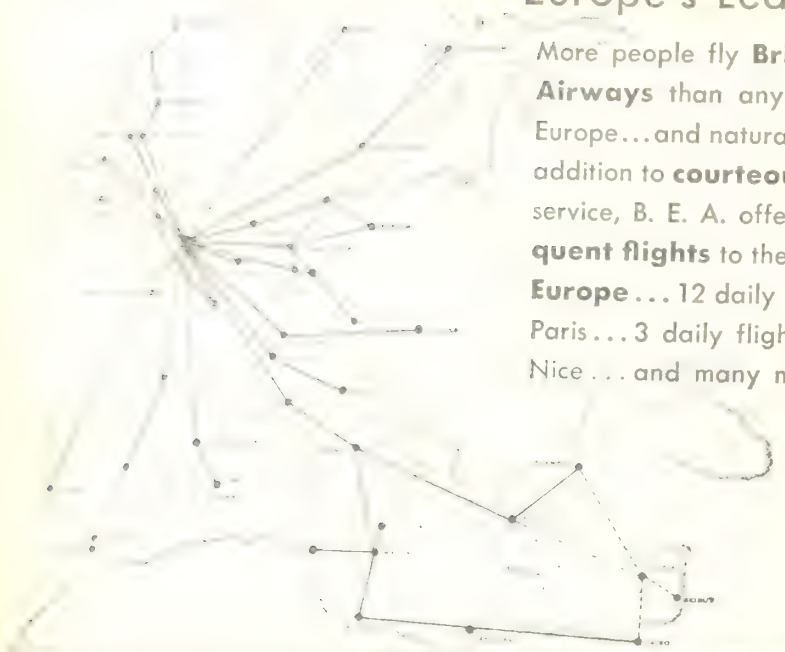
Choose from this rich variety. Here are Canada's 10 Top Maple Leaf Vacations

1. **Across Canada**—the Scenic Route to California or the Pacific Northwest, to New York or anywhere East.
2. **Alaska Cruise** — ten days, 2,000 miles of sheltered coastal sailing.
3. **British Columbia** —Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert. A magnificent marine and mountain playground.
4. **Eastern Cities and Laurentians**— history-book places, mountain lakes, brilliant autumn colours.
5. **Hudson Bay** — "Down North" to romantic frontiers, via Winnipeg.
6. **Jasper in the Canadian Rockies** — play, relax in mountain grandeur.
7. **Minaki (Lake of the Woods)** — swimming, motor-boating, golf in a northwoods setting. Wonderful fishing!
8. **Ontario Highlands**—land of lakes and streams; fishing; camping. Fine hotels, resorts.
9. **Provinces by the Sea**—beaches, bays, fishing ports, historic old cities.
10. **Romantic French Canada** (Gaspé and the Saguenay)—like taking a trip abroad.

*Canadian National Railways offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Que.

in Europe fly BEA

Europe's Leading Airline



More people fly **British European Airways** than any other airline in Europe... and naturally so, too. For in addition to **courteous** and **friendly** service, B. E. A. offers the most **frequent flights** to the leading cities in **Europe**... 12 daily flights London to Paris... 3 daily flights to Rome and Nice... and many more.

Information and reservations are available from travel agents throughout the U. S. and Canada and at B. E. A. offices and travel agents throughout Europe.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

General Sales Agents: British Overseas Airways Corp.

GO PLACES

LISTEN and LEARN A LANGUAGE by LINGUAPHONE IN 20 MINUTES A DAY

World's-Standard CONVERSATIONAL METHOD

FRENCH
SPANISH
GERMAN
RUSSIAN
CHINESE

NO TEXTBOOK CAN TEACH YOU TO SPEAK

29 LANGUAGES available

WORLD-WIDE EDUCATIONAL ENDORSEMENT

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
404 Radio City New York 20, N. Y.
Approved for VETERANS' Training.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Linguaphone Institute
401 Radio City, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

HOME ELEVATORS

You can have an elevator *now* in your present home. Whether you just want convenience or need to "take it easy" because of a heart condition or other health handicap, you should find out about these home elevators.



"Elevette"

Vertical lift easily installed in present stairwell, closet or corner. No overhead machinery. Custom-built to fit available space. Carries one to 3 persons. House-lighting-circuit operated. Costs about the same as the lower priced automobiles.



INCLINATOR

Original house-circuit-operated stairlift. Safe, [illegible] pleasing in appearance. Easily installed on your straight stairway. Folds neatly against wall when not in use. Costs less than the vertical lift.

Write for literature and name of nearest dealer.

INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA
2214 Paxton Blvd., Harrisburg, Pa., U.S.A.

Pioneers of the simplified passenger lifts for the home.

came to live in the United States th past December. A graduate of th Academy of Fine Arts in Warsaw, h has exhibited his painting in Polan and in England, and his murals ap peared at the Festival of Britain, th British Industry Fair, and the Bri ish Industrial Exhibition in Gla gow. During the war he served i the Polish Army under British com mand.

•••P & O felt, after reading *Georg W. Gray's* "The Mother Molecule of Life" (p. 51) very much as Mr Gray himself felt in summing up the progress made in the study o living cells: "Mysteries enough re main to fill a library, but something has been learned." After a faithfu reading of this exciting piece, we knew we should have to give it an other and another try, but we had the sure sense that—as a fellow-layman remarked admiringly—"It's all there."

Mr. Gray has been writing about science for the past two and a half decades. During the nineteen-thirties and -forties he was a frequent contributor to *Harper's* and the *Atlantic Monthly,* and since the reorganization of the *Scientific American* a few years ago he has written often for it. A memorable piece of his on the brain, "The Great Raveled Knot," published in the *Scientific American,* won for him the Westinghouse Award of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1949.

Since 1937, Mr. Gray has been associated with the Rockefeller Foundation, where his assignment is to visit research and educational projects in which the Foundation is interested and report interpretatively to the Foundation's trustees and staff. He has toured universities, observatories, experiment stations, and research institutes throughout North America in quest of firsthand information on scientific work in a number of fields. "The Mother Molecules of Life" originated in some of these reports, for the Rockefeller Foundation has long been active in supporting studies of nucleic acids, proteins, viruses, and genes.

Mr. Gray has written six books—from *New World Picture,* published by Little, Brown in 1936, to *Fron-*

...es of Flight, published by Alfred . Knopf in 1948.

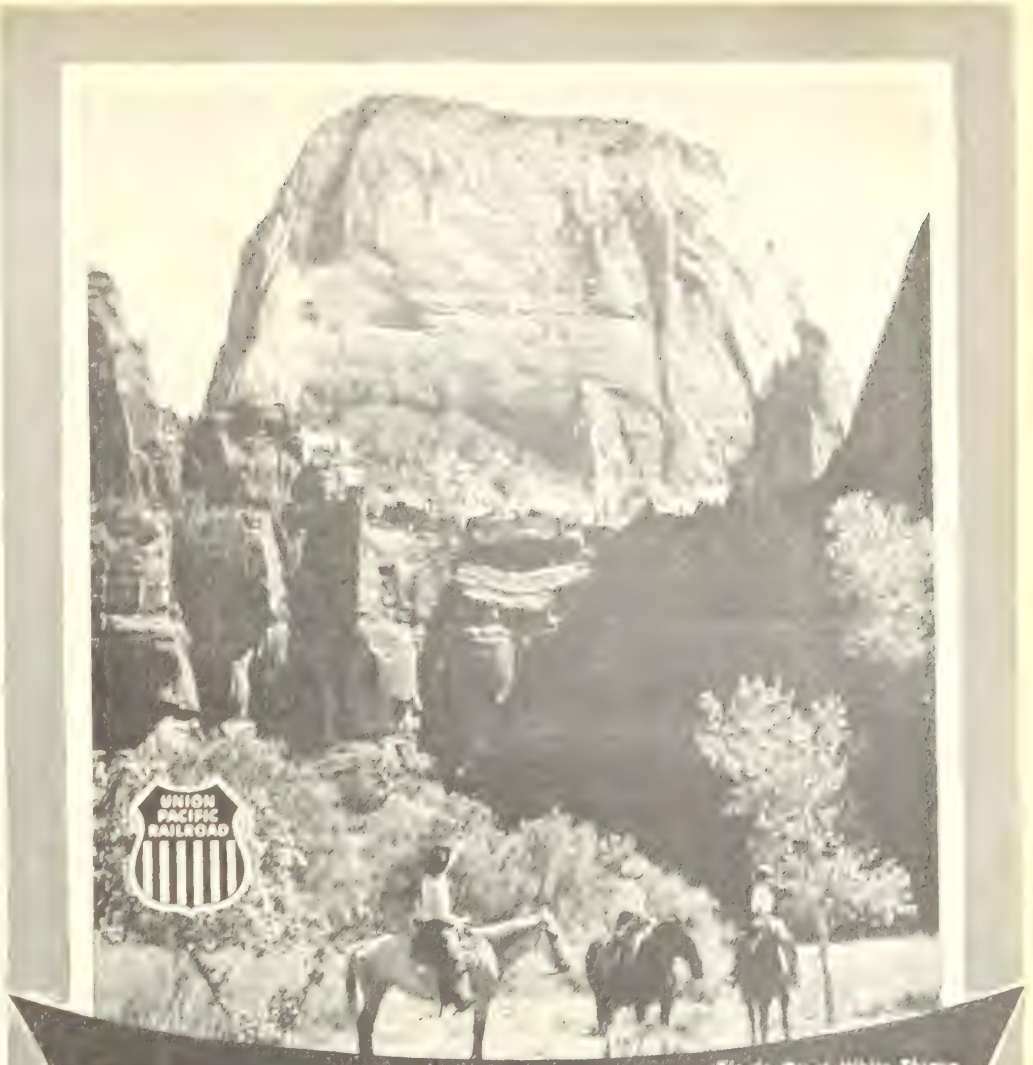
The drawings of molecules were made by the firm of Sigman-Ward, specialists in technical illustration.

••"Leonie" (p. 67) is the second story we have published by ***Dan Wickenden,*** whose five published novels, including *The Wayfarers* and *The Dry Season,* have reached a wide audience. His earlier story in this magazine, "The Hero" (July 1943), has been reprinted in Josephine Strode's *Social Insight Through Short Stories.* Insight, more individual than social—to mince words a bit—characterizes "Leonie."

Mr. Wickenden has been writing professionally ever since his graduation from Amherst in 1935, mostly on novels and stories, though for some time his writing was for CBS and for the Grand Rapids *Press.* Last fall he was married to Hermione Hillman, and he recently finished work on his sixth novel, *The Red Carpet,* which will be published by Morrow in June.

The illustrations for "Leonie" were made by ***Tom O'Sullivan,*** an ex-Coast Guard combat artist, whose wartime water colors were exhibited in several Eastern cities. Mr. O'Sullivan studied as a child under WPA Art Project guidance and later at the Art Students League. He teaches drawing and composition at the Cartoonists' and Illustrators' School in New York.

•••"The Great Australian Trek" (p. 85) is a new kind of article from ***C. Hartley Grattan,*** who has contributed a great variety of pieces to *Harper's,* ranging from social analysis and economics to literary criticism. You will recall his recent oft-quoted discussion of the author's professional problems in "The Trouble with Books Today" (November 1951). Mr. Grattan's special specialty has long been Australia, a continent which he has visited three times since 1927, where he has traveled extensively, and whose literature he has often introduced in this country. His collection of Australiana, the accumulation of twenty-five years of interest, is considered the best in the United States by Australian librarians who have toured our libraries.



Zion's Great White Throne

A Vacation Bargain

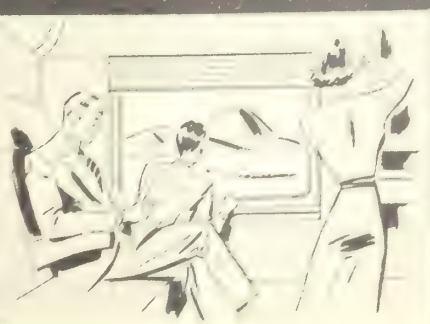
3 Great National Parks ZION-BRYCE and GRAND CANYON, too!

Just one of these National Parks such as Zion—with its majestic formations and vivid coloring—would be worth traveling across the nation to see and enjoy.

Union Pacific takes you in comfort to Cedar City, Utah, gateway to the Parks. There you board a Union Pacific motor-bus for the unforgettable circle-tour over a smooth, scenic highway to these three vacation wonderlands. Excellent accommodations—fine meals.

You also can visit them as a stop-over on the way to or from Los Angeles. Mail the coupon for your free booklet.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD



UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Room 516, Omaha 2, Nebr.

Please send free Southern Utah Zion-Bryce booklet

Name

Address

City Zone State

Also send information about All Expense Vacation Tours

If student state age ... and special material will be sent.

Discover

THE VERSATILITY
OF THESE

Distinguished

BELLOWS SHERRIES

Sherry is the most adaptable of all wines and among our varied offerings you will surely find exactly the type your taste prefers . . . at the good value you have a right to expect.

Fine dry sherry is most agreeable in lieu of cocktails, or with fish. Medium-bodied wines go pleasantly throughout a meal, or on any other occasion, while soft, rich sherries provide an appropriate accompaniment for cheese or sweets.

Our choice assortment has been selected from the fine stocks of W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., at Jerez de la Frontera, Spain, long the accepted leaders on the exacting London market.

Our regular offerings

GOLDEN SHERRY
Fine General Service Wine

MORNING SHERRY
Pale, Nutty and Dry

LUNCHEON SHERRY
Delicate, Medium Bodied Wine

COCKTAIL SHERRY
Fine Dry Amontillado

DINNER SHERRY
Lovely Soft Full Wine

. . . and our great rarities

LA GOLONDRINA
Choicest, Very Dry, Sherry

DIAMOND BACK
Superb Full-Bodied Sherry with a Dry Finish

OLOROSO CREAM
Magnificent Soft Rich Sherry

BELLOWS & COMPANY

Importers and Producers of fine Wines and Spirits

ESTABLISHED 1880 · NEW YORK CITY

The story of Edward John Eyre's journey, as told in Eyre's *Discoveries in Central Australia*, a book published in two volumes in London in 1845, fascinated Mr. Grattan the first time he got hold of it; but he did not write the article until long after he had traveled across Eyre's desert by train and plane several times and visited Albany, where Eyre's journey ended. The commercial services, he says, do not use Eyre's track, and the military highway which was built during the past war parallels the railroad, running from Port Augusta, South Australia, to Kalgoorlie, West Australia. Nevertheless, in crossing by modern transport, Mr. Grattan was able to take a "useful, mental image," as he calls it, of what the country is like. "I am a great believer in the procedure of studying the documents and then seeing the environment to which they refer before writing about the subject. . . . Documentary study alone is apt to be arid, travel with no knowledge of the documents is usually sight without insight."

In defense of Eyre's adventure, which some historians consider "pointless," Mr. Grattan maintains that "the fact remains that somebody has to prove that bad country is bad. Only the lucky ones can hope to reveal stretches of economically useful land. This is especially true under Australian conditions. I respond to Eyre's story because it is such a wonderful account of human fortitude. In this day of Abercrombie & Fitch expeditions, Eyre's arrangements seem foolishly primitive, but the eighteen-forties in far-off Australia were another time entirely. More credit to those who risked everything to determine what was behind the barriers nature had imposed."

Dahl Collings made the drawings for "The Great Australian Trek" from personal knowledge of Australia, her birthplace. She is a painter and designer who studied in the Sydney Technical College Art School in Australia before going to London in the mid-thirties. She has designed costumes for Harry Watt's Australian films, "The Overlanders" and "Eureka Stockade," has exhibited in London, and worked for a number of magazines.

Mrs. Collings, who is married and has two daughters, came to this

FOR MORE VACATION FUN

Get The GIMLET

THE MAGAZINE OF RESORT-VACATION TRAVEL
FOR 24 YEARS TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELER'S GUIDE



CANADA thru FLORIDA, THE SOUTH, and Enroute, Nassau, Cuba, West Indies. TWO HUNDRED PAGES Illus. *Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: Bellingroth Gardens Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Natural Bridge, Va., one of 7 natural wonders of the world, etc. NOW ONLY 50c Doubleday's, Brentano's, Leading N. Y. C. Hotels & Terminals or send $1.25 for Year's Subscription. (2) issues or 75¢ a copy postpaid to The Gimlet, 551 5th Ave., New York City, Dept. 80.*

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

Philadelphia, Pa. — BARCLAY
Baltimore, Md. — SHERATON-BELVEDERE
Washington, D. C. — SHOREHAM
Virginia Beach, Va. — CAVALIER
Richmond, Va. — JEFFERSON
Jacksonville, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON
West Palm Beach, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON
PENNSYLVANIA
Miami, Fla. — THE COLUMBUS
TOWERS
Miami Beach, Fla. — FLAMINGO
ISLE DE CAPRI
SEA VIEW
Ft. Myers, Fla. — FRANKLIN ARMS
Sarasota, Fla. — ORANGE BLOSSOM
St. Petersburg, Fla. — GULF WINDS VILLAS & APTS.
TIDES HOTEL
VINOY PARK
Tampa, Fla. — FLORIDAN
Nassau-Bahamas — BALMORAL
BRITISH COLONIAL
FORT MONTAGU
Jamaica, B. W. I. — MYRTLE BANK
TOWER ISLE
Acapulco, Mexico — HOTEL CLUB DE PESCA
Mexico City — HOTEL MONTE CASSINO

Typical Recommended Restaurants

N. Y. City — MADELEINE'S
GAME COCK
KING OF THE SEA
LUM FONG
HOLLAND HOUSE
MAYAN
OLD BREW HOUSE
PRESS BOX
Washington, D. C. — HARVEY'S
Jacksonville, Fla. — GEORGE WASHINGTON
RAINBOW ROOM
Miami, Fla. — COLUMBUS HOTEL
DINING ROOMS
Tampa, Fla. — LAS NOVADADES

Use American Express Travelers Cheques
To Protect Your Travel Funds

A GAY AND HIGHLY
PERSONALIZED TRAVEL BOOK

Skoal Scandinavia

BY **EDWARD STREETER**

"Must" reading, of course, for anyone planning a Scandinavian trip, SKOAL SCANDINAVIA is, however, far from a conventional guide book. It is not so much about places as about people and things, and it will delight not only Scandinavian enthusiasts, but will be welcomed by everyone who likes to laugh.

Appendix of travel information. 24 pages of halftones, 3 full-page maps and endpapers.

At all bookstores • $3.50

HARPER & BROTHERS



country in 1950 when her film-producer husband took up a post with the United Nations.

••*John Ciardi*, the poet of this issue, sent in "College Library" (p. 41) not long after his return from a sabbatical year in Europe, where he was working on a metrical translation of the *Inferno*. For all that, we wonder whether this poem is not about American college students, for Mr. Ciardi teaches at Harvard, where he is Briggs-Copeland Assistant Professor of English Composition. He has won a number of poetry prizes and is the author of three books of verse, of which the most recent is *From Time to Time* (Twayne Publishers).

Headlines Made, Not Born

Early in January of this year, the article by J. K. Galbraith ("The Uneemly Economics of Opulence"), which appeared in *Harper's* that month, was made the subject of a syndicated column by Sam Dawson of the Associated Press. Though the text of the column was identical in the different newspapers that ran it, it was given a different headline by each editor who published it. Mr. Dawson's thesis, summarizing Mr. Galbraith, was, briefly, that America is able to employ large numbers of people in the "service" industries primarily because this is a rich country. Below are a few of the headlines that were independently contrived to appear over exactly the same text:

ECONOMISTS DEFEND MIDDLEMEN SERVICE—Dallas (Texas) *Times Herald.*

MIDDLEMAN IS BLAMED FOR TODAY'S HIGH LIVING COSTS—Miami (Oklahoma) *News Record.*

'MIDDLEMAN' TAKES RAP IN HIGH PRICES—Warren (Ohio) *Tribune-Chronicle.*

MIDDLEMEN HELD USEFUL IN ECONOMY—Beaumont (Texas) *Journal.*

Looking over these and a handful of others equally disparate, P & O thought hopefully of the words of Emerson carved large on the side of Hunter College building in New York: "We are of different opinions at different hours, but we always may be said to be at heart on the side of truth."

The Sal Maglies* CHOOSE Olympic LUGGAGE



Major League baseball players give luggage a terrific work-out during the season. That's why stars like Sal Maglie of the New York Giants choose Olympic luggage. They know it stays new-looking after thousands of miles because it's made of ageless vinyl plastic TOLEX, which is virtually scuff-proof. Mrs. Maglie's cases are in the distinctive rawhide grain—they stay beautiful because they're washable with ordinary soap and water.

* Sal and his wife are Globe Trotters

If you travel 6,000 miles or more per year, you are eligible for membership in the Globe Trotters Club. Write for your beautiful GLOBE TROTTERS certificate (suitable for framing) giving us your travel log for the past year.

Literature and prices sent on request

OLYMPIC LUGGAGE CORPORATION • KANE, PA.

From the cool limestone caves of historic Cresta Blanca Winery...



CRESTA BLANCA

Wine of Sheer Delight

CALIFORNIA SAUTERNE

Fragrant, light-bodied, delicately dry... pressed from the world's finest Sauterne grape varieties in California's favored white wine district—the Livermore Valley.

CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

RESEARCH
EDUCATION
SERVICE

see LONDON from INSIDE

garden) in historic Kensington, Central London. Inquiries invited. Interesting information with American references will be sent by Air Mail. Write to

MR. AND MRS. K. A. BRAD.

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Desk Method teaches you how to write the way news-

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
SUITE 5992-D, ONE PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Whether you are changing your address for a few months or

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.

LETTERS

Drugs and Truth—

Having had occasion during the past two months to make a rather intensive study of the subject of [illegible] (in connection with a graduate course), I find myself deeply disturbed that *Harper's* should have published "The Truth about the Drug Menace" [February] with what seems to me such superficial emphasis.

To be sure, the average, well-protected high-school student is scarcely threatened—all informed authorities agree that the great majority of juvenile addicts come from slum areas, many from broken homes, and that most are members of a neighborhood gang. There are, moreover, numerous indications that they are, for the most part, boys who failed to finish school. For example, during 1951, the same scare period during which the Washington school system found only three addicts attending school, the National Training School for Boys, also in Washington, admitted fifty addicts, mostly [illegible] but not in school the first year in which it had ever admitted any. Mr. Gerrity's phrase "a spotty increase" is something of a euphemism in view of the actual figures which he does not cite. At the Federal Narcotics Hospital at Lexington and Fort Worth, the number of patients under 21 rose from a previous high of 27 in 1942 and again in 1946 to 52 in 1948 and an all-time high of 440 in 1950, or an increase of 2,000 per cent in three years—all this in addition to boys [illegible] in other cities. The estimated [illegible] for 1951 did indeed decline to [illegible] as the enforcement campaign began to regain control of the situation [illegible]

As Mr. Anslinger told the Senate Committee on Organized Crime in Interstate Commerce (March 27, 1951), the Bureau of Narcotics had warned as early as 1940 that some retrogression could be expected in the postwar period unless "strenuous measures" were taken—but the Boggs law, which Mr. Gerrity cites and which the Bureau had long advocated, was passed only in October 1951, following the public clamor which he so deplores. The Bureau, too, as Mr. Anslinger further stated on the above occasion, has "for many years" been endeavoring to have police departments in the larger cities set up specialized narcotics squads to arrest the smaller peddlers. But at this late date Mr. Anslinger again stated that the city of Los Angeles had the only adequate squad. . . .

The drug addiction "scare" highlights dramatically the fact, long known to educators, social workers, and "the rankest amateur in sociology," that our overburdened city schools produce annually, invariably, inexorably an enormous crop of disillusioned, unhappy youngsters. . . . Moreover, the victimization of so many members of this group in the recent expansion of the narcotics trade has brought to light a surprising fact: although medical experience has shown addiction in adults to be almost without exception an accompaniment of basic emotional illness, the Federal Narcotics Hospital at Lexington is emphatic in describing the juvenile group as on the whole *emotionally normal*. In other words, these young people are not intrinsically social misfits; they *are* unfitted for the limited opportunities which our society yet offers to those whose families can neither give nor afford the specialized kinds of attention which so many children need. Lacking other opportunities for glamor or success, they are today the prey of the narcotics racketeer; a few years back they were the henchmen of the prohibition gangster. If we continue to limit our concern to the exclusively negative approach of law enforcement . . . they will be tomorrow the purveyors of whatever racket criminal big business selects when the narcotics trade becom too uncomfortable.

MARY-JULIA MCCLURKI
Rockville, Md.

To the Editors:

I have read with considerable co cern John Gerrity's "The Trut about the 'Drug Menace'" in th February *Harper's*. Frankly, th article gives a distorted picture. . . The simple truth is: It is a growin menace.

If Mr. Gerrity believes the situ tion, particularly insofar as tee agers are concerned, is not alarming all he has to do is pick up any dail newspaper. Or he can thum through my 121-page report to th State Legislature showing the result of a ten-month investigation int conditions in New York State. . .

Is the almost incredible story o an eight-year-old boy using narcotic in the company of twelve othe youngsters not alarming? Is the fact that while only 33 youngsters were arrested in New York City on narcotics charges in 1946, 636 were arrested in the first nine months of 1951 not alarming? Is the fact that New York City police and education officials estimated in 1951 that 1,500 children—or one out of every 200—in junior and senior high schools used narcotics in one form or another not alarming?

Now let's go outside my state. Is the fact that marijuana rings operated among high-school children in six Texas cities not alarming? Is the fact that the sparsely settled state of Montana has become aware of a growing narcotic problem not alarming?

Is the fact that 500 suspected dope peddlers were arrested in a twenty-four-hour period in a few big cities in the country not alarming? And the authorities making the roundup said the raids were aimed at peddlers who supplied dope that brought about an "alarming" increase in teen-age addiction.

Finally, Mr. Gerrity overlooks the most important point of all: Drug addiction knows no boundaries. It

as "spilled over" from the larger ties into surrounding areas. It is a cially contagious disease. In the ords of Dr. Victor H. Vogel, Medal Director of the U. S. Public ealth Service Hospital at Lexingn, Kentucky: "Every addict that is ose is a possible source for infection r others because history informs us ldicts become addicts from associaon."

Let's not be "ostrich-like" about is vicious problem. Let's recogize it for what it is: an evil that ust and will be stamped out if all us—officials, parents, educators, nd religious leaders—work together crush it! Not run away from it!

NATHANIEL L. GOLDSTEIN
Attorney General
New York State
Albany, N. Y.

o the Editors:

The article, "The Truth about e 'Drug Menace'" in your Febuary issue was not worthy of you.

Nobody, to my knowledge, has aised the bogy of increased addicon among adults; it has been teenge use that has made the headlines. Consequently to mix up both adult nd adolescent use and to draw conlusions indiscriminately from lump gures does not make sense.

Some documentation: The O'Conor Senate Committee's Report, ublished in August 1951, states, peaking of Chicago, page 28, "Of he total 4,437 narcotic arrests in 950, 1,107 were under 21, and for he period January 1 to late June 951, the figure is 989 under-age narotic arrests."

The official New York City Police Department magazine, *Spring 3100*, n its December 1951 issue, page 8, ays in part that "Last year there vere 2,482 arrests in connection with narcotic law violations. . . . Out of 521 teen-agers arrested, 64 were harged with felonies on *direct sales* f narcotics."

There is a great need for learning 'the truth" about the "drug menace." There has been exaggeration nd distortion. Your article was of he same genre, albeit with reverse English.

MAX G. RUBINSTEIN, PRINCIPAL
James Fenimore Cooper
Junior High School
New York, N. Y.



Starred Again!



"WE APPEAR IN SCENE AFTER SCENE, WHITEY!"



"THAT'S RIGHT, BLACKIE! YOU'LL FIND BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY WHENEVER THE PART CALLS FOR A SCOTCH WITH QUALITY AND CHARACTER THAT NEVER CHANGE."



"BLACK & WHITE"
The Scotch with Character
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

ANNOUNCING—

The important reply to Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power"

Catholicism AND American Freedom

by JAMES M. O'NEILL

Author of "Religion and Education Under the Constitution"

● Professor O'Neill has here written what will undoubtedly be the most important answer to Paul Blanshard's AMERICAN FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER. Here an informed Catholic reexamines the chief points of doctrine on which Catholicism has been charged with anti-democratic ends.

● Emphasizing that Catholic policies in no wise conflict with the fundamental liberties guaranteed under the Constitution, this book is at once a detailed critique of Blanshard's arguments and a careful analysis of Catholic political and social history in this country since Colonial times.

"Must reading for every thoughtful American—Jew, Protestant and Catholic . . . I do not know of any other [book] in as full and as partisan who deals with [subject] passionately . . . the book [deserves] freedom and [deserves] to make a sensible and timely [contribution]."

DANIEL A. POLING

[Available] from HARPER & BROTHERS

N. Y. 16, N.Y.

To the Editors:

Gentlemen, you have been had. Your recent "exposure of a national delusion" exposes precisely nothing except that a federal bureau has succeeded in using your pages to achieve a crushing mythical triumph over the traffic in heroin and morphine. . . .

The truth is that there has been no victory, albeit you announce one. The truth is that no victory is in sight. The truth is that no true impediment to the traffic will be laid down until we cease to regard it as primarily a police problem, which it is not, and treat it as a medical problem, which it is.

Meanwhile the largest menace toward some solution to the problem would appear to lie in the complacent arrogance of police reporters tackling an assignment for which they are wholly unequipped.

NELSON ALGREN
Gary, Ind.

To the Editors:

It is refreshing to see a rational approach to the so-called drug menace, and the enlightening article by John Gerrity in your February issue.

The whole subject has been wildly exaggerated and the press has played it up until the public can see a peddler lurking behind every telephone pole. If the narcotics bureau seizes five ounces of heroin the newspapers have it that "a million dollars' worth of it was taken." Even Mr. Gerrity seems to have fallen for that line of propaganda. He states that diluted heroin, 3 per cent, sells for $3,000 per ounce. That figures $7 per grain and no addict could, or would, be able to pay that much for it. . . .

E. F. Myers
San Francisco, Calif.

Madagascar Revolt—

To the Editors:

As recently returned visitors from Africa, we found Theodore H. White's article on French Africa ["Africa Is Next," February] most interesting and timely. We would [question] one small statement in the article: that ". . . a more serious outbreak in Madagascar cost tens of thousands of lives." If this is anywhere near true, it is a major story that has never properly been reported. If not, then it is an example of contemporary liberal folklore. Perhaps it is a little of each.

We set out to visit Madagascar last summer, in the course of a trip to Southern Africa. We found travel agencies singularly reluctant to help us. . . . A missionary recently returned from South Africa told us that the French wouldn't let us in—that they were covering up the facts of a ghastly island revolt in 1947, in which one hundred thousand natives had been killed. He said that in the process of regaining control, the French had turned tribe against tribe in a shocking blood bath. . . .

We applied for visas, and received them at once. We applied for seats on a plane, and got them. . . . On July 7 we landed at Arivonimamo airport. . . . A thirty-mile drive in the airport bus brought us to the capital city of Tananarive, which we found charming, bustling, and without a color line. Our entire visit to Madagascar was marred only by having to leave.

As soon as we had made a few friends around town, we popped the question of the 1947 trouble. It existed, all right. The only apparent discrepancy in the stories about it was in the dimensions of the death toll. The highest figures we heard were five thousand natives killed, and about one hundred French. Apparently it was a nationalistic uprising, with deep undertones of the primitive religions, and it caught the French napping. . . .

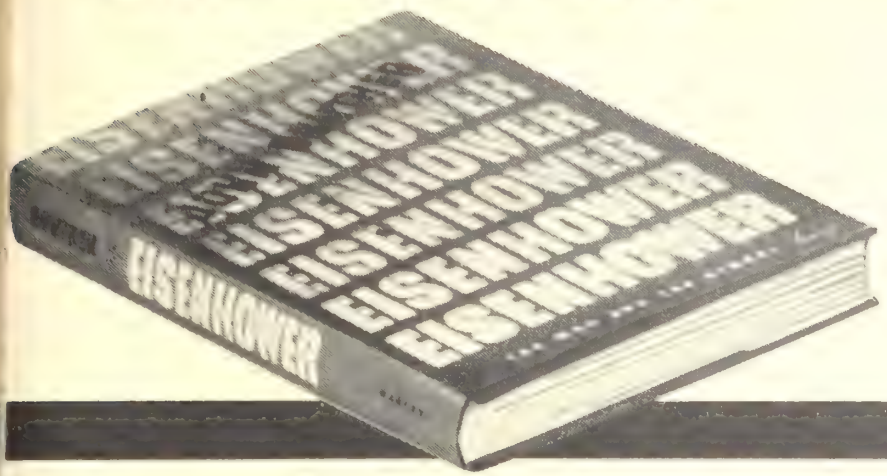
We poked around Tananarive, and drove about the countryside a bit. Our conclusions were that the French are making a determined effort to improve living conditions and to promote economic development. . . . There is no large group of colonials to block enlightened administration, such as White reports in Algeria and such as we found in Kenya and in Southern Rhodesia. . . .

Two weeks ago we heard the hundred-thousand-killed story again. This time it was told by the professional executive secretary of a liberal organization. He had heard it in Europe from a Malgache student who hadn't been home for ten years.

CALVIN and HELEN STILLMAN
Chicago, Ill.

Eisenhower

by JOHN GUNTHER



"Here in less than 200 pages . . . is more personal detail than anyone except the General's intimates is likely to have known until now . . . it will obviously have to be read by everyone who wants a close-up of the most talked-about American of his day." — JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

Grandma Moses

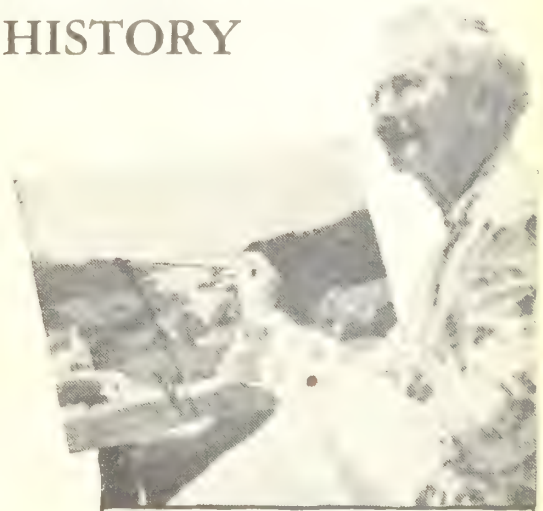
MY LIFE'S HISTORY

"I will try to give you an idea of who and what I am. I, Anna Mary Robertson, was born back in the green meadows and wild woods on a farm in Washington County, New York State, in the year of 1860 . . ."

That's how Grandma Moses begins to tell, *in her own words,* the story of her life as girl, wife, mother, grandmother and painter — ninety-one years of American history — and what a story it is!

"As delightful, simple and charming as her pictures."—LOUIS BROMFIELD

16 pages of paintings in full color, 16 pages of family photographs and facsimile letters. $3.50



"KEEP YOUR HEAD UP, MR. PUTNAM!"

By PETER PUTNAM



You will share an inspiring and triumphant experience when you read this young man's story of his comeback from near death and sudden blindness. "The story of how a boy passed through the darkness of insecurity and doubt into the light of understanding and tolerance which is true manhood and true sight . . . I found the humor delightful — also the fine unobtrusiveness of the form."—FREDERICK BUECHNER, author of *A Long Day's Dying.* Wonderful! It's both tremendously inspiring and entertaining."
—TALLULAH BANKHEAD. $2.50

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

For the first time in one volume

G. B. S.
A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT
of George Bernard Shaw
and
G. B. S.
A POSTSCRIPT
By HESKETH PEARSON
544 pages; 8 pages of halftones and frontispiece. $5.00

A new volume in
The Rise of Modern Europe

THE AGE OF THE BAROQUE 1610-1660
By CARL J. FRIEDRICH,
Professor of Government, Harvard University
32 pages of halftones and end-papers. $5.00

Summer Schools & Camps



Round Up Time
For Boys 8 to 16

REAL RANCH LIFE AT A REAL RANCH
Each boy gets his own horse. Pack trips, chuckwagon picnics, rope instruction all supervised by Western Cowboys. Modern buildings. New equipment. Registered Nurse and Counsellors. Excellent facilities for parents. *write for booklet —*
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holroyd, Directors
sheriff bob dixon
RANCH CAMP FOR BOYS
NY tel. PE 6-6130 or LO 7-3010
EAST JEWETT, N. Y.

KEEWAYDIN CANOE TRIPS
[illegible] Lake Temagami, Ontario
Adventurous
HOWARD H. CHIVERS, Hanover, N. H.

SANDY NECK CAMP
[illegible]
ing Booklet
CONSTANCE LOWELL, Director
CAPE COD, BARNSTABLE, MASS.

WANAWETA ON CAPE COD
[illegible] Mass. [illegible] Cape Cod village. A safe, non-strenuous program of [illegible] riflery, archery. "Learning by doing" in manual arts.
J. FRED HICKS, Englewood School of [illegible]
7-0 Broad Ave., ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

BEENADEEWIN
On Lake Fairlee, Vt. Girls 5-17. Friendly, happy, in- [illegible] Trips. Dramatics. Crafts. Attractive Cabins on half-mile [illegible] Mr. & Mrs. [illegible] N. J.

MAINE CAMPS are Safe and Healthy
Over 200 regularly state inspected camps under expert leadership assure your youngsters of an enjoyable, educational summer with safe guidance in Maine's healthy out- [illegible]
[illegible] CONVENTION
[illegible] Maine

FARM HOME CAMP
[illegible] GIRLS [illegible]
[illegible] Ages. Dir. Reg. Nurse. Brochure on request.
[illegible] N. Y.



WAYA-AWI
[illegible] individualized instruction in all sec- [illegible] writing and spelling in charge of trained experts. Special staff of

ADVENTURE
[illegible]

TREETOPS
[illegible] make collection
[illegible] DOUGLAS HASKELL.

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS
[illegible]

CAMP RANGER
[illegible]

ELLIS SUMMER SCHOOL & CAMP
Girls. Grades 1-12. Review, make-up, advanced H. S. full-credit courses. Preparation for Regents and College Boards. Remedial reading. Guidance. 300 acres near [illegible] Separate Lower School and Camp. 21st yr. Catalog.
ARNOLD E. LOOK, Ph.D., NEWTOWN SQUARE 29, PA.



• LEN-A-PE Boys 4-16. In Poconos near N.Y. and Phila. [illegible] Indians, cowboy, magician. Riding, sailing, boats. Sunday [illegible] Booklet. INDIAN LODGE assoc. lake-front hotel. David A. Keiser, 7733 Mill Rd., Phila. 17, Pa. ME 5-1682.

SUSQUEHANNA
Boys [illegible] Mountain camp on private lake. New Milford Pa. [illegible] Acres. Daily riding, complete course in horsemanship. 35 CAMP-OWNED HORSES. Own farm. All sports. 3 age groups. Skilled leader for each 4 boys. Personal development our aim. Booklet.
ROBERT T. SMITH NEW MILFORD, PA.

CULVER
SUMMER SCHOOLS
On Lake Maxinkuckee

8 HAPPY WEEKS
Three separate camps. Regular Academy instructors. Excellent recreational, living, health and dining facilities. Neatness, promptness, courtesy emphasized. All land and water sports. NAVAL (boys 14-18). Naval training, sailing, boating, shore drill, optional tutoring. HORSEMANSHIP (boys 14-18). jumping, polo, horse shows under expert horsemen. WOODCRAFT CAMP (boys 9½-14). Indian and Nature lore, handicraft, campcraft, coaching athletic activities. Nationwide enrollment. Separate catalogs. 46 Lake Shore Walk CULVER, INDIANA



CAMP WILDERNESS
Adventure full camp for real boys, 6-18. In forests of Northern Wisconsin near Spooner. Vigorous life under able leaders. Canoeing, athletics, swimming, fishing, riflery. Crafts. Model of [illegible] Booklet. WILBUR RUSSELL, 211 M[illegible] Bldg. Bldg., TERRE HAUTE, Ind.

DOMINICAN CAMP FOR GIRLS
ON BEAUTIFUL LAKE ERIE
Historic Kelleys Island, Ohio
Girls [illegible] resident chaplain, all land and water sports. We stress household and other womanly [illegible] Exclusive Lake for eight weeks, $150.00, catalog. ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

RIO VISTA
OLDEST AND FINEST BOYS' CAMP IN THE SOUTHWEST [illegible] Est. 1921. 160 boys (7 to 17). 4 age groups. 5, 8, 10 week terms. Unsurpassed [illegible] equipment, counselor [illegible] instructions, swimming, all land, water sports, crafts. Write for catalog.
GEORGE T. BROWN, INGRAM, TEXAS

ARKWILD
[illegible] Varied, individualized program of popular sports, swimming, boating, marksmanship, camping, crafts, science. Modern facilities experienced staff, moderate rates. Boys 8-14, small group. [illegible] W. [illegible] [illegible] ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO.

VAGABOND RANCH
Granby, Colo. Boys 12-17. Ranch camp plus travel. *Vagabondia* take 1-mo. camping-tour thru Southwest to Pacific, have 2 wks. at Ranch. *Ranchers* spend summer at high Colorado ranch. Riding, pack trips, fishing, climbing, [illegible]
C. H. PAVEK, WASHINGTON, CONN.

GAY VALLEY
"In the Land of the Sky." Younger boys and girls 6-12. Program of creative expression: arts and crafts, nature lore, [illegible] Riding. Private lake and spring-fed pool. Mature leadership. 4 and 7
MISS MARY W. GWYNN, Dir., BOX H, BREVARD, N. C.

SUMMER HOLIDAY IN BERMUDA
[illegible] interest, weather, [illegible] up to the [illegible] trip to places of historical interest. Sports: swimming, fishing, and sailing [illegible] supervised by fully qualified English Registered Nurse. Climate exceptionally healthful. For further information write to: MR. R. E. [illegible], PAGET, BERMUDA.

How many "clock ticks" to camp?

It's like counting the days-to-Christmas. So many more weeks. So many more days . . . hours . . . even minutes . . . till the gear's packed, the train toots, the wheels grind, . . . and the wonder and excitement of a summer at camp has begun again!

Camp is even better than Christmas; it lasts longer. And its *values* stay with a youngster always.

For there are some things nothing else can give. Not even home or school. Camps have grown to be a vital part of our way-of-living, not just because they're a way of getting children off the hot streets, or keeping them secure while grown-ups have a grown-up summer. The things that have made camps grow and grow and *grow* are much more positive virtues.

For camp is a community that paves the way for soundly adjusted living. It puts a city youngster in close, friendly touch with nature. It gives to children who've been limited to a single neighborhood, town, or village a wider acquaintance that rubs off the edges of provincialism before it hardens into adult prejudices. It cultivates the skills in swimming, riding, and other sports that only a few children get outside camp. Its crafts, theatricals, and imaginative play open up new avenues for creative self-expression.

The happiness of camp comes only with a proper fitting of child and camp . . . which begins with *careful sifting* and *selection.*

Where does camping fit into the family's budget scheme? Is it a luxury of good living? Or is it education? It offers something of both, of course. And of health, too. Even mental health . . . in the case of a "problem child" who suddenly finds happy adjustment in escape from family tensions or from the stiffer discipline of school.

The right combination of child and camp can turn out to be the best investment of a lifetime. And often it *lasts* a lifetime!

« Schools and Colleges »

MASSACHUSETTS

NICHOLS JUNIOR COLLEGE FOR MEN
Dudley, Mass.
James L. Conrad, Pres.

Business Administration and Executive Training

Personalized Individual Analysis. Advanced Courses in Education, Business and Pre-Law. Intimate national clientele. Small classes. Unexcelled location 200 acres campus. Modern dormitories. All sports. *Opportunity for Military Training with E.R.C. unit on campus.*

MARY A. BURNHAM SCHOOL
For girls. Thorough college preparation. General and art graduate courses. Music emphasized. Art, secretarial, college town advantages. Riding, skating, swimming. Jensendleck system for posture. National enrollment. 75th year. Charming colonial residences. Gymnasium. *Catalog.*
Miss Gertrude W. Everett, Box 17
Northampton, Mass.

CUSHING
Endowed. Moderate rates. Excellent equipment. Small classes. High standards of preparation for college and life. Special opportunities in secretarial studies, science, music and dramatics. Co-ed to 10th grade. Individual programs. Graduates in 100 colleges. Catalog.
Clarence M. Quimby, *Headmaster,*
Box 25, Ashburnham, Mass.

STONELEIGH-PROSPECT HILL
For Girls. Thorough college preparatory; 7th-12th gr. General courses. Small classes. Art, music, dramatics. All sports. Modern bldg. 150 acres. Professional instruction in riding, skating. Mono-desk system for posture.
Mrs. George Waldo Emerson,
Box E, Greenfield, Mass.

RHODE ISLAND

HATCH PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Time-saving program since 1926. Classes 1 to 4 boys. Progress geared to individual abilities and ambition. College candidates save a year. Three school years begin Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 1. Summer term in Dexter, Maine. Conference prerequisite to acceptance.
Lloyd Harvey Hatch, Headmaster Newport R. I.

LINCOLN SCHOOL OF PROVIDENCE
For girls. 68th year. Exceptional record for college preparation. Modern equipment and sports program. Conservative costs. Auspices of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends.
Marion S. Cole, Headmistress,
Box M, Providence, R. I.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HOLDERNESS
Thorough college preparation. Emphasis on straight thinking. Grades 9-12. Limited to 100 boys. Team sports. Excellent skiing, hunting, fishing in beautiful White Mts. Glee club, debating, arts, crafts. Self-help program. Founded 1879. Episcopal.
Donald C. Hagerman, Box 50, Plymouth, N. H.

MAINE

OAK GROVE
A Friends' School for Girls—Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7-12 and P.G. for H.S. Grads needing intensive review before College. Riding included. Beautiful new fireproof Quadrangle.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Owen, Box 120,
Vassalboro, Maine

PENNSYLVANIA

MANUMIT SCHOOL
Boys and girls 6-18 develop individuality in free creative atmosphere. College prep. Dramatics, art, music, sciences, mathematics. 80-acre farm in Bucks County. Friendly, homelike. Healthful outdoor life. Horses. Summer Camp. Write for catalog.
W. M. and B. G. C. Fincke, Co-Directors,
Box A, R.F.D. #2, Bristol, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE
Senior college coordinating academic and military. Defense-minded America needs college men trained in military. Military College R O T C—earn Commission. Degrees in engineering, arts, sciences, business administration. Enter Sept. *Write for catalog.*
Dean of Admissions, Dept. F, Chester, Penna.

WYOMING SEMINARY
Modern endowed coed school emphasizing accredited college preparation. Business, music, art. Individual help. Scholarships. 109th year. Faculty from 31 colleges. Drama, sports. New and newly furnished fireproof dormitories. Moderate rate. Write for catalog.
Ralph W. Decker, Ph.D., Pres.,
Box R, Kingston, Pa.

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS
INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN—EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.

Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 46 years' experience
Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY
Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY
Fully accredited college preparatory. Toms River, N. J., St. Petersburg, Fla. Preparation for all colleges, gov't academies. Separate Jr. School. Accelerated program. Naval training. Guidance. Sports, boats, bands. Specify catalog.
Adm. Farragut Academy, Box HZ, Toms River, N. J.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY
Fully accredited College preparatory. Boys learn how to study. Develop reading skills. Individual guidance. Record of college entrance. ROTC. Boys taught how to study; small classes; remedial reading. Jr. School. 71st yr. Summer session. Catalog.
Registrar, Box 251, Bordentown, N. J.

PEDDIE
An endowed school. Boys thoroughly prepared for college and for life. Fully accredited. Junior School. Small classes. Public speaking course required. Sports. New gym, playing fields, golf, pool. 240 acres. Summer session in the New York City. 85th year. Catalog.
Dr. Carrol O. Morong, Box 4-B, Hightstown, N. J.

NEW YORK

OAKWOOD
A Quaker coed school. Intercultural. Grades 8-12. Fully accredited. College prep, general courses. Counseling. Work program. Sports. 156th year. Also Summer Work Camp (ages 14-17). Catalog. W. M. Clark, Prin.
Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MARYLAND

SEVERN SCHOOL
Thorough preparation for service, technical schools, Service Academies. Accredited. Grades 7-12. Small classes. Near Annapolis. Limited enrolment. 39th year. Catalog.
Rolland M. Teel, Box 102,
Severna Park, Md.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

The Battle Creek School
A school for children whose needs are not provided for by the Public Schools. Pleasant, home-like, attractive environment. Individual tutoring, considering special handicaps. Curriculum based upon the real needs of all children. Care for each child's physical well being. Development of independence, initiative, and responsibility. Vocational training and part-time vocational placement. Limited enrollment prevents regimentation and institutionalization.

Address the REGISTRAR
1003 North Ave., R #3, Battle Creek, Mich.

DENNISON SCHOOL OF SPEECH CORRECTION
Stammering or Stuttering corrected by modern scientific methods. Dormitory and summer camp. Our helpful 48 page booklet gives full information. Write today for free copy.
Wm. Dennison, Director,
543-R Jarvis St., Toronto, Can.

PERKINS SCHOOL
A year round special school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five home-like, attractive buildings. 50 acres of campus and gardens. Summer session in Maine.
Franklin H. Perkins, M.D., Dir.,
Box 11, Lancaster, Mass.

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY
★ Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study



★ [illegible]
★ [illegible] by 50%. Develops capacity to [illegible]
★ [illegible]
★ [illegible]
★ [illegible] splendid environment, excellent health record, separate infirmary, 3 nurses. Upper school grades 8-12. Junior [illegible]
★ [illegible]
★ [illegible] write
★ Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 804, Fork Union, Va.
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WASHINGTON, D. C.

LANDON SCHOOL
[illegible] college preparatory. Small [illegible] Limited enrollment. Student gov't and honor system develop [illegible] Sports [illegible] to Washington. Catalog.
Paul L. Banfield, Headmaster.
Box H, Bradley Lane, Bethesda, Washington 14, D. C.

ILLINOIS

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY
Complete development of each boy in invigorating military atmosphere. Fully accredited preparatory. Grades 3-12. Small classes; individual help. ROTC. Sports for all. In suburban Chicago. 79th yr. *Write for catalog.*
Col. C. L. Jordan,
[illegible] Park, Chicago 43, Ill.

FERRY HALL
[illegible] for girls [illegible] Accredited college preparation; also general course. On Lake Michigan [illegible] Catalog.
[illegible] Box 17, Lake Forest, Illinois

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Photography, Window Display, Coeducational. Attractive [illegible] WRITE R. [illegible] 54.
Ray-Vogue Schools, 750 North Michigan, Chicago 11.

INDIANA

ULVER MILITARY ACADEMY
On Lake Maxinkuckee. [illegible] Thorough preparation for leading colleges. High scholastic standards. Develops initiative, courtesy, poise, character. Leadership training. All sports. Exceptional facilities. Senior Basic ROTC. Catalog. 46 Pershing Walk, Culver, Ind.

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY
Graduates in 135 colleges, service academies. Accredited. Small, conference-type classes. Highest War Dept. rating. [illegible] Wisconsin's Land o'Lakes. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog.
[illegible] Hall, Delafield, Wis.

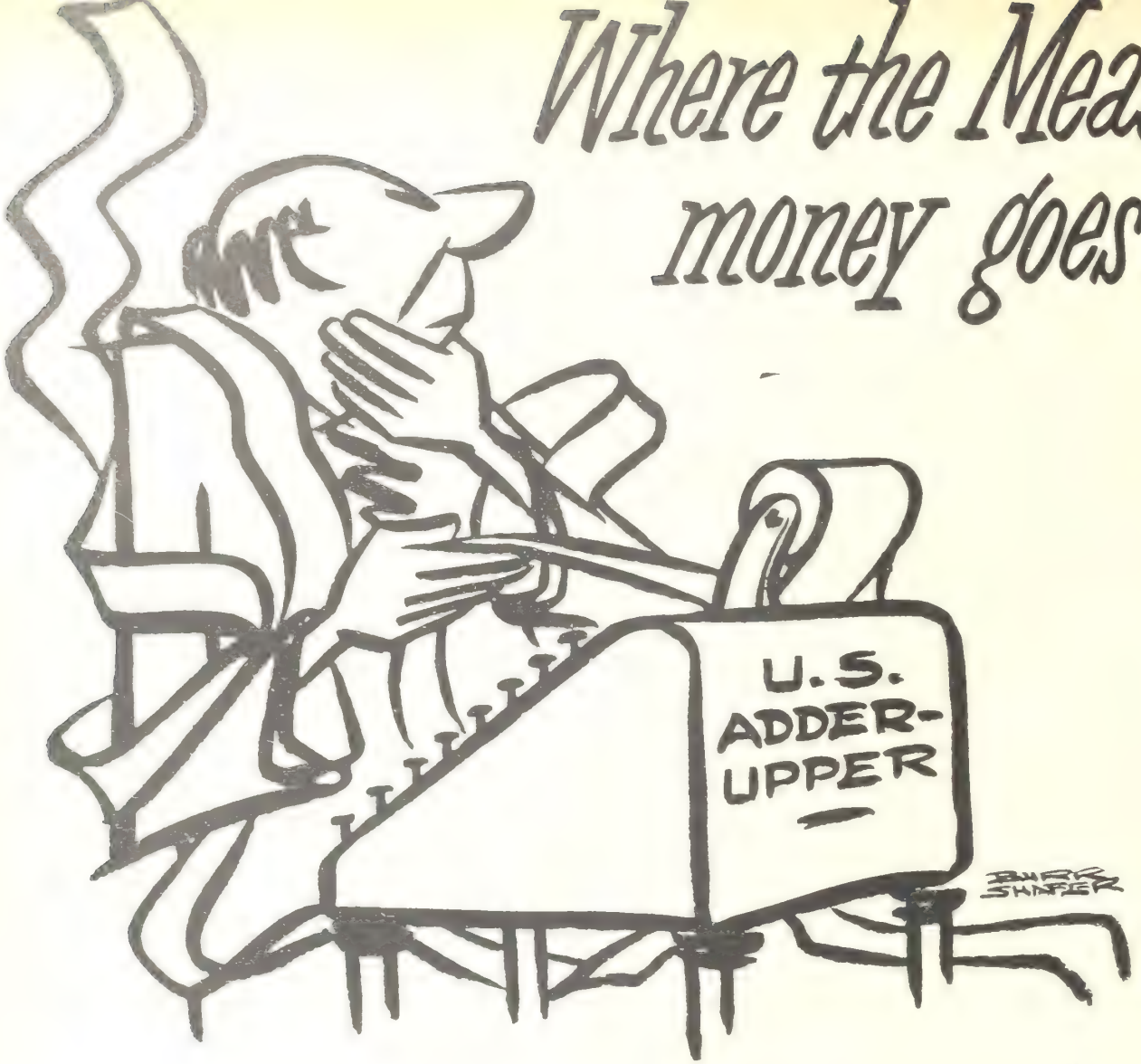
MINNESOTA

SHATTUCK SCHOOL
Accredited, grades 9-12. Balanced educational, religious, military program. Preparatory or general. Small classes. ROTC. Sports for all: gym, pool, armory, golf. Many activities. Episcopal. Est. 1858. Summer School-Camp. [illegible] Director of Admissions
[illegible] Hall, Faribault, Minn.

ARIZONA

SOUTHERN ARIZONA SCHOOL
For boys. Thorough college preparation [illegible] sunny Arizona. Grades 6-12. Accredited. CEE Exams. Small classes. A horse for every boy. Polo, pack trips, fishing. Music. Archaeology. 22nd [illegible]
Russell B. Fairchild, [illegible] P.O. Box 1391, Tucson, Ariz.

Where the Meat money goes...



Official government figures* show that over the years people have put down on the counter for meat a remarkably constant percentage of the money they have to spend. The average for meat is around 5½ per cent of the total.

In the boom year of 1929 consumers spent, out of each dollar of spendable income, 5½ cents for meat. In the depression year of 1933 this figure was 5⁴/₅ cents. In the prewar year of 1939 it was 5³/₁₀ cents. In 1950, the latest year for which figures are available, it was 5½ cents.

During this time, of course, meat prices fluctuated widely . . . but well in tempo with changes in the level of general prosperity of the country.

Do Meat Packers' Profits Influence Prices?

The answer is . . . *they do not.* Again, official government figures* (plus a recent Dun and Bradstreet survey) show that out of the average 5½ cents spent at the store for meat, the retailer uses 1 cent to cover all overhead costs and a modest profit, and pays 4½ cents to the packer for meat.

Of this 4½ cents, the packer pays out 3½ cents for livestock. 19/20ths of a cent for all of his costs of doing business . . . labor, freight, taxes and many other expenses . . . and earns *1/20th of a cent as profit.* This may be paid to investors for use of their money, or for improvements, or both. The figures include the value of by-products as well as meat.

The profit obtained by meat packers is so small that it has virtually no effect on the price of meat at retail.

As a matter of fact, if packers made no profit at all, consumers would be unable to see any difference in the cost of living—either in good times or bad.

**U. S. Depts. of Commerce, Agriculture, and Labor.*

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

Harper's
MAGAZINE

The Pirates' Nest of New York

Mary Heaton Vorse

Drawings by Ben Shahn

"When Johnny Cockeye Dunn went to the chair for the murder of Andy Hintz, before he died, they found he'd done at least thirteen murders," said Father Corridan.

"Didn't Johnny Cockeye use the concrete?" asked the longshoreman, an old-timer. He was talking to two Jesuit priests about the New York docks, where the convenient way to get rid of embarrassing corpses is to dump a man in a barrel, fill it with concrete, and drop it down to the twelve-foot ooze at the bottom of the harbor.

"No, no," said Father Corridan. "Johnny Cockeye never used concrete. He used what is called the Chinese method entirely—a quick bullet in the back of the head and the car radio turned up."

"Didn't he put Peter Pan in the concrete, Father?" asked the other priest gently.

"You have it all confused, Father. Peter Panto didn't go in the concrete at all. They found him in the lime and garroted nearly a year after he disappeared. To this day, the police say they don't know who got to him, although the Anastasia mob has been suspected." Father Corridan turned to me. "Peter Panto was a hiring boss who couldn't stand the waterfront rackets, so he protested. He was called in and told the boys didn't like what he was doing. Four days later he disappeared."

We were in the office of Father John M. Corridan, S.J., assistant director of the Xavier Institute of Industrial Relations. His organization offers instruction to New York City laboring men on the techniques of union activity—classes in parliamentary procedure, union organization, labor journalism, public speaking, and the like. In the course of learning to do their own jobs the Jesuits have had to find out a great deal about the city and the ways in which its work is done. Father Corridan has become an authority on the water-

Though the New York waterfront has been frequently investigated, no one has yet succeeded in ridding it of gangster influence. Mrs. Vorse tells why the time may have come at last to end "one of the ugliest situations in labor union history."

front. He talks of murder in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice. The two priests might have been [illegible] to their students' schedules instead of sudden death.

The twenty-five-day longshoremen's strike of October-November 1951 had ended spectacularly at one o'clock the night before. A billion dollars' worth of cargo lay on the piers. The strike was estimated to have cost millions in spoilage and demurrage, and $300,000 daily in wages—$40,000,000 in all. The immediate cause of it had been discontent with their contract, which the longshoremen claimed was "a phony" and which they said put back the clock twenty-five years in loading procedure, even though their international union leadership accepted it. They showed their discontent in the most eloquent way they knew—"voting with their feet," which means walking out on a wildcat strike.



"The strike is over," Father Corridan said, "but the disturbance behind it is not." From a nearby room came the voice of another priest, telephoning: "This wasn't a strike. It was a revolt!"

"You heard Father Dobson?" asked Father Corridan. "The causes of the strike were deeper than resentment about a contract. There'll be trouble on the waterfront as long as there are union officials with long criminal records, as long as stevedoring companies use criminals for hiring bosses. The strike was a revolt against mob rule. The men on the docks are living for the day when they'll be out from [illegible]

THERE is no concentration of power and might and beauty in any port on earth like that of New York City. Its exports and imports are worth over $7,000,000,000 a [illegible] Yet this magnificent harbor, with its [illegible] in many cities, is a pirates' nest. Violence and theft are as much taken for [illegible] as they were in Morocco during the [illegible] days of the gaudy bandit, Raisuli, [illegible] years ago—or as they are today in many ports of the Orient. Murder is common on the waterfront. New York District Attorney [illegible] S. Hogan says that there are more murders here per square yard than anywhere else in the world. Death comes quickly to men like Andy Hintz or Peter Panto who protest against "the system."

The "system" is an informal, fourfold understanding between certain union officials, business men, gangsters, and politicians. During the strike the New York City Anti-Crime Committee, headed by Spruille Braden, sent a telegram to Governor Dewey asking him to end the "cancerous condition on the waterfront" which underlay it. The telegram mentioned by name five unsavory individuals, all but one of them highly-placed union officials, who control most of the waterfront—Tony Anastasia, Alex DiBrizzi, Ed Florio, Mike Clementi, and Harold Bowers. Men like these (three of them have substantial criminal records) exercise authority with the full consent of union leadership and the big stevedoring companies, and with the passive consent of shipping companies. Attempts to investigate their activities have never succeeded in removing them from power.

Among the many complex reasons why this port of unsurpassed splendor is the most expensive in the world for shippers, why its business is steadily ebbing away to other cities, is the existence of organized pilferage, a polite word for piracy. It is reflected in the insurance rate—25 per cent additional on cargoes consigned to New York. Each year gangsters are believed to rob ships alone (not including the warehouses) of between 65 and 100 million dollars' worth of property, maybe more. Loading itself, under the local arrangement called "public loading," is so much a racket that it costs $15 million annually. The overcharges for loading are about 20 per cent more than if the same goods were shipped elsewhere on the Atlantic seaboard. Another major source of illegal income is the incredibly profitable smuggling of narcotics; so is extortion, which sent Socks Lanza—until then the waterfront boss on the East Side—to jail. Among the many minor ones which affect the longshoremen are loan-sharking, kickbacks, "short" gangs, "voluntary" contributions, and gambling rackets.

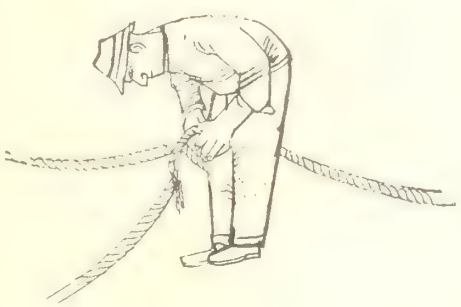
The conviction of Johnny "Cockeye" Dunn in 1947 together with the killer Andy "Squint" Sheridan is considered a milestone

in waterfront history. Andy Hintz broke the rigid code of silence of the waterfront and identified his murderer before he died, but the code still lives. You die if you talk, longshoremen say. Years of living in an environment which makes it almost impossible to get anywhere and remain honest have given them a different moral standard than we have on the "outside." Though, as everywhere, there are honest men on the docks, in the unions, and in the shipping and stevedoring companies, few of them believed that there was any law on the waterfront higher than that of hired thugs, or that a killer as carefully protected as Cockeye Dunn could ever be convicted. His execution in 1949 was a first step against mob rule, and the strike of last fall was another one.

Joseph P. Ryan, president for life of the International Longshoremen's Association, insists that Communists played an important part in the unauthorized walkout. Father Corridan, who opened a strike meeting with a prayer, denies this. Yet, in spite of the opposition of their union chief, there was a moment when the "insurgents" trembled on the edge of success. "You might say that the men had the ball on the five-yard line," one striker put it. "Anyway, they had walked out on Joe Ryan and the only ones he had with him were the gangsters."

II

Joe Ryan has expressed the belief that the method of hiring longshoremen best suited to the port of New York is the shape-up, an archaic system long since abandoned in the great ports of Europe. England abolished the "shape" early in the century, having found that it "led to graft and favoritism." Since that time the West Coast ports of Portland, Seattle (where the "shape" was abolished in the twenties), and Los Angeles, shortly followed by San Francisco, have regularized the hiring of longshoremen—but not New York. These reforms in hiring practices, whether in England or Portland, have all been accomplished through the co-operation of workers' groups and employers.





"The number of criminals operating on the waterfront," District Attorney Hogan has said, "is a direct result of the shape-up. It is responsible for kickbacks, loan-sharking, and a large percentage of other crimes on the waterfront. The shape-up is the root of the evil. I think it is a system that spawns criminal activities so regularly that state legislation might legally abolish it."

"The 'shape' is a real experience," one longshoreman told me. "The men stand around and tell dirty jokes and talk about sports and girls. The dock is chilly and it gets in your bones, and all the time everyone is waiting for the 'shape.' At five minutes to eight on any dock in New York a whistle blows, and the men who have been waiting form a circle around the hiring boss. Unless you're on the inside track with him, you don't know until that moment whether you're going to get the brass check, which means you're hired. No matter how long he's worked on the docks, every man is hired fresh every day. There are always more men than they want and many who are not hired wait in a saloon for another 'shape.' "

Under this system the hiring boss has the power of life and death over the longshoremen. He controls their economic life and sometimes their physical life, for many of the hiring bosses have criminal records. Some stevedoring companies prefer such men. "If you squawk you leave the docks, most likely in the fruit wagon," said one longshoreman. (The "fruit wagon" is the ambulance.) "If you don't leave in a barrel of cement," added another.

The "shape" and favoritism are inseparable, and they keep alive the threat of unem-

[illegible] I was told the familiar but grim story of a new hiring boss, during the depression, who saw himself surrounded by five hundred hungry men when there were only a hundred jobs. In despair, he threw the brass checks into the circle and let the men fight for them. "And that," said the old-timer, "was the fairest 'shape' they've had in years."



The disproportion between the numbers of jobs and the number of longshoremen continues to this day. It shows itself in the difference between the distribution of longshoremen's wages for 1949 in New York and on the West Coast, where the shape-up was no longer the method of employment: Comparisons are difficult to make, since the incomes are differently calculated in each instance, but the latest available figures show that in 1948-49 the average annual earnings of West Coast longshoremen were $3,760. In New York in 1949-50 only 8.8 percent made over $4,000; 43 per cent made under $500.

Other advantages can be cited for the West Coast. From 1949 to 1951 inclusive, 500,000 man-days of work were lost to strikes on the East Coast waterfront, as compared with 75,000 lost days for the West Coast. Companies pay much less compensation per man-hour worked on the West Coast than in the East, because of the lower number of acci-[illegible]

Not only is the longshoreman the victim of perpetual insecurity but his employment itself is hazardous. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, a longshoreman has one chance in five hundred of being killed or disabled for life, one in forty of permanent impairment. One man in every four has lost thirty-four days annually because of tem-[illegible]

III

The longshoremen themselves can best [illegible] the system affects their lives. There is not one who has not suffered, not one who has security. Take Tony Mike. (I have changed everything but his name and I have changed the names which follow, together with the unessential details of lives, for on the waterfront the code of silence is still observed.) Recently the Labor Subcommittee which drafted a report for former Mayor William O'Dwyer of New York stated that kickbacks are a thing of the past. Tony Mike laughs at the idea.

"They oughta go to Hoboken and Jersey City and watch the toothpick gangs. A man who's ready to kick back sticks a toothpick behind his ear. If there ain't a toothpick behind his ear, he don't get hired. The hiring boss picks out the man who wears the toothpick, for he's going to pay three dollars a day for working."

The New York City Anti-Crime Committee backs up Tony Mike's assertion. It states that a recent Grand Jury heard accounts of the kickback from people who had just left the shape-up and who told why they hadn't been hired. The records of the number of longshoremen at work tell the same story between the lines. There are 15,000 dues-paying longshoremen, but the Shipping Association records 35,000 longshoremen working.

Tony Mike has been a member of the International Longshoremen's Association for twenty-eight years. He has four children. He lost his job as hiring boss because he protested against "short" gangs. "A gang is supposed to have twenty-three men. They hire a gang three, even five, men short and then they collect the wages of twenty-three men. They make big money that way. Suppose you got five gangs to unload a vessel. On some piers you oughta have 115 men. That'll come up to near $2,000 a week that the hiring boss and the stevedore people can split between them. They just take it out of the hides of those poor devils. And when I don't like that and try and fight for a full gang, I lose my job."

At Harry's they were looking at a fine television set. The little cold-water flat had recently been done over as pretty as a bird's nest. It costs as much to heat as it does to rent and the bath is outside, but the kitchen is a housewife's dream.

Like his father, Harry is a cooper, or cargo repairman, and he has worked eleven years

on the waterfront. We were talking about the difficulties for the ordinary worker in the ILA. "Take me," Harry said. "I was overseas twenty-three months, and when I came back they'd let a lot of longshoremen work as coopers who'd never learned the trade, so I was out of work eight months. My wife had to go to work. That's how it is when there's no seniority in a union."

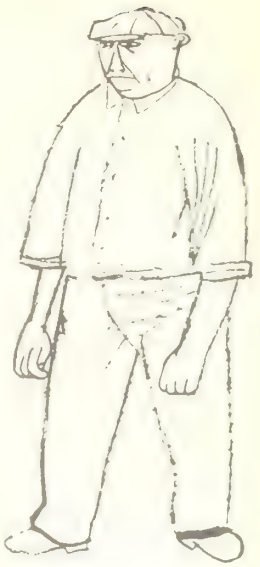
Harry is a man who wants the "paper locals" ended. "What we care about in our local is that we don't have any representation. We don't hold union meetings; we don't elect officers or our delegates to the wage scale committee. See here, this is the sort of thing we're sore about." He showed me Murray Kempton's story in the New York *Post* on the ILA's ratification of last fall's controversial contract on Staten Island. "The men met in a hall only large enough to hold half of them. The business agent sat on the only chair. 'All those in favor of the contract, keep standing,' he said. 'Anyone against it, sit down.' The docker who told the story claimed there was just enough sitting room on the floor for a cat. 'What were we supposed to do,' he asked, 'drop dead?'

"There's a lot of us out to change that. We want a union that represents the men, and we're ready to fight for it." Harry said. "We didn't have anything left when we struck. My wife had to go to work again. We were lucky that my girl's so big she can look after herself and we got relatives where she can visit after school."

Art Delponte is a naturalized Italian who has worked on one of the West Side piers for fifteen years. He has three children, all of school age. Rent doesn't bother him because he's lived a long time in a cold-water flat near enough to the docks to go home between "shapes." He's a docker, one of the men who load and unload the cargo. He thinks the waterfront is better than it used to be, bad as it still is.



"Everything we won," he said, "we won by wildcat strikes. We struck in '45, in '47, and in '48. We got vacations with pay, a welfare fund, and our pensions. More pay too. If we don't strike, we won't get anything." This belief is general among longshoremen.



I asked him what was the worst thing from the worker's point of view in being a longshoreman. "The hiring boss," he said. "If the hiring boss is down on you, you might as well leave the docks. If you're out of luck, you used to be able to go to Pier 53. They called that the 'Foreign Legion' and the 'Last Outpost.'

"One of the worst things is the weekenders. Firemen and even policemen, or any man who stands in with the big ward boss, can get a cut-rate union card. I know a big Jersey official who usta sit in a barber shop in Jersey City and just give out ILA cards. So that means weekenders go and get the longshoremen's jobs. These fellows pick up $30 that we ought to have. Then there's the ship-jumpers. They call them 'geeps.' They jump ship and get jobs as longshoremen.

"Very few lower West Side docks are bothered with kickbacks. It's the Yugoslavs on the East Side, or the Italians, and especially ship-jumpers, who pay kickbacks, some as high as ten dollars a day. The mobsters know who they are and threaten to deport them if they don't kick back. There's other ways a longshoreman's job is took off him. Sometimes there's a bunch of truck loaders hanging around and maybe a hiring boss goes up and hires two or three of them to fill out a gang instead of some of us. I've seen that happen when I was a fill-in. And when I made a beef, I'd find myself on the sidewalk.

"Sure I've been to the Shylocks. Everyone on the dock has. If I was to borrow ten dollars to see me through the week, I'd give my brass check to the Shylock. Then he puts in for my pay, and he pays himself my loan of ten dollars and two dollars more. If you was to borrow fifty, you pay ten dollars for it. But say you can't pay it back this week, then you owe him seventy."

You're paying him 20 per cent a week," I said. "Isn't there any other way you could borrow? Couldn't you go to a bank?" He laughed. "What bank would loan a longshoreman anything? We don't work steady. But you get work if you've got a loan shark on your tail. He sees to it you stay to work as long as you owe him something. He'd haul you out of bed, if he had to, to see you get to work."



When I climbed up the tenement stairs to Andy Dubrow's place, it seemed as though the hand of time had turned back thirty years, when the whole swarming East Side lived in tenements like this one. It smelled of dirt and bad toilets. Mrs. Dubrow let me in.

"Excuse this place," she said. "With all the children, you know how it is." The shades were broken; paper was peeling from the wall; there was a baby in a high chair near the table. Two other children played quietly on the worn and dirty linoleum floor. There were two more children in school, and the Dubrows were worried about their boy of sixteen, who "never seems to work steady."

"One time we lived nice. We had a different sort of place; it was after Andy got a smashed leg we began to have bad luck. He used to work good—always on the same pier. He made fifty and sixty dollars. He stood in with the boss." Mrs. Dubrow pushed back her hair with a hopeless kind of gesture that took in everything, the hopeless way the housework had got beyond control, Andy's bad luck, the boy they were worried about. "When he went back, there didn't seem to be no work for him. The boss had changed. He don't get more than two or three days a week, sometimes not that. We couldn't live without welfare. Oh, how I wish we didn't have to take it."

There's nothing spectacular about Andy Dubrow's story. He made no gesture of defiance. After a bad accident, he was less useful; and he became one of the innumerable "extra men" on the waterfront, one of the thousands that work less than five hundred hours a year and who have to be helped out by one of the social agencies.

It is an hour's journey by bus to Robert Donovan's spick-and-span, four-and-a-half-room flat. Donovan is regular. He thinks Joe Ryan is a great man who does as well for his men as he can. Like Joe Ryan, he points out how wages have risen since he came on the docks twenty-eight years ago. He talks of the recently established vacations with pay and the welfare fund. It doesn't make any difference to him that a recent meeting of his local is the first in years. He's no reformer.

He has known terrible times when there were four babies and almost no work. During the depression he suffered from kickbacks and loan-sharking. "I guess we all did." That was when his wife had to work before the new baby was a month old. "We had to go to the Red Cross to get through at all." Donovan had his leg crushed and spent months in the hospital. "Compensation? I didn't get any. Few do."

Now things are going well with him. The Donovans have a new flat, for which they pay eighty-five dollars a month. There are three boys of school age at home and one girl at New York University. The Donovans have one wish, which is to give a good education to all their children. This is made possible by Mrs. Donovan's working. Donovan is sure of $66.75 after his Social Security and union dues are paid. He makes over one hundred dollars in rush times by working overtime and Sunday. He leaves home at 6:30 for the 7:55 "shape," and if they want him back at night he has to wait around until seven. It makes a bad day.

"Pilfering? Of course there's pilfering. There's always been pilfering on every dock in the world. It don't seem the same as stealing. When I was young I got to taking home a few things myself—not much, a couple of

bottles of whiskey for the holidays and a bottle of French perfume. Everybody grabs a bottle of perfume when they can.

"Then one day I thought, what's the matter with me? I wouldn't any more think of taking a bottle of liquor or perfume from a store than I'd think of robbing a bank! I began sort of preaching. I'd say to a buddy, 'You oughtn't to take that gold watch,' and the next thing I knew I was off the docks—and I wisht I'd kept my big mouth shut. But it's funny how natural it seems to take home something when everyone else does." It should be remembered, of course, that "personal" pilfering by individual longshoremen is insignificant alongside the highly-organized piracy practiced by the gangsters.

Compared with many longshoremen, Donovan's is a success story, yet he got down to his last five dollars in the 1951 strike. "My son-in-law was just going to help out when the strike ended." Donovan has never forgotten the insecurity of the bad days. The fear of losing his job is always with him.

IV

The port of New York is solidly organized by the International Longshoremen's Association, the ILA. Long ago, Joseph P. Ryan, the union's president for life, gathered even such independent unions as the tugboats and the barges into his capacious pocket.



The power of the union is supposed to stem from eighty ILA locals. About thirty of these are actual longshoremen's locals, but only a few vote and elect their own officers. Many of the rest are what are known as "paper locals."

The policies of the union are initiated in the Joseph P. Ryan Association, where no ordinary longshoreman ever sets foot, and carried out by the New York District Council, many of whose members are appointed by Ryan, as are the members of the all-important Wage Scale Committee.

A notable-looking, big, barrel-chested, red-haired man, Joseph P. Ryan has been ruler of his union for twenty-five years. He is an important political figure in New York City; indeed he is as much a politician as a union leader.

In his moments of quiet absorption, he is said to whistle "Danny Deever" under his breath. He boasts that he neither smokes nor swears, and more often than not goes to eight o'clock Mass. He is a devoted family man.

Ryan completely denies the existence of corruption or rackets on the waterfront. Whenever there is a wildcat strike (and in the memory of man there has been no other kind) he thinks Communists are at the bottom of it. He was saying that years ago, and he told it to me at the New York State Board of Inquiry hearing after the recent strike. "The Communists started the walkout in Brooklyn and kept the strike alive there." (This same board of inquiry stated in their report that the strike was without Communist influence.) "I welcome an investigation of the waterfront," Ryan told me. "But why do they always investigate the waterfront? Why don't they investigate the garment trades for a change? They're full of racketeers.

"They talk about us giving jobs to men who've gone wrong and have served time. Where are those poor devils to go? Because a man's done wrong once, it don't show he's a criminal. Why, a man can't get paroled unless somebody'll give him a job, and those are the very men who stop other men from stealing. Many times, we've heard of a fellow who's got a record stopping men who are broaching cargo. Lay off, boys, he'll say. That'll go against me."

He brushes aside the fact that the Kefauver committee reported his union to be "infested with hoodlums" and said that "here, after twenty years of repeated effort to correct conditions, there still persists one of the ugliest situations in labor union history." He also seems to ignore the histories of a number of his outstanding officials that are written lengthily into police and Sing Sing records.

The New York waterfront is divided into spheres of influence and control. The farthest uptown piers, where the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* dock, are called the "pistol local," sometimes "the superhomicidal local." Harold Bowers is its international organizer. Though he himself has no criminal record, he works in close harmony with his cousin, Mickey Bowers, who has been convicted as a machine-gunner and bank robber. All pier truck-loading in the neighborhood is handled by the Allied Stevedoring Company, controlled by the Bowers and their friends.

On the piers below 14th Street are the remnants of the Dunn gang. Ed McGrath, the brother-in-law of Johnny "Cockeye" Dunn, was long the international organizer here. He is still a union official. He has been in Sing Sing for robbery and assault, and in all he has been arrested twelve times, once on a charge of homicide.

Brooklyn is still the domain of Tony "Bang Bang" Anastasia and his less spectacular brother, Jerry. His influence derives partly from the fact that he is the brother of Albert Anatastia of Murder Inc. Tony Anastasia has many interests. Not only is he a hiring boss, but he has diversified business connections and is known as a skillful strikebreaker. Ryan has commended him as a fine anti-Communist fighter. It is believed, however, that the Anastasias have ceased to be useful to the underworld and are "on the way out."

The overlord of Staten Island is Alex DiBrizzi. Mr. Ryan has referred to him as "a very fine gentleman." He is the head of Local



920 and vice-president of the New York District Council. His nephews, the "Three Dee's"—the D'Alessio brothers—control Staten Island (and its waterfront), as a recent New York State Crime Commission hearing showed. He has political power in both parties, and his varied harbor enterprises have made him a millionaire. Mr. DiBrizzi has been arrested twenty times, but only for gambling and bookmaking.

Another prominent waterfront citizen is Edward J. Florio, whose elevation from president of Local 306 in Hoboken to international organizer was signaled by a testimonial dinner, presided over by Joseph P. Ryan and attended by the mayors of Hoboken and North Bergen. Among the guests were other political bigwigs and Florio's good friend John "Fifi" DiRobertis, then at liberty on a federal narcotics charge. Florio himself has but a meager criminal record. He has only served a year and a day in jail for possession of an illicit still and for tax fraud. He has often been arrested, however, on such charges as felonious assault, fugitive from justice, possession of stolen goods, etc. Speaking of his appointment, a longshoreman remarked that "it looks like you have to have served time to be appointed organizer in the ILA." Florio's many relatives are either hiring bosses or enjoy other good union positions. Florio replaced Charlie Yanowsky, an associate of such aristocrats of the underworld as Mickey Cohen, Willie Moretti, and Albert "Ackie" Ackalitis, whose release from Dannemora Prison at the end of April is expected to disturb the balance of power on the waterfront. Yanowsky was found in a field, stabbed with numerous ice-pick wounds, in 1948. As Florio said, the boys get ambitious; they want to better themselves; then they are likely to get hurt.

THE lives of these men are complicated. At one and the same time they are union officials, active in politics, engaged in trucking and stevedoring or other businesses; yet they have found time to accumulate criminal records. It was shown in the Kefauver hearings (and has been fully documented elsewhere in official sources) that a link exists between these union organizers and the amorphous and indefinable cartel of criminals that was described by Senator Kefauver as a "national crime syndicate . . . led by Costello, Joe Adonis, and Meyer Lansky on the East Coast." (They have such beautiful names—Anastasia, Florio, Clementi—names as beautiful as aconite and belladonna.) "In all the history of crime," writes Burton Turkus, the former assistant District Attorney

who prosecuted the leading members of Murder Inc., "there has never been an example of organized lawlessness to equal the Syndicate . . . an association in which every mob of any importance in the United States had membership."

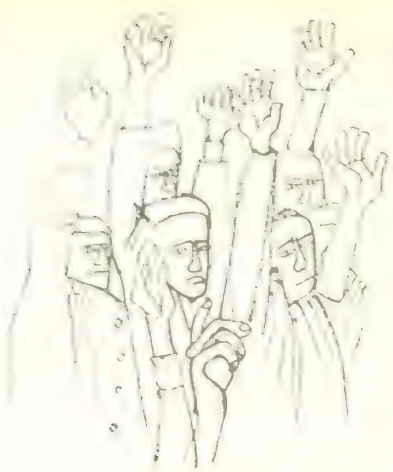
All these organizers of the ILA have appeared at one time or another at the annual dinner given by the Joseph P. Ryan Association for the glory of the old labor leader. At this strange festival, criminals join the highest in the land to honor Ryan. The list of sponsors and guests has included governors, mayors, and churchmen. So respectable is Joe Ryan's front that many of his guests seem to have remained ignorant of the disreputable characters with whom they were mixing. Attending the dinner of 1951 were, among others, John A. Coleman, former chairman of the board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange; Colonel Ivan Annenberg, circulation manager of the *Daily News;* Mayor Vincent Impelliteri of New York; and Mike Clementi, ex-convict, an ILA official who lately succeeded Socks Lanza as overlord of the East Side. (Lanza, a life-long friend of Lucky Luciano, is now out on probation.) Another guest was Edward Florio, the unfortunate Mr. Yanowsky's successor. The chairman of the arrangements committee was William J. McCormack, waterfront tycoon and boyhood friend of Mr. Ryan.

Until lately, Mr. McCormack was as invisible in waterfront affairs as he was rumored to be omnipotent, but recently a Grand Jury investigation in New Jersey and several newspaper and magazine articles have penetrated his anonymity. No one has led a fuller life than Mr. McCormack in his translation from West Side boy, driver of a vegetable truck, to his present lofty position. He is a Knight of Malta, a multimillionaire. As Mr. Keating of the New York City Anti-Crime Committee said over the Columbia network, "On the one hand he controls certain key union locals; on the other he owns and operates the very businesses that those key unions serviced. This puts him in a beautiful position to make even more money." Among his many assets are the Transit Mix Corporation (sand and gravel) and the Penn Stevedoring Company. A large proportion of New York's fruit and vegetables arrives in transportation he controls.



It is safe to say that no waterfront reforms could be accomplished without McCormack's nod. His political influence is vast; he is a maker of mayors, and his friends include the highly-placed in Washington and the politically prominent of New York and New Jersey as well as many a bizarre waterfront character. Among these friends is another member of the ILA, John "Gene" Sampson, the business agent of Local 791 and leader of the recent wildcat strike.

John "Gene" Sampson occupies an anomalous position, one that is new to me in the labor movement, for experienced analysts of the waterfront call him the "loyal opposition." In late January, at the time of writing, he and three other "insurgents" had been removed from minor appointive positions in the ILA, apparently to indicate that they had incurred Ryan's disapproval. Yet Sampson remains business agent of his local—and a useful man. He is useful to the longshoremen as a bulwark against mobster rule; his brother Frank's position as deputy mayor and chief patronage dispenser of New York shelters him from gangster attack. When the longshoremen became so restive under their many burdens that they were bound to strike, Sampson led them against Ryan. After the men had struck awhile and the time was ripe, Sampson led the strikers back into the fold again. The dramatic one-o'clock-in-the-morning strike agreement in November was preceded (as reported in *Collier's*) by a meeting between Sampson and McCormack. When the new year opened with the threat of a new strike, Mr. J. V. Lyon, president of the New York Shipping Association, condemned the action of Sampson and his fellow-insurgents. Reporters who wanted the true story, he said, should get it "from the headquarters of Mr. Ryan."



Even Mr. McCormack and Gene Sampson couldn't have ended the work stoppage without the promise held out to the longshoremen by the New York State Board of Inquiry, appointed by Industrial Commissioner Edward Corsi, at the suggestion of the New York State Board of Mediation headed by Merlyn Pitzele. The Board of Inquiry's chairman was R. M. Catherwood of Cornell University; Dean Alfange and the Right Reverend John P. Boland, who has grown old mediating labor disputes, were the other two members. So great was the longshoremen's hope and confidence in the Board that the promise of a speedy publication of the report stopped a new flash strike (a result of the dismissal by Mr. Ryan of the four members of the insurgent strike committee).

Sampson was on the witness stand when I first went to a hearing of the Board—a young sixty-two-year-old who looked as though he were the survivor of many compromises. He was testifying that Ryan had said the strike was a minority strike, that Ryan had said he would be behind it if it were a majority strike. "So we went out and got the majority." Sampson was followed by Eddie Barry, whose unshakable testimony caused Joe Ryan to take rapid notes one after another while Louis Waldman, the union attorney, cried out: "I protest. This witness has only been called for the purpose of giving damaging testimony." Day after day the longshoremen continued their testimony and showed what the report later called "an obvious lack of confidence in union leadership."

The report was released late in January. Embedded in its 144 dignified pages was as deadly an indictment of the New York waterfront as had yet appeared. But the longshoremen, and others who have been as deeply concerned with what happens on the docks, felt that its recommendations were not in proportion to the evil it revealed. These consisted chiefly in the appointment of a permanent arbiter to settle disputes, the appointment of an ILA fact-finding board of three public members to sift grievances and make recommendations, and numerous reforms in voting procedure to be carried out by—Joe Ryan. (Ryan subsequently appointed his union lawyers, the law firm of Waldman & Waldman, to investigate "abuses and undemocratic practices" in ILA locals, though he said he thought they would find only minor faults traceable to the longshoremen's "reluctance" to attend meetings.)

On its publication, the report caused bitter disappointment among the insurgent longshoremen. Their attorney, Peter Johnson, said that the Board of Inquiry had "ignominiously arrived at an invalid conclusion when it upheld the ratification of the contract after detailed, documented evidence of fraud." The Board, however, had not found fraud enough in the ballots to warrant a reopening of the contract. It is no wonder Joe Ryan welcomes investigations of the waterfront. In his experience they come and go, and up to now he has endured them all.

In 1916 there was the investigation by Mayor John Purroy Mitchel. In 1941 Governor Dewey, then District Attorney, rounded up hundreds of ILA men to question them about loan sharks and the kickback. The last time I saw Mary Simkhovitch of Greenwich House, she discussed with me the Citizens

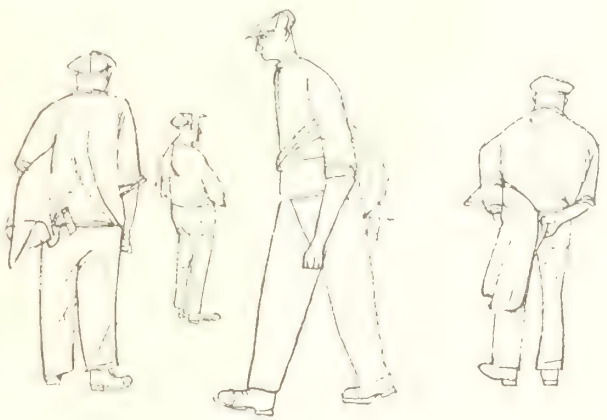


Waterfront Committee of 1946, of which she was a member. This was a committee which included eminent clergymen and representatives of the Russell Sage and the Phelps Stokes foundations. There have been many other investigations, including that of the Kefauver committee. A full-dress investigation with nine subcommittees was set up by

Mayor O'Dwyer in 1950, to discover why New York's port traffic had ebbed away. The subcommittee on Labor Conditions on the Docks was headed by W. J. McCormack and Joseph P. Ryan. It makes one think of the old cartoon. Two skunks are talking in the moonlight.

"Have you joined the foundation?" says one.

"What foundation?" asks the other. "The foundation to investigate that horrid smell around here," says the first.



The report of this subcommittee was delayed until December 1951. It found there was nothing wrong with labor practices on the waterfront. Of the eleven members, only five signed the report. One who did not, Joseph P. Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, called it a whitewash.

AT PRESENT no fewer than five investigating groups are fishing in the waters around the docks. The most far-reaching in its program is the New York State Crime Commission, for which, at Governor Dewey's instigation, $500,000 has been pledged to cover the waterfront investigation. The Commission is headed by two able men, Judge Joseph M. Proskauer and his counsel, Theodore Kiendl. "This is the first time as far as I know," Judge Proskauer has said, "that there has been an all-out combination of all law-enforcement agencies to attack this problem and try to solve it. . . . We are going into the damnedest investigation we have ever had." Another is the active New York City Anti-Crime Committee mentioned earlier, which has done more to alert public consciousness than any of the rival organizations that are trying to change the incredible situation on the docks. The Grand Jury in Brooklyn, reporting to Judge Samuel Liebowitz, is also investigating the Brooklyn shoreline of the port. The Judge has stated that he aims to catch the "big fish in the slimy waterfront pools, not just the little fish." New York and New Jersey have joined together to make still another inquiry into "racketeering, organized crime, and restrictive practices" in the harbor that borders both states. And there is also New York County District Attorney Frank S. Hogan's port-crime investigation, which has been in progress for some time.

With the public indignant as never before about crime in high places, this may be the psychological moment to clean up the waterfront and to put an end to these monstrous conditions. It will not be an easy task. Over the years a way of life has been established, through which ships are loaded fast enough to satisfy their owners, and everyone but the longshoremen becomes rich. Before now, in part because of the code of silence, no complete investigation of the waterfront has ever been made. Perhaps the many grand juries and crime committees between them will at last succeed in making one. Arrests will help, as will the unmasking of those politicians who profit from the waterfront rackets. The partnership of politicians and gangsters can be broken if drastic enough measures are taken—and if they *are* taken, it will be because the public has demanded them.

Yet much more lies within the power of the shipping companies. Ultimately it is they who control the loading of the ships. The New York City Anti-Crime Committee continually emphasizes that the respectable elements behind the port crimes are as guilty as the criminals themselves, that not the conviction of a few hoodlums but a breakup of the "system" is imperative. As the Board of Inquiry has pointed out, if the shipping companies continue in their present course they will draw a noose around their own throats. If the grand juries and the crime committees do not bring about a change, if the "system" continues, we will have broadcast to an attentive world the fact that the city of New York, its greatest port, is powerless to rid itself of gangster control.

Meanwhile the men who suffer most, the thousands of anonymous longshoremen on the docks, are ripe for "revolt against mob rule." They are living, as Father Corridan had said, for the day of liberation from it.

What's Happened to Taft?

Richard H. Rovere

Whatever judgment the future may pass on Senator Taft—and it will have to deal seriously with him whether or not he becomes the next President of the United States—it should be given to understand that he carried on his labors in peculiarly inauspicious times and that most of his victories have been feats of strength and character. Some of them, especially in recent years, have been feats of dissimulation, but these have been details in the pattern and not the pattern itself.

Neither nature nor history has done very much to speed Taft's passage. He probably owes something to being a Taft, though far less than Franklin Roosevelt owed to being a Roosevelt, and he certainly owes a lot to his native intelligence, but no one could justly accuse him of being a darling of the gods. He has ambition but very few of its accessories. He has no talent for the little arts of popularity, and he has none of the great devices of power. Even when he has not been above guile, guile has, as a rule, been beyond him. His relationship to the public is a curious one and difficult to define: he is not a friend, not a leader, not a hero. He is, perhaps, a widely-quoted minister in another church, a church one ought to attend some day just to get a line on the man's ideas. In any case, he inspires neither warmth nor awe. Lacking mateyness, he lacks also the true imperiousness which is sometimes an effective substitute for the common touch. There is no coziness in his voice and no thunder—nor is there the confident crackle of the brisk executive type characterized by Governor Dewey. There is no drama in his messages and no reassurance. If he gets there in November, it will be an inspiring case of *ad astra per aspera.*

He has proceeded by hard ways in spite of the fact that his early years were eased by wealth and his whole life has been privileged. He did not have to struggle against adversity in youth, as Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower did, but he is as profoundly a self-made man as either of them. Adversity in youth even when no sweet uses can be found for it, is a feeble antagonist compared to the sweep of history in a man's later years. History has been uncommonly generous to Truman and Eisenhower, setting up powerful currents and backwashes in which they could be carried along with scarcely any exertion on their parts. In Truman's extraordinary case, it was unnecessary, up to 1948 at least, even to man a steering oar. There have been no setups for Taft. It would be carrying sympathy too far to say that history has treated him unfairly, for it could easily be offered against this that he has been brutally unfair to history, but the fact remains that it has done much more for much less deserving men. For Taft it has really done nothing. There have been times in the past—one thinks especially

In April 1948 Mr. Rovere wrote for Harper's *an article entitled "Taft: Is This the Best We've Got?" The present article is to some extent an amplification and to some extent a revision of that earlier estimate.*

of the years of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover—when Taft, for all of his limitations, would have glittered and shone resplendently. But he has never encountered such a period. In his fourteen years in the Senate, he has three times, counting this one, been an active candidate for the Republican nomination and once, in 1944, an inactive but readily available one. But he has somehow never come upon a time when his gifts could be displayed to their best advantage—or, to put it another way, when the gifts he lacked did not seem more important than those he had.

II

It may be that history's insistence upon having Taft do things the hard way has produced in him a sense of grievance and persecution that accounts for some of the things he has been up to lately. Whatever accounts for them, the recent developments are formidable and cannot be ignored. Up to a few years ago, it was possible, indeed it seemed unavoidable, to say of Taft that he was unique among the politicians of our time as a man who set and met his own standards. Though he could be blindly partisan at times, the blindness was due, or so it certainly seemed, to some failure of the inner lights that guided him. Even when he appeared to be sponsoring the most egregious error, he believed what he said, and he seldom failed to say what he believed. He presented the attractive spectacle of a man ruled by reason, though it was very often reason of a limited and eccentric sort, and eager to have reason rule.

"Once Bob Taft tackles a problem," Felix Morley wrote in *Life* in 1948, "no emotion of any sort colors the workings of his intellect." And in these pages four years ago to the month, I wrote:

> He [Taft] has taken to heart Dr. Johnson's great injunction to clear the mind of cant. . . . He is not a bunkshooter or a humbug artist. One reason why his speeches fall on such unresponsive ears is that they are altogether free of the flare-words to which the past century of political oratory has conditioned the American voter. . . . He never appeals for the adoption of his policies in the name of anything but the policies themselves.

I could not support that statement today. This is not to say that I think any recent events have revealed Taft as an essentially disingenuous person or that he has suddenly substituted the rule of expediency for that of conscience. There are times when his fair-mindedness and tough-mindedness are as much in evidence and as thoroughly admirable as they ever were. But there have been certain aspects of his recent career that must cause even the most indulgent of his admirers to forfeit the claim that he has never stooped to demagogy and that his record for candor and fair-dealing is unbroken. He has shown that he is capable of taking to demagogy and of doing it with breathtaking abandon.

Of his lapses, the most conspicuous are his role in the running controversy over China policy and, closely related to this, his part in the scabrous McCarthy affair of two years ago. There is, of course, nothing discreditable in Taft's adherence to the view that Administration policy in China has been consistently weak and muddled and that the only way to repair the mistakes of the past is to adopt the measures urged by General MacArthur. It is a view which many thoughtful people hold and for which the record of the past ten years can provide impressive support. It is astonishing in a way to find Taft, who voted against the North Atlantic Treaty and the dispatch of troops to Western Europe, eager to form an alliance with the Kuomintang junta and to make a heavy American investment in Formosa. But if the logic of all this seems somehow out of whack, there is nothing morally indefensible about it. What is morally indefensible is Taft's responsibility for turning the debate on Far Eastern policy from an argument over political judgment into an argument over treason. The question of whether American interests in the Far East have been well served by the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations is an important one and should be soberly discussed. But it seldom gets soberly discussed nowadays. Thanks more to Taft than to anyone else, because it was Taft who used his prestige to make the issue one of party policy, we have for the past three years been in the midst of an ugly and preposterous debate over whether two Presidents and five Secretaries of State, one of these being also a

General of the Army and a former Chief of Staff, were parties to a deliberate scheme for the betrayal of American interests and the delivery of a half-billion Chinese to the Soviet Union. The mood and rhetoric of this shabby business have more than a little in common with those that prevailed in the Moscow courtrooms when, in the late thirties, almost the entire Soviet bureaucracy was accused of being in the pay of Nazi Germany.

We have most of us become so well adapted to the maniacal climate of modern politics that new lunacies find us numb and insensate. There is today, apparently, almost no appreciation of the fact that casual imputations of treason and betrayal are quite unprecedented in American history. (There was some of it in the Civil War period, but that was a time when concepts of loyalty and disloyalty had rather special meanings.) Up to now, it has always been assumed that our military and diplomatic leaders were attempting honestly to represent and further the national interest, no matter how grossly they might be thought to misconstrue it. A man might seem to be acting obtusely or maladroitly, but it was presumed that he was acting in good faith.

So securely was this tradition established that the very controversy which has now taken on so squalid an appearance was only a short while back being conducted pretty much on its merits. Senator Taft now goes up and down the country talking about "this pro-Communist Administration," "the betrayal of America at Yalta," "the State Department's plan for Communist victory," and "the delivery of Manchuria to Communism," but in 1948 he was talking a different and more becoming language. "At Yalta," he said in that year, "President Roosevelt made certain agreements that gave Russia wide interests in Manchuria," which is a reasonable if incomplete statement of the case. In those days, Taft was given to charitable doubts which, if the State Department had been beset by them, would have been thoroughly inexcusable. "We are sending armaments," he said, "to countries like Greece and China to assist a free people combating militant minorities within their own ranks, probably financed from Communist sources." There was no "probably" about it then, any more than there is now.

It was not until 1949 that the issue of conspiracy and conscious betrayal was brought into the dispute. A few attempts to exploit it had been made in the newspapers and in Congress, but it did not represent the position of the Republican party, and it was not seriously advanced by any of the more honorable figures in the Senate. What gave it impetus, in all likelihood, was the case of Alger Hiss, who was first tried in 1949 and was retried and convicted in 1950; the Hiss case, however, though distressing and disheartening, no more proved the guilt or complicity of Hiss's superiors than the conviction of a bank employee for embezzlement would prove that the bank's president was a crook. It is true, to be sure, that there were people in the Far Eastern Division of the State Department whose disapproval of Chiang Kai-shek had led them to underestimate the dangers of a Communist victory in China—and also to accept too early the certainty of Chiang's defeat—but their lack of perception was never greater than that of General Patrick Hurley, who thought there wasn't much difference between Chinese Communists and Oklahoma Republicans, of whom he is one, and who used to describe himself as "the best friend the Communists have in Chungking." Nor, for that matter, was their judgment any poorer than that of Taft, who said in 1948, a few months after the destruction of liberty in Czechoslovakia, that he had "no knowledge of any Russian intention for military aggression" and that in his view "we have to work on the theory that we are going to have peace."

Since it is the proper business of diplomats to estimate and perceive with acuity in such matters, those who failed to do so doubtless deserved public censure. But, except in the solitary case of Alger Hiss, not one fact has been adduced to show that any of them sought to advance the interests of the Soviet Union at the expense of our own, though it sometimes seems as if Congress has done nothing for years except search for the evidence. There is no single fragment of evidence to support Taft's assertion, featured in every speech he makes nowadays, that "Dean Acheson was determined to let the Communists take Formosa." One has difficulty in escaping the conclusion that it is a cynically fabricated product, a piece of boob-baiting as

demagogic as any California pension scheme, and that, although endless repetition may have given it the status of established truth in the minds of the politically jejune, no one as astute as Taft could possibly believe it. (The thought that he does believe it is almost too alarming to entertain.) But still he speaks of the "continuous sympathy toward Communism . . . which inspired American policy." And since Taft has taken up the cry, it is heard throughout the land.

The damage done us by this squalid strategy is staggering. For one thing, it has made adult discussion of Asia policy almost impossible. It excuses the Administration's critics from approaching the question in terms of alternatives and their consequences. It also excuses the Administration from making any reasoned case for itself. In defense, the Administration upholds not its policies but its patriotism, which is beside the point, since evidence of patriotism is no evidence of intelligence or competence. More important, the Taft strategy has practically paralyzed American diplomacy in its greatest crisis. For two years now, this government has had almost no freedom of choice in its policy toward China. If it seemed advisable today to underwrite an invasion of China by what remains of the Kuomintang armies, the government would find it extremely difficult to do. A reversal of policy, even if it were fully justified by some new turn of events, would appear to the entire world as a craven surrender to its critics, and to American voters as an admission that our Far Eastern policy has been made by Communists. If, on the other hand, the government found itself able to improve its diplomatic position by agreeing even to *discuss* the question of eventual recognition of Communist China, it would be prevented from making such an agreement by the promises wrung from Dean Acheson and General Marshall in the MacArthur hearings last year. At those hearings, the Secretary of State and the then Secretary of Defense were maneuvered into promising that under no circumstances would this government consider either the recognition of Communist China or its admission to the United Nations. It was a promise no diplomats should have been asked to make. To commit a government to anything in perpetuity is absurd, to say nothing of being in the long run impossible. To discard a potential bargaining point in advance of the bargaining is a political extravagance which this country is in no position to afford. Yet Taft and his Senate followers forced it upon the government by making the issue one not of judgment but of loyalty.

III

Many Americans were shocked and surprised by Taft's defense and support of McCarthy. It was shocking, but it should not have been found altother surprising. Having adopted the betrayal theory of American policy, Taft was logically and strategically sound in allying himself with a man who held the same theory and was calling for action against Communists in the State Department. It might have been expected that Taft, a precise and even finicky man when it comes to the use of figures, would have been put off by McCarthy's carefree way of tossing figures about. To Taft, one would have supposed, it would have made some difference whether the number of Communists in the State Department was two hundred and five, fifty-seven, eighty-one, one hundred and sixteen, six, or one. But on the general proposition that Communists were making American policy, Taft was ahead of McCarthy by several months. McCarthy was a newcomer, and an *enfant terrible* as it was to turn out, in a field pioneered by Taft, by the late Kenneth Wherry, by Jenner of Indiana, and Malone of Nevada, but given the fact that Taft has already put aside his concern for hard facts, there was no reason why he should not have welcomed this gifted collaborator.

In any event, Taft not only supported McCarthy but in one way far outdid him in irresponsibility. McCarthy at least claimed to believe that all the people he was denouncing as Communists really were Communists. That is what the man said, time and again. Taft found it possible to support McCarthy without even pretending to share this belief. When, on March 22, 1950, Taft explained his attitude to a group of Washington reporters, he admitted that he had no particular faith in the accuracy of McCarthy's information but that he had urged McCarthy to go ahead anyway. Taft said he had told Mc-

Carthy to "keep talking, and if one case doesn't work out, proceed with another."* It is further evidence of a widespread moral numbness that the profound difference between this statement and a straightforward support of McCarthy went unremarked in most places. Taft was chided by some of his admirers for joining forces with a scoundrel, but few of them observed that what he had said struck at the very roots of human decency: *"Keep talking, and if one case doesn't work out, proceed with another."* In other words: "Don't be troubled, McCarthy, by the fact that some of the people you are calling Communists are not Communists at all; the law of averages will come to your rescue sooner or later; if you just keep firing long enough, you're bound to hit something."

Imagine a general application of this doctrine! Imagine a prosecutor's office that functioned on the principle that Taft laid down on March 22, 1950! Imagine a congressional investigation of the corruption of government officials by business interests that sought evidence by making indiscriminate accusations of fraud and bribery! It has been said that the strategy Taft recommended to McCarthy resembles the declared strategy of Henry Cabot Lodge the elder to amend the Versailles Treaty right out of existence. But the resemblance is remote, and the comparison favors Lodge, whose strategy was really a variation on the technique of filibuster. It may have been low politics, but it struck at moral values only indirectly. It is doubtful if American history provides an instance of a man comparable in stature and prestige to Taft saying anything as subversive of democratic values and the values of any sort of civilized human society as the words of encouragement offered McCarthy by Taft.

IV

TAFT'S record for candor and fair-dealing has been broken, and badly broken. This does not mean that the record itself is fraudulent or illusory. Nor does it mean that the Taft of the nineteen-fifties, the Taft who could advise McCarthy to continue pillorying the presumably innocent, is essentially a different character from the Taft whose best instincts have led him so often to abjure the little arts of popularity. It is a shallow view of human nature which holds that a man cannot be in two or more moral categories at a time, which holds, specifically, that he cannot be at once honorable and opportunistic. It is the boundless confusion of categories in the individual human being that makes life complicated and therefore interesting. It is a fact that Taft has shown rare moral courage; it is a fact that he has shown rare cynicism and callousness. Somehow the two facts must be reconciled, for both of them involve one man.

It seems to me that what Taft's behavior of the past few years shows is that he is a man of deep, unexpected, and sometimes ungovernable passion. It is easy to see why this side of his nature went unappreciated for so long. He does not look like a man of passion. With his bland, avuncular expression—"a grapefruit with glasses on," Alistair Cooke once said—and with his trusts-and-estates gravity, it strains the imagination to think of him as a man torn, in the Hollywood phrase, by torrential emotions. Yet it is clear that, with provocation, he can be—and often is—exactly that.

The one explanation of his conduct that holds together is that he has been so deeply affected by his massive contempt for the Truman Administration and by its success up to now in frustrating his own plans (he has frustrated the Administration on many occasions, but that is another story) that he has come to regard it as a patriotic duty to unseat it by whatever devices come to hand. He considers its destruction so indisputably in the public interest, a matter of such des-

* Taft has since said that the reporters misunderstood and misquoted him. If that is true, if he was misunderstood and misquoted in the same way by the Associated Press, the United Press, and the *New York Times*, whose representatives say they did not consult one another before writing their stories, the phenomenon deserves investigation by the Society for Psychical Research. Be that as it may, on March 23, 1950, Philip Potter, a Baltimore *Sun* correspondent who couldn't believe his eyes when he read the statement, called on Taft and once again asked him what he had told McCarthy. According to Potter, Taft said on March 23 just what he had been reported as saying on March 22. Potter reported this to his newspaper. Furthermore, Taft explained, according to Potter, that he was pleased to see that the reaction to McCarthy was "pretty good on the whole, except here in Washington." Taft has never made any protest to Potter.

perate and immediate importance, that, like the revolutionist who has been transported by his vision of the sunlit society, he is perfectly agreeable, as Lenin was, to break the eggs and make the omelet.

The doctrine that the end justifies the means is not one to which Taft normally subscribes. In large measure, his criticism of the last two Administrations has been based on his palpably earnest conviction that the means they have chosen are certain to drive the country to a bad end. But he has come to believe—this, at least, is an assumption about his reasoning that appears to account for observable facts—that the destruction of Truman by a dedicated spirit like himself is an end so uniquely good and desirable that any exception to his own ends-and-means doctrine is not only justified but demanded by the higher morality. Frustrated, made desperate by history, he is a man at bay, a man at war. Indeed, Taft has said that "war is a vain policy, except a war fought at home to establish or preserve the freedom of the nation." He is a self-appointed commander in a civil war for the preservation of American freedom. The rules of peace have been suspended.

THERE have been other men in history who have combined honor with opportunism, and very often combined them in a single act, but, because this is the stuff of tragedy, the most striking cases are to be found in literature, particularly in Shakespeare, who portrayed many of them. The one whose case is most relevant to Taft's is Marcus Brutus. Brutus was an honorable man. He was not at all the sort to stoop to conspiracy or low devices of any kind, but his contempt for a man he looked upon as a weak and unaware but nevertheless dangerous agent of tyranny led him to join an assassination plot. "Ye Gods," he said of Caesar, "it does amaze me,/ a man of such feeble temper should/ so get the start of the majestic world,/ and bear the palm alone." Taft must know a similar state of mind, brought on by the amazing spectacle of Truman and of what he must consider the shame of a nation in which so untutored and undistinguished a man, feeding upon some meat of which Taft has no knowledge, leads the country. "He were no lion were not Romans hinds." One gets a sense of this in Taft's little campaign document, *A Foreign Policy for Americans*, in which he announces at the outset, not very wisely in view of the book's purpose, that there exists "a complete confusion in the minds of the people," but finds solace and perhaps prophecy in repeating the questionable doctrine that "Out of this society of free men great leaders have sprung at every crisis in our history." (He must either consider Franklin Roosevelt a great leader or 1940-41 not an authentic crisis.) Obviously, though, if a great leader is to come to power over thoroughly confused people—people so weak of spirit that their support can be had for a few drachmas and public parks—it must be by certain of his own acts. It took some time and some urging by Cassius and Casca to bring Brutus around (McCarthy makes rather a good Cassius, though Iago would really be closer to it), and it took some time for Taft to overcome his reluctance to dismember the facts of recent history, which is, for a man like Taft, who normally bears as much affection for the truth as Brutus bore for Caesar, an act symbolically equivalent to the dismemberment of Caesar. But undertake it he did, "a piece of work that will make sick men whole," very likely with the feeling that such a piece of work can best be undertaken by one "armed strong in honesty."

V

ATTEMPTING, in 1948, to anticipate some of the characteristics of a Taft administration, I suggested that it would be competent, energetic, money-honest, probably far less isolationist than Taft's record would suggest, and far less primitive in its economics than Taft is reputed—wrongly in my view—to be. The question, as I saw it then, was not so much what kind of management Taft would give American government but what qualities of mind and heart he would bring the human race, for an American President, in this period of history, must in fact function as an executive for most of mankind.

The issues today are in essence the same. If anything, domestic policies are even less relevant now than they were then. For as long as this crisis lasts, the only major changes in American life will be those uninvited and irresistible ones brought about by the pres-

sures of the world around us and by our immense undertakings abroad. Whether or not there is war between now and 1957, and whether or not Taft is President, no Congress is going to authorize innovations that would have to be paid for by increased taxation; nor is any Congress going to terminate any of the major government services now operating. No Republican platform since 1936 has advocated extensive repeal of New Deal legislation, and none in the foreseeable future is likely to. Likewise, it seems fairly certain that our foreign policy is fixed for some time to come. In a general way, Taft concedes this. He is agreeable to continuing American participation in the North Atlantic Pact, and although he talks a great deal about trimming our European investments and increasing those in Asia, the chances are that he would find that the manner in which we are now distributing our weight is dictated not by political eccentricities but by political and military necessities. It is all very well for Taft to propose cutbacks in European aid and a heavier subsidy for Chiang on Formosa, but either of these acts would have immediate consequences for which he as a Senator could not be held responsible but which he as a President would have to face. Changes in policy are seldom as great as the out-party promises or hopes for, and at this moment in history, when choices are seldom ours to make, this is more than ever the case.

If this is a reasonable estimate, the question comes down to one of character and personality, which are more important factors in politics than political theory usually recognizes. Taft's character has not changed in any fundamental respect since 1948, but it has revealed itself as being far more complex than it then seemed, and far less predictable. It would, I think, be a great mistake simply to assume that the opportunism he has shown in his attacks on his adversaries and in his support of McCarthy would be a necessary feature of his Presidency. The very frenzy of his outbursts suggests that they are the end results of bitter years of frustration and of the debilitation of opposition morale which is one of the most impressive arguments for not keeping one party in office too long. For all that he was "vex'd by passions of some difference," Brutus could see that "the abuse of greatness is when it disjoins remorse from power." Taft has a certain capacity for remorse, which leads him, for example, to say, "I am sure the Administration is moved by the best of intentions" in a speech in which he accuses it of being "dominated by . . . Communist sympathies." The chances are that the capacity would grow with power, for power would probably destroy the sense of frustration, and would make him a performer rather than a critic. In general, in a free society power and high office tend as much to elevate as to corrupt.

But of course it is not the business of Americans to confer office on a man because it will relieve his inner tensions and may have a generally therapeutic effect on him. The character and personality of Robert A. Taft should by now be pretty clear to the American people. It may shortly be up to them to decide whether this is the character and personality they will show to the world as their own reflection during the coming years.

Aspects of the Novel

NOVELIST OR WRITER wanted to assist author with final preparation of novel (descriptions, &c.).—Write Box D.1400, the Times, E.C.4.

—"Personal" in *The Times* of London, February 22, 1952.



A Present for a Good Girl

A Story by Nadine Gordimer

Drawings by W. T. Mars

On an afternoon in September a woman came into the jeweler's shop. The two assistants, whose bodies had contrived, as human bodies doggedly will, to adapt the straight, hard stretch of the glass showcases to a support, sagged, hips thrust forward, elbows leaning in upon their black crepe-de-Chine-covered stomachs, and looked at her without a flicker, waiting for her to go. For they could see that she did not belong there. No woman in a frayed and shapeless old leghorn hat, carrying a bulging crash shopping bag decorated in church bazaar fashion with wool embroidery, and wearing stained old sandshoes and cheap thick pink stockings that concertinaed round her ankles could belong in the jeweler's shop. They knew the kind; simple, a bit dazed, shortsighted, she had wandered in mistaking it for the chemist's, two doors up. She would peer round stupidly, looking as if she had stumbled into Aladdin's cave, and when she saw the handsome canteens of cutlery, with their beautifully arranged knives spread like a flashing keyboard in their velvet beds, and the pretty little faces of the watches in their satin cases, and the cool, watery preening of the cut glass beneath its special light, she would mumble and shamble herself out again. So they stood, unmoved, waiting for her to go.

But, uncomfortably, she didn't go. She advanced right in, half-defiantly, half-ingra-

tiatingly—she gave a little sniff to herself as if to say: Come on, now! Well, why *shouldn't* I—and put the shopping bag down on the counter. Then she gave the hat a pull, and stood waiting, not looking at the young ladies.

But still they did not move. Their half-closed eyes rested with faint interest upon the crash shopping bag, as upon some fossil discovery.

The third assistant, who was sitting at a table threading wedding rings in order on a velvet rod, pushed the rings aside and got up, thinking with as much crossness as lethargy could muster: Well, someone must see what the old creature wants.

"Yes?" she said.

It was all ready in the woman's mouth; as a child comes threshing up out of water with bulging cheeks, and lets out all its mouthful of breathlessness and enthusiasm in one great gasp, she said: "Good afternoon, miss, there's a green bag in the window, miss—in the corner, right down near the front. I want to get one for my daughter, she's always talking about a green one—and I wondered, you see, it's really only for Christmas, but I thought . . ."—and her pupils, that seemed to swim like weak small fish in the colorless wetness of her eyes with their underlids drooping down in a reddish peak, darted wildly. Like a beggar exhibiting valuable sores, she smiled on a mouth of gaps and teeth worn like splinters of driftwood.

"You want the green handbag in the window?" asserted the assistant, looking up, then down.

"Well, how much is it?" said the woman, in the coy tone of a confessed secret, screwing up one eye.

But the young assistant would not be drawn into such intimacy.

"I'll have a look . . . ," she said, resigned to wasting her time, and came out from behind the counter. Slow and measured, she unfastened the window catches, leaned in, and drew out the bag. The old woman pressed forward over the counter, her tongue feeling anxiously along the dark canyons of her teeth. She leaned on her elbows; and her left hand, with the bones and great knobs that punctuated each joint sliding beneath tough slack skin like that of a tortoise, had taken up a curious pose, hanging indolent from the wrist, like the hand of a Louis XVI dandy pinching up snuff. "Mmm," she said, fumbling the air round the bag, wanting to touch it. She breathed hard down her nose, and while the assistant parted the bright locked fangs of the zipper and felt for the price tag inside, the girl held her breath against the fusty sourness of the old woman's breath.

"Four-fifteen," said the assistant at last.

"Four-fifteen, four-fifteen," nodded the woman sucking in her lower lip.

"Ninety-five shillings," said the assistant, hand on hip.

"Ah," said the woman, lifting her eyebrows under the flop of the zany hat, as if that explained away any difficulty. "It's got a mirror?" she asked.

"Yes," said the assistant ironically. You can't afford it, said the hand on her hip.

"Oh, I'm sure she'll like it," chatted the woman, fidgeting with the pockets and gadgets of the leather interior. "She loves green, you know. Everythink must be green. All her dresses and everythink. When I tell her it's supposed to be unlucky, she just says, Mum, you're old-fashioned. She's always wanted a green bag—"

"Then you should certainly take it for her, madam," said the assistant. Another minute or two and the old thing would be gone, muttering she'd see . . . she'd speak to her husband . . .

"You see, I thought I'd get it for her for Christmas," said the woman. She played with the knobbly string of yellow beads that stood up like boulders on the bony plateau of her chest.

"Yes, better take it when you see it." Habit prompted the assistant: "It might be gone, if you wait. You can put it away till Christmas."

"Oh, well, I couldn't take it *now*—" she said. "You see I haven't got the money on me now."

"Well, we could put it aside for you until tomorrow," said the assistant.

The woman stood blinking at her subserviently, with the smirk of cunning innocence worn by the beggar while you read his tattered "testimonial." "You see, dear," she said in a hushed small voice, "I thought perhaps you'd let me pay off for it, like." Her face was drawn into a question.

"Can't do that, Miss Pierce," chimed in the other two assistants at once, like the representatives of some great power waking up

halfway through a conference in time to boom a veto on some mewling little voice they haven't even heard. "Mr. Cano isn't in."

"You see, the manager isn't in at the moment," offered the assistant.

"Oh, I don't expect you to let me *take* it—" protested the woman, smiling at the young ladies as if they had just done her the most charming favor. "I just wanted to pay somethink down on it, then you could keep it here for me, and I'd come in every week and pay somethink more off it."

She grinned at them all like a cornered urchin.

"I see," said the girl Miss Pierce, not prepared for this.

"You can't do it without Mr. Cano's permission," stated the other two. "You can't do it without him."

"All right, all right, I know," said Miss Pierce. "How much did you want to pay now?" she asked the woman.

Subdued with tension, the old creature grappled down in the shopping bag and dragged up a thin purse. "I could let you have ten bob," she said.

"And how long to pay the balance?"

"Well, until Chr— until just about the fifteenth of December."

"It's out of the question, Miss Pierce," said one of the others in a high voice.

The girl heard it behind her; in front of her the old woman grinned on her bad teeth, like a dog continuing to wag its tail even at the person who approaches to take away the bone that enchants it.

"All right," said the girl suddenly.

Silently the woman took a ten-shilling note from the flat stomach of her purse, and waited in silence while the receipt was made out. The moment she had the receipt in her possession, and was folding it away in the purse and the purse away in the crash bag, a mood of lighthearted talkativeness seized her. She opened up into confidential mateyness like a Japanese paper flower joyously pretending to be a flower instead of a bit of paper as it swells with water.

She spoke only of her daughter. What her daughter always said, and what she always told her daughter.

"You must know my daughter—" she said, pooh-poohing the remote notion that the girl mightn't. "*You know,* dear, she's the cashier at the Grand Lyceum—fair girl, got a very good figure . . . ?"—She had a peculiar way of speaking; each "d" was a little step before which her voice hesitated, then hastily tripped over.

"Yes," murmured Miss Pierce, who was actually quite a frequent patron of the cinema in question, but who was never reduced to buying her own seat, and so had never seen the cashier. "Yes, I think I have seen—"

"Wears a lot of green? Got a quiet way of talking?" went on the woman. "Of course you know her. It's a good job, you know. She's a clever girl—sharp as a needle. She's been a good daughter to me, I must say. Not like some. That's why I'm glad I got that bag for her. She's been wanting a green one for a long time; I seen her, when we've been walking along, stopping to look in the shop window. And when I've asked her, she's said, no, nothin', just looking generally. But I knew what it was all right; sure enough, somewhere in the window there was always bound to be a green bag . . ."

When she had shambled out with her flattened heels leaning over the sides of the old sandshoes, the two assistants stood looking at Miss Pierce. "Well, don't say *we* said it was all right." You know Mr. Cano—"

"Peculiar-looking woman," reproached the other one. "Did you see the way she was dressed! She looks to me as if she drinks, too."

"Well, why don't you ever do anything, anyway? Why do you always wait for me to come forward?" flashed out Miss Pierce, in a sudden temper.

Two weeks went by and then the woman came in, with an air of wanting to get her ten-shilling note safely paid in before it "went" on other things. She asked to see the bag again, and repeated to her fellow conspirator, Miss Pierce, the details of her daughter's taste, color preferences, and mental powers. To get rid of the woman, the girl pretended to have taken particular note of the fair-haired cashier the last evening she had visited the "Grand Lyceum." The mother became almost speechless with an excess of quiet pride: she seemed to go off into a sort of dream, leaning on the counter, saying, very low, "Yes, I'd like to see her face on Christmas morning . . . I'd like to see her

face . . . That I would . . ." Putting away her second receipt with the greatest of care, she went slowly out of the shop, as if she were walking straight off the edge of a cloud.

"Funny old stick," said Miss Pierce, writing, "Balance, £3.15," on the parcel.

The next time the woman came in she was embarrassingly garrulous, and insisted on offering Miss Pierce a cigarette from an enameled tin case picturing two yellow cockatoos and fastened with a catch which was evidently rather tricky, because she fumbled such a long time over getting it open. Under the same frayed leghorn hat, she looked [illegible] her face was stiff, as if carefully balanced, and there was a streak of mauvish lipstick on her mouth. She paid only five shillings, with profuse apologies: "As God's my witness, I'll pay the lot off at the beginning of the month," she said loudly, raising her right hand. "As God's my witness . . ." Her hand dropped and suddenly she smiled, sweetly, sweetly. "For my little girl . . . my little girl," she whispered, evidently to herself. Poor Miss Pierce smiled back fiercely in embarrassment. And suddenly the woman was gone.

The third time she came it was in the morning, and it seemed to the young Miss Pierce that the woman was really much older than she had noticed: she walked so falteringly, the crash shopping bag was much too heavy for her, and her eyes looked red in her bluish-pale face. Had she been crying, perhaps? Miss Pierce thought perhaps the poor old thing had to work very hard at housework: there was a faint smell of methylated spirits about her—she must have been cleaning windows. Four-pounds-fifteen! Why it must be a fortune to her! Miss Pierce wondered if a peroxide blond cashier from the Grand Lyceum was worthy of it. Anyway, the green handbag was another fifteen shillings nearer being paid for.

And that, it seemed, was as far as it would ever get.

WEEKS went by, and the woman did not appear: Miss Pierce hid the bag away from the businesslike eyes of Mr. Cano. "What's this," he would say, "*How* long—? Put it back into stock. Return the woman's deposit to her . . ." So the green bag lay waiting behind a pile of hand-tooled leather writing cases.

An intoxication of buying grew upon the town as every day Christmas moved up a notch nearer, and soon the three assistants were elbowing one another out of the way as they smiled, persuaded, suggested, to the timorous, the vacillating, the imperious who came to buy. Miss Pierce really did not even have time to wonder if the woman would come for the bag: her shop-girl's attention was already wrangled into half-a-dozen divisions by half-a-dozen equally demanding customers as it was: there was no small shred left that was not immediately snatched up by someone who had been waiting fully three-quarters of an hour to see a tortoise-shell powder bowl.

But in the fine high frenzy of half-past four on the last Saturday afternoon before Christmas, Miss Pierce was interrupted. "Your customer's here"—one of the other two young ladies prodded her elbow. "What?" said the girl, dodging the blinding demand of eyes. "The green handbag," said the other, smiling with great brilliance, and diving back.

The harassed girl dodged in and out to the



other side of the shop. In the dazed preoccupation that results as a kind of spiritual sunstroke from overexposure to the question and demand of a daylong crowd, she could not recall any green handbag. But then she saw the woman in the battered garden-party leghorn standing just within the doorway, and of course!—the green handbag, £2.15.0 balance, behind the writing cases. She went forward with a quick smile.

"S'ere . . . ," said the woman, handing out a pound note as if to a blank wall, " 'F you've sorl thabag t'anyone . . . I pay'dfirit and you've got norite t'crooka poorwoman."—Her voice whined through the persuasive buzz of the shop. Harsh fumes surrounded her as rising incense round some image.

Miss Pierce looked at her in astonishment.

Dropping the crash bag, the woman turned to look at it, lying on the floor, as if it were some animal that had just crawled to her feet. She tried to pick it up, but could not. Half bent to the floor, she looked up at Miss Pierce with a sudden chuckle, like a naughty child.

Miss Pierce stood quite still.

"Why'd'you keepm'waiting, whydonchu giviterme," said the woman with great dignity. There was a red poppy, the kind that charitable organizations give away on collection days, pinned on to the brim of the hat with a large safety pin.

Miss Pierce trembled like a trapped rabbit.

"Youdonwana be'fraiduvme," said the woman with a sudden cunning flash of understanding. "Sorry . . ." She wagged her head, "sorry . . ."

Miss Pierce burned with guilt. "I'll just get—I mean, I'll see . . . ," she tried.

"Musn be'fraid uvaporeolwoman. Iwan the— the-bag"—stopped and thought hard—"the-the *green* bag I got f'my daughter. Y'know mydaughter?" she urged, clutching Miss Pierce's arm. "Course y'know mydaughter—" She stopped and smiled, closing her eyes. "S'ere," she said, putting down the pound note.

"But that's not enough," said Miss Pierce very loudly, as if talking to a deaf person. "Not enough. You owe two-pounds-fifteen on the bag"—holding up two fingers—"two-pounds-fifteen."

"Whas' sat?" said the woman, stupidly. Her face grew woeful, sullen. "Don wanagiviterme. Y'don wanagiviterme," she muttered.

"But you haven't paid for it, you see," said Miss Pierce miserably. Mr. Cano was frowning at her through the crowd; she could sense his one twitching eyebrow, questioning.

"Howmuchwasit?" whispered the woman, winking at her and leaning over into her face.

"Four-pounds-fifteen. You remember."

"Wasit?" she giggled. "Wasit."

"You have to pay another pound and fifteen shillings."

The woman knelt on the floor and felt down amongst the lumps and bulges of the crash shopping bag, collapsed on its side on the floor. At last she got up again. Some anchor in the heart that even the vast swelling uncharted seas of drunkenness could not free her of, pulled at her. Underneath her stiff face, her glassed-out eyes, it was horrible to see that she was alive and struggling. The silliness of being drunk would not come up to save her.

"I waned to getit for her," she said. "I *mean* t'getit for her."

The broken brim of the hat hid her face as she felt her way out. The whole shop was watching, each man from the pinnacle of his own self-triumph.

It had hardly turned back to its own business again when a pale girl, violently white-faced, with the thin pale hair of a slum child, swept trembling into the shop. She stood there leaning forward on her toes, shuddering with anger. Just behind her, held leashed by the terrible look of her eye, was the old woman, open-mouthed. The girl's eyes searched desperately round the shop. They seemed to draw Miss Pierce out from behind the counter: she came slowly forward. A flash of angry disgust passed from the girl to the old woman, who blinked beneath it as from a whip.

"Now what is it?" blurted the girl. "What does she owe here?"

"She's paid some, you see," ventured Miss Pierce. They were like doctors in discussion over the patient's prone body.

"Tell me how much, and I'll pay it," the girl cut in violently. Under the pale spare skin of her neck, her heart flew up madly, as a bird dashing again and again at its cage.

"Oh, it's all right," faltered Miss Pierce, avoiding looking at the old woman. "She's

not so very much behind in her payments. It's not absolutely necessary that she take the

Hot bright tears at the recollection of some recent angry scene fevered the girl's eyes. "*Tell me how much it is*," she whispered fiercely, crazily. She swallowed her tears. "*She* can't pay," she said, with a look of hopeless disgust at the old woman.

"The bag was four-pounds-fifteen. She owes two-fifteen on it."

"A bag for four-pounds-fifteen," said the girl bitterly, so overwhelmed by a fresh welling of furious despair and irritation that her pale eyes filled with bright tears again. She turned and looked at the old woman; her hand sank leaden at her side, as if defeated in the desire to strike. "What next. Always something. Some rubbish. Now a bag. What for? You people give her things. She's not responsible. I've had just about enough of it.—She ought to be in a home, she should. I can't stand it any longer." The old woman looked out at her from under her eyelids.

Trembling, the girl jerked out two pounds and fifteen shillings in silver and gave it up with a gesture of hopeless impotence to Miss Pierce. Miss Pierce handed to her the parcel containing the green handbag. The girl looked at it for a moment, with an expression of quizzical, sullen disgust. She looked as if she would have liked to hurl it away, as far as her arm could. Then she picked it up, and went out of the doorway.

"Come on," she ordered in a low, dead voice.

And the old woman swayed after her out into the street.



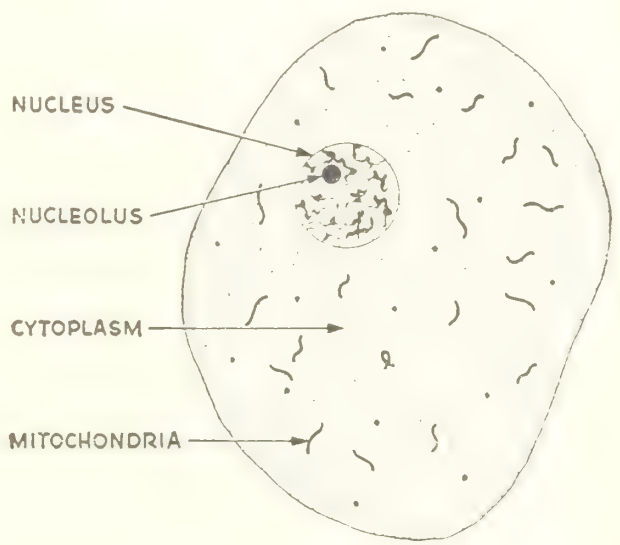
The Mother Molecules of Life

George W. Gray

WATCH a living cell through a microscope. You look in on a world of ceaseless change. Within the delicate membrane of the cell wall, a slimy, granular, grayish, translucent fluid churns and flows. This is protoplasm. The name was coined in 1840 by the Bohemian physiologist Johannes Purkinje from two Greek words meaning "first form." Purkinje thought of protoplasm as the formative material of animal embryos, but others took up his term and applied it to the contents of the cell. Cells, they said, were made of an enclosing membrane filled with protoplasm, just as a human body was made of flesh built around a framework of bones—the flesh in turn being composed of cells filled with protoplasm.

The early cytologists could see that protoplasm was not homogeneous. For, despite its continual movement, the fluid maintained from moment to moment a certain differentiation in which the observer was able to identify relatively stable formations. Central in the mass, or nearly central, was a blob of material, usually spherical or oval in shape, which appeared to be denser than the rest. This jellied blob was called the *nucleus* and the surrounding thinner fluid, the *cytoplasm*.

As microscopes became more powerful and observers more discerning, finer structural features began to be recognized. In the nucleus an inner spherule was found and named the *nucleolus*. Also, in the course of the years, the nucleus revealed the presence of clusters of tiny sausage-shaped bodies, the *chromosomes*, and later discoveries indicate that chromosomes are made up of *genes* or units of heredity linked together like the beads of a necklace. In the cytoplasm, numerous minute structures came to light—notably, rodlike forms called *mitochondria*.



While cytologists were working out the structural features of protoplasm, chemists were tackling its composition. Of what elements was it constituted and into what compounds were they joined? The early biochemists approached these questions with a

Mr. Gray has been associated since 1937 with the Rockefeller Foundation, which has long been active in supporting studies of the chemical constituents of living matter, such as nucleoprotein, which he here describes.

sense of elation, sometimes with a sense of awe, like an explorer sighting an unknown shore. During his last visit to the United States the late Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins recalled an episode of his student days when he told a distinguished chemist his decision to make biochemistry his career. "The chemistry of the living?" exclaimed the old veteran. "That is the chemistry of protoplasm; that is superchemistry; seek, my young friend, for other ambitions."

But if protoplasm was in fact, as Thomas H. Huxley had characterized it in theory, "the physical basis of life," it must be amenable to the laws of chemical action and reaction like other physical material. It must be susceptible of chemical analysis. One granted, of course, that the analysis would be difficult, more stubborn perhaps than that of any material previously committed to test tube or crucible. One assumed that the sifting of protoplasm into its ingredients would turn up new compounds, or at least compounds with hitherto unknown properties. One guessed that the job would not be done by one man or one team, or even by one country, and that not merely years but decades would be required. Indeed, as it turned out, new tools of research had to be invented and new techniques of analysis had to be perfected before the inner sanctum of the cell, the house where life resides, could be entered and scrutinized.

Mysteries enough remain to fill a library, but something has been learned. For one thing, science has demonstrated that the chemistry of photoplasm is not superchemistry. Substance after substance has been isolated from the cellular contents, but none was found to disobey the laws of thermodynamics which rule the actions of familiar acids, alkalis, and salts. All the evidence so far adduced goes to show that life is not a stranger in the universe, but conforms to the cosmic pattern, the life stuff sharing with star stuff in the unity and integrity of nature.

II

SIXTEEN chemical elements have been found in protoplasm. Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen are the most abundant, followed in lesser amounts by sulphur, iron, phosphorus, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, chlorine, cobalt, iodine, copper, and zinc. It is possible that other elements are present in even fainter traces.

But it is only when atoms are joined together to form molecules, and the molecules are built up to sufficiently complex constructions, that the mixture begins to live. The fundamental task of biochemistry has been to trace out the pattern of this organization—or, rather, these organizations, for it soon became apparent that protoplasm was not a single substance but a community of many separate but interacting compounds.

The most abundant compound is *water.* Between seventy and ninety per cent of protoplasm by weight is oxygen and hydrogen linked together in molecules of water. Then there are numerous *salts,* compounds of potassium, magnesium, calcium, and other metals.

Next in order of size are the molecules of *fats* and *carbohydrates* (sugars and starches), and here we first encounter carbon as part of the structures. The carbon-containing molecules are never found in the nonliving world, as water and the mineral salts are, but only in cells of plants or animals. Because they are produced by living organisms, they are called organic compounds.

After the chemist has removed the water, salts, fats, sugars, and starches, there is still a residue. Analysis shows that it too is organic, for it contains carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, but in addition it always embodies a fourth element: nitrogen. And more than a century ago the name *protein* was given to these nitrogen-carbon-oxygen-hydrogen compounds. As protoplasm was regarded as the first constituent of living matter, so proteins were thought to be the basic constituents of protoplasm.

Proteins are found in a wide variety of forms. Perhaps the best known are those which circulate in the blood as albumins, globulins, hormones, and other molecules with specialized functions. Pepsins and trypsins are manufactured by glandular cells and poured into the alimentary canal to catalyze the numerous reactions of digestion, and these organic catalysts are known as enzymes. But the basic proteins are in the cells themselves, where they serve as parts of the living machinery, and all the thousands of proteins of the body, including those of the circulatory and diges-

tive systems, are manufactured in cells as by-products of protoplasmic action.

Proteins are composite molecules, built up by joining together numerous smaller molecules known as *amino acids*. An amino acid may be defined as a chemical structure that is half acid and half alkali. Because of these double properties amino acids easily join together, the alkali end of one molecule attracting the acid end of another, and they join through linkages known as peptide bonds. Altogether twenty-six amino acids have been identified. They range in weight from 75 units to 776, and when a few thousand of these building blocks are bonded together, the resulting chain structure is truly a giant. Because it is large, it presents a considerable surface area on which chemical interchanges can take place; and because it is made up of numerous submolecules, a protein giant is likely to carry a large number of surface charges.

But the proteins, important and versatile as they are, do not constitute the end product of our analysis. For a while they were thought to be the ultimate fraction, but one day a curiosity-bitten biochemist in Switzerland pried deeper into the protoplasmic residue and found that after he had removed all the proteins there still remained a residue. His persistence was rewarded with a great discovery.

This pioneering professor in Switzerland was Frederick Miescher. Some years earlier he had taken an MD degree at Tübingen under Felix Hoppe-Seyler, but the fascination of research proved to be more attractive than the practice of medicine, and he accepted a small post in the University of Basle. Basle is a point on the Rhine where the salmon are much in evidence, and Miescher was impressed with the abundance of fish eggs and sperm at the spawning season. Sperm cells are almost entirely nuclei, and Miescher concentrated his investigation on them. After successive analyses he obtained a material which was clearly not a protein, nor any other substance then listed in the chemical catalogues, and since he had obtained it from nuclei he called it "nuclein." Earlier, in Tübingen, he had come upon an apparently similar material in pus cells. He wrote a report of his findings and sent it to his old teacher. This was in 1869.

Hoppe-Seyler snorted when he read Miescher's report. Preposterous! It was unbelievable that the many eminent chemists who had studied protoplasm could have missed an important constituent. Surely Miescher had mistaken some familiar protein. Still, the Tübingen professor knew his former pupil as a careful and conscientious investigator and was not willing to dismiss his work without a test. So Hoppe-Seyler repeated Miescher's experiments, and confirmed the results in every particular. Then he did a little investigating on his own. He took yeast cells, processed them according to the same techniques, and obtained a form of nuclein. In 1871 Hoppe-Seyler was sufficiently convinced to publish Miescher's paper together with an account of his own results.

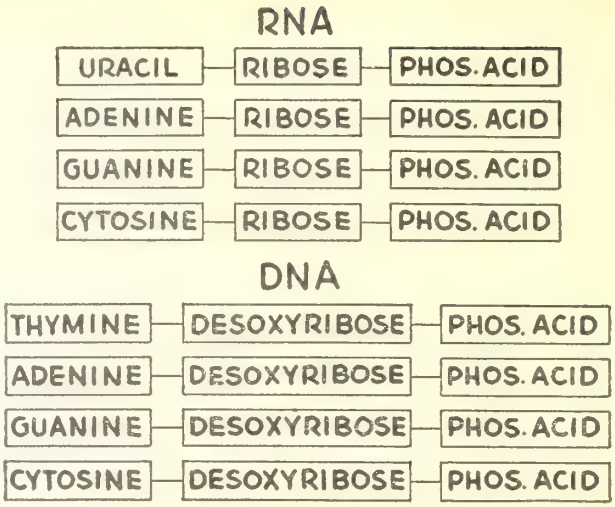
The name of the newly-found protoplasmic component was later changed to *nucleic acid*, since it gave an acidic reaction. Chemists of many lands have labored over this complicated compound, to dissect it into its parts and work out the structure. Albrecht Kossel of Heidelberg was the first to identify breakdown products, and seventeen years later was given a Nobel Prize for his pains. Other Europeans followed up Kossel's work, one piecing in the jigsaw puzzle here, another there. Among the Americans who entered this field was Phoebus Aaron Theodore Levene of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

There are two basically different kinds of nucleic acid. This important fact had been known almost from the beginning, for the substance which Hoppe-Seyler obtained from yeast was chemically different from that which Miescher had extracted from animal cells. Dr. Levene found that these differences were related to the kind of sugar embodied in the molecule. The nucleic acid obtained from yeast contained ribose sugar, whereas that obtained from the animal cells carried an entirely different sugar known as desoxyribose. Thereafter the first was named *ribonucleic acid*, or RNA, and the other *desoxyribonucleic acid*, or DNA. It was later shown that there is no distinction between plants and animals in the distribution of these substances. Apparently both DNA and RNA are found in all living cells irrespective of their

order in the kingdom of life—but the two nucleic acids function in different parts of the cell, as we shall see.

In addition to sugar, a number of compounds had been broken out of nucleic acids by various investigators. There is a well-known group of nitrogenous nonproteins known as *pyrimidines*, and analysis had detected the presence of three members of this family: cytosine, uracil, and thymine. Another nitrogenous tribe is the *purines*, and two of its members were found: adenine and guanine. Phosphoric acid had also been spotted. Dr. Levene brought a great orderliness to this miscellaneous information. He made a stepwise analysis of DNA and RNA, isolating the parts one by one as they were removed from the molecule, and as a result constructed models of the two structures.

A nucleic-acid molecule, he said, is built of smaller molecules which we may call *nucleotides*. And every nucleotide, in turn, consists of three parts: (1) a nitrogenous base which may be any one of the three pyrimidines or one of the two purines, (2) a sugar, which may be either ribose or desoxyribose, and (3) phosphoric acid, which provides a bond to join one nucleotide to the next, much as the peptide bonds link amino acids in proteins. However, a certain fixed combination of nucleotides went into RNA and a different fixed combination into DNA, and the pattern in each case, said Levene, was four nucleotides.



The Tetranucleotide Model of the Two Nucleic Acids

This tetra model dominated research thinking for many years. It reduced the whole complexity to two standardized units of relatively moderate size. The four nucleotides of DNA, for example, total only about 1,400 times the hydrogen atom in weight. This was the minimum DNA molecule, said Levene, though the maximum might be multiples of that, assuming that several times the four nucleotides were joined to form a composite molecule. But even when multiple structures were envisioned they were thought to be of relatively moderate size, perhaps 4,000 or even 21,000 weight.

Meanwhile, at the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm, a meticulous Swede who had isolated DNA from the cells of the thymus gland began to study its physical properties. This investigator was Einar Hammarsten. He found that the viscosity was high, which suggested that DNA molecules were of large size and elongated shape. He sent a sample to his friend The Svedberg at Upsala; Svedberg whirled the material in the ultracentrifuge and reported that it contained molecules weighing hundreds of thousands of units. Then Hammarsten called into collaboration one of his younger associates, Torbjorn Caspersson.

There is an optical effect known as double refraction of flow which can tell a chemist a lot about elongated particles; Hammarsten and Caspersson wanted to measure DNA by this technique, but had no apparatus. They enlisted the co-operation of Rudolph Signer at the University of Bern, who did have the necessary equipment. When the results were calculated they showed that the molecular weight lay between 500,000 and 1,000,000 and that the molecules were shaped like thin rods with lengths which were about 300 times their widths.

These findings, published in 1938, proved that nucleic acids were giant molecules. Obviously they were composed of thousands of nucleotides linked together, much as amino acids are joined to form the proteins. A few years later, Erwin Chargaff, at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, subjected nucleic acids to a more rigorous analysis and found that the nucleotides were present, not in multiples of four, but in many different proportions.

Though the tetra theory had thus to be abandoned, it nevertheless remains a landmark in the history of protoplasmic chemistry.

Chemist Gilbert N. Lewis has said that "the strength of science is in its naïveté," and so it was in this case. Levene's naïve assumption of simplicity and symmetry led the way to deeper and more refined techniques and challenged workers to undertake ever more profound and penetrating attacks on the nature of nuclear material.

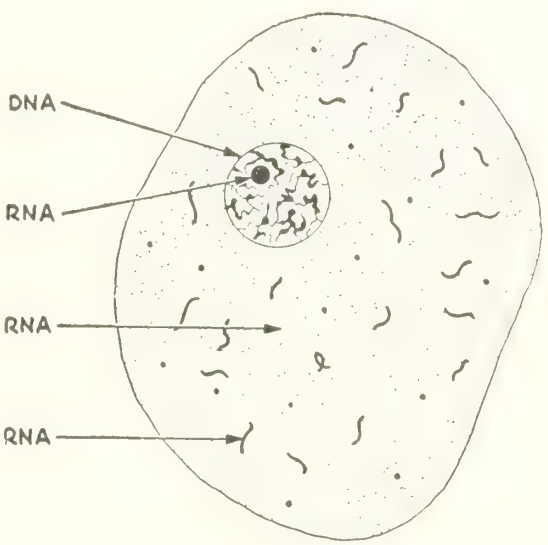
These findings constitute the foundations of a domain of biochemistry that is exceedingly active and advancing today, following two important discoveries. The first is the identification of nucleic acid with the genes; the second, the identification of nucleic acid with the viruses.

III

Before examining their role in heredity, we must consider the exclusive nature of nucleic acids. They are found only inside cells. Proteins of various kinds abound in the intercellular lymph which ebbs and flows around the cells; similarly, numerous proteins circulate in the blood and digestive juices, and in the spinal fluid—but nucleic acids, never. They are exclusively of the cell interior. Even there they apparently do not exist independently but are always found conjugated with special proteins to form composite molecules known as *nucleoproteins.* This is true of both DNA and RNA; each is associated with one or more protein molecules. And the association is not merely that of proximity but an actual joining of protein and nucleic acid to make a single large molecule of titanic dimensions. Nucleic acid has a definite affinity for protein molecules of certain types, and the molecular marriage results in a new creature, the nucleoprotein. Or, more precisely, there are two kinds of new creatures: *ribonucleoprotein,* in which the nucleic half of the couple is RNA, and *desoxyribonucleoprotein,* in which it is DNA.

Many organic compounds have the property of absorbing light selectively. They take up certain rays and are transparent to all other rays. Both DNA and RNA absorb ultraviolet of the 2600 Å wave length, while proteins absorb at other wave lengths. Caspersson saw in this difference a chance to spot the presence of nucleic acid. He rigged up an ultraviolet microscope at the Karolinska Institute, sent through it ultraviolet rays of 2600 Å, and explored living cells with this monochromatic beam. He found absorption both in the nucleus and in the cytoplasm, with specific areas where the absorption was strong. Here, it would seem, were concentrated patches of nucleic acids. But which acid was where?

To answer that question Caspersson resorted to the Feulgen staining reaction. This test had been developed some years before by Robert Feulgen and Heinrich Rossenbeck of Giessen, and by means of it they had shown that DNA was found in both plant and animal cells. The reagent which is used in the Feulgen test is colorless, but when it touches DNA, the substance turns an intense purple. The stain has no effect on RNA. By combining this dye technique with the ultraviolet-absorption technique, Caspersson showed that only the nucleus contained DNA. The patches of nucleic acid which the ultraviolet spotted elsewhere were, by exclusion, RNA—and since these patches were found all through the cytoplasm, especially in the mitochondria, and in the nucleolus area of the nucleus, it was concluded that here were the localizations of RNA. Other staining techniques, using different reagents, have since been applied by others to identify RNA directly, and they confirm the previous results. Transferring these findings to our cellular diagram, we have a map of the distribution of the nucleoproteins.



For years the idea had been current among geneticists that genes were nucleoprotein structures; these results indicate that they are made of one kind, the DNA kind. The

chromosomes, which embody the genes, constitute the greater part of the nucleus. And since DNA is found only in the nucleus, and everywhere in it except at the nucleolus, the inference seems clear that desoxyribonucleoprotein and genes are synonymous.

Further evidence comes from a study completed shortly before his death by André Boivin. He and a Strasbourg associate named Vendrely made careful determinations of the amount of DNA present in various cells of several species. They found the amount constant in all cells, irrespective of the tissue, until they came to eggs and sperm. In these the DNA content was exactly half that in the tissue cells. A similar survey was made independently by Alfred E. Mirsky at the Rockefeller Institute and he found the same proportioning—eggs and sperm carrying exactly half as much DNA as was found in the tissue cells.

Since, as is well known, eggs and sperm each contain only one set of chromosomes, whereas the tissue cells which develop as the result of their merger contain two sets, one from each parent, this work of Boivin and Vendrely in France and that of Mirsky in the United States strongly suggest the conclusion that genes are particles of DNA nucleoprotein.

Whether genes are single molecules or are clusters of two or more bound into a colloidal particle is a subject on which we can only surmise. The possibilities of variation are numerous even if we consider only the molecular form. Chargaff made a calculation of the number of ways in which the same nucleotides might be put together to form a molecule of DNA, and came up with some staggering figures. For example, after studying the DNA isolated from the cells of an ox, he computed that the number of combinations exhibiting the same proportions of individual purines and pyrimidines was more than 10^{56} if the nucleic-acid molecule were assumed to consist of only 100 nucleotides. If the molecule were assumed to comprise 2,500 nucleotides, "which is probably much nearer the truth," he added, the number of possible combinations is not far from 10^{1500}. That is so many billions that it would take half a column of this text to write the number out. Geneticists assume that no two genes in a cell are exactly alike. This supposition offers no difficulties, for nucleoprotein is sufficiently versatile in its possible combinations to shape up a different pattern for each of any conceivable number of genes.

Nucleoprotein possesses the unique property of self-duplication. It is the only known substance that is able to do this, and it does it endlessly. For every time a cell divides into two cells, another set of genes—that is, an identical set of nucleoprotein particles—is started upon the adventure of life in its own house with its own endowment of water, salts, fats, carbohydrates, enzymes, and other necessary facilities and supplies. A nucleoprotein particle can not only reproduce itself, just as a woman may have a child, but it is able to fashion carbohydrates, fats, enzymes, and other compounds out of substances in the cytoplasm, just as a mother is able to make milk for the child, or knit a sweater, or build a crib.

If any molecules can be said to live, it is this intricate organization of thousands upon thousands of atoms of nitrogen, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and phosphorus, with an occasional sulfur. Nucleoproteins not only live; they pass life on to the successive generations. They are the mother molecules of all life.

After this identification of the genes as nucleoproteins, with recognition of their primacy among the substances of life, it may come as a shock to learn that the infectious viruses which cause disease and death also are nucleoproteins. Tests have been made of many species, and all, without exception, show themselves to be made up very largely of nucleoproteins. The viruses which infect animals, such as poliomyelitis, influenza, yellow fever, and smallpox, contain DNA; those which infect plants, such as the tobacco mosaic virus, contain RNA.

Viruses, like genes, operate only inside cells. Virologists often extract viruses from infected cells and store them in vessels for future experimentation, but such isolated viruses are completely inert, inactive, apparently lifeless. They do not multiply, they require no nutrients, they are like so much chemical in a bottle. Indeed, that is what they are, a bottle of nucleoprotein, and they may be kept for years without deterioration or other change. But if you take a particle out of the bottle and

bring it in contact with a plant or animal which is susceptible, the virus will penetrate the cell wall and immediately begin to multiply. Like the gene, it needs the other ingredients of protoplasm in order to operate. Having no protoplasm of its own, it can operate only with the borrowed protoplasm of other nucleoprotein systems. Thus it becomes a parasite, preying on the wealth accumulated by the genes, multiplying its species at the expense of the rightful residents, and eventually overcrowding the cell and destroying the organized community life within it.

Although made of the same substance as genes, and requiring the same cellular environment, viruses are strikingly different in one respect. They are solitary particles, detached individuals, whereas genes are linked together in chromosomes, and therefore may be thought of as living and working in teams. A normal functioning gene is always a member of a community; a virus is always a lone wolf. To be sure, one of the best known of the viruses, the bacteriophage, seems to embody several molecules in its structure, but still it operates as a solitary individual.

This comparison may point a clue to the origin of viruses. May we not conjecture that the first virus of a species was originally a gene, a respectable member of a law-abiding community of chromosomes, which somehow became separated from its associates and turned outlaw, thereafter living for itself alone? It seems significant that all viruses are not able to live in all protoplasms, but each is very specific and can multiply only in certain susceptible cells.

In studies at the Rockefeller Institute, making use of a bacterial effect discovered some years ago by Griffith of London, Oswald T. Avery obtained a striking result. The pneumococcus occurs in a variety of types, known as I, II, III, and so on, and each type is found in two forms, "smooth" and "rough." The smooth are so called because they have encased themselves in a smooth capsule or envelope, and thus protected these bacteria are highly virulent. The distinctive chemical ingredient of the envelope is a high-polymer sugar, and this polysaccharide is specific for the bacterial type. That is, Type I produces one kind of polysaccharide, Type II another, and Type III still another.

Now it is possible, by growing the smooth virulent bacteria in treated broth, to cause them to lose their protective envelopes and degenerate to the rough nonvirulent form. Dr. Avery brought about this transformation in Pneumococcus Type II, thereby obtaining a colony of Type II Rough which had originally been Type II Smooth.

In another vessel was a culture of an entirely different strain, Type III Smooth. These fully encapsulated, highly virulent pneumococci were killed with heat, treated with reagents to dissolve the envelope, and from the dead bacteria Dr. Avery extracted nucleic acid. It was DNA.

The next step was to feed this DNA, taken from Type III Smooth, to the transformed Type II Rough. Within a short time the Type II Rough pneumococci began to grow envelopes and became highly virulent smoothies—but when their envelopes were tested it was found that they contained the polysaccharide specific to Type III. Apparently the DNA from Type III had been incorporated into the protoplasm of Type II and the added substance empowered the bacterium to make a Type III capsule. Moreover, as the bacteria grew, they produced only Type III progeny—or at least their progeny produced only Type III envelopes.

One may infer that the addition of the DNA gave the non-virulent organism a new gene which enabled it to synthesize the necessary polysaccharide and grow a protective capsule. But since the DNA came from a Type III bacterium it could produce only Type III polysaccharide; therefore the bacterium could spin for itself only a Type III capsule.

Or one could think of the added DNA as a virus. Not all viruses are detrimental, and it is possible that in this case there was a symbiotic relationship—the Type II cell providing the virus with a favorable environment, and the virus serving the cell as a synthesizer of the protective polysaccharide. An extraordinary aspect of this experiment is that the DNA functioned alone. Usually it operates only when joined to a protein.

DR. CHARGAFF at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York conducted an extensive study of nucleic acids taken from various organisms, and reported that the chemical composition of the

DNA molecules is uniform for all cells of a species. In man, for example, the proportions of the various nucleotides are the same whether the DNA is taken from liver cells, thymus cells, spleen cells, or sperm cells. Even cancerous cells of the liver contained exactly the same kind of DNA as the healthy liver cells. In the ox the proportions of the nucleotides were found to be slightly different, but were the same for all ox cells of whatever tissue.

And so with each species tested. The pattern in the pig is more like that of man than any other animal (apes and monkeys have not yet been studied), but as one goes down the scale to bacteria the differences become very marked indeed. Even among the bacteria wide variations are found, some of them showing a pattern not strikingly different from the pattern for mammalian cells.

RNA is more difficult to analyze and Chargaff is not ready to report results from it. But he suggests an interesting speculation. Since the studies indicate that DNA is specific to a species, may it not be that RNA is specific to a tissue? In other words, if it is the DNA that holds a man's development to the pattern laid down for the human species, may it not be that the RNA holds a tissue cell's development to the pattern laid down for that particular tissue?

Another riddle is presented by the presence of the same pattern of genes in the tissue cells of different organs. It is reasonable that the fertilized egg cell should carry the full complement of genes; for everything that is to be, the brain and the heart, the hand and the eye, skin and bone and blood type, all are blueprinted in the genes of the fertilized egg. And then as the egg divides into two cells, and those into four, and so on through the accelerating multiplication of growth, the entire blueprint is built into each cell irrespective of the cell's function.

How does it happen that the genes which direct the development of brain tissue function only in the brain cells, and remain inactive in the cells of muscle and other nonnervous tissue?

Dr. Mirsky has been pondering this problem and is led to believe that the cytoplasm exerts an influence over the genes which contributes in some way to their selective functioning. The work which has brought him to this speculation covers many years of careful research on DNA and RNA, the proteins to which they are joined, and the transformations which take place in nucleus and cytoplasm during cellular ripening. For example, studies of sperm cells show that in the beginning the DNA is linked to a protein known as histone. As the cell matures, the DNA remains the same, but the histone disappears and is supplanted by a protein of the type known as protamine. Thus we are presented with the picture of the unchanging DNA joined to a partner which shifts in the course of a short time from one kind of protein to another.

Mirsky and his group separated chromosomes from the other nuclear material, analyzed them into their chemical components, and found that in addition to DNA and protamine (or histone) still another kind of protein was present. He calls it the "residual protein." Residual protein is a complicated fibre-like structure. Apparently it is essential to the integrity of the nucleoprotein, for when this new substance was removed, the DNA and protamine fell apart and the chromosome disintegrated.

A good deal of the current research in Mirsky's laboratory is directed at residual protein. The ratio of it to the other chromosomal components varies over a wide range and seems to be related to the quantity of cytoplasm in the cell. The cells of one tissue may have several times as much cytoplasm as those of another tissue in the same body; apparently they also have several times as much residual protein in their nuclei. This suggests that there may be a functional relationship between cytoplasm and residual protein. The cytoplasm, surrounding the nucleus on all sides, is the immediate environment of the chromosomes.

Mirsky thinks that influences from this cytoplasm environment, using the residual protein as go-between, may cause the genes which make up the chromosomes to behave one way in brain cells, another way in heart cells, and so on.

"Is it your idea that the cytoplasm has a restraining effect on some genes and an accelerating effect on others?" Mirsky has been asked.

"I only say that it has a moderating effect," he answered.

IV

A PLANT or animal grows by cell division, and inasmuch as the process is controlled by the genes—indeed is completely dependent on the self-duplicating property of these structures—it follows that growth is a nucleoprotein business. Growth also depends on nutrition, for a molecule can make a replica of itself only if the necessary raw materials are available. And these raw materials, in the case of a human cell, are brought by the circulating blood and get into its cytoplasm by diffusion through the cell wall. But even when all the essential nutrients are present, growth sometimes stops and the developing individual remains infantile and incomplete or dies. Often the opposite condition prevails: growth accelerates at a rapid but uncontrolled rate, and the individual becomes tumorous. It is not surprising, therefore, that cancer researchers and other students of growth are deeply interested in nucleoproteins.

At the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research a group under the leadership of George B. Brown is trying to find out how a cell makes nucleoprotein. These investigators feed fractions of nucleotides to rats and trace the subsequent course of the compounds. Already their studies have turned up some exciting findings.

The nucleotides, you recall, are composed of bases, sugars, and phosphoric acid. The Sloan-Kettering group decided to work at first with bases (the two purines and three pyrimidines) and as a starter they concentrated their initial efforts on the purine compound adenine, which is a constituent of both DNA and RNA. To tag the adenine, so that they could follow it through the rats' cells, they slipped into the molecule an atom of heavy nitrogen in place of one of its normal nitrogens. In other experiments they used radioactive carbon as the label.

In preparation for a test the rats were partly hepatectomized; that is, about two-thirds of their liver tissue was cut out. This was done to provide the experiment with rapidly growing cells, for rat liver has an amazing capacity for regeneration, and within a week after the operation the organ will have grown back to approximately normal size. The experimenters figured that if any of the tagged adenine were utilized by the growth processes, some of the molecules might show up as cell constituents.

So it has turned out. By extracting the protoplasm of the cells, isolating the nucleic acids, and using a mass spectrometer or Geiger counter to prospect these molecules, the Sloan-Kettering biochemists found that in the rapidly multiplying cells of the regenerating liver the adenine had been incorporated into both DNA and RNA, but in normal non-growing adult liver cells the adenine had gone almost entirely into RNA and rarely into DNA.

It was found, moreover, that the nucleic-acid molecules not only incorporated the adenine into their structures but also transformed some of it into guanine, that other purine which also serves as a nucleotide base. This behavior might be likened to the tactics of a house-builder supplied with a quantity of steel pipes who uses some of the pipes for the plumbing but alters the others to serve as columns to support the flooring.

AN UNEXPECTED by-product of this research was reported in the spring of 1951 by Aaron Bendich, one of Brown's co-workers. Dr. Bendich's part of the program was to process the cells and isolate DNA from the chromosomes. It happens that chromosomal nucleoproteins are soluble in a 10 per cent solution of common salt (NaCl) but are insoluble in a 0.87 per cent solution. So the customary procedure has been to suspend chromosomes in a 10 per cent saline, filter out what remains insoluble, and then by adding water to the filtrate reduce its salinity to 0.87. When this is done the dissolved nucleoprotein, being no longer soluble, precipitates out as a stringy mass. This precipitate is then treated by a further procedure which removes the protein part, leaving the nucleic-acid part still in solution, and the addition of alcohol causes the nucleic acid to precipitate. Thus, by a series of steps, the isolation of DNA is finally effected. It was always believed that the DNA, now free of protein, was completely soluble in 0.87 per cent saline.

Protein is more sensitive to heat than nucleic acid, and it occurred to Dr. Bendich that this provided a means of getting rid of the protein fraction early in the game. So, after dissolving out the nucleoprotein with

the 10 per cent saline, he heated the solution to 185° F. The protein immediately coagulated and dropped to the bottom of the test tube, leaving the nucleic acid still dissolved. By dilution this saline was then reduced to the 0.87 per cent concentration, whereupon something precipitated out. This was not as expected. What could it be? To answer that question, Bendich put the solution in a centrifuge, and, after whirling it an hour at 13,000 revolutions per minute, accumulated enough of the precipitate for a test. The substance proved to be DNA. Then, instead of pouring the residual liquid down the drain, he added alcohol, and again a substance dropped out. On test it too proved to be DNA.

Thus, according to these assays, there are two kinds of DNA: one insoluble in 0.87 per cent saline, which Bendich calls DNA_1; the other, DNA_2, which remains dissolved after the DNA_1 has been precipitated. These findings have not yet been confirmed by outside investigators—they were first publicly announced only last April—but the Sloan-Kettering group has been studying the two DNAs for a year and is completely convinced of their reality. It would seem that nucleic-acid chemistry is in for another of its periodic readjustments of theory with fact.

The two kinds of nucleic acid are distinguishable not only by physical properties, but by chemical differences as well. They seem to occur in cells in varying ratios, apparently depending on the rate at which the cells are dividing.

In regenerating liver cells, for example, Bendich found three times as much DNA_1 as DNA_2, whereas in normal adult liver cells DNA_2 predominates. Similarly, in intestine, spleen, and thymus, most of whose cells are rapidly multiplying, DNA_1 is in greater abundance. Assays of cancer cells have not been announced, but it is reasonable to expect that they too will show a preponderance of DNA_1.

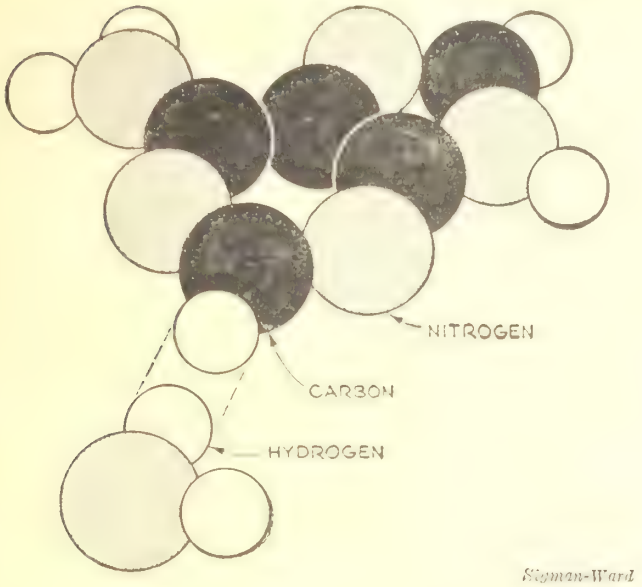
A new technique of tagging compounds is being used by the Sloan-Kettering group to follow the metabolic course not only of one base, but that of three simultaneously. In addition to adenine, thymine and guanine have been labeled, and there is a difference in the rate at which the two kinds of DNA use these building blocks. In regenerating liver cells, DNA_1 utilizes thymine more slowly than it does either adenine or guanine, but DNA_2 appropriates only adenine quickly, and is slow to take up both guanine and thymine. The researchers interpret this behavior as evidence that the synthesis of nucleic acid in the rapidly growing tissue is proceeding piecemeal, at least in part. Apparently the builder starts with a small section of the intended structure, adds another section here, exchanges an old part for a new one there, and thus by accretion builds up the complicated duplication of its structure.

In striking contrast with this heterogeneity of metabolism in regenerating tissue is the very nearly equal rate at which DNA_2 utilizes the same three bases in normal adult liver tissue. Here, it would seem, the new molecules are being formed de nova, *i.e.,* by a sort of instantaneous creation in which all the parts come together at once. In these mature cells growth is not the hectic business that it is in the regenerating tissue. In the latter, where the nucleoproteins are working under pressure to duplicate themselves as rapidly as they can, they lay down structures fragmentarily. The mature cells, whose nucleoproteins are not under such compulsion to reproduce, take time to assemble the essential parts, and then, when all the components are at hand and the moment is ripe, the parts move into position and behold—a new molecule is created!

A NORMAL nucleoprotein molecule does not need a dietary supply of pyrimidines and purines to build its nucleotides. It is able to break down sugars, amino acids, and other abundantly available compounds and reform the break-down fragments into the needed building parts. But in the cell, as in human society, builders are not averse to labor-saving stratagems. A carpenter can make a door out of lumber, nails, hinges, and locks, but when he can get a ready-made door, he is apt to use it. Similarly, as the Sloan-Kettering experiments demonstrate, the nucleoproteins of the rat are willing to use ready-made doors in the form of the adenine, guanine, and thymine supplied by the experimenters.

Suppose one offers it a malformed door, an altered molecule which looks like the real one, but isn't? Could the nucleoprotein be

The Analog of Adenine



Sigman-Ward

Dr. George H. Hitchings altered a molecule of adenine—consisting of five carbon atoms, five nitrogen atoms, and five hydrogen atoms (see above)—by removing a hydrogen atom and substituting an atom of nitrogen and two of hydrogen (NH_2). Absorbed into nucleoprotein, the new molecule blocked the malignant growth in cases of cancer in rats.

deceived, could it be brought to accept the fake door, and then find after it had been fitted in place that the door wouldn't open? This is a crude simplification, but perhaps it will serve to focus our attention on the practical objective of these studies. For while the cancer workers are searching for new knowledge, they are searching supremely for light on the outlaw growth which expressed itself as malignancy.

A collaborative arrangement was established between the Sloan-Kettering group and George H. Hitchings of the Wellcome Research Laboratories at Tuckahoe. Dr. Hitchings, a specialist in the chemistry of the pyrimidines and purines, agreed to make alterations in nucleotide substructures and then send these chemical analogs to New York for trial on cancer.

For years Hitchings has used *Lactobacillus casei,* the harmless bacterium which causes milk to sour, as the guinea pig for his experiments in drug synthesis. He continued to use the sour-milk microbe as the test creature for his collaboration with the cancer researchers. Whenever he got an altered base molecule which inhibited the growth of the bacteria, he would send it on to the Sloan-Kettering group. In this way he has developed some five hundred analogs for cancer testing, about half of them altered purines and the other half altered pyrimidines.

Several of these altered molecules have given promising results as inhibiters of certain forms of malignant growth. One that may be mentioned is an analog of adenine which the chemist calls 2,6-diaminopurine. Adenine is composed of fifteen atoms—five carbons, five nitrogens, and five hydrogens. All that Hitchings did was to knock off one of the outlying hydrogen atoms and slip an NH_2 in its place. In every other particular the adenine molecule and the analog are identical. In fact, they are so nearly alike that the analog seems to have fooled the nucleoproteins of several species. They accepted it, presumably as adenine, and after it had been fitted into their construction found that growth was blocked. The false door had jammed the whole works.

Specifically, the tests have shown that 2,6-diaminopurine will stop the growth of cancer in rats and certain other mammals, halt sarcoma in tissue culture, and markedly prolong the survival of rats inflicted with leukemia. The dosage must be given in micro amounts, for the altered molecule is highly toxic, and this toxicity has prevented systematic tests on human cancer.

Hitchings has made more than a hundred modifications of the adenine molecule. When each of the bases has been thoroughly exploited, there remain the larger preformed building units, the nucleotides themselves, to be prospected. The hope is that eventually an analog will be achieved which is specific for human cancer—a structure that will not harm normal tissue but will completely block the wild mania for reproduction which possesses the mother molecules of cancer cells.

The Easy Chair

Stevenson and the Independent Voter

Bernard DeVoto

The Republican party has lost the last five Presidential elections. In the campaigns that preceded three of them, 1936, 1940, and 1948, those who exercise effective power in the party based their strategy on a conviction that it could not lose. As I write this, at mid-February, it is clear that some part of Senator Taft's support consists of Republican leaders who believe that the party cannot lose in 1952, who would not support him if they were not confident that the election is already in the bag. Republican chances for a victory may well depend on how many change their minds before June.

If Senator Taft is nominated in June the Republican party will have a candidate who, in the judgment of three groups of people, cannot openly campaign on the most important issue the election involves, his own foreign policy. The sole reason why a number of Republican leaders, identifiable as those who are living in the twentieth century, have promoted the candidacy of General Eisenhower is their belief that the nomination of any candidate who stands for Senator Taft's foreign policy would cost the party its sixth straight defeat. Democratic strategy agrees with this judgment and regard the Senator as the easiest Republican to beat. A very large part of the independent vote has come to the same conclusions.

The independent vote is what wins elections; it is what won the last five. A large part of it has been prepared to abandon the Democratic allegiance it has maintained for twenty years and to return a Republican administration. It has therefore been hoping that the twentieth century Republicans would succeed in getting General Eisenhower nominated, for its intention to support a Republican candidate has been contingent on there being one who could guarantee that the present foreign policy of the United States would be maintained intact. If this did not happen it has intended to stay put and vote for Mr. Taft's Democratic opponent, whoever he might be.

And yet in the last few months there has been a striking development, a decrease in pro-Eisenhower sentiment in the liberal independent vote that has counterbalanced its increase in the Republican party. Certain weaknesses in the reasoning behind the independents' enthusiasm for General Eisenhower had already become fully visible before the General became a declared candidate. When he became one, the action acted on the independent vote as a kind of discovered check.

A remark in John Gunther's excellent book, *Eisenhower,* has been much quoted in editorials. Mr. Gunther reports a liberal friend as saying that the General's conservatism in domestic matters did not trouble him: the clock could not be turned back, the continuing momentum of liberal measures was assured. "The only two things that count today," he went on to say, "are foreign policy and civil liberties, and Ike is absolutely sound on both." That the General is "absolutely sound" on foreign policy was a full half of the groundswell of hope that led to his candidacy. The rest of it was the belief that the election of Eisenhower, a great man, a great leader, and a living symbol of courage and confidence, would signalize a triumph of national unity. Such a triumph as, in this desperate time, would hearten not only the American people but all the free and sorely beset peoples of the world.

The liberal contentment typified by Mr. Gunther's friend, however, has been breaking against the hard fact that the next administration will have to make decisions about do-

mestic policies that in the event will support, cripple, or kill the foreign policy for which General Eisenhower stands. His own professed conservatism is a nebulous thing and does not enter into the new liberal uneasiness. That uneasiness originates in the realization that President Eisenhower would have a Congress controlled by the men whom it is the sole purpose of his candidacy to defeat. Look at the seniorities. In a Republican Senate, Styles Bridges would be chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, which has death-sentence power over domestic policies, Senator Capehart chairman of Banking and Currency, the noisome McCarthy chairman of Expenditures in the Executive Departments, which can terrorize the bureaus and agencies that administer domestic policies, Senator Butler chairman of Interior and Insular Affairs, and Senator Cain chairman of Public Works. In a Republican House Taber would be chairman of Appropriations, Clare Hoffman of Expenditures in the Executive Departments, Crawford of Interior and Insular Affairs, and Dondero of Public Works.

Domestic policies crucially important to the Eisenhower foreign policy would be at the mercy of this wrecking crew. But consider the committees directly charged with foreign policy. The loss of Representative Eaton, who would have powerfully supported President Eisenhower, makes the practically unnoticed Chiperfield of Illinois senior Republican on the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. He voted against the Eisenhower policy on every question affecting foreign affairs in the last session. The House Committee on Armed Services is as important as Foreign Affairs; the senior Republican is Dewey Short and no more need be said. Senator Bridges would yield to Senator Saltonstall on Armed Services but Senator Wiley is senior Republican on Foreign Relations. The late Senator Vandenberg, who supported the Eisenhower policy, died in office because he was determined to hold his seat and so keep the isolationist Wiley from the chairmanship as long as possible.

But that these men would hold such powerful chairmanships is only one item in this quandary. The most powerful figure in President Eisenhower's Republican Congress would be Senator Taft, who would be fixed in absolute hostility to the foreign policy the President had been elected to support. Equally intransigent and with their power considerably increased by victory would be such notables as Martin, Velde, and Aandahl in the House and Hickenlooper, Bricker, Kem, Malone, and Jenner in the Senate. Read their names again, add Taft, and repeat the committee chairmen, Bridges, Capehart, McCarthy, Butler, Cain, Short, Hoffman, Crawford, Dondero. No matter how great the prestige of President Eisenhower, there can be no belief that he could convert or subdue this Murderers' Row to a foreign policy which they have opposed through war, peace, and rearmament. It must be remembered too that a Republican victory would sweep into office at least a few facsimiles of them. The President's foreign policy would be prisoner to its strongest and most vindictive opponents. Unless the angel of death were to move with critical selectivity through the top level of Republican leadership, the President and his twentieth-century supporters would be unable to maintain the policy on which, as the Eisenhower movement declares, the fate of the free world depends.

A REALIZATION of this had already affected the thinking of independent voters when, toward the end of January, a somewhat startled nation saw the candidacy of Governor Adlai Stevenson for the Democratic nomination bud and in the space of a few days come to flower. Democratic strategists, aware of his Presidential potentialities, have been watching Governor Stevenson ever since, in 1948, he carried Illinois by a majority more than half a million larger than President Truman's. The original Stevenson-for-President men go back much farther; they are people who were in a position to appraise the work which the Governor did during the war as a troubleshooter for Secretary of the Navy Knox and on economic missions to Europe. In the last few weeks an indeterminable but sizable part of the independent vote has reached the conclusion which such men reached long ago, that Governor Stevenson meets all the requirements of a strong, potentially successful candidate for the Presidency. There is a suggestion that this judgment is concurred in by the man who has proved himself more knowledgeable about political realities than anyone else in the

Indeed as a candidate the Governor appears almost to have been drawn to specifications—to the specifications, what is more, not only of orthodox Democrats but of the liberal independents who have perceived the anomaly in General Eisenhower's candidacy. His "availability" begins with Illinois, a pivotal state which the winner has probably got to carry, and with the campaign that gave him an unprecedented majority in 1948, when it had been conceded to the Republicans. He then proved himself a tremendous campaigner. A self-contained man with a rather formal manner, with the supposed handicaps of an Eastern education and a background of wealth and caste, he nevertheless is able to establish a rapport with an audience that is beyond price. His radio voice has the magical quality of warmth, frankness, and personal intimacy that has been missing since President Roosevelt. A series of monthly reports he has been making to the people of Illinois has established that he is even more impressive on television, which has added a new dimension to political technique, which will play a vital part in the forthcoming campaign, and which a candidate must master if he is to win.

"The ablest Presidents," Mr. Gunther remarks in the book I have mentioned, "are those who rise to the White House out of the governorship of a great state." Governor Stevenson's abilities have been honed on the necessity of rescuing Illinois from a corruption that had almost paralyzed its government. His success in cleaning house is all the more remarkable in that, a Democratic governor, he has had to work with a legislature of which one house has been Republican throughout his term and the other house for

The state police had degenerated into little

state expense. Governor Stevenson reconstructed the organization, gave it a merit system that took it out of politics, raised the physical and educational standards for recruits, instituted rigorous training, and made the reanimated corps functional in the law-enforcement program he embarked on. He reorganized the state Department of Agriculture and dried up a notorious source of graft by making a nonpolitical body of the Commerce Commission, which regulates public utilities. The state welfare and relief system was a forcing-bed of political graft; he cleaned out the deadheads and, though relief payments rose automatically to meet inflation, he cut down costs while increasing benefits. He made similarly striking economies and improvements in the public school system and the state mental hospitals, bringing the latter in four years from a nationally scandalous wretchedness to an excellence which an official report of the Menninger Clinic says ranks it in the top 25 per cent of state systems. A victory over the truckers' lobby which had kept down the gasoline tax and prevented the assessment of equitable license fees for commercial trucking, enabled him to begin a modernization of the state road system that had been stalled for twenty years. The reconstructed state police broke up the routine practice of illegally overloading trucks and, in an episode which shows that the Governor has a nice touch for dramatic composition, solved the mystery of the counterfeiting of cigarette-tax stamps that was costing the state millions of dollars of revenue. He used them in a campaign against slot machines that had national repercussions—but he used them to highlight a fundamental principle of his philosophy of government, which I will describe in a moment.

His administration has had to take some severe lickings but such successes as I have listed would be remarkable anywhere at any time, and they establish it unmistakably as a reform administration. For the coming Presidential contest they have a two-fold significance. Neither Senator Taft nor anyone who shares his views can campaign on the Taft foreign policy; no other Republican candidate would make a main issue of foreign policy. It is open knowledge that, for this reason, the Republican campaign

will be based on the issue of administrative laxness, looseness, and corruption. If Governor Stevenson should be the Democratic nominee, that strategy would be futile; indeed he might be able to convert it to his own use.

But there is something more important, both now and for the long pull. In making the government of Illinois more efficient, Governor Stevenson has made it less expensive. He has held down staffs in a period of expansion and has held down costs in a period of increasing costs. The total cost of government of Illinois has increased during his four years, but in a much lower ratio than it has in other states and to a trivial degree considering how efficiency has increased. "Our aim," he said in one report, "has been a better job with fewer employees," and he was able to assert, "We have ended the old practice of political payrolls." But he also has a deeper explanation: "The most important achievement of all is intangible—the better moral tone, technical quality, and morale of our state government." This is inseparably connected with the fundamental principle I have alluded to, his insistence that economy and efficiency in government depend on local responsibility.

That principle, local responsibility, runs through his messages to the legislature, his reports to the state, and all the speeches he makes. To keep democratic government healthy, to stop the centralization of authority, to make effective use of the democratic mechanisms—to do this, Governor Stevenson reiterates at every opportunity, we must require the local governments to do their jobs in full. So urgent are the requirements of modern society that what the country, town, or city will not do, the state must do; and what the state will not do, the national government must do. But when the larger unit assumes functions of the smaller one, costs steadily rise, popular control progressively weakens, exterior power constantly increases. Efficient government, honest and decent government, law enforcement, equitable treatment of social problems—the Governor holds that the solution of these critical dilemmas of our time lies in community acceptance of responsibilities which the community now tends to evade. "I do not want to see Springfield take over the control and direction of law enforcement throughout Illinois. All signposts on that road point to Washington." And, "A revival of local social consciousness and responsibility is the best if not the only antidote to an expanding welfare state."

It is hard to imagine another political principle to which, in 1952, so great a variety of voters would respond so wholeheartedly as to this one.

As a matter of practical politics, here is enough assertion of states' rights to delight the Southern Democrats. On the other hand, Democrats of the metropolitan and industrial North are impressed by the Governor's unremitting efforts to establish a fair employment practices commission, his campaign against race segregation, and his attack on political maneuvering that had blocked public housing. Liberals who hold that civil rights and liberties are only less important than foreign policy in this campaign will remember his effort to defeat the Broyles bill, which undertook to establish a new low in loyalty legislation, and the memorable message that accompanied his veto of it. His administration has encountered no serious labor trouble but unquestionably the CIO supports him.

As for the foreign policy that is the dominant issue in 1952, Governor Stevenson had a considerable share in working it out and putting it into effect. For nearly a year he was American minister in London and chief of the U. S. delegation to the Preparatory Commission that drew the ground plans for UN. In 1946-47 he was an American delegate to the General Assembly, practicing law in Chicago in the interim. With the missions overseas on which he was despatched during the war, this adds up to a considerable experience in international negotiation. Besides a thorough knowledge of foreign governments it has given him a valuable personal acquaintance with the officials who administer them. His service in the Navy Department gave him equally valuable training with the military.

Thus summarized, his career looks like an education and apprenticeship for the Presidential campaign of 1952. Long a student of foreign affairs, an interventionist in 1939, in everything but title an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a practiced negotiator and diplomat, a triumphant campaigner in the apparently forlorn year of 1948, a sensationally effective reform governor, a proved adminis-

trator—he seems to have been cast and milled for just the campaign he may be called on to make and the office it leads to. To the Democratic party in search of a winning candidate he seems completely available and, what is just as important, reciprocally invulnerable.

THE independent liberal, however, is thinking about Governor Stevenson with what may be called the logic of retrospection. The shaping and milling he has had were by the main and central force of political liberalism since the decisive turn signalized twenty years ago by the New Deal. A younger generation of this liberalism was certain to develop: taking the values for granted, adaptable to the changed needs of a different time, critical of old errors and aware of new hazards, apt in methods, but above all dedicated to the unchanging ends. It may be that this new generation comes of age and will take over with Adlai Stevenson. At any rate, the independent voter sees in him just such a younger spokesman of liberal democracy as a compelling need demands. This democracy has a lower case initial but there is no surprise in its spokesman's having matured in the Democratic party. The independent voter has kept that party in power for twenty years because that is where the spirit of liberal democracy has been preserved.

Such a voter agrees that the availability and invulnerability which commend Governor Stevenson to Democratic strategists are valuable assets. But the practical formula means a good deal less than the accent and address of courage. Listen to the Governor vetoing some political shenanigans, a bill to raise welfare payments by many millions of dollars which carefully omitted to provide revenue for the increase: "The authors of this transparently political gesture were more concerned with raising the hopes of our aged dependents than their incomes. Perhaps such cynicism is good politics but it seems to me cruel as well as fiscally irresponsible—and, I may add, futile. . . . Had the purpose been philanthropic rather than demagogic, the authors would also have at least covered the recipients of other forms of assistance. But the others, the dependent children and recipients of general relief, are not organized politically." The veto of the Broyles bill ends: "There is in it more of danger to the liberties we seek to protect than of security for the Republic. It reverses our traditional concept of justice by placing upon the accused the burden of proving himself innocent. . . . I know that to veto this bill in this period of grave anxiety will be unpopular with many. But I must in good conscience protest against any unnecessary suppression of our ancient rights as free men. Moreover, we will win the contest of ideas that afflicts the world not by suppressing these rights but by their triumph. We must not burn down the house to kill the rats."

This is the assured and unmistakable authority of a major voice. It is just as impressive in obiter dicta. "I view these raids less as a crackdown on commercial gambling and more as a breakdown of local government." . . . "For the state to take over local police powers seems to me a dangerous acknowledgment of the failure of local government. But commercialized gambling with its attendant corruption and corroding disregard for law is even more dangerous." . . . "I will veto any fiscal foolishness as long as I am governor." . . . "If I have any paramount responsibility it is to keep the state financially sound and to protect the hard-pressed taxpayer wherever I can." . . . "It will cost taxpayers a lot more money to do what you are already paying your local officials to do." . . . "Pain seems always to be the price of political progress." . . . "Socrates said the unexamined life is not worth living. We who believe in democracy may just as truly say that the unexamined government is not worth having."

As I write this, there is no telling. It is a long time to the conventions and a longer one to the elections. But unquestionably independent voters, who can do little about the conventions but hold the outcome of the election in their hands, have been very widely depressed as they have come to understand that the nomination of General Eisenhower, on which the hopes of so many had been fixed, would by no means secure us against the suicidal foreign policy of Senator Taft and his fellow Bourbons. Unquestionably too they have been heartened by having seen with such dramatic suddenness the figure of Adlai Stevenson in bold relief against so dark a sky.

Leonie

A Story by Dan Wickenden

Drawings by Tom O'Sullivan

"You got here first, for once," the cashier said when he stopped at her desk to buy cigarettes, and while he was hanging up his hat and coat the waitress said it too. They smiled the same kind of smile, the two stout women, approving and friendly and a little fatuous. We're individuals to them now, he thought, and they take pride in us, as though they were responsible for having brought us together. They may even remember us for a little while, after we stop coming here for lunch.

He was a lean young man, with dense darkish hair that started low on his forehead, and his heavy eyebrows gave him a faintly saturnine look as he sat at a table by the window, staring out at the large slow snowflakes falling on wet sidewalks and wet asphalt, at the periodically clotting traffic and the gray buildings opposite. While people drifted by twos and threes into the restaurant he smoked one cigarette and then another, waiting for Leonie Hofstra to arrive as on so many days, ever since last June, Leonie had waited for him.

But on that unseasonably hot June day she hadn't been waiting for anybody, as he knew from the remote withdrawn way she sat there, hunched a little forward as though to enclose herself in privacy. Because he was in a hurry and there was nowhere else to sit, he pulled out the empty chair at her table and said, "May I?" She looked so white and tired and so preposterously scared that he couldn't help talking to her while he ate, trying to lull away her fear and make her forget the thick dead heat and how tired she felt.

She was very plain, he thought at first, but then he saw no woman clearly because of the hard sharp image he carried in his head. Only a small slim black-haired girl could be beautiful, and this one was large and almost blond. Dark-rimmed spectacles magnified her hazel eyes, her blunt nose was shiny, and her lips, innocent of lipstick, were almost gray, hardly darker than her skin.

At first she didn't respond at all, but only stared at him sometimes with those eyes which would have been abnormally large even without the magnifying lenses. Little by little, though, she relaxed, and presently she smiled and began to make a few half-stifled remarks; and maybe it was flattered vanity as much as pity for her which made him ask if she lunched here often and suggest their meeting again tomorrow at the same time.

He should have known right then that the thing to do was to go to another restaurant the next day, but he was new to the town, feeling bereft and sorry for himself, and something about her had stirred his curiosity. And then on the second day, and the third, he found talking to her so remarkably easy. She would listen with a faint dreaming smile, and she had a faculty for making out of her shyness exactly the right comment or asking exactly the right question. After several such meetings he would feel a growing impatience by eleven each morning; by twelve, when he left the office and walked up Main

Street to the restaurant, he would be aware of something almost like anxiety, and then of an odd reassurance because he so often found her there, waiting at the table in the window. And after three weeks or a month, the casual encounters seemed not quite enough, and he asked her to go to the movies with him.

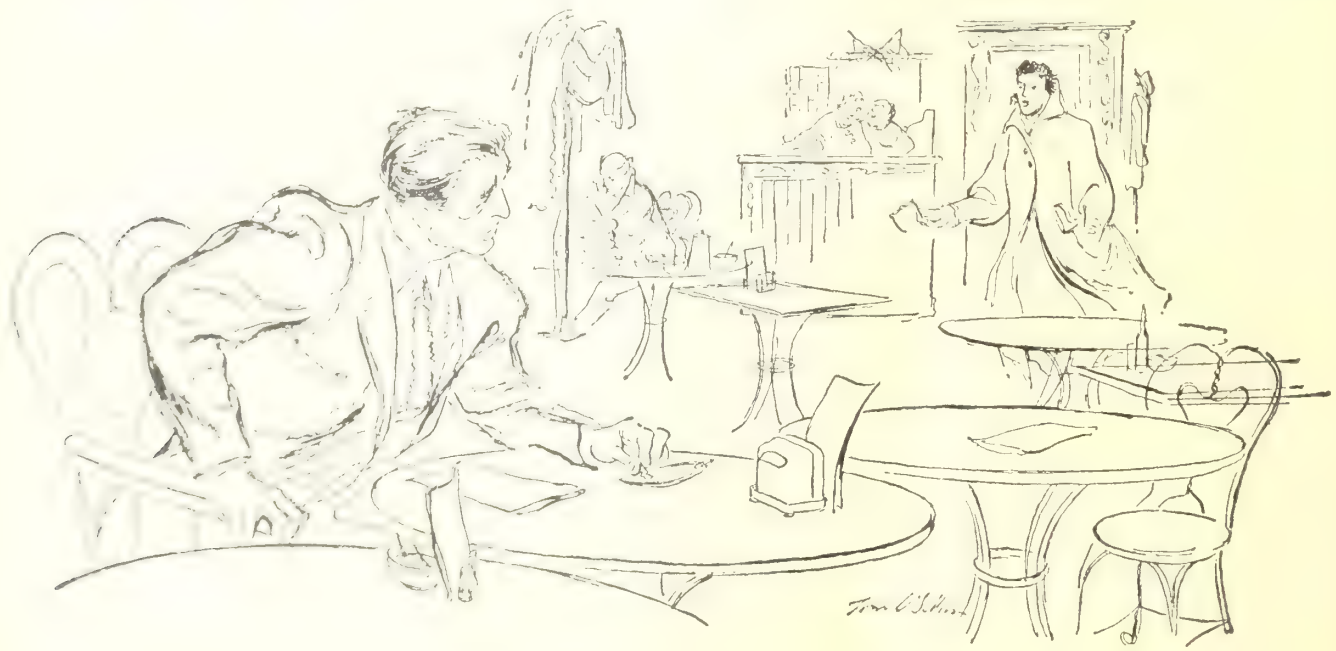
At that there was a sudden return of her first diffidence. Looking away from him, she said she didn't know; she murmured something about her mother, and took a sip of water. Then, setting down the glass with an air of having reached some momentous decision, she said stiffly and primly, "Yes, of course I will. Thank you, Mr. Wayne. I'd love to go."

But she wouldn't let him call for her. When they met outside the theater she seemed awkward and distant again—so obviously afraid, he thought, that inside in the dark he might begin to make advances, and so uncertain in her own mind about how to cope with such a situation, that he didn't even take her arm as they climbed the carpeted stairs to the balcony.

They sat as far from each other as the seats would allow, and he saw little of what passed across the screen because he was so aware of her presence, or perhaps of her own taut awareness of him. He had decided by then that she was more attractive than he'd first thought. Now that the image in his head was dimmed a little he could see that Leonie Holstra was strong and well made, and he liked listening to her voice, which was quite different from the metallic female bray so common in this part of the country, and when she forgot herself enough to laugh spontaneously her whole face changed and came alive. Sitting now so close to and so distant from her, he felt his pity turning into exasperation because for some reason she couldn't think of herself as being even remotely desirable: it was this which set up the barrier between them.

WHEN they emerged into the warm evening it was still not much past nine o'clock and a faint pallor remained in the sky, but she refused to go anywhere for a drink or even for a soda; so he insisted on escorting her home, determined somehow to end his sense of frustration. They rode first on one bus and then on another, and afterward walked several blocks beneath the dense-leaved trees of some outlying suburban section where children still played in the dark and their elders sat, like immobilized sea creatures in an aquarium, along dimly-lit screened porches.

But no lights shone out from the small narrow house up whose front walk she eventually led him, and the complete darkness ended his scruples. He would not let her shut him away on the outside of the screen door at the top of the porch steps, but followed her through, slid one arm around her waist, and pulled her toward him. After her instanta-



It would be a relief, he thought, if she never showed up at all today.

neous recoil she began to yield and half gave him her mouth; and then he felt how, by a great effort of will, she suppressed what had begun to come alive and forced herself to go rigid in his arms. Yet because she made no attempt to draw away, he believed she would submit meekly to whatever he chose to do next; so that when there was a sudden creak of wicker at the far end of the porch, and lights came on, she was still in his arms.

Standing enormous and grotesque in a glade of potted plants, under a whole string of Japanese lanterns, her mother said calmly, "Well, you're back early. A whole lot earlier than I expected."

Moved helplessly to laughter, he released Leonie and hoped she might laugh too; but she stood blinking through the glasses, putting up one hand to touch her disarrayed hair, and looked as bewildered as though she had abruptly been set down in familiar territory after a long journey in some foreign place. There was a pause during which he could hear a boy's voice chanting, down the dark street, "Come in come in wherever you are!" The same words he had chanted himself on hot summer evenings long ago, through endless games of hide-in-the-dark.

Then Leonie said, "I'll get some lemonade," and plunged into the house.

"Beer, for Pete's sake!" her mother shouted after her. "Bring us some beer, Leonie." Turning, she said, "So you're Harry Wayne. Pleased to meet you. Sit down, Harry, make yourself at home. If you'd stayed out a little later I'd have been in bed, the coast would have been clear." With a pink-slippered foot, she jerked forward one of the wicker chairs. "You may not believe me, but this is the first time a man ever kissed her, as far as I know—and she's twenty-eight years old. You're a little younger, aren't you? Not more than twenty-five?" She sank heavily on a sagging porch swing piled with bloated cretonne cushions. Although her own body looked as bloated, her face was thin, with a great bony nose around which her close-set eyes appeared to squint slightly; her hair was black too, and looked unreal—it was a wig if it wasn't dyed, he decided, and he grinned at her as he sat down.

"Or twenty-six, maybe. At the outside."

"That's right. Twenty-six a couple of months ago," he said.

"And not at all what I expected, either. She said you had a sensitive face. Sensitive, my Lord, it's her favorite word," said Mrs. Hofstra, and let out a derisive hoot, while her little black eyes went on inspecting him—with relish, it seemed. "Honest to gosh, I expected some skinny stoop-shouldered four-eyed kid with a bad complexion, who'd sit and wave his hands around and talk about poetry or something. I bet you even used to play football," she said.

Astonishingly at ease with her, he shook his head and said, "Basketball, though."

"Oh, well, that's a tough game too, the way they play it now. You're working in that advertising agency, Leonie says. Good job, I imagine, coming from back East like you do. But I can't figure out why you'd choose a dump like this."

"It's a nice town," he said easily.

"A nice town, sure, and Leonie's a nice girl, isn't she? Altogether too nice, if you ask me," said Mrs. Hofstra, pushing at the floor with her slippered feet, so that the swing moved gently back and forth. "It's her father's fault. *He* was sensitive, *he* talked about poetry. Wrote some, too, had it printed in the paper, and then he spent a small fortune getting it made into a book. Five hundred copies. Four hundred and ninety of 'em, they're still up attic." She hooted again, but in anger. "Honest to gosh, the times I had with that man! A bookkeeper, but he wrote these poems, and he was crazy about nature. They'd go out hiking, him and Leonie, winter and summer, and come back with their feet wet, and catch cold. Colds, grippe, flu, the two of them, all winter long. Not that I don't like plants, myself," said Mrs. Hofstra, waving her great quivering bolster of an arm at the fern stands, the hanging pots of ivy and philodendron, the rampant moonvines beyond the screen. "But there are limits. I can't tell one bird from another, and what's more I don't care."

But when Leonie returned to the porch, unease returned with her. Mrs. Hofstra fell silent and gulped at her beer with a kind of moody gusto. Leonie, stiff and upright on the edge of her chair, sipped lemonade as though it were hemlock and death the only escape. He himself escaped into the dark as soon as he decently could.

He might have escaped forever if habit

hadn't drawn him back to the restaurant the next day. There Leonie's tranquil smile seemed to expunge what had happened, so that he didn't even say he liked her mother. It was true, though: he had responded not just to Mrs. Hofstra's approval of him but to her coarse vitality. But he knew that although she wasn't the typical possessive mother he'd expected—that she was in fact consumed by a desire to thrust Leonie into any man's arms and so be rid of her—she was bad for her; and he decided he had embarked, willy-nilly, on a crusade to set Leonie free.



"Sensitive, my Lord, it's her favorite word."

So they went on having lunch together; he took her to the movies again; on clear weekends they rode a bus to the small lake on the eastern edge of the town, where he hired a canoe and paddled her solemnly down the stretch of water and back again. Eventually he was asked to dinner by Mrs. Hofstra.

It was an enormous meal, for which he had no appetite because of the heat and because the dim interior of the house, choked with overstuffed furniture and as many plants as the porch, gave him a feeling of claustrophobia. Here Leonie had lived for twenty-eight years: how was it she hadn't languished and died, stifled as her father must have been? But she would never escape, he thought, unless into marriage; he couldn't offer himself as a husband, but he believed he could make marriage possible for her by demonstrating that all men are not predatory, that there can be a placid as well as an agitating companionship between a man and a woman.

Toward the end of the meal, billowing now above the wreckage of a monstrous raspberry shortcake, jabbing into her mouth with a toothpick fished from a ruby glass container, Mrs. Hofstra looked at him speculatively and said, "I've been thinking, Harry, you don't have a car, do you? But you could hire one, maybe. Some friends of mine, they own a cottage out there, at the big lake—don't use it much and I have a key. You and Leonie could drive out Sunday, have a picnic, and go swimming. That's wonderful swimming there. Leonie's crazy about the water, and you'd like it, too," she said, smiling. Her little black eyes seemed to move in even closer toward the great nose: it was almost a leer, so that he flushed in the stifling green gloom, and was surprised because Leonie appeared so serene.

But perhaps Mrs. Hofstra was gifted with hypnotic powers, for he heard himself agreeing. He hired the car and on Sunday drove Leonie west to the big lake, and while they talked about the mostly dull flat country and the mostly dismal small towns through which they passed, it was as though they shared a joke against her mother. He believed his crusade was beginning to take effect: surely Leonie felt secure with him now, and quite at ease.

By the time they reached the cottage, which stood among trees on the dunes above the lake, a scurf of high thin clouds had been swept off by the wind, and the new clarity and freshness, the wild brightness of sun and ruffled water, seemed to infect Leonie, who laughed at him over her shoulder as she put the key in the lock, and said, "We'd better observe the proprieties, I suppose. There's a bathhouse down by the beach, Harry: you could change there."

"Right." He told himself he didn't feel rebuffed, that this was as he wanted things; and he marched off whistling. He waited a long time on the white sand, gazing out into watery distances so much like ocean distances that the lack of any salt tang in the air bothered him; and when he turned and saw her coming down the rickety wooden steps—slowly and carefully because she had left off her glasses—he wondered if Mrs. Hofstra might not triumph after all.

What there was of Leonie's bathing suit fitted her like a silver sheath, and her body was as good as he had suspected. Without the glasses and with her hair swept up and tied back, her face looked quite unfamiliar; there was a great purity in the lines of brow and cheek and chin. And she moved toward him across the sand with strength and grace, as though, having shed her clothes, she had shed inhibitions too.

For just an instant she stood smiling at him, wide-eyed, permitting herself to be admired, so that he felt no pity at all. To himself he said that she was almost beautiful; and to her he said, "Hey, that's quite a bathing suit."

Now the wide eyes evaded his. "Mother bought it for me. All I had was an old one, black wool, with moth holes in it." She turned from him and sprinted into the water. Stranded with the strong new feeling he had about her, he watched Leonie swim, for a little while, and saw that she swam well, too, better perhaps than he swam himself.

After a long time in the water they lay apart from each other on the sand. The physical ease that followed swimming, and being almost naked in the hot bright light, made him feel wholly sensual. He lay prone, setting his teeth into the back of his hand, telling himself she wasn't the kind of woman you could take casually; if he gave way now, all his work through the last two months would be undone; and he knew he would never want to marry her himself. Before his involvement should grow any deeper, he decided, he must tell her about Annette. He supposed he should have told her about Annette long ago.

Lifting his head, looking past Leonie at the empty sunny solitude, he said, "Your mother asked me, once, why I'd come out here, but I didn't tell her. I've never told you." He could see that she was sitting up, thrusting both hands into her damp hair and unpinning it, lifting it into the wind, so that her breasts rose too; but it was an innocent and quite unconscious gesture.

"I'm married, Leonie," he said. "Or I was. And it didn't work out . . . Annette," he said, closing his eyes, "her name's Annette. She was going down to Mexico for a divorce, as soon as she could get away. She works too—it's a better job than mine was. Maybe that was one of the troubles. Sometimes I felt like a kept man. Anyway, when we decided to bust up and I heard about the opening here, I figured the best thing to do was leave New York altogether."

Against his closed lids he tried to see Annette; he tried to hear her voice and smell the perfume she used; but for the first time since he had left New York no sort of conjuration worked and he couldn't recall the most familiar of her gestures. He saw only an empty bedroom, with her clothing scattered about: she had gone from the room and would not return.

"She was always untidy, except in herself, but a lot brighter than I am. She made me feel like a fool. An oaf. I could never quite believe she'd actually broken down and married me. She's little, Leonie—little, quick, pretty, bright. And cruel." And he was still in love with her—obsessed, he told himself, and although he couldn't just now discover any trace of that obsession, he said, "One of those women you don't get over, I guess." What he didn't say was that, not having heard for a long time from either Annette or her lawyer, he had begun to hope that she might have changed her mind. Because he felt, as he never had before with Leonie, that he wasn't in full control of the situation, he wound up grotesquely and clumsily: "Anyway, it's kind of soured me on marriage."

DARING to glance at Leonie, not knowing what to expect, he was disconcerted because she appeared so calm, but perhaps as if she pitied him. To escape from the look in her eyes—though that wide intent regard might mean only that without her glasses she was half blind—he climbed up to the car to fetch the hamper she had packed.

They spread a tablecloth on the sand and set out the sandwiches, the fruit,

the paper cups, the bottle of lemonade, and he was almost able to think of her as a little girl on a picnic. There was something naïve and outmoded about a picnic of this sort, with no cocktails in a Thermos and nothing to be cooked at an outdoor grill, and he was transported back into his own childhood as he had been by the boy's voice calling in the dark that night. His childhood in suburban New York must have been much more like Leonie's than it had been like Annette's, on the Texas ranch her father owned. It had never stopped amusing Annette that he couldn't ride a horse, and that until he entered the Army he'd never fired anything but a BB-gun.

He told Leonie about picnics on Long Island beaches, and she said she'd never seen the ocean; even the big lake did not help her to imagine what it must be really like. Then at the end of their meal, when a silence fell between them again, she groped in the bottom of the hamper and passed across to him a small gray-bound book.

"My father's. I wanted to show it to you, Harry," she said.

"*A Downward Smoke. Poems by Peter Hofstra,*" he read aloud, and turned to the dedication. "With love to my little daughter, Leonie," it said, and there followed, actually, opposite the title page, a photograph of the author. Vanity publishing *in excelsis,* he thought, looking at the high-domed forehead, and what must have been pale eyes, and the blunt little nose, and the inconspicuous mustache above the weak mouth and chin. Peter Hofstra stared out as though even the photographer had scared him.

"Everybody's always said I look a good deal like him, Harry," Leonie said; and he felt indignant.

"Good grief, Leonie, don't let them hand you that! When are you going to realize you're a good-looking woman?" But seeing that she was hurt for her father's sake, he began to leaf through the book, reading a stanza here and there, embarrassed because the verses were a blend of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and the most dirge-like kind of hymn. The pity came back, and he said, "It's nice stuff, in its way. Gentle. He must have been a gentle man." Smiling at Leonie, he said, "A gentleman, in fact."

"He was, he was, Harry!" She bent so close that he could smell her clean hair and her sun-warmed skin. "This one," she said, peering myopically, laying her hand down on the page, "about the hummingbird. I love this one. He wrote it for my eighteenth birthday."

He had a sudden vision of the small bookkeeper and the tall strong adolescent girl plunging through meadows and swamps and woodlands, with field glasses and butterfly nets; and that was the closest she'd ever come to being happy with a man.

"Haven't you written any poetry yourself?" he asked.

She shook her head, leaning away from him now. "Oh, I used to try. But I'm not talented, Harry." Perhaps it occurred to her, too, that she was saying his name more often than she ever had before. Looking flustered, she began to gather up the picnic litter and pack it methodically back into the hamper. And then she astonished him by saying with sudden intensity, "There's something terrible about marriage. Something horrible. In the end they always hate each other. They spend all their time trying to hurt each other. There's nothing left but that, and it's worse if there are children . . . Harry. Harry, I hope you didn't have any children—you and Annette."

"No." He watched her strong hands, with no varnish on the short-clipped nails, closing the covers of the hamper. "There was hardly time, you might say. But she didn't want children." He turned and looked out across the water, because he wanted to kiss her hands. "About marriage, though, Leonie. Marriage in general. You'll have to stop thinking of it like that."

"How can I help thinking of it like that?" As though her hands were aware of his desire, she thrust them into the sand, one on either side of her. "I was almost glad when he died. At first I was actually glad," she said.

Because there was no comfort he dared offer her, he said, "Why do you stay with her? Leonie, why stay with a woman you hate?"

"I don't hate her."

He sighed. "All right. Say you don't. You still should have cleared out, years ago."

There was a silence, and then she said, "I tried to, Harry. After he died, and I was through business school, I went to Chicago. But it was . . . I was scared, Harry." She smiled, in faint amusement at herself, it

seemed: sounding curiously matter-of-fact, she said, "I had a nervous breakdown. I was in a mental hospital for more than a year."

He was ashamed of the feeling that swept through him, but it was too strong to be denied: as strong a revulsion as though she had been physically deformed.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Oh, God, I'm sorry, Leonie."

"No, it's all right. *I*'m all right. I always will be, now. It was a sort of battle, Harry, and I won. So now I'll never be afraid of being defeated again."

He sat running the warm sand between his fingers, thinking that the victory wasn't complete. "But the doctors at the hospital," he said. "They must have told you not to go back to her."

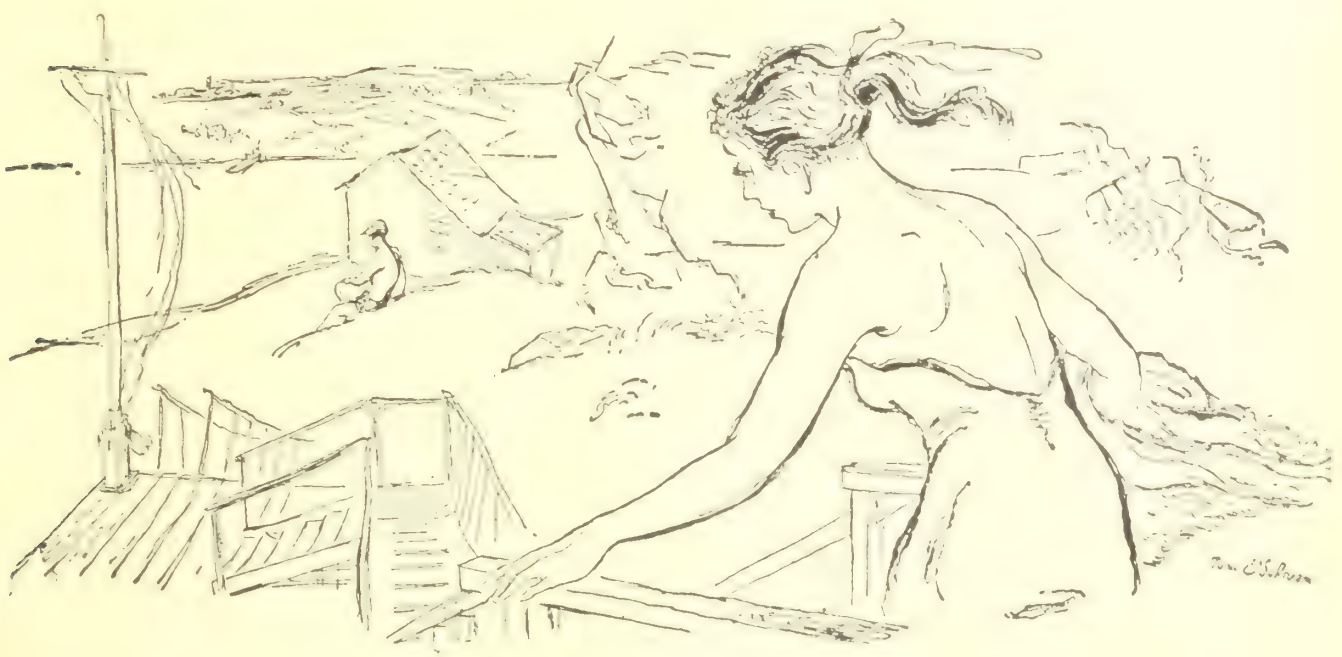
"There are some things even they don't understand. In a way I don't, myself. It's just a feeling I have, Harry. She was so wonderful, while I was in the hospital. It was a private one, and she took a job, she paid all the bills. And if I left her now . . . Harry, she isn't strong, inside herself. She drinks too much as it is; and old as she is, and looking the way she does, she still—likes men too much. I know what you think of her, but she isn't like that really. It's just that she's weak now, and needs looking after."

"It doesn't make sense. None of this makes any sense at all. Leonie, she *wants* to get rid of you," he said brutally. Shock treatment, he thought, they may have given her shock treatment in the hospital, but possibly it wasn't the right kind. "And if she wants to go to hell in her own way, let her. She'd be a lot happier, really, Leonie. You'd both be so much happier, away from each other."

"She only thinks that," said Leonie, and stood up, and asked calmly, "Do you think it would be safe to go in the water again now?"

THAT had been the end of August and now it was the end of November and the first snow was falling. Since their day at the beach nothing had been the same; nothing could have been the same, of course. He felt trapped in a paradox, for if there had been a new intimacy between them, they had also moved farther apart, and his crusade had come to seem foolish to him. Because he couldn't and didn't want to marry her, there was nothing whatever that he could do for Leonie Hofstra, and he couldn't think, really, why they had gone on seeing each other.

It would be a relief, he thought as he shook another cigarette from the pack, if she never showed up at all today. He railed at his own conscience, for having been too tender. He had never wanted to be anything but kind, and today he would be forced into open cruelty at last. He was able on this basis to build up a small resentment against her, so that when she did come in and paused by the cashier's desk, he watched her coolly: beating



He turned and saw her coming down the rickety wooden steps.

the snow from her coat, fishing out a handkerchief, and clamping her purse under one arm as she jerked off her glasses and wiped the mist away. He was sure he felt no pity but only the old exasperation as she came toward him, so bulky and graceless in the coat that the girl in the silver sheath, in the sunlight three months ago, was unimaginable.

"I had a stencil to cut at the last minute.—Oh, thanks, Harry," she said, when he helped her out of the coat. "It's getting colder every minute. I'm frozen." She laid her hand lightly on his, to prove it, and then flushed and took her hand away too fast.

"Just this once, we'll have a drink, and a real meal. Two old-fashioneds," he told the waitress, "and then, in a little while, a couple of mixed grills . . . And you're going to drink yours," he told Leonie, "I'm going to insist on it. And for Pete's sake why don't you wear gloves? You must like to suffer." Wondering then if this might not contain a larger truth than he'd intended, he looked through the window. But such an explanation explained nothing, really, he thought, and felt relieved when the waitress, in a bustling starchy crackle, came back with the drinks.

"Well," he said, and raised his glass. "Go on, drink it, it'll really warm you up. Besides, there's something to drink to. I've had a real break, Leonie."

"I'm glad, Harry." Smiling, lifting her glass, she said, "To your break." But after she had sipped she made a little face. "Like medicine. I'm afraid it really does taste like medicine, to me."

"Drink up your medicine, then, like a good girl." He drank rapidly, himself, but the taste was sweet and watery and one weak cocktail was going to be no help at all. He couldn't help thinking how much easier it would have been to say what he must in a letter.

Leonie said, "You were going to tell me about the break."

"Yes." But he continued to mark time until the waitress had come charging back with her tray and then, having breathed heavily and benevolently above them, gone off again. "What's happened," he said, poking at his food, "isn't sudden, as a matter of fact. I didn't know it would happen so soon, that's all. If I had, I might not even have taken the job out here. Except that I wanted to get away, of course." Seeing her small nod, he thought that actually, since their day at the beach, he had done all the talking and had talked exclusively about himself. What an egotist I've been, he thought, what a bore, what a pain in the neck. "This guy, though, old friend of mine—he's like Annette, he really made good in advertising. And now he's reached the point where he and another man, they're setting up for themselves. Got some good accounts, too. And there's a place for me."

He paused, but her head was bent. She might have been interested in nothing but the food on her plate.

"I could have told you sooner," he said, "but I'm superstitious, I suppose. Didn't want to say anything until it was all set."

"Of course not." Still she didn't look at him, and he had no way of telling whether she was as calm as she appeared, or stretched taut and hoping desperately that what he was about to say might somehow destroy all foolish scruples about her mother.

"I'll be making about twice what I'm getting here. Not that I won't need that much more," he said, "living in New York."

"New York." She broke open a roll. "You'll be glad to get back, Harry. You never did really want to come here."

"New York is home," he said, and looked out through the plate glass. The flakes were smaller now and coming down faster, whitening the window ledges across the street. He wondered what she would say if he asked her to go with him, as he wasn't in any position to do, or even if he just said something about her joining him later, after he was settled. What had seemed quite clear, fifteen minutes ago—the necessity for breaking things off neatly and cleanly but as kindly as possible, and the relief it would be to know that this bewildering relationship was over—had grown oddly blurred. He almost resented her composure; and yet he put off saying the final devastating words because he was terrified lest her composure end.

Staring out at the snow, he thought again about writing her a letter instead. He saw her taking the letter up from the table in the dim front hall, and turning white as she read it beside the painted drain pipe in which umbrellas stood, and then going up the carpeted stairs and shutting herself into the bedroom he had never been able to imagine

except as a kind of nun's cell, and lying down on a hard narrow bed to weep. But however she felt she wouldn't behave like that. She would smile and hand the letter over to her mother and go on smiling even after her mother had said, *Well, I might have known it, he's ditched you; the only chance you'll ever have and you threw it away, and the Lord knows I did all I could.*

Leonie would go on smiling because in her own way she really was strong, from having won her battle.

Shaking off the hypnosis of falling snow, he said, "It's turning into a regular blizzard. . . . Hey, you've been eating too fast, you'll give yourself indigestion." But he had no appetite, himself, and turned to signal the waitress. "How about cherry pie—à la mode? And coffee?"

"And coffee." Leonie smiled, and said, "Perfect."

He thought of all the years and years through which her mother must have battered at that reserve, tried to invade that privacy, until it had become something that nobody would ever invade, even with love: for who can love a woman who will not let herself love or be loved? Even if she had just started to fall in love with him, last June, she would have kept the emotion small, controlled, pushed away in the dark where it would soon die. But he became suddenly sure that she hadn't even started to fall in love with him. And of course it was this which he resented.

"Harry," Leonie said, after the waitress had brought the dessert and coffee. "Is Annette there again, now? Back from Mexico? Do you think you'll see her?" Then she said hastily, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked. It's none of my business."

"But it is. After all the hours and hours I've spent, talking about her, and me. Why didn't you ever tell me to shut up? Why didn't you say how bored you were?" he demanded, and felt a small mean triumph because he had succeeded in making her flush. "Yes, she's in New York. Still—not again. She never did go to Mexico."

"Oh." The flush had concentrated itself into a small bright splotch on either cheek.

"I could have told you that sooner, too. Should have," he said. On the evening of the day Annette's letter came, he almost had; he and Leonie had gone to see a stale Broadway hit put on by the Little Theater group, and he had been so full of a fierce wild happiness and a sense of victory that it had been difficult not to tell Leonie. "She's changed her mind," he said. "She wants me back."

Leonie sat turning a lump of sugar between her fingers, looking out at the snow. It made a thick wavering curtain now, through which the buildings across the street seemed only a condensation of the same substance. "Two breaks," she said, with her faint smile. "Not one."

"I'LL even join you out there," Annette had written. It was a complete capitulation, and he need never again feel humble or unsure or anxious in her presence; but at this moment he disliked the taste of victory. Leonie believed that marriage turned inevitably into a bitter conflict of wills; but he found himself wondering if marriage to Leonie, though she had once spent more than a year in a mental hospital, might not turn into something quite different and much better.

"I'll see her, naturally," he said. "We'll talk things over. But . . ."

"You'll go back to her," Leonie said calmly, and dropped the sugar into her coffee. "You've never stopped being in love with her. You told me, Harry. But I've known all along. I knew it even before I knew Annette existed," Leonie said, almost smugly—that maddening female smugness, he thought, that conviction they all have about understanding men better than men understand themselves—and she lifted her cup and drank from it.

Denying to himself that he was hitting back at her smugness, he said, "Leonie, look, before we say good-by. You'll have to get away from your mother, you'll . . ."

"We've been all through that, Harry. I don't want to talk about it."

"No, but listen. You're young, and you're a lot more attractive than you think, and it's all wrong, living the way you do, shutting yourself up in that house, away from everybody, away from life altogether. You ought to get married before it's too late," he said, knowing he was echoing what her mother, in coarser words, must have said a thousand times.

"It's safe to say that, now, isn't it? Now that I can't possibly misunderstand."

She had never before spoken bitterly to him.

"I know, I know, I know. I'm a heel," he said. "But you're important to me now, what happens to you is important. I worry about you, Leonie. I always will. I want you to be happy."

"Oh, happy," she said. "Is anybody? For more than a little while, now and then? I'm all right, I get along." She touched his hand, this time without constraint. "I'm sorry, Harry, I didn't mean to . . . No, you mustn't have a guilty conscience about me. You've been so very kind, but all this—all the times we've had lunch together, and gone out together, and that day at the beach, and the time you—" she drew a little breath—"kissed me," she said. "What does it amount to? Nothing, nothing."

"It's amounted to a lot, for me. And if I hadn't stopped short at one kiss . . ."

"Are you boasting, Harry?" She smiled, and pushed her chair back. "I suppose you were never sure enough of yourself. Annette's fault, perhaps," she said, astonishing him all over again; and she opened her purse. "Now you're going to let me pay for my lunch. And my drink."

"No. Put that away." He shoved two quarters beneath the edge of his saucer, rose, and helped Leonie back into her coat, and then as he took his own coat and hat from the stand he wondered what had happened and how it was that she had, in effect, taken charge of the situation. Or perhaps she had really been in control of everything, from the start; and during all these months through which he had thought of himself as trying to give comfort to her, it was she who had succeeded in giving comfort to him. Leonie Hofstra had restored what Annette had come close to destroying.

HE AVOIDED the waitress's eyes; laying the check and a five dollar bill down on the nippled rubber mat before the cashier, he avoided her eyes too. By the time he had his change, Leonie was waiting outside in the snow, with her collar turned up.

"I'll walk you to City Hall," he said, taking her by the arm; but she did not move.

"It's out of your way, Harry. . . . You're leaving quite soon?"

"Tonight, as a matter of fact." He looked past her. "So you see, I really did leave it to the last minute. Telling you. A coward to the end." And there had been no need for cowardice, of course; Leonie had courage enough for two.

"We're really a good deal alike, in some ways. More than you've realized, Harry, I think." She turned, half impatiently, it seemed, so that his hand fell from the sleeve of her coat. "We shan't be seeing each other again."

"Oh, some day. We'll have to. We'll have to write. I'll want to know what happens to you."

"Harry, you know what will happen to me. Nothing," she said, "nothing worth writing a letter about. Good-by, and good luck. And thanks, my darling." She turned and walked off so fast that by the time her first and last words of endearment had settled into place and taken on meaning, she was already far up the street in the falling snow. The sidewalk was crowded and before he could move from where he stood he wasn't even sure which hat and coat were hers in the wild whirl of flakes. He had to fight down, as much too belated and essentially false, an impulse to go running after her, shouting her name with love into the snowstorm.

He turned the other way, and walked back toward his last afternoon in the office here, and toward what lay beyond: New York, and the good job, and Annette again. At this instant he wanted to think of them as being only way stations on what was really a great circle that must bring him back at last to Leonie Hofstra, who had somehow become his responsibility and so a woman from whom he could never quite escape. The need and the wish to believe he might return were strong inside him, now. But so was a knowledge that the need would dwindle and the wish die, and he walked through the snow feeling heavy with guilt and cold with a sense of loss.

What You Can Read in Russia

Michel Gordey

THERE is in the Soviet Union one field where statistics abound and figures are almost too plentiful. Here, the usual veil of military secrecy has been deliberately cast aside by the regime. This is the field of the state publishing activities, of the printing of books. Here are some figures, which speak for themselves:

> Total number of books brought out in the USSR from 1918 to 1949: 13,000,000,000 copies.
>
> Books printed in the USSR in the single year 1949: 683,000,000 copies.
>
> "Classics of Marxism" (Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin) printed between 1918 and 1949: 802,000,000 copies (works of Lenin: 190,600,000; works of Stalin: 540,000,000).
>
> Children's books printed between 1945 and 1949: 200,000,000 copies.

If one takes into account the fact that in 1918 more than half the adult population of the Soviet Union could not read or write, and that in 1950 the proportion of illiterates was less than 10 per cent, the scope and result of this effort appear remarkable.

The figures I have quoted, for a total population that in the past thirty-two years has fluctuated between 150,000,000 and 200,000,000, might well set any publishing expert in the Western countries to dreaming. When one considers that a printing of a hundred thousand copies, even in countries like France, England, and the United States, constitutes an exceptional success, one may realize the prodigious labor accomplished by Soviet *kultura.*

What does *kultura* mean? Strictly translated, it means "culture," but in actual fact its connotation is immeasurably more comprehensive and complex. Is a salesman polite to his customers? He is showing *kultura.* Has the central Post Office in Moscow installed leather chairs for the use of citizens who want to sit down to write? That is a triumph of *kultura.* Is a woman ticket-taker churlish with the passengers? "Comrade, you are lacking in *kultura*!" Are the washrooms in some restaurant or theater particularly badly kept? A hand has scribbled on the walls: "Comrade manager, a little more *kultura,* please!" Intangible and omnipresent, this term denotes all amelioration, but also all modernization of human living and human relations. Under this head the politeness of the citizens, the installation of gas in Moscow, a leather armchair, or the mass production of baby carriages rests on *kultura* just as does the latest discovery of a great scientist, or an edition of several hundred thousand copies of the complete works of Chekhov.

But in the field of publishing, as opposed to that of manufacturing trains or tractors, the Soviet statistics do not spring from propa-

In 1950 Michel Gordey, a Russian-speaking French citizen, spent two months in the USSR as correspondent of the non-Communist daily newspaper, France-Soir. *His entire narrative will be published later this month by Knopf as* Visa to Moscow.

[illegible] and have not been subject to any clever manipulation. The attentive observer cannot doubt their truth. Some of my own experiences make it possible for me to illustrate the dry language of figures in living terms.

When I took the subway or the trolleybus in Moscow in the spring of 1950, I used to be struck, from the first, by the large number of passengers reading books. I found it particularly noteworthy that these people, who seemed lost in their reading to the point of forgetting the people around them, the noise, and the weather, were not on the whole intellectuals. They were, for the most part, laborers, peasants, ordinary people in general, plainly and cheaply dressed. It likewise impressed me that they were usually reading bulky volumes and not little booklets or easily digestible stories. When I scrutinized the titles of these books, I found a striking proportion of classic authors, both Russian and foreign. How many times, riding around Moscow, have I not noted that the old woman in a woolen scarf, or the young man with hands blackened by toil, sitting beside me, was reading Tolstoi, Pushkin, Gogol, Chekhov, Gorky, or Balzac, Shakespeare, Dickens, Victor Hugo! Innumerable others were bent over textbooks of high-school or college level, books on science or technological manuals. To a Western point of view, nearly all these books seemed out of keeping with their obviously "lower-class" readers.

I noticed the same thing in other cities, as well as in the waiting rooms of railroad stations and airports, in trains and planes, and even in very small towns that I went through by chance. I was, in fact, rather surprised by the small number of people reading newspapers or illustrated weeklies. To fill the long hours of waiting or of the leisure forced upon them by daily journeys, the Russian crowd very clearly preferred big books to the publications of the Soviet press.

When I spoke with workmen or small employees I was able to verify that these people read a great deal. I often checked up on their knowledge of books that I had read myself. In schools and workers' clubs I found libraries of from twenty to forty thousand volumes. The directors, far from being proud of these libraries, considered them comparatively meager. A large factory in Stalingrad, for instance, which must employ from ten to fifteen thousand workers (the actual figure was, of course, kept secret), had in its House of Culture fifty thousand volumes at the free disposal of its personnel. Library stocks were augmented by three to five thousand volumes a year. The workers had not only a magnificent choice of technical books and Soviet literature, but also a very fine collection of foreign classics in translation. These were greatly in demand (I consulted, just to be sure, the slips that registered the French classics borrowed to take home).

By spending hours at a time in bookshops I was able to form an idea of the extent to which the Soviet population is hungry for books. I did this in Moscow, Leningrad, Stalingrad, Rostov, and Tiflis. Everywhere the salesmen were besieged. People of all ages and conditions were demanding works in all categories. The demand was so great that new shipments of books were exhausted in a few hours. One morning, in a large bookshop in Leningrad, I myself saw a case containing three hundred copies of a new novel; in the afternoon there was not a single copy left. There are second-hand bookshops, run by the state (like all retail commerce), in the USSR; and here again I constantly found throngs of customers who were asking for books published in 1945 and 1946, already out of print and unobtainable in the stores for new books. Yet Soviet books are brought out in large printings: several hundred thousand copies for contemporary novels, from fifty to a hundred thousand for a single edition of a classic author, more than a hundred thousand for certain scientific works or manuals in current use. Even collections of poetry sometimes have printings of fifty thousand copies; and those of the most popular poets, like Konstantin Simonov, run to two and three hundred thousand! As for Stalin's works, some of them have gone beyond 18,000,000 copies in the Russian language.

Furthermore, books are published in the USSR in 119 different languages. In 1946 the total printing of books in Russian amounted to 364,000,000, but that of works brought out in the country's other languages numbered 100,000,000 copies. When one compares the 1913 printings—80,200,000 in the Russian language and 6,500,000 in the others—one can measure numerically the progress achieved by *sovietskaya kultura.*

II

These statistics and personal authentications would excite unreserved admiration if there were not, also, the reverse of the medal. It is this reverse side that makes the evaluation of the term *kultura* so delicate and controversial for the Western mind. It is the Soviet state that publishes all books. It is therefore the Bolshevist party and the Soviet regime that decide what is and what is not to be published. The government has decreed constant reprintings since 1945 of Stalin's book *On the Patriotic War,* to the number of more than 18,000,000 copies. The government has also, for fifteen years, failed to bring out any new editions of the works of Dostoevsky. Finally, it is again the "ideological administration" of the party that explicitly prescribes what the contemporary Soviet authors must and must not write. Thus the intellectual elements of this vast country find themselves subject to a rigid censorship, at once positive and negative. These directives, which anticipate, down to the least detail, all that *is* to be published and also all that *is not,* govern literature, science, art, and the most innocent books for children. They prescribe in advance the numerical dose of such works that is to be administered to the Soviet public. The control of written thought is thus total and unlimited.

In its quantitative aspect the production of state publications is incontestably admirable. The fact that about eighty books per capita have been printed in the USSR since 1918 requires no comment. But the qualitative aspect —that is, the nature of the books that have been published and also of those that have been forbidden (before or after publication)—poses problems that are infinitely grave. The theories of Leninism-Stalinism officially assert the necessity for ideological control in order to consolidate proletarian dictatorship. But one must closely consider the present and future result of this directing of collective thought. It has cut a rude chasm, which grows deeper each year, between the Soviet Union and the rest of the world. Seen from this angle, a certain proportion of the 683,000,000 books printed in the USSR in 1949 may present a danger, if not to the peace of the world, at any rate to the full development of the intellectual faculties of the Soviet peoples. Here, as in many places, one must ask oneself if the Soviet rulers are not really committing a crime in distrusting their people, in doubting their intellectual maturity, in treating tens of millions of intelligent, responsible human beings like children whose least thought must be at the same time controlled and shielded from "pernicious influences."

Consider, first, the negative aspect of this ideological censorship. Let us take an example. Dostoevsky is regarded by the Soviet regime as a pernicious writer, dangerous for youth, reactionary in his political thought, "useless" in his philosophical thought. In this specific case, however, censorship does not go so far as to ban openly the works of an author whose reputation in Russia is, after all, too well established. During the past fifteen or twenty years, nevertheless, Dostoevsky's novels have not been reprinted. Even more, his books evidently figure on the black list of the second-hand bookshops. It is thus impossible today to get any work whatever by Dostoevsky in a bookstore. Though his works have not been removed from certain public libraries, which usually possess a single copy of them, there is not one book by this ill-esteemed writer in the school libraries or libraries for workers that I visited myself. Now, to my great surprise, on several occasions I saw torn, dog-eared copies of Dostoevsky's novels in the hands of my neighbors in the theaters, restaurants, or busses. These readers—most of them young—had had to go to great pains to procure these rare books. Of course, in spite of ideological directives, Dostoevsky did not disappear overnight from the shelves of private libraries. But the practical difficulty of finding his books, and the fact that he is no longer mentioned in the literature courses in the secondary schools, give ground for predicting his gradual and inevitable disappearance from the intellectual field of vision of future Soviet generations.

Let us go further and consider books strictly prohibited in the USSR. To justify these prohibitions, the champions of the Soviet regime often assert that they apply to works that are immoral, pornographic, prejudicial to youth, or, in general, "devoid of all literary value." These partisans then lash out at the Western countries, which,

in the name of liberty, would demoralize or stultify their populations by a flood of books that are trash. It is true that such books do not appear in the USSR. It is true that they are published in the West. For us they are the inevitable cost of freedom. But the Soviet book prohibitions are infinitely more serious. They are not inspired by moral considerations alone—far from it.

On this black list appear not only most of the contemporary works produced in the non-Communist world but a part of the literary, scientific, and political output of the Soviet peoples themselves. Total suppression, which the regime has not dared to invoke against Dostoevsky, is actively enforced against thousands of other books, especially works of the past fifty years. The black list varies from month to month, constantly adjusted to the latest orders of the ideological administration. What is the practical significance of this black list?

It is rigorously applied, as we have seen, in second-hand bookstores. Also, the condemned works find no more mention in the different grades of public education (secondary schools, universities, scientific institutes, and so on). Finally, they are withdrawn from public use in the libraries, large and small, which serve the mass of the population. It is for this reason that the Lenin Library in Moscow, which is proud to be counted among the five richest libraries in the world, sometimes prints on its catalogue cards: "This work *cannot* be consulted."*

These prohibitions do not apply solely to the books of the great heretics of the regime, such as Trotsky or Bukharin. They even cover particular editions of the works of Lenin. They extend to the work of all those authors (novelists, scholars, historians) who were purged before the war during the trials of "right and left deviationists." Hence not one of the novels of Babel or Pilnyak, two of the most gifted writers since the Revolution, is at the present time available in the USSR. Yet Babel's *Red Cavalry* and Pilnyak's *The Volga Flows to the Caspian Sea* were considered for years—up to around 1935—as classics of the Civil War period. Then Babel and Pilnyak were accused of Trotskyite sympathies and disappeared without leaving any trace. Their books soon followed them into oblivion.

In the same way, once Lysenko's theories had been officially ratified by Stalin, the biologists who opposed them suffered more than rebuke or demotion. All their works were automatically placed on the black list. Nowadays there is no trace of their writings in Moscow's bookstores and libraries.

The range and ramifications of this censorship can hardly be appreciated. Yessenin was in 1940 still considered one of the greatest poets of the Revolution and a loyal Bolshevist. Attacked expressly in the late Andrei Zhdanov's literary decrees, the works of this poet (who killed himself in 1927) disappeared instantly from all the stores. A small collection of Yessenin's verse has recently been printed; it contains insignificant and frankly bad poems that have been deemed "publishable" by the ideological authorities. The rest are doomed to complete oblivion, once the last copies owned by private individuals have fallen into bits.

The successive changes in official party doctrine concerning history have given rise to personal tragedies: eminent historians have been first deported to Siberia, then recalled to activity, then dismissed anew and consigned to disgrace. The learned works published by these victims met with a fate exactly identical with that of their authors. They vanished; then they reappeared on the counters of shops and in the public libraries. These alternations were very rapid: I heard of one case in which a book made its reappearance in the shops before its author could complete the train ride from Siberia to Moscow.

One of my Western friends who had lived for several years in Moscow began to collect Russian books and regularly made a tour of second-hand bookshops. He hunted for months for a certain historical work without finding it. When he questioned the salesmen, they were evasive. Plainly this book was on the black list—a matter kept strictly secret. One day when my friend was browsing in a second-hand shop, a man came in and offered to sell a book to the clerk. It was the elusive history my friend had hunted in vain. After

* These prohibitions apply to the mass of ordinary mortals. People who have a special and officially approved reason for consulting the forbidden books may be allowed to do so by exceptional privilege, in a special little room in the public library.

a brief trip to the back room of the shop, the clerk bought the book for twenty rubles. My friend asked for it at once.

"Very well," said the salesman. "It will cost twenty-two rubles; our legal commission is 10 per cent."

My friend was reaching into his pocket when the salesman said, with a smile: "Just a minute. We have to perform an operation."

With a pair of scissors he cut out the first twenty pages, depriving the book of its preface. This excision was clearly compulsory. Then, methodically, with a little knife, he scraped from the cover the name of the author of the censored preface (he had been a victim of the 1936 purge of historians). My friend received his mutilated book in silence.

The episode may, and should, shock a Western mind. I do not know whether any Soviet citizens could be revolted by it, but certainly none can be surprised. Constant revisions of the ideological line, with their instantaneous repercussions on the sale or suppression of books in the USSR, sometimes produce grotesque results. These official interventions are publicly admitted. While I was in Moscow, several large papers reported (*Pravda* May 14, 1950) that a historian of Soviet Azerbaijan, G. Guseinov, whose book published in 1949 had won the supreme recognition of a Stalin Prize, had given evidence of "mistaken political and theoretical attitudes" in discussing certain movements of national liberation in the Caucasus in the nineteenth century.

He had praised an insurrection that, according to Marx and Engels, had really been backed by Turkey and England. These "bourgeois and nationalist uncertainties" of the scholar "must be energetically condemned," said *Pravda*. The Stalin Prize was consequently withdrawn, a few days later, from Comrade Professor Guseinov.

About this time *Pravda* published an article vigorously criticizing a volume of the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*, which is checked by personages as important as Voroshilov and Vishinsky. Nevertheless, its volume on the United States (published in 1945) sinned through excess of sympathy for the principal enemy of the USSR. The official organ of the Russian Communist party therefore condemned it in a long article.

On the succeeding days I tried to get the two incriminated works, searching for them in the largest bookshops and second-hand stores in Moscow. Already, they had vanished from the showcases and display counters, never to reappear—unless there should be a sudden shift in the party's policy.

III

But the ideological administration does not confine itself to laying an interdict upon authors or published works of undesirable tendencies. A still more important function of this supercensorship consists in dictating the contents of works in preparation. It is unnecessary to enlarge on this subject; examples are too numerous in all fields of publishing. In the years immediately following the end of the war, all books of fiction and history were devoted to descriptions of the Soviet feats of arms in the struggle against Hitler's Germany. There was not a single novel and very few pieces of historical work that in 1945–47 dealt with other subjects. Then came the peacetime directive: all new novels were consecrated henceforth to the description of "the new Soviet man in the struggle for the reconstruction of the socialist fatherland." This directive was still in force in 1950. In this year and through 1949 the novels that received official rewards, and had the advantage of heavy initial promotion (through the dithyrambic praises of all the newspapers and the figures of their exceptionally large first printings), were almost all based on the same theme: the veteran's return to his peacetime place of work; the ensuing psychological and political conflicts; the advances achieved in all branches of industry and agriculture, thanks to the good ideology of these demobilized heroes.

I asked some Soviet intellectuals, who were entirely devoted to the regime, to suggest the best novels that had appeared in the USSR in 1949 and 1950. Their replies were almost unanimous, and I bought the three books most highly recommended: *The Knight of the Golden Star*, by Semyon Babayevsky, Stalin Prize; *Far from Moscow*, by the young author Ajaev, Stalin Prize; and *The Luminous Shore*, by Vera Panova, Stalin Prize.

All three had subjects strictly in conformity with the general line mentioned above.

The writers handled these subjects with indisputable talent, and there was no doubt of the literary value of their works. But I cannot believe that the three authors by themselves would have selected almost identical themes. And if this phenomenon appears altogether normal to Soviet readers, I cannot, for my part, help seeing in it the proof of what I call the positive function of the Soviet censorship, which dictates when it does not ban.

Similarly, at intervals of a few months, several works intended to expose the horrors of American life and civilization made their appearance in the Soviet bookshops. One collection, *Here Is America*, contained extracts from books put out by twentieth-century Russian writers, Soviet and pre-Soviet, beginning with Maxim Gorky. This anthology drew a terrifying picture of American existence. Its jacket showed a policeman, with the face of a brute, brandishing a blackjack; the content was like the cover. Another book, *Reports on America*, was a different sort of anthology: here the editor had collected texts from American authors, describing the horrors of unemployment, the poverty, the exploitation of the workers, and the merciless brutality of American capitalists. The cover depicted an angry crowd of laborers dashing forward, flags in their hands—doubtless to show that the American working class would end, one day, by revolting.

What is significant here is not so much the content of the books as their simultaneous publication, and the chorus of applause in the Soviet press which greeted the appearance of these anti-American works. Here, again, the ideological administration had decreed the political line, the size of the printings, and the widespread distribution of this literature. Nothing is left to chance in Soviet publishing. Everything follows a plan strictly laid down in advance.

I OBSERVED, nevertheless, that readers did not always happily accept the decrees of the supreme ideological authority. In visiting bookshops, I often witnessed the intense interest in contemporary foreign authors that is felt by the Soviet public. Often I heard people of all ages and conditions ask the salesmen: "Haven't you something new in the way of foreign translations?" And when the salesmen would suggest a book like the anti-American anthology, or a novel by Theodore Dreiser or Louis Aragon or some German Communist writer, I would hear a dissatisfied voice say: "Oh no, not that. Haven't you Roger Martin du Gard or Hemingway? Or Priestley?"

The reply was, of course, always in the negative. But I was surprised to discover that in spite of all barriers the Soviet public still knew outstanding names in contemporary world literature. And I was dumbfounded one day to discover that a pale young man sitting beside me in a bus was reading Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past,* in an old edition, as torn and dog-eared as the copies of Dostoevsky that I mentioned.

In the field of contemporary foreign literature there has been a progressive and now almost complete contraction in the last five or ten years. Before the war, authors like Hemingway, Richard Wright, André Malraux, J. B. Priestley, Upton Sinclair, Thomas Mann, Sinclair Lewis, were very popular. At the present time most of these men's books have disappeared from the display counters and have joined the ranks of the black list. The only foreign authors now living who may still be published in the Soviet Union are writers faithful to the Stalinist doctrine, such as Aragon, Howard Fast, or Anderson Nexö. The censorship that has fallen upon others is explained either by the political evolution of these authors (Wright, Hemingway, and Malraux have in one way or another made plain their opposition to Communism) or by the new doctrine known as "the fight against cosmopolitanism."

The famous conference-decrees of Andrei Zhdanov, in 1946 and 1947, inaugurated a merciless war against "the dangerous influences of Western bourgeois culture" and also against what is called, in a phrase constantly recurring in postwar intellectual discussions, "subservience to the West." An entire volume would not be large enough to reproduce the texts hurled against the eagerness of certain Soviet intellectuals to "westernize" Soviet culture. This campaign gave rise to successive purges in the domains of literature, painting, music, history, pure and applied science, literary and art criticism. The campaign against the West was part of that wave of nationalism which broke over the various branches of Soviet life after the war. The disappearance

of non-Communist foreign authors from the bookshops and libraries was one more manifestation of it. As I have just said, it does not seem to me that Soviet readers have accepted these new rigors of censorship with alacrity; but what can they do against the decisions made at the Kremlin by the chief directors of the Soviet Union?

Some very popular Soviet authors, outstandingly gifted, were hard hit by this campaign. The poets Pasternak and Anna Akhmatova and the humorist Mikhail Zochtchenko were its first victims. They were accused, respectively, of "Western formalism" and of "the *petit-bourgeois* spirit of disparagement." Their works were placed on the black list, and the Soviet literary world waited patiently for the three culprits to make their apology. But only one of them officially repented: Anna Akhmatova, a sensitive lyric poet (condemned specifically for her bourgeois sentimentality, which brought nothing constructive to the forward march of socialism). It took this old and ailing poet three years, after the promulgation of the Zhdanov decrees, to do it. Rumor had it that she was driven to desperation by extreme poverty, as her royalties were no longer paid her (an inexorable result of the black list). She then published, in the illustrated review *Ogonyok,* in April 1950, five poems: on Stalin, on the Communist man, on the Stalinist plan for reforestation, and so on. These poems were execrable and had no relation to Akhmatova's lifelong style. But the old woman was thus assured of avoiding starvation, and no one in Moscow blamed her for capitulating.

The other two great culprits have not, up to the present, made known their contrition. It must not be imagined that their life or their personal liberty has been threatened, as was rumored in anti-Soviet reviews. The reality is more subtle. The period of firing squads for unruly intellectuals seems to have served its turn in the USSR. The present penalty is not imprisonment or exile any longer, unless it is a matter of clearly defined political offense. These two recalcitrants offer interesting examples.

Zochtchenko has reportedly retired to a little farm in the vicinity of Leningrad which belongs to him. He occupies himself with—raising chickens. From time to time he even publishes an inoffensive little story in some minor paper or magazine. His books have disappeared from the shop counters, and he no longer receives the substantial royalties he used to collect for the satiric writings that lashed (no doubt too rudely) the Soviet bureaucracy. But he has enough of his savings left to end his days in peace.

The case of Boris Pasternak is more interesting. This man is probably at the present time the greatest living Russian poet and one of the greatest in the world. He was denounced and covered with abuse by Zhdanov and the party's official critics because of his abstruse style, which was called "formalist" and "incomprehensible to the people." In spite of his "formalism" (or perhaps because of it), Pasternak had enjoyed an extraordinary popularity among Soviet intellectual youth. I was told that in 1947, just before the Zhdanov decrees, at a poetry reading in one of the large Moscow auditoriums, Pasternak received a long ovation. When he began to recite his poems, he several times paused for a few seconds to search his memory for the next line: each time the entire hall chanted in chorus the words momentarily forgotten by this poet "incomprehensible to the people."

The first result of Pasternak's condemnation was the disappearance of all his books from the bookshops and public libraries. They became unobtainable. My own requests for them came up against the icy or dismayed air of the salesmen confronted by such lack of tact. But Pasternak has not suffered any financial privation from having been put on the index. Well before 1947 he had undertaken the poetic translation of the complete works of Shakespeare and of Goethe's *Faust.* He is continuing this work and receives a considerable monthly stipend from the government publishing office. I am informed that Pasternak at the present time makes about ten thousand rubles a month and thus remains in the privileged category of great Soviet intellectuals. He has a beautiful apartment in the Writers' House, and a villa outside Moscow. He even has an automobile at his disposal. In short, he lives in great material comfort. Does he continue to write his "formalist and abstruse" poems? That seems highly probable. What also seems certain is that his poetic works will remain shut up in his desk drawers,

and that his admirers will never be able to buy them in the bookshops, either during his lifetime or later (Pasternak is in his sixties). Evidently the truth about *kultura* is not so simple as is claimed, alike by the advocates and the adversaries of the USSR.

THERE are, indeed, so many complexities and contradictions in the Soviet literary domain that a simple judgment of ideological administration is impossible. I have already pointed out the popularity and large printings of Russian and foreign classics in the USSR. Some of these authors—and especially Pushkin, Gogol, and Saltykov-Shchedrin—devoted a mass of their writing to the struggle against tyranny, against the tsarist bureaucracy of the nineteenth century, against the police system of the old days. Their works ought to embarrass the present regime, which shares the faults denounced—and with what talent!—by the great Russian writers of the nineteenth century. Nothing impedes today's Soviet reader from making, in his own mind, the transition from the abuses of the last century to present Soviet reality.

But classical authors of this type are wholly exempt from "ideological" cutting. Indeed, works suppressed in former days by the tsarist censorship because of their attacks on authority have been published for the first time under the Stalin regime. Stalin proclaims in his writings and his speeches his profound respect for the great nineteenth-century writers who fought for liberty and democracy. This stand taken by Stalin is enough in itself to assure Soviet readers that the rigors of the black list are in no danger of depriving them of certain somewhat daring passages in the works of these classical authors. If a contemporary author had ventured to put into his writing one one-hundredth of the virulence to be found in certain chapters or poems of Pushkin and Saltykov, the censorship would have clamped down mercilessly upon him. But, as one sees, here again *kultura* is not simple or easy to grasp.

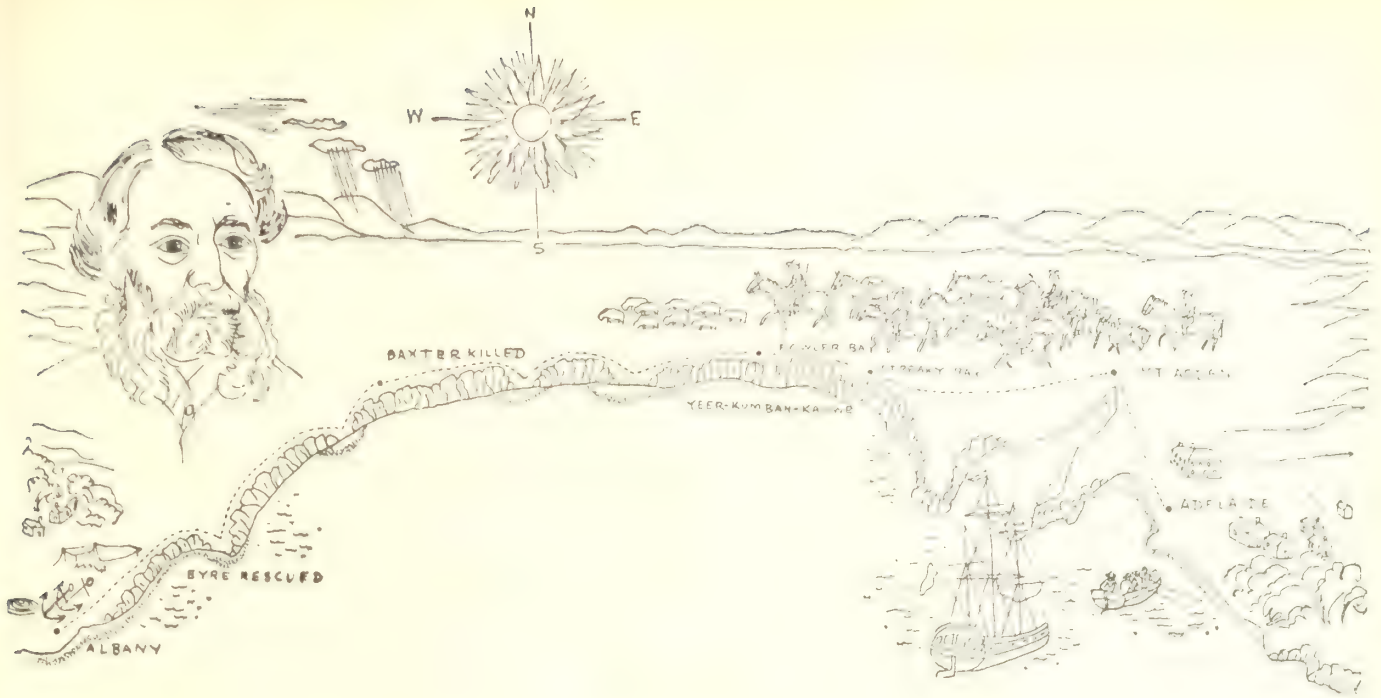
A still more substantial contradiction exists between the campaign against "Western cosmopolitanism" and the publication and distribution of great foreign classics in the USSR. From 1918 to 1947 the printings were considerable: Byron, 500,000; Goethe, 586,000; Heine, 1,100,000; Balzac, 2,000,000; Dickens, 2,200,000; Victor Hugo, 4,100,000; Guy de Maupassant, almost 4,000,000; Shakespeare, 1,600,000; Zola, 2,500,000. Postwar editions of all these authors (and of Voltaire, Diderot, and Mark Twain) have augmented these figures. It is not an empty formula when the Soviet ideological administration proclaims the respect of *kultura* for the intellectual heritage of all peoples. These huge editions of foreign classics are exercising their influence on Soviet youth, as I discovered in conversation with young intellectuals. There remains such a contradiction between the encouragement lavished by the regime upon this spread of Western influence in its forms of greatest genius, and the barrier raised against the same influence in the contemporary world, that one can find in it no logic whatsoever. We come always to the same conclusion: simplified judgments of *sovietskaya kultura* are impossible.

How Now, Mr. Mao?

Asked what the future of China should be, Mao Tse-tung told a London Times *reporter more than ten years ago:*

Every man has food to eat and clothes to wear. . . . The marriage customs are to be reformed, roads built, industry developed, a six-hour day established. There is no foreign oppression. No man oppresses another. There is equality and freedom and universal love. Together all build the peace of the world.

—Quoted in John Gunther's *Inside Asia,* 1939



The Great Australian Trek

C. Hartley Grattan

Drawings by Dahl Collings

STRETCHING across the southern coast of Australia, bordering the Great Australian Bight, is one of the worst pieces of bad country in the world. Seen from either sea or air, it is harsh, flat, monotonous, arid, and forbidding. It stands as a barrier between the settlements in South Australia and Western Australia, and as surely as if it were a tempestuous ocean it turns Western Australia into an "island." Though crossed by a railroad in 1917 and by a military road during World War II, it is still an indigestible lump of country unresponsive to man's hand, and it always will be. It was first crossed in 1841 by Edward John Eyre. He proved it was a terrible place, and nobody since has gainsaid him. The crossing was a drama of toil, privation, anxiety, and danger transacted in an all but impracticable desert.

When Eyre undertook the task he was twenty-six years old and had been seeking his fortune in Australia for nine years, during which he had made his mark as a skilled bushman pioneering the overlanding of cattle between the eastern colonies. These experiences stirred his interest in exploration, and in 1840 he accepted leadership of a cross-continental expedition sponsored by the government of South Australia. He left Adelaide on June 18 and for eight months he and his companions struggled to get to the north, first to the center of the continent, and then perhaps to the northern coast. But the way north was blocked by great waterless salt "lakes" which consistently plunged would-be crossers through their thin crusts into sticky mud. Gradually Eyre and his party edged to the west. They were resting, completely baffled, at Fowler's Bay in the far northwest of what is now called Eyre's Peninsula, when Eyre resolved to make the westward crossing.

He had carefully studied the excellent



charts of the coast made by Matthew Flinders in 1802, and he knew perfectly well what he was up against. Flinders' charts, and his notes on them, gave no ground for any hope except that, at certain points—which Eyre pinpointed—water could be found by digging at the bases of sandhills. Such sandhills came down to the sea at odd intervals, but otherwise for several hundred miles the beach was bordered by precipitous cliffs from two to four hundred feet high and incredibly flat on top, along which Eyre and his party must travel.

Before he finally committed himself to the desperate adventure, Eyre felt his way cautiously some distance westward. After making three tries, during which he on one occasion lost three horses and in the end had to send back his white companions and go ahead with aborigines only, he actually got around the head of the Bight to a native watering place called Yeer-kumban-kauwe, where water was to be had by digging in the sand. Natives there told Eyre's party that the next water to the west, also to be found only by digging, was ten days' travel, but that at that place there were two watering places quite close together. Returning from Yeer-kumban-kauwe to his base at Fowler's Bay, Eyre laid down caches of water in casks and sacks of flour, buried in the ground along the way, to ease the first stages of his trek.

At Fowler's Bay he assembled his outfit, burying the excess food in a great pit and sending back to Adelaide all the men and gear he no longer needed. He decided to take with him but one white companion, John Baxter, an old associate of his in business and exploration, and three aboriginals: one from Western Australia called Wylie, the other two from New South Wales called Joey and Yarry. To carry the food and gear, for the men must be unencumbered to get along at all, he selected nine horses and a Timor pony and put them on a diet of bran and oats for a month before starting. No feed for the animals was to be carried, and little riding would be done. For food he had flour, tea, and sugar to last nine weeks, and nine sheep which he planned to drive before him to eat as the need arose. The desert could not be counted on to supply either wild meat or vegetable food. Most of the weight the horses would carry, however, consisted of water buckets, water casks, and shovels, extra clothing, oilskins to protect stores against the damp of heavy dews and possible rains, scientific instruments for determining positions and surveying, Eyre's journals and maps, arms and ammunition, cooking pots, and pack- and riding-saddles.

Eyre reckoned it was at least 850 miles from Fowler's Bay to his objective, the tiny town of Albany on King George's Sound in Western Australia, probably rather more when tracking around unforeseeable obstacles was taken into account. The season of the year was probably wrong for, as far as he knew, the meager rains of the worst of the country had fallen months earlier and the hot summer, during which evaporation was tremendous, was drawing to a close. That could not be helped.

The party reached Yeer-kumban-kauwe in seven days and rested there for five. A sheep was killed for meat. The water casks were filled. But the group was continually bothered by blowing sand and huge flies resembling horseflies, both expected annoyances in that kind of country.

Accompanied by one of the natives, Eyre went ahead to spy out the way, taking the sheep and two horses, one to carry gear, the other to ride. Baxter and the other two men followed, driving the remaining horses. Going was difficult because the tops of the cliffs along which they had to travel were covered with low, matted scrub, which tried both

horses and men. As he got well forward, Eyre began to watch out for a break in the cliffs recorded by Flinders, where sandhills came down to the sea. At the bases of these, he speculated, water could be had by digging. The sandhills corresponded in position on the chart approximately to where the natives had told Eyre the first water to the westward would be found.

After four days' travel Eyre was 110 miles from Yeer-kumban-kauwe and had found no water whatsoever. All the water he carried was gone. Desperately determined to find the sandhills, he and his boy improvised a yard for the five sheep and left them for Baxter to pick up when he came along. Disencumbered of the slow-moving animals, they pushed forward rapidly and by great good luck came upon the hills after traveling twenty-five miles, or 135 miles from Yeer-kumban-kauwe. Next day while backtracking carrying water for Baxter and his party, Eyre came upon them to find that they had left the sheep where they were and had also, some miles back, dumped all the loads the horses were carrying.

For six days they camped at the sandhills. Then they went back and recovered the sheep and the gear, rested the horses and sheep. The horses had gone five days without water, the sheep six. Feed for the animals was extremely poor, consisting of thoroughly dried out, very coarse grass. The men ate a sheep to recruit their strength. The sandblows were most annoying and the plague of flies the worst yet. One day Eyre counted twenty-three on a patch on his pants eight inches square. Temperatures were running over a hundred in the shade at midday. As they were now behind schedule, rations were cut down.

On March 18 the whole party moved westward. Because Eyre expected to find the second watering place the natives had mentioned very shortly, he did not fill his casks for the long stretch of doubtful country ahead.

But he had no luck in finding the second watering place and finally was forced to send Baxter and the three natives forty miles back with the horses to the water, while he remained ahead with the sheep and gear and an allowance of a pint of water a day for the six days he expected to be alone. The men and horses returned on schedule, on the very day that Eyre's water ran out.

There was now water for the men but none for the animals. Once the party got moving, the animals began to fag out. The following day the horses were so weak that two hundred pounds of gear had to be thrown away. This included all the extra clothing and blankets, most of the empty water casks, all the spare horseshoes, all the buckets except one, some firearms and much ammunition, and all the medicines. A sheep was killed to strengthen the men. But between thirst and hunger the horses went from bad to worse. On the twenty-eighth the Timor pony was abandoned, no longer able to travel, even without a load. That same day the men dug a hole in which they buried all their gear and most of their food. They retained only enough flour, tea, and sugar for two or three days' fast travel. Again the job was to get the animals to water if at all possible. A horse dropped behind and was given up as done for; another, visibly failing, was tied up for possible recovery later.

Next day water for the men came to an end and the following morning Eyre gathered dew in a sponge until he had enough to make some tea. The bread gave out and no more could be made until water was found. The men were on a ration of half-a-pound of flour



a day. But that day they found water, again at the foot of sandhills which reached the sea at a break in the cliffs. The horses and sheep had been without water seven days. This dry stretch was 160 miles. To celebrate and recruit the men's strength, one of the two remaining sheep was killed.

The party stayed on this water four weeks in an effort to build up the strength of the horses, though the feed was still extremely poor, and to strengthen morale. At this point Baxter wanted to turn back and make for Fowler's Bay and the buried stores, but Eyre was adamant: they would go on west. First, though, the stores abandoned forty-seven miles back had to be recovered. Baxter and one of the aborigines undertook the task. After a five-day absence, they returned, but with only one of the three horses they had taken with them, and the stores again abandoned, this time in two lots, one thirty-eight miles back, the other ten.

Resolved to get those stores, Eyre and the West Australian Wylie now made a try. They took with them one of the other natives and a horse to recover the material at the ten-mile dump. They loaded the horse and started him and the boy back to camp, buried a cask of water against their own return, and then pushed on afoot by themselves to the thirty-eight mile dump. By reducing the material there to two packs of absolute necessities, one of thirty-two pounds for Eyre to carry, the other of twenty-three pounds for Wylie, they successfully got back to camp, luckily supplementing their food along the way with a sting ray fish which Wylie speared in the surf.



But the food situation was getting really desperate. Eyre tried eating the roasted root of an eucalyptus scrub, the only vegetable food the neighborhood afforded. When chewed it yielded a coarse flour, palatable but of questionable worth. Furthermore the nights were getting cold and all their spare clothing was gone. The men wore only shirts, pants, socks, and shoes. Wood for lasting fires could not be found. Light rains were falling occasionally now, enough to dampen the men's clothing, not enough to fill the water holes. In a move of desperation, they killed an ailing horse to eat and prepared some of the meat for the road, by drying it in the sun. The last sheep was also killed. Stowing their feelings, Eyre and Baxter ate some "choice cuts" of the horse. The natives, not being finicky, gorged themselves. Everybody got sick, but only transiently. The natives in their greed stole some of the cured meat during the night. When they were penalized by having their rations cut, Wylie and Yarry walked out of the camp to try it on their own.

Four days later they returned, whipped by the bush. They were taken back into service; what else was there to do?

Fearing they might perish on the oasis, Eyre sent Baxter and a native to see how far it was to the beginning of the next stretch of cliffs. It proved to be sixteen miles, and what Baxter saw spying out the land revived his strong wish to go back. He put his case to Eyre forcibly, but Eyre absolutely refused, even though he admitted that the next dry

stretch was at least 150 miles long. He felt that this was the last bad patch and that, once it was crossed, the country would improve, both as to water and as to the possibility of getting wild-animal and vegetable food. Moreover the risks of going forward were hardly greater in his mind than those of going back.

Once more the packs were sorted over. A carbine, a spare spade, some horse-hobbles, and small stuff were thrown away. On April 28 they were on the cliffs again. Only five horses were left. Rations were half what they had been at the beginning of the journey and malnutrition was the big risk. Like the horses, the men would certainly weaken soon now. They were already the nine weeks out of Fowler's Bay for which food had been provided.

II

TRAVELING was hard. The country was still covered with matted scrub which impeded men and horses alike, and the sun at midday was fiercely hot and enervating. The men were now eating only two meals a day, breakfast and supper. The second day out the sky clouded blackly over, the wind blew so hard it made walking difficult, and there was every indication it was going to rain hard. About four o'clock Baxter and the natives asked Eyre to halt and make camp, the going was so difficult, and besides this was a good place to be when the rain fell. Shallows and holes in the vast sheet of rock around them would catch the water they so desperately needed. Eyre was reluctant since only that morning they had agreed to begin the practice of eating at midday and resting, after which they would travel far into the night to avoid the heat. However, since all hands were agreed, he finally consented.

Each man erected a windbreak of bushes, and the stores were piled under oilskins. As there was no meal to be eaten, the next thing was sleep. Eyre and Baxter were to share the task of watching the horses, as the natives had done the job the night before. Eyre chose the first watch, six to eleven o'clock. Grass was scarce, scattered, and poor, and the horses sought it so nervously among the scrub that Eyre became uncertain exactly where the camp lay. At 10:30 he rounded up the horses and began to drive them in the direction he thought they should go when suddenly he saw the flash and heard the report of a gun about a quarter-mile away. Thinking it was Baxter signaling him, he called out but got no reply. He hastened toward the sound with all possible speed. About a hundred yards from the camp he met Wylie running. Wylie wailed, "Oh Massa, Massa, come here!"

Eyre was in camp within five minutes of hearing the shot. The first thing he saw was Baxter lying face down on the ground in the last agonies of death. The stores were scattered helter-skelter, the usable guns were gone, Joey and Yarry had decamped into the bush. This was disaster.

The rest of the night Eyre and Wylie kept away from the camp with the horses. They had a cold, miserable time of it, full of fear of an attack from the deserters. At sunrise they returned to assess their situation. The absconders had taken about a third of the food, including all the meat and a quarter of the water. Eyre and Wylie had about forty pounds of flour, a very little tea and sugar, four gallons of water, and, for protection, a brace of pistols without proper ammunition and a rifle at the moment useless but perhaps repairable. They set to and fixed the rifle, baked some bread, and sorted over the tangled gear. They threw aside some of the record books Eyre had been keeping, such scientific instruments as still remained, the geological and botanical specimens they had collected, and the pack-saddle in which these things had been carried. When they were ready to leave, they carefully wrapped Baxter's body in his blanket and left it. Because they had camped on sheet rock, at Baxter's insistent request, they could not bury him. No rain had fallen.

EYRE was now in one of the wildest and most inhospitable parts of a wild and inhospitable region, alone save for a native whose unreliability had been demonstrated less than a week before. He was at least six hundred miles from his goal at Albany, three days from the last water, and he knew not how far from the next. Moreover he suspected strongly that Wylie had originally conspired with the other two aborigines to plunder the camp and take to the bush. As he visualized it, Baxter had been awakened by the noise the thieves made, had

arisen and attempted to interfere, and had been shot as much in terror as anger. It was the killing of Baxter, Eyre thought, that turned Wylie "loyal": he probably feared the known consequences of complicity in the murder of a white man, though he had no compunction about robbery and desertion.

Eyre's suspicions were partially confirmed the next day when he noticed that they were being followed by Joey and Yarry, who, when they got within earshot, called out to Wylie to join them. Eyre attempted to parley with them, but they refused to talk with him, only reiterating their pleas to Wylie.

Eyre and Wylie traveled hard in the succeeding days, as much to shake off the deserters as to make rapid progress toward the next water. Eyre resolved to shoot the deserters if they became really menacing, but they finally fell behind and disappeared. On May 3, after a dry stretch of 150 miles all told, Eyre and Wylie came again to sandhills and found water by digging. These sandhills marked the termination of the cliffs, and the country ahead was visibly changing. Eyre saw for the first time the banksia plant and observed flights of black cockatoos and pigeons, both birds which never venture far from water. He concluded that they had finally reached the outskirts of the Western Australian side of the desert country.

For three days they camped at the water and then moved on only to find that the horses were failing with frightening rapidity. On May 8 they stopped to kill a horse, consume some of its meat fresh while drying the rest, and spell the remaining horses. The cold at night was getting worse; or in their debilitated condition they felt it more acutely. But while in camp they were heartened by the first good fall of rain since the journey started, an assurance that the surface holes would contain water in the future. With their stores replenished by about a hundred pounds of dried horse meat, they moved west, traveling as much as possible along the beach, which, when the tide was out, was hard and smooth. On the eleventh they found the best grass yet and stopped to let the horses get a good feed.

Here both Wylie and Eyre suffered excruciating cramps during which they could not find comfort sitting, lying down, or standing. Afterward they were terribly weak and languid. Putting one foot in front of another was a conscious effort of the will and the temptation to sit or lie down and go soundly to sleep was almost overwhelming. Wylie often had to be made to get up and move on by physical force. The simple duties of a camp utterly exhausted both of them. On the seventeenth of May they saw a faint stain of water on the face of a granite rock, the first "running" water they had seen since leaving Fowler's Bay over eleven weeks earlier. But that night a dingo (wild native dog) stole almost all the meat.

Next day they found the first *green* grass they had seen on the journey, and they camped for a week for the benefit of the horses. There were kangaroos in the vicinity, and during the week Wylie got two with the rifle. This wild meat dovetailed neatly with the last of the horse meat which, Eyre reckoned, had made it possible for them to travel the last sixty-five miles. And while Wylie was hunting, Eyre tried his luck on the seashore and caught a five-pound rockfish and a dozen small crabs. The horses improved on their good feed, the men on theirs, and when the journey was resumed the men rode.

They were now in a country of trees—stunted and poor ones but nevertheless trees—and two days later they were able, for the first time, to water the horses at a surface hole without using the shovel and bucket. Evidently there had recently been heavy rains. Next day Wylie found some wild yams, the first really palatable wild vegetable food they had had. But they were still hard pressed, for the kangaroo meat had given out and breakfast was now a spoonful of flour-paste each.

On the thirtieth they found the first surface water that appeared to be permanent, cockatoos and kangaroos became more plentiful, and they were approaching Lucky Bay, where Flinders had recorded an abundance of wood and water and where Eyre hoped to find the broad-flag-reed growing, the roots of which he coveted for food. That day Wylie got a couple of opossums, which helped out, especially when he was shamed into sharing them with Eyre. The next day they did find flag-reed, and while Eyre made his supper on the roots, Wylie feasted on a lucky find of white grubs from a decayed tree, an aboriginal delicacy. They were now trying more and more

to live on the country, conserving the little food they carried for emergencies. One meal of flour a day was now to be the rule.

Starting out on June 2 with no breakfast at all, they could hardly believe their eyes when they saw a boat out at sea, but they could not attract the attention of its occupants. Eyre realized, however, that it was too small to be alone in those parts, and by carefully searching all around he eventually found the spars of a large ship sticking up from behind an island. He hurried to a point opposite it and lit a signal fire. Soon a boat put off in response. From it stepped Captain Rossiter, English captain of the French whaler *Mississippi* newly arrived for the season that was just about to commence. Rossiter took Eyre and Wylie into his ship and for twelve days they lived in the lap of luxury.

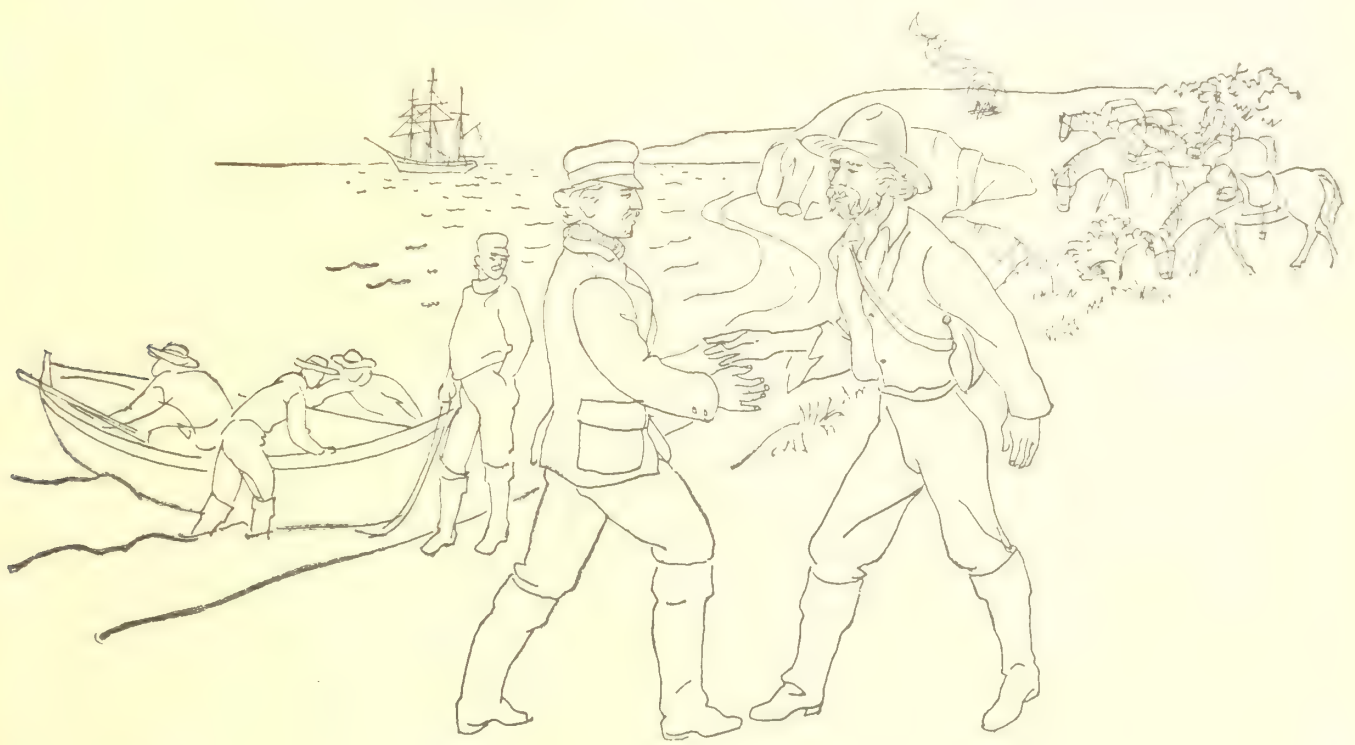
III

The adventure could well have ended on the whaler, with Eyre and Wylie in perfect safety, but Eyre had his mind firmly fixed upon reaching his goal at Albany. On June 15, therefore, he loaded his four surviving horses with stores and gear supplied by Captain Rossiter. This time he carried not only flour, sugar, salt, tea, and meat, but also butter, cheese, sardines, and wine! Eyre and Wylie started walking toward Albany.

They found the country predominantly sterile and stony until they got quite close to the settlement. But whereas to the east they had almost perished for lack of water, between the whaler and Albany they were deluged by heavy rains and frequently went for days without a chance to dry their sodden clothes. Worse still, the rain fell so heavily that it lay on the surface where men and horses had to wade through it. Swamps appeared in their path, and salt- and fresh-water streams were encountered ever more frequently. Eyre's feet swelled from constant wettings, his legs got stiff and cramped. Eight days out from the ship they suffered a different kind of trouble. While they were camped, a tarred tarpaulin, thrown over a pile of baggage containing all their spare clothes, caught fire, and in a matter of minutes the whole pile was in ashes.

Two days later walking became too painful to be endured—the men had now walked 131 miles since leaving the whaler—and the loads were sorted and rearranged. The last bucket was thrown out, some of the spare harness, a good deal of ammunition, the cooking utensils, and a miscellany of odds and ends. They could now ride. In ten days, Eyre thought, they would be in Albany.

He was just about right. They continued through predominantly barren but very wet country. On the fourth of July they saw horse tracks, a sure sign they were getting near a settlement. The country was becoming



heavily timbered, as it should be around Albany. On the tenth day they were only six miles from their goal when they got into a bog and spent the night in discomfort. Next day, with very heavy rain falling, they decided to leave the horses behind and pile up the remnants of their baggage. Carrying Eyre's journals and his charts, they walked into Albany, arriving early in the morning. As they looked down on the straggling town, nobody was in sight; the violence of the rain had driven everyone to cover. Wylie went to join his tribesmen camped nearby and Eyre located a hotel. The crossing was completed, seventeen weeks after leaving Fowler's Bay.

However it may have appeared to him at that moment, Eyre's career was only at its beginning. On returning to South Australia he was appointed protector of aborigines, a matter in which he took an intense interest and about which he wrote very intelligently. He had great success at his work. But in 1845 he went to England, where he published an account of his explorations, and never returned to Australia. Toward the end of 1846 he was appointed lieutenant governor of New Zealand, a post he held for six years, after which he returned to England and was soon appointed lieutenant governor of St. Vincent in the West Indies. From there he was sent to administer Jamaica during the absence of the governor, and in 1864 was himself appointed governor. The following year a serious rebellion broke out, which he put down with such severity that he was accused by a committee of Englishmen, headed by John Stuart Mill and including Thomas Henry Huxley, of having "murdered" one of the leaders who was hanged. A committee to defend Eyre, numbering among its members Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, and Charles Kingsley, was formed. A series of criminal and civil law suits followed, the last of which did not end until 1869. Eyre was vindicated, though British historians argue the rights and wrongs of the matter to this day. In 1872 Parliament voted Eyre £4,000 to pay his legal expenses in the various actions, and a short time later granted him the usual pension of a retired colonial governor. He lived in retirement until his death on November 30, 1901, in his eighty-seventh year. His wife, whom he had married while serving in New Zealand, survived him, together with four sons and one daughter.

Why Retire at Sixty-Five?

Henry S. Curtis

There have been many investigations of the attitude of workers toward retirement at sixty-five. I have never heard of any investigation where the great majority did not wish to go on with their work. In the whole State of Indiana, it was found that 90 per cent wished to continue as usual, while in certain large factories the percentage was as high as 95.

It was more than forty years ago that Henry Ford put his old men in a separate building and gave them a short rest period in the morning and afternoon. His report was that they did as well as the others. During and after World War II, in the state of New York, 340,000 workers over sixty-five were taken back into industry, and again the report is the same—their work was perfectly satisfactory. Not all industries require retirement at this age. There are many that are keeping on hundreds if not thousands of workers into the seventies. They would not do it if their work were not satisfactory, as they still have the rule of retirement to fall back on.

There are many reasons why the workmen may now be able—just as he is willing—to

work after he is sixty-five. In the last half century our life span has gone up twenty years, and the man of seventy-five may now be no more ready for the scrap heap than the man of sixty-five was then. He has been working under better conditions; the foreman has been more sympathetic; and there has been available a much better health service.

But, if industry is afraid that these old men will not be able to stand the strain, it would be easy to lighten the load, by assigning the jobs requiring strength and speed to the younger men, by giving the older men a good vacation with pay every year, a five-day week, and perhaps a seven-hour day with rest periods in the morning and afternoon. As payment is by the hour, shortening the hours will cost very little.

In Denmark the Titan Machine Company, one of the largest industries in the country, has recently opened a factory employing only workers over sixty-five. It has a four-hour day. It has been swamped with applicants from the beginning. There is a need for dozens if not hundreds of such factories in America.

Pensions were started by management to care for the retired. They were opposed by the unions at first, as limiting the freedom of movement of the workers. Up to this year pensions have been paid by a deduction of 1 per cent from the wage of the worker, which is matched by management. This year this deduction has gone up 1½ per cent with other increases to follow. These funds are increased by the interest on the money not yet paid out in pensions. These payments by both employer and employee can be deducted from taxable income, and, as a part of the expenses of the industry, they are added to the price of the product, and thus paid by the purchaser.

I see no objection to pensions as such; but compulsory retirement is a serious wrong to industry because it shelves many of the best men, and takes away the incentive of the employees to do good work during their later years. It is a serious wrong to the worker who is able and wishes to keep on. It is a serious wrong to the public, which has ultimately to pay the bill. The right to work is a fundamental human right; automatic discharge at sixty-five is a fundamental human wrong.

For the man who is discharged from a factory after twenty or thirty years of service has very little chance of finding employment elsewhere, however competent he may be.

The rule of discharge at sixty-five is arbitrary, for there is no law of physiology or psychology that says a man's working capacity ends then. Weakness and incapacity may come at any age, and at different times for different individuals. It is not good for society to have millions of idle men and women thrown upon it. All through the centuries this burden has meant dissipation, unrest, and often violence.

To the worker, the worst effect of retirement is, in most cases, greatly reduced activity, with time to dwell upon all sorts of aches, pains, and grievances that in working days he forgot. Last winter I became acquainted with a gentleman who had been recently discharged from an important position with the Canadian Railways. He said he had never been so unhappy before. He wandered about like a lost soul, and often thought of suicide. It has been said, "There is no other fear like the fear of being thrown upon the scrap heap as a worn-out, useless old man."

Nature takes away the abilities we do not use. If we cease to use our hands, they soon lose their cunning. If we cease to use our brains, we go down the scale rapidly toward senility. There will come a time for every worker to give up his work, but this should come at different times for different people. No one wants to go on with a regular job until he is a hundred. There must come a time of appraisal, a time for the worker to make up his mind whether or not he wishes to keep on, and for industry to determine from the condition of his health and his record whether he is worth keeping. Perhaps sixty-five is as good a time as any for such an appraisal.

Dr. Curtis, eighty-two years old himself, is a member of the State of Michigan Commission to Study Problems of Aging. He was the organizer of the Playground Association of America, now the National Recreation Association, and of the Huron Clinton Park and Parkway Project covering the five counties about Detroit.

The economic benefits of later retirement are also worth considering. If a workman retires from a job paying $3,000 on a pension of $1,000, he has $2,000 a year less to spend. This means a considerable loss to the community in which he lives, in sales and, therefore, in employment. But if employees were to keep on beyond sixty-five for an average of five years, this would increase the pension funds and Social Security reserves enormously, as it would mean five years more of payments and five years less of pensions. This would enable Social Security to offer free health services to all pensioners, as it does in England. It would also make possible the erection of needed hospitals for the retired and the construction throughout the country of old people's homes of a superior type, which would be essentially club houses with every facility for recreation and for work for those who wished it. It would also enable the department to maintain a research staff for the study of the problems of aging. Such a rule would also decrease enormously the handicap of the men in the fifties and sixties in finding work.

If industry employed its workers until they were seventy, there might not be as many places for young men in the big industries; but there would still be plenty to do, in building the hospitals and schools which we need, in rebuilding slum sections, and in starting small local industries to provide for the most needy.

Our wealth is primarily determined by our rate of production. If we should work as inefficiently as people do in India and China, we would soon be living as they do. It is said that Denmark is losing ground in the commercial world because she has so many workers on pensions that she can not maintain her former rate of production. A similar report has recently come from France; she too must in some way increase her working force. We have in this country at present 12,500,000 people over sixty-five years of age. It is estimated that there will be twenty million by 1980. If we put a million men, producing on an average three thousand dollars' worth of goods a year, on pensions, the country will lose $3 billion in productive wealth. If we put ten million such men on pensions, the upper estimate of the government actuaries, we will lose $30 billion a year in productive wealth.

Today the high cost of living is due to two mutually dependent factors—the high cost of labor and the high cost of goods. Military demands—for men and for equipment—have reduced both the working force and production of civilian supplies and so raised the cost of both. If workers were allowed, if they wanted, to keep on at their jobs from the age of sixty-five to seventy-five, the labor force would increase by five to ten million workers and the growth in production would overcome to a considerable extent the shortage in goods. Prices might come down, if not to "normal," at least to a level that would not inspire profanity.

At the National Conference on Aging held in Washington last summer Mr. Ewing said, "The whole system of compulsory retirement needs to be revalued in the light of changed conditions." In a letter to the Conference President Truman said, "Compulsory retirement programs deprive the nation of many of its best workers." The sentiment of that large conference, representing all classes concerned, was almost unanimous against compulsory retirement, and in favor of work for all who wished to work and were able to work.

Over and over, the facts show that the great majority of our workers do not wish to retire at sixty-five, and if some do that is no reason why all should. The older workers are reported to do as well as the younger workers. Compulsory retirement is a cruel wrong to the worker, to industry, and to society. If the workers continue until they are seventy-five, their production will greatly increase the funds available for their welfare. If they are compelled to retire at sixty-five, this loss will decrease enormously the wealth-producing capacity of America.

After Hours

Murder

Now fun is fun, but this has gone far enough. Half a year ago, after a number of metropolitan movie-reviewers had been needled in this column for their tendency to credit artistically self-conscious films with imaginary virtues, one of them—Archer Winsten of the New York *Post*—had the pertinacity to reply. Mr. Winsten observed that beneath the cover of an impersonal pseudonym I revealed a patent lack of aesthetic sensitivity and a broad ignorance of cultural economics. The indictment is an acceptable subject of dispute but, setting personalities aside in order to restore a semblance of balance to an even match, I'd like to retreat to a previously unprepared position and report another movie—as Mr. Winsten has to do each day—before other opinions are in print.

"Murder in the Cathedral," a film high in intent but so low in performance that it exhausts the resources of language, will have to be a test case. It was made in England from the play of the same name, with the participation of several members of the Old Vic Company and the author, Mr. T. S. Eliot, a poet and a man of parts. (Only one of these, a disembodied voice with an admonitory twang that makes him sound like an ecclesiastical Elmer Davis, is physically present; he is heard but not seen in the part of the Fourth Tempter.) This is a stylized play, written to be presented almost as though it were a pageant, and the only thing to say to those who may have liked it in the past is that it has no business on the screen. There being no scenery that could be photographed naturalistically, most of it appears to take place inside a rectangular box, with a doorway centered at the far end and a single backdrop behind it, as on a stage. The eye of the camera peers into this pasteboard puppet theater as through the peephole of a *camera obscura.* Inside are human beings, walking to and fro, and talking poetry.

With the scene thus set for major difficulties at the least, "Murder in the Cathedral" moves inexorably to disaster. It is a gross affront to the eye and mind. Mr. Eliot and his colleagues have chosen to lavish incomprehension on the camera, a mechanical contrivance but one that demands the same respect that granite gets from the sculptor or that words get from a poet. You cannot do everything with the camera or with words, which strike and sound and vibrate in the skull, that you might like to do. You cannot photograph a chorus of Canterbury women massed like a sewing circle or in *Life*-like close-up one by one, without detracting from what they say. You cannot toss in a few "documentary" shots—melting ice in the spring thaw, pounding breakers at the seacoast, or three horsemen riding past a Celtic cross through tall grass—without underlining the visual poverty of papier-mâché vignettes faked from the hymnal and book-of-hours pictures of medieval life.

Though the reader may see for himself that "Murder in the Cathedral" condescends to the camera as no commercial film would dare to do, its reception is nonetheless likely to be mild and accommodating. Since it is inferior in every cinematic respect to a Hollywood grade-B Western—consider "Callaway Went Thataway" as a handy point of reference—it may be handled gingerly, perhaps, yet tenderly, as an unfulfilled masterpiece, a slight tremor in the hand of genius, not quite perfect but definitely a cut above the usual thing. As far as economics go, I defer to Mr. Winsten. This *flop d'estime* might turn out to be a *succès de box-office* if it were properly marketed as an artistic triumph, but it won't

be. "We're going to sell this one," I heard a young man from the distributing organization say after the screening, "just like a Western, just like cops and robbers." Canterbury, gentlemen, is thataway.

Steinberg's Stuff

"WHY is it," Saul Steinberg said to me several months ago, "that people always talk about a humorist's work as his stuff, even nice people? They talk about an artist's work, but they tell a humorist, 'I like your stuff.' Maybe it is because, if they think they understand it, they feel patronizing."

Steinberg recently had an exhibition of about a hundred and fifty drawings at two adjoining galleries on Fifty-seventh Street in New York, the Betty Parsons Gallery and the Sidney Janis Gallery, and whatever people may call his work, however pejorative the moniker, they paid out folding money to own it. Nearly every drawing in the show was sold in the three weeks they were on exhibition. Some buyers, who couldn't wait until the show was over to take their purchases home, removed them, and Steinberg substituted others. On the first day a large drawing of the Piazza San Marco in Venice full of pigeons and gesticulating figures was sold to a man who took it off with him the next day to Paris. On the final Saturday afternoon of the show so many people turned up that there was a line from the elevator entrance on the first floor all the way out into the street. This is the sort of thing that just doesn't happen on Fifty-seventh Street.

"I wish," Steinberg told me after the show had been over for several days, "that it could have been in a Broadway shooting-gallery, with dioramas, and things mounted on cranks, and pictures painted on glass using electricity the right way—real entertainment. Entertainment is in the hands of mediocrities; that is why people have contempt for entertainment. I don't accept this business about the suffering artist. The artist enjoys his work. He suffers before and after, not while he is working. If the painting entertains him, it should entertain everybody. Artists want to be normal—the quintessence of normalcy."

I don't know what Steinberg means by normalcy; maybe he does. He is himself thirty-eight, of medium height, slight of build, sharp-featured, mustached, bespectacled, and blond. He scowls slightly when his face is at rest, but he laughs frequently, not out of nervousness but out of genuine, if sometimes disenchanted, amusement. He talks easily, but often cryptically. He is as likely as not to make a statement that is outlandish just to see whether it will be taken at face value or thrown back in his teeth. He likes the people, or at least some of the people, who don't let him get away unchallenged with his fancy generalizations. But usually in his flights there is a hint of truth, something he has half thought out and is just trying on for size.

He is almost infinitely inventive and prolific. The New York show is only one of four this year: one in San Francisco this spring; one in London at the Institute of Contemporary Art in May; one in the Museu de Arte ("God knows how you pronounce that; it's Portuguese") of São Paulo in August. The London show will be about a hundred drawings, but the São Paulo one will be bigger than the recent New York one. I asked him if he would make new drawings for these exhibitions. "Yes," he said, "the things I have just done are always the things I like best because I have confidence in them."

There will be a charge for admission at the London show. "It delights me," he said with serious relish, "that people are going to have to pay. The important part is, having paid something, people try to give a decision. They say to themselves, 'Do I like it or not?' If they don't pay, it is like a Salvation Army handout. They don't look at it. They turn it over once and throw it away. Let students in for nothing. The merchant, physician, passer-by should pay . . . a token . . . five cents . . . to make an effort to judge." Steinberg distrusts what he calls "the voodoo atmosphere" and "the oversolemn funeral aspect" of most art galleries. The concept of art for the few is distasteful to him. Last year a Swiss publisher wanted to do an elaborate and expensive book of his pictures in color, an "art book." Steinberg would have none of it. He likes the idea of making designs for textiles that are reproduced yard after yard, and for wallpaper, and he likes making drawings that are printed where not hundreds but hundreds of thousands of people will see them. He likes the idea that Burgess Meredith and John

LaTouche are now engaged in making a movie of his drawings. "The camera can be an intelligent eye," he said. "They have a good camera man. His name slips my mind." For music to accompany his film he wants "a beginner violin, a hurdy-gurdy, one finger piano, an old woman soprano—you know, tremolo. This corresponds to the economy of the drawing. An orchestra is too complicated. It's not clean enough."

Someday his "Parade," a series of drawings which he started some years ago and which is, in truth, a parade with floats and bands and drum majorettes, and marching Legionaires, and thousands of other figures, will surely be a movie. It grows longer and longer. "The Metropolitan Museum has fifty feet of it," he told me. There were twenty or more additional feet of it in his recent show. "So far I have done only three or four states," he said, "about thirty feet per state. I've got about forty-four states to go. Now I'm wondering what to do about the obscure states. What do you do about South Dakota? I'll go there and I'll find something all right. And when I finish this, then I want to do French, English, and Italian parades, and Russian (whatever I can do), and zoological parades and botanical parades. These are horizontal parades. They have to do with geography. I want to do 'vertical' parades of housewives and white-collar workers and fur coats and the ancient Greeks. Vertical parades have to do with human beings and institutions and time and history. In a parade you can put things you can't put in cartoons; you can put things on floats that don't belong in other drawings. I want it to be a universal parade."

Last summer in Rome I talked to a dealer who had had a small exhibition of Steinberg drawings in his gallery, the Obelisco. "I got as much for Steinbergs as I can get for drawings by Domenico Tiepolo," he told me. The same will probably be true in London and São Paulo, and with good reason. Surely Steinberg is one of the few first-class draftsmen alive today, alive and kicking the daylights out of pretentions of all sorts. He is a man who despises authoritarianism and suspects all governments and all inflated heroes. He is a deadly but amused satirist, who is also a decorative artist in the great and nearly vanished tradition. But still more important he is a serious artist so thoroughly of his own time that all the rest of us run the risk of someday being classified as having lived in the Age of Steinberg.

A Sanction for Sinatra

Though movie magazines have traditionally exploited the personal affairs of movie stars for purposes of glamor, there seems to be a change in process. The Dell Company (whose many publications include one unrelated classic, the comic book *Pogo)* has signalized this in the *Hollywood Yearbook 1952,* a work of pungent analysis which views the past year's scandals from a high plane of pseudo-psychology and moral elevation. One cannot say as yet that the feelings of the principal actresses and actors are handled with sensitivity, but there is a new measure of respect for the sociology behind the myth—and especially the tragic sense in which the actions of the stars are never quite free of the multiple tyrannies of audience and employer.

For example, the catalytic affair of Miss Ava Gardner and Mr. Frank Sinatra is so treated in the *Yearbook* as to stress the interrelationship between their hopelessly public and determined emotions, their high finances, their press, and their studio policies. "It was a little," says the *Yearbook* in an unexpected phrase, "like a separation and merger among soulless corporations." We find here also the revealing information that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives had officially "sanctioned" the Gardner-Sinatra date at a preview of "Show Boat" but had expressly *not* sanctioned the embrace which there occurred—a refinement which suggests behind the scenes an operational code of forbidding complexity and terrible power.

The *Yearbook* does not raise the question of whose rights are being invaded here except by inference, in the comment of a New York *Daily News* reporter whose diary of the Sinatra wedding in Philadelphia it prints in full. He noted that at 12:10 A.M. November 8, 1951 he and his colleagues were "boarding train for New York and beginning long discussion of whether public figures entitled to private lives. No decision."

—Mr. Harper

On Reading

A. Whitney Griswold

On January 29, 1952, the National Book Awards were presented to Marianne Moore, poet, for her Collected Poems, *to Rachel Carson for her non-fiction book,* The Sea Around Us, *and to James Jones for his novel,* From Here to Eternity. *The principal speaker at the gathering of publishers, book reviewers, booksellers, and writers was President Griswold of Yale. Believing that a larger audience will be interested in his observations, we are reproducing them here.*—The Editors.

If ever coals were brought to Newcastle I bring them today. What can I say to the writers, publishers, booksellers, printers, and critics of books whose collected works are called the true universities? I am more than humble. I am desperate. I read my fate in the diary of James Hadley, Professor of Greek in Yale College from 1854 to 1872 and father of President Hadley. Returning from a faculty meeting in the year 1852, he foretells my present circumstances as follows:

> The state of things at Western Reserve College is really deplorable, and the case of Mr. Pierce, their President, is in some respects a hard one. They have kept him begging for six years or more, and now complain that he is fit for nothing else. Mr. Olmsted having said something about the attempts of alumni in Amherst and Williams to dictate in regard to College matters, Mr. Woolsey said, "Mark my prediction: if our alumni meet together year after year, with nothing to do but talk, and time enough for that, they will be trying to govern us. You must shut their mouths with [illegible]."

My case, too, is a hard one. Begging and—shall we say medium-length—addresses and the intricacies of what my friend President Conant calls "academical superintendence" have removed me from your company, which I once greatly cherished, removed me so far that I am safe even from guilt by association, busted me back through the ranks from writer to reader, all the way back to general reader, private first class. Gone are the orgies of reading that began, for me, with *Leatherstocking Tales* and *Froissart's Chronicle,* that continued, albeit under competition, through school and college, and that became standard fare in graduate school and teaching days. All I have been able to salvage is the habit of reading myself to sleep every night. I have kept this same habit (and by skillful use of spotlights and sleep-shades, the same wife) for nearly twenty-five years. In, on, and under our bedside table is a motley library for every mood.

It includes at the moment, Shakespeare, Shaw, Plutarch, Joseph Swain's *Ancient World,* Francis Biddle's *Fear of Freedom,* United States Reports, Vol. 341 (containing the Supreme Court's opinions affirming the conviction of the Communist party officials), Roland H. Bainton's *Travail*

Copyright 1952 by A. Whitney Griswold

Religious Liberty, Elliot Paul's *Black Garnia*, A. P. Herbert's *Number Nine or the Mind Sweepers*, Volumes II and III of the Princeton University Press edition of *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, the Treasurer's Report of Yale University (in case of late calls from alumni), and the New Testament. It is a wonderful pharmacopoeia, more potent than sleeping pills when I wish to sleep or coffee when I wish to stay awake. It is the consolation of my academical superintendence. It is all I have to justify my claim to address you this afternoon as anything but a technological illiterate.

My narrow escape from technological literacy—if indeed it prove to be an escape and not just temporary immunity—causes me to ponder the fate of our country, in which this disease is endemic and is spreading like the elm blight. What happens when we are all too busy to read, when our ways of life and work, combined with the substitutes for reading now in mass production and use, finally conquer our taste for reading as well as our belief in its utility? I know—my own metaphor implies it—that you can drug yourself with reading. I know that there are "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks." As a teacher of young men for nearly a quarter-century, I have been unusually sensitive to their elders' appeals to experience and action. Ours is an age of action, hair-trigger action, and we cannot resign from it. But what is to become of us when action no longer finds inspiration or discipline in thought because thought has not been able to find inspiration or discipline in books?

Is the question rhetorical? I do not think so. There was a day in the history of this republic when its men of affairs found time to read and demonstrated, in their own lives and works, the utility as well as the delight of reading. The four master builders, Hamilton, John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, were probably the four most widely read men of their age. Certainly this was true of Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, and it might have been true of the impetuous Hamilton had he survived his impetuosity. For we find him at eighteen as an undergraduate student as deep in the classics of law and philosophy as his more studious collaborator on *The Federalist* of a decade later.

Our prize winning poet, Miss Moore, says of poetic images, "these things are important not because a high-sounding interpretation can be put upon them but because they are useful." Never, to my knowledge, did men find more practical and more immediate use in reading than these four. Among them, though they were in politics all their lives, in an age of intermittent war and revolution, serving as congressional delegates, ambassadors, governors, constitution-makers, cabinet members, and Presidents, they read virtually every book in print in the Western world. And out of all this reading? It had very little application to any particular views, says Adams somewhat disingenuously of his own case, "till these debates in Congress and the interrogatories in public and private turned my thoughts to these researches, which produced the *Thoughts on Government*, the Constitution of Massachusetts, and at length the *Defense of the Constitutions of the United States*, and the *Discourses on Davila*, writings which have never done any good to me, though some of them undoubtedly contributed to produce the Constitution of New York, the Constitution of the U. S., and the last Constitutions of Pennsylvania and Georgia. They undoubtedly also contributed to the writings of Publius, called the Federalist, which were all written after the publication of my work in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston."

The reading lists of Jefferson and Madison, and the historical accomplishments of the four men establish beyond cavil the general validity of Adams' claim. Do you know these lists? Let me cite Jefferson's education for a lawyer. "Till eight o'clock in the morning" —not from eight but till eight—he prescribes the reading of books on Physical Studies, Ethics, Religion, and Natural Law; from eight to twelve, Law; from twelve to one, Politics and Political Economy; in the afternoon, History; and "From Dark to Bedtime," Belles-Lettres, Criticism, Rhetoric, and Oratory. Each subject is subdivided categorically and ballasted by scores of titles, all of which Jefferson had read himself. His Literary Bible and Commonplace Book expand this list, as do his letters, particularly those to his nephew Peter Carr, until, as I have said, it includes virtually every book in print in the Western world.

This was no bibliolatry. It was the earnest, inner, creative life of a man who taught himself at least three ancient and four modern foreign languages so that he might pursue the uses of reading to their ultimate limits. Out of this life, which he shared most intimately with Adams and Madison, came the charters of American democracy: the Declaration of Independence, the State Constitutions with their Bills of Rights; the Federal Constitution with its Bill of Rights; the Bill for the More General Diffusion of Knowledge, and the Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom in Virginia; the public documents and state papers embedded in a matrix of private correspondence which the three men kept up to within a few days of their deaths (and they all outlived the Biblical span), Jefferson in a hand painfully crippled by a broken wrist, Adams till his hand and wrist became so weak from old age that he had to dictate to his niece; a body of writing which in Jefferson's case, in the definitive edition now in preparation at Princeton, is expected to fill over fifty volumes, and to which, again in Jefferson's case, Abraham Lincoln, another great reader, said he turned whenever he wished to refer to the "definitions and axioms of free society."

So much for the uses of reading in that age. What of our own age, in which war and revolution are putting those definitions and axioms to the severest test they have endured since birth? In Washington, D. C., I learned from an Associated Press report in the *New York Times* on January 23, a university is about to open a course for ghost writers, who "will be taught to write in such a way that orators will understand at all times what they are saying." Ghost writers are "indispensable artisans," an official of the university declares. There are "more than 150 of them on the top level in Washington alone. Most of the great speeches we hear are written in whole or in part by someone backstage." The writers of these speeches have a hard time adjusting their talents "to fit the mental and oratorical capacities" of the officials for whom they are writing. Hence the course.

What advice and counsel could these indispensable artisans obtain from Jefferson? Suppose, by chance, they turned to his letter to [illegible] when Jefferson was Ambassador to France and his nephew was just entering upon his serious studies:

> It is time for you now to begin to be choice in your reading. . . . I advise you to begin a course of ancient history, reading everything in the original and not in translation. First read Goldsmith's history of Greece. This will give you a digested view of that field. Then take up ancient history in the detail, reading the following books, in the following order: Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophontis Anabasis, Arrian, Quintus Curtius, Diodorus Siculus, Justin. This shall form the first stage of your historical reading, and is all I need mention to you now. The next will be of Roman history (Livy, Sallust, Caesar, Cicero's epistles, Suetonius, Tacitus, Gibbon). In Greek and Latin poetry you . . . will read . . . Virgil, Terence, Horace, Anacreon, Theocritus, Homer, Euripides, Sophocles. Read also Milton, . . . Shakespeare, Ossian, Pope's and Swift's works, in order to form your style in your own language. In morality, read Epictetus, Xenophontis Memorabilia, Plato's Socratic dialogues, Cicero's philosophies, Antoninus and Seneca.

What would our ghost writers say to this? The very reading of the words puts a hex on their profession.

"Reading," in Bacon's aphorism, "maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." What are we doing under our forest of television masts, with our indispensable artisans the ghost writers, our analysts, opinion-samplers, and committees of brain-pickers? We are succumbing one by one to technological illiteracy. We have traded in the mind's eye for the eye's mind. We are conferring.

We have not quite given up reading. Here and there, in a few homes, in a few educational institutions, it still hangs on in competition with more efficient methods and processes, such as the extrasensory and the audio-visual. A few teachers still prefer written essays to intellectual bingo games that can be scored by electricity. A few students still like to read, a few statesmen, I suppose, still carry books with them when they travel. I am still reading in bed, and you ladies and gentlemen of the book world are still earning a modest competence.

But what if present trends continue? Since reading maketh us full men, when we stop reading we shall be empty men. Since men who do not read have no use for writing, and in any case empty men have nothing to write about, we shall stop writing. We shall then be empty and inexact, though presumably we shall still be able to confer and conference will still make us ready. Ready for what? For some technological *deus ex machina* to finish the plot we have forgotten how to write? For some graduate of the school for ghost writers to whisper to us from the prompter's box?

They will not serve us. They cannot promote the more general diffusion of knowledge essential to a democratic society because they are mere transmitters; they cannot inform the statesmen to whom that society must look for the preservation and renewal of its charters because they are themselves uninformed. During the past century the average working week of our industrial and white-collar workers has shrunk from seventy to less than forty hours. The millions of man hours thus conserved form the new Colossus. This Colossus has more leisure at his disposal than all the aristocracies of history, all the patrons of art, all the captains of industry and kings of enterprise.

What will he do with it? Will he read? Will he make himself a full man and an exact man, or will he be content to be merely a ready man—a measure of muscle and a shout from the mob? The choice lies before him. Who will help him make it?

Ladies and gentlemen of the world of books, as an academical superintendent I make common cause with you. I hope *we* will!

College Library

JOHN CIARDI

The busy whisperings of a thousand lives
Buzz among the golden age of books.
The sunken eye of Aristotle forgives
The green age of the young. Aquinas looks
Down from the broad-backed alphabet of the tiers.
Zeno and Zoroaster are upstairs.

Each marble signature coupled to a clerk's
Shines on the wall: all learning's knights and squires.
Kittredge rides with Shakespeare through the stoneworks,
Jowett with Plato. And the college spires
Ride the window, on each a painted clock—
Metric and philosophy, tick and tock.

The young are vegetable in that marble wood,
A thicket of green shoots among the sculptures
And flying arches of the Great and Good,
Who, niched in their deep-shadowed signatures,
Admonish the tendril: "Patience and perfection,"
They say in stone. "The world is our reflection."

And so it is, but still the busy vines
Wind up the statuary. So a rose
Could blind the all-seeing eye. So ivy twines
Into the names of things, and where it grows
The names loosen in stone, the letters fall.
And still the whisper buzzes up the wall.

NEW BOOKS

Modern Man in Search of His Portrait

Charles Poore

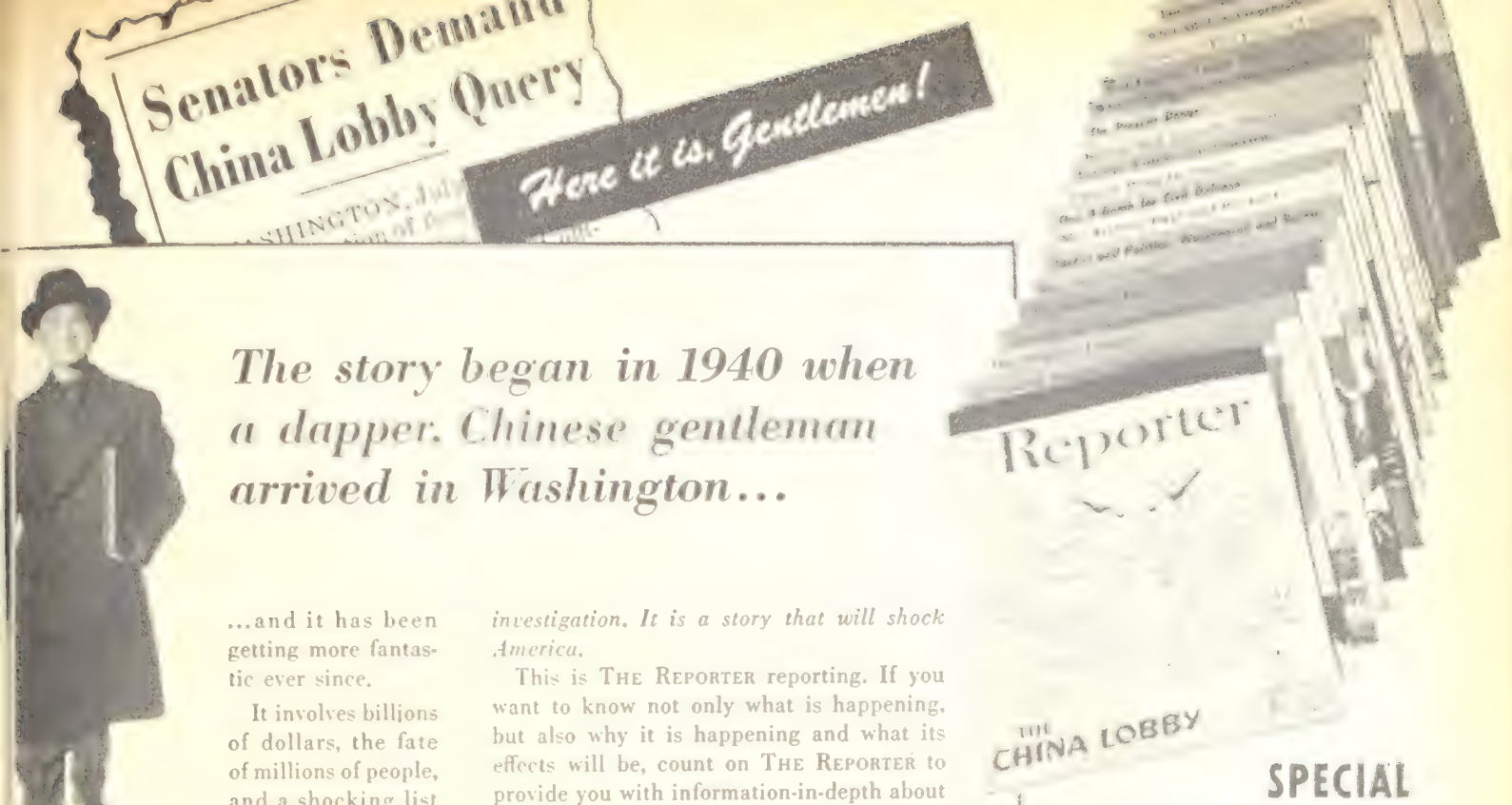
JOSEPH DUVEEN, by S. N. Behrman (Random House, $3.50), is an unusual and exceptionally revealing picture of our improbable age, framed in wrought irony. It is the suave and cocksure biography of the flying Yorkshireman who sold so many great European paintings to the baronial millionaires and bankers of these shores that a grateful British sovereign was moved to ennoble him as Baron Millbank. Also, the book is a silkily gaudy show of immortal works of art and their singularly mortal patrons. A worldly majordomo seems now and then to be whispering the gossip of all the courts. And if we follow Mr. Behrman's adroit narrative through all its Byzantine lights and shadows we see how magically Duveen transmuted the steel and coal and sulphur and wheat and oil of a renascent America into the pink cheeks and pink coats of English painting and the golden pigments of the Renaissance.

He was a merchant of splendor. He put immortality on a stock exchange: you stocked your walls with enough gilt-edged Duveens (countersigned, say, by Giorgione, Rembrandt, Raphael, Rubens, Lawrence & Co.), and in due time the museums agreeably attached your name to those of the masters. Or, putting it another way, Mr. Behrman points out that "the article on Frick in the *Encyclo-*[illegible] runs to twenty-three lines. Ten are devoted to his career as an industrialist, and thirteen to his collecting of art. In these thirteen lines, he mingles freely with [illegible] El Greco and Goya, with Gainsborough and Velasquez. Steel [illegible] vanishes and he basks in another, more felicitous aura. The old boys take him cosily under their wings; [illegible] the pleasures of their society on the golden shore, Duveen made Frick pay heavily, but they are earning their keep." No doubt much the same is true of other Duveen entries in the immortality stakes. And no doubt we could all give proportionate alms to oblivion by spending something within our means for the work of some living artist.

To Forgive Duveen?

THE question remains—do we? And my main cavil with Mr. Behrman's admirable book is that it somehow has an air of saying that we see through these majestic old frauds and that in their places we'd do far, far better. As a matter of fact, though, I'm glad that the Secretary of the Treasury under whom three Presidents were once said to have served was guided by Duveen to establish the National Gallery in Washington, Roquefort-cheese columns and all. The Metropolitan and the Frick in New York also seem to contain as enduring monuments as any. When Mr. Behrman deplores the notion that there is cause for rejoicing in the fact that we owe the presence of many masterpieces in America to the enterprise of Duveen, and says that "only chauvinists can take undiluted pleasure" in it, I wonder whether he'd make it a crime against nationalism to move works of art from one of the United Nations to another.

After all, their owners sent them here. Duveen, a European, merely marshaled the plan to carry the New World's treasure to the remuneration of the Old. It would take another book, I suppose, to tell us what the Europeans bought with dollars Duveen passed on to them as solace for parting with many of



The story began in 1940 when a dapper, Chinese gentleman arrived in Washington...

...and it has been getting more fantastic ever since.

It involves billions of dollars, the fate of millions of people, and a shocking list of famous names. It has been whispered at cocktail parties, banking circles and among government ployees. It has been an open secret in ernational politics—but it has never been d to the American public.

Now—because THE REPORTER understood historic importance, had the journalistic ow-how to ferret out its facts, and has the urage to publish it—America can read the ory of The China Lobby.

As you read it, you'll learn about the ange collusion between a group of Chinese d a handful of Americans—some impelled naïve idealism and some by naked crookness. You'll learn how a plot which was rn in secret places of power blossomed ross the Pacific, reached into the highest aces in our national Capital, embraced liticians, and profoundly touched the very re of our foreign policy.

You'll hear an influential Chinese official ast to a State Department officer: "There practically nothing that goes on in your vernment of which I do not learn within ree days." You'll read secret messages hich passed in code between the Chinese mbassy in Washington and Chiang Kaiek on Formosa.

You will realize that you are reading a ory which should inspire a Congressional investigation. It is a story that will shock America.

This is THE REPORTER reporting. If you want to know not only what is happening, but also why it is happening and what its effects will be, count on THE REPORTER to provide you with information-in-depth about the vital issues of these vital times. As you read it, you develop an awareness and understanding of great events—their tensions and cross-currents and implications—that you never had before. You read crisp, fast-moving articles that really clarify world affairs and make them important to you personally.

The regular price of THE REPORTER is 25¢ per copy, or $5.00 per year, but if you subscribe *now*—in time to start your subscription with the first "China Lobby issue"—you will receive...

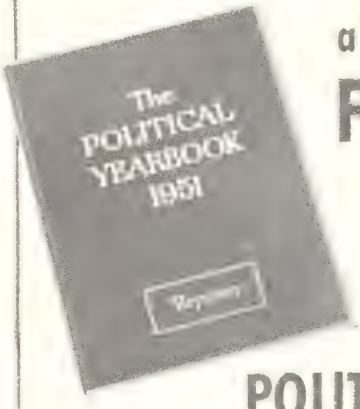
1. The next 18 issues—regularly $4.50—for only $2.67.
2. The Political Yearbook-1951, just off the presses, which is a survey of how America and freedom are faring. THE REPORTER publishes this fine volume each year *exclusively for its subscribers* and gives it to them without charge.
3. Two ADDITIONAL copies of THE REPORTER free—making a total of twenty issues and The Political Yearbook—if you enclose the $2.67 with your order, which saves us bookkeeping and billing expense. And the twenty issues of THE REPORTER alone would normally cost you $5.00 at your newsstand!

In its April 15th and 29th issues, THE REPORTER magazine will present the results of its year-long investigation of The China Lobby. Reserve your copies of these issues by mailing the coupon today.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

18 issues of THE REPORTER for only $2.67

(a saving of $1.83 from the regular single-copy price).



and FREE

THE POLITICAL YEARBOOK—1951

This unique, analytical history of our times tells between covers the story of the year just passed. The purpose of the Yearbook is to survey how America and freedom are faring. Magnificently bound, it is a rich source of permanent reference, a treasure house of facts and ideas.

The Reporter

220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Be sure that your subscription begins with the issue that starts the China Lobby story. The supply will be exhausted quickly. Mail the coupon today.

MAIL THIS SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION COUPON NOW

THE REPORTER—*A Fortnightly of Facts and Ideas* 055
220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Enroll me as a subscriber to THE REPORTER at the special low introductory rate of $2.67 for 18 issues, and send me my free copy of THE POLITICAL YEARBOOK-1951 immediately.

☐ Bill me

☐ I am enclosing $2.67. Include 2 EXTRA issues for cash payment, making a total of 20 issues.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

their heirlooms, for sharing some of their luxuries (but two things perhaps, beyond the bare necessities of life. What, for that matter, do you suppose the Soviets did with the seven million dollars that Andrew Mellon (without Duveen's help) gave them for Raphael's "Alba Madonna" and twenty other paintings? Possibly they're saving it to apply on their eleven-billion-dollar lend-lease account.

Two Old Masters of Modernity

ALL old masters were once young moderns, and frequently regarded as outlandishly wild. Yet the fame and excellence of such disparate geniuses as John Sloan and Henri Matisse is not going to perish for want of Duveen dispensation. In ***Matisse: His Art and His Public*** (Museum of Modern Art–Simon & Schuster, $12.50), Alfred H. Barr, Jr. has scrupulously put together the soundest and most useful history of Matisse and his reputation you can find anywhere. And in a less portly monograph, ***John Sloan*** (Whitney Museum of Modern American Art–Macmillan, $3), Lloyd Goodrich brilliantly rescues Sloan from the oversolicitous admiration of literary men and restores him to his place as a painter, one of the best we have had.

Presidential Portrait

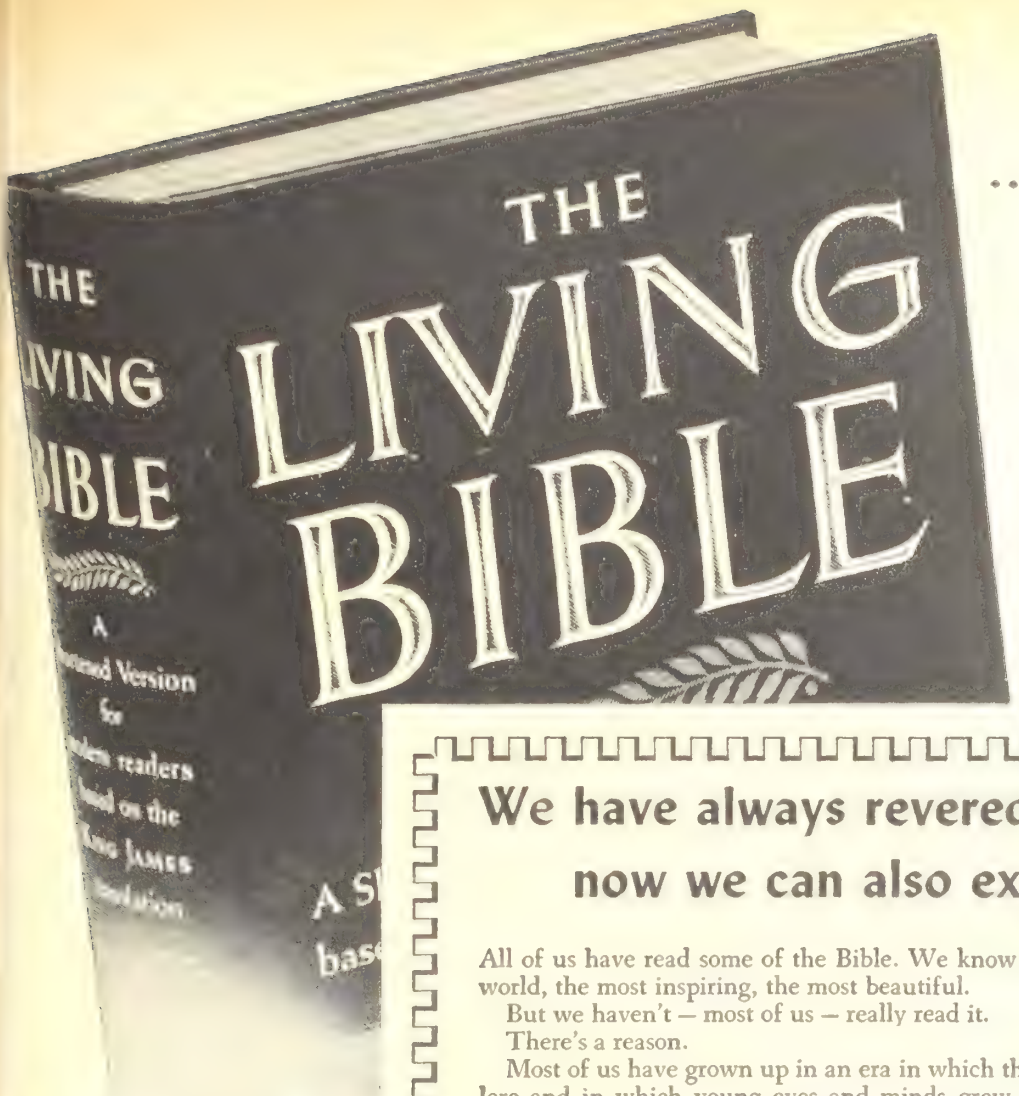
THE most candid and engaging self-portrait of a President in office we have ever had is the one Harry S. Truman has sketched into his sociable family album, ***Mr. President*** (Farrar, $5), put together by William Hillman, with pictures by Alfred Wagg. A buzzfuzz of pomp and circumstance has attended the unveiling. And the book still bulges with extraneous material. But the pages from Mr. Truman's notes and diaries have the true ring of simplicity—without simplicity's occupational disease, which is [illegible].

I hope many readers will go the heart of the matter and see how satirically Mr. Truman serves as his own Mr. Dooley. Here he presents himself dining alone, with two attendants to serve him: "Barnett brings me some chocolate custard. John brings me a demitasse (at home a little cup of coffee—about two good gulps) and my dinner is over. I take a hand bath in the finger bowl and go back to work. What a life!" Or, at another dinner (all diarists dwell on meals, don't they?) he looks out of the window toward the old Chesapeake and Potomac Canal, and recalls a predecessor, John Quincy Adams, "going swimming in it and getting his clothes stolen by an angry woman who wanted a job," and thinks how his own Secret Service men would have handled that.

Answering a friend's letter about the relief of General MacArthur he writes: "Even the Chiefs of Staff came to the conclusion that civilian control was at stake and I didn't let it stay at stake very long." Earlier, he had found it necessary to tell two civilians that when Presidential control was at stake he would run the show. One was Mr. Byrnes, the other was Mr. Wallace. In December 1950 and January 1951, he thought World War III was perilously near. "I hope not—but we must meet whatever comes—and we will." At the end he says: "If we can get through this period of the cold war and the difficulty with the totalitarian states, we will eventually wind up with a world organization where we can settle things by negotiations or in the courts instead of with bayonets."

The Village Is a World

ONE world may be a village as well as a planet. In Granville Hicks' lightly written and deeply thoughtful new model, ***There Was a Man in Our Town*** (Viking, $3), the dynamic professor who has decided to help rural Colchester, no matter who gets hurt in the buzz saw of reform, says: "I was going to write a book on what was wrong with the world. Well, to hell with that. Let's find out whether what I've learned in fifty-odd years can be applied to Colchester." It can be applied, of course, up to a point. After that human nature takes over and defeats the copybook maxims. The character who learns most, of course, is the professor, Ellery Hodder, as blandly obnoxious a man of good will as you've encountered in some time. He is quick to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory—and philosophic justification from the realistic machinations of small-town politics.



...to make the greatest body of literature in the world newly available to men and women and young people; to make the Bible–after all its glorious centuries–a new reading experience....

We have always revered it—
now we can also experience it

All of us have read some of the Bible. We know that it's the most important book in the world, the most inspiring, the most beautiful.

But we haven't – most of us – really read it.

There's a reason.

Most of us have grown up in an era in which there was little special training in religious lore and in which young eyes and minds grew accustomed to a kind of reading which made the King James version of the Bible seem heavy going. As more and more modern readers have wanted to appreciate the Bible's literary and spiritual values, more and more efforts have been made to create briefer, less repetitious, more readable Bibles. We believe the fullest culmination of that effort is

THE LIVING BIBLE

A Shortened Version for Modern Readers
Based on the King James Translation
Edited by Robert O. Ballou

For years, Robert Ballou has studied the Bible, its history, its sources. Now, he has produced a Bible in which repetitions and long sections about obsolete codes and practices have been eliminated. He has arranged his Bible so that it reads, not in broken verses but in flowing sentences and paragraphs. In *The Living Bible*, you will reread the stories of the judges, the kings and the prophets. Reread them? You will read them for what will seem to be the first time. For here they are presented as biographies: heroic life stories which have never been equaled. The Book of Job is arranged as a drama; the Psalms and the Song of Solomon are typographically arranged as poetry. The first three Gospels, all telling the same great story, have been gathered into a single, coherent and connected narrative. The wisdom of Paul's Epistles has been rearranged under eighteen subject headings which cover all of his teachings.

The Living Bible is the Bible as we *think* we have always known it: the Bible of the great stories, of magnificent writing and unequaled inspiration.

CHURCHMEN AND LAYMEN ACCLAIM IT

"You have done religion a great service. . . . It will be a continuing joy, I am sure, to lovers of literature as well as to men of faith." —Edmund Sinnott, *Dean, Yale Graduate School*

"The idea is splendid and the arrangement is arresting. . . . I am most grateful to have this splendid volume." —Ralph W. Sockman, *Christ Church, Methodist*

"A great Bible. . . . A beautiful piece of work." —John Haynes Holmes

"A splendid contribution to twentieth century understanding of our spiritual heritage." —Lewis Finkelstein, *Jewish Theological Sem.*

"One of the best and most useful of the shortened and re-arranged Bibles." —Edwin Lewis, *Drew Theological Sem.*

"The book is a superb one." —The Rev. Dr. Henry Smith Leiper, *Asso. Gen'l Sec. World Council of Churches*

Some of *The Living Bible's* Special Features:

OLD TESTAMENT

The historical portions arranged as dramatic life stories. The Pentateuch in a consistent and nonrepetitive composite of the several original manuscripts. A new dramatic version of the complete Book of Job. The Song of Songs presented as a dramatic idyll. The Apocrypha generously represented.

NEW TESTAMENT

"The Logoi," the recently discovered pre-Gospel sayings of Jesus, for the first time in any Bible. A new composite version of the three Synoptic Gospels. The salient matter of the Gospel according to St. John included separately. The doctrines of St. Paul presented under special headings to reveal the sources of Christian Church dogma.

Conventional verse markings omitted. Special index designed as a study guide.

752 pages **Only $3.75**

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th St., N. Y. 17

confusion toward the end. If all this is meant to be a study in futility and decadence, if it is supposed to cast baleful light on the state of modern [illegible] unfortunately worked up to carry much conviction.

England's Lawrence of Arabia

AMERICA's rediscovery of the Arab world (one of the odder consequences of the North African landings, I suppose) should draw more readers than it has so far had to a first-rate Lawrentian anthology with an impossible title, ***The Essential T. E. Lawrence*** (Dutton, $3.75), ably edited by Lawrence's friend, David Garnett. It contains long passages from *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, a good patchwork portrait of Lawrence drawn from the observations of people who knew him best, many letters from Lawrence to Bernard Shaw, E. M. Forster, Lord Wavell, and others, and selections from his famously obscure novel, *The Mint*. As a matter of fact, there is probably more of *The Mint* here than most readers will ever see anywhere else, since his executors show a continuing reluctance to issue it for general circulation. After James Jones' tale of peacetime army life in Hawaii, Lawrence's novel about barracks days in the RAF between wars is comparatively decorous. You have to go back to *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* for scenes that put both in a livid shade.

The Changing Fields of Battle

THE youth of Lawrence's day is in its sixties now—if not older. Another generation is taking its turn at blaming it for another war. And [illegible] Wilson and Lloyd George, Orlando and Clemenceau, in creating peace? The youngster in Thomas Hal Phillips' novel, ***Search for a Hero*** (Rinehart, $2.50), does not [illegible] make the world safe for democracy when he runs away from a Mississippi town and goes with the Navy to North African waters. He is more [illegible] stirred up by his cantankerous father and two brothers, who plan to ride out the war as football heroes. Mr. [illegible] clarity, is more interested in tracing the eternal private conflicts of man than in settling the larger problems of the universe, knowing that they are, in any case, bound together. The world that the battered hero of Roswell G. Ham's ***The Gifted*** (Crown, $3) returns to is present-day Chicago, and there he is plunged into the sort of drinking-and-devilishness orgies that fond and generous novelists used to provide so lavishly for wartime flyers on leave. Since Mr. Ham's Peter Dawson Towne, Jr. was a member of the Air Force, though not a very brilliant airman, he is probably entitled to these orgies as a terminal gesture, old-fashioned as their depravities may nowadays appear, what with one development in modern life and its faithful reflection, the modern novel, and another. I would be more critical of Mr. Ham's slambanging way of bringing crises about if I were not hopeful that he will put his considerable talents in writing dialogue and maintaining narrative pace to better uses in future novels.

The Enjoyment of Literature

"THE value of a work depends on the intensity of the artist's experience and on the quality of the language by which he communicates his experience," Noel Annan remarks in his book about Virginia Woolf's father, ***Leslie Stephen*** (Harvard, $5). "Thus, when asked what the function of criticism is, the answer is simple. It is to enable the reader to enjoy literature, to encourage him to read and realize that to miss Homer, or Blake, or Proust, is to miss an emotional experience and the chance of understanding a peculiarly vital way of regarding life." Judged by those standards, Mr. Annan's critical estimate of Stephen, his thought and character in relation to his time, is very good indeed. But it did not, I must confess, quite move me to want to go back and read Stephen's *Science and Ethics*, or even his more appealing *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*. On the contrary, the intensity of Mr. Annan's thought can most strongly be felt when he is using Stephen as a stick to beat modern criticism and other aspects of pedantry.

The function of criticism as an aid to the enjoyment of literature

Conqueror of the world... lawgiver of the Roman Empire ...here at last is —the man

CAESAR



BY GERARD WALTER

A boy trained as a priest . . . a man, whose mistresses became the target for ribald lyricists . . . a sybarite, who at 40 became the hardiest of soldiers and in 12 years conquered the world . . . an emperor, who lost his heart to Cleopatra, his life to traitorous assassins . . . This magnificent biography by a great historian, whose learning is implicit but never obtrusive, tells the fantastic story of Julius Caesar as recorded by Caesar's contemporaries, often by eye-witnesses to tragic or triumphant events.

Notes and references, bibliography, index, portraits, maps. *$5.00*

A new volume in the Twentieth Century Library

OSWALD SPENGLER

By H. Stuart Hughes. A pioneer work, the first objective appraisal in English of one of the most widely read and controversial thinkers of our time—the author of THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. *$2.00*

Already published

ALBERT EINSTEIN
by Leopold Infeld
JAMES JOYCE
by W. Y. Tindall
CHARLES DARWIN
by Paul B. Sears
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
by Edmund Fuller
FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY
by Rene Fueloep-Miller
WILLIAM JAMES
by Lloyd Morris
JOHN DEWEY
by Jerome Nathanson
SIGMUND FREUD
by Gregory Zilboorg each $2.00

SCRIBNERS

is admirably discharged in the centennial edition of ***Moby-Dick*** (Hendricks House–Farrar, Straus & Young, $5), edited by Luther S. Mansfield and Howard P. Vincent, which contains the full text of the novel and an immense and useful store of explanatory notes which you may consult or not, as it pleases you to explore Melville further. This is also the best possible companion volume for the new ***Portable Melville*** (Viking, $2.50), containing *Typee* and *Billy Budd,* letters, stories, journals, bits from *Mardi, Israel Potter, The Confidence Man,* and several other Melville works, but very little from *Moby-Dick*—a Melville ocean with only a spout of the whale showing.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Groves of Academe, by Mary McCarthy.

Since this book is essentially a novel of ideas perhaps it is unfair to criticize it because the people seem pretentious bores. A professor first hired by a small liberal college to prove its liberalism (he had previously been investigated by a state legislature) is to be let go for good academic reasons. One of the lesser indignities to which he succumbs in his efforts to retain his job, is to pretend to have been Communist all along. What a spot for the liberal president. It is at once evident, given an academic community, what a fine play there is for a Shavian exchange of ideas on the right and wrong of the situation, and Miss McCarthy handles it brilliantly. There are some wonderful scenes and witty, thought-packed dialogue. The professor (subject: Joyce–Proust –Mann) is a trouble-maker with a martyr complex, a schemer and plotter who turns everyone around him into schemers and plotters in self-defense. He doesn't get fired. The president is a "conventional" liberal whom Miss McCarthy makes very wholesome, twinkling, hearty, and stuffy indeed. He resigns. In the meantime one has all the campus

"A more informative and cerebrally palatable book on the tropics it would be hard to imagine . . . It is that rare thing in our day: a creative and wonderful book, an important book, and a delight to read."
—Ashley Montagu,
THE SATURDAY REVIEW



WHERE WINTER NEVER COMES

A Study of Man and Nature in the Tropics

BY MARSTON BATES

"This book has all the impact of a hurricane blowing up NNW out of the Caribbean . . . sixteen chapters of fascinating and exciting information about the varieties of tropical man, his cultures, his clothes, his food and drink, his diseases, his backdrop of rain forests, savannahs, and vast seas, his physical, material, and artistic resources, and his seventy-five systems of government . . . No clearer picture has been sketched of the remarkable potential of tropical civilization, of the vital contribution which it will increasingly make to the world." — *Willy Ley*
— BOOK FIND NEWS

$3.50 at all bookstores

SCRIBNERS

2nd Edition, Revised & Enlarged

MAN ANSWERS DEATH

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY

Edited by CORLISS LAMONT
Exponent of Humanism
Introduction by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

In more than three hundred and fifty literary gems, poets from the chief periods and countries in the history of human culture, provide a manifold variety of answers to the crisis of death. This anthology is unique since it reflects the Humanist philosophy, emphasizing the best of all answers to death: The wholehearted affirmation of life in terms of freedom, joy, and beauty.

- "The best collection of its kind; a book of poetry which offers relief from the increasing pressures of the day and the oppressing memories of the night."
  —Louis Untermeyer. Poet and Critic, in Introduction to Second Edition
- "The poems . . . have been chosen with sensitive taste . . . The unfortunate who hides a corroding fear of death in his heart will be stimulated to adopt a more gallant and serene attitude."
  —Edward Laroque Tinker, New York Times
- "An anthology like none ever compiled before. This collection, admirably chosen, breathes courage, freedom and beauty on every page." *—Dr. Charles Francis Potter*

SPECIAL ORDER COUPON

PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY, Publishers
15 E. 40th St., Desk 15, New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is $ ... for ... copy(ies) of ... at $4.50 per copy.

Name .....

Address .....

(Discount to booksellers)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

politics (bad enough on a campus you know; especially tiresome to have to straighten on paper); very astute comment back and forth on one of the serious problems of our time; and a Poetry Congress worth the price of the book. It is such excellent satire, so beautifully written, that I suppose one should not expect it to have any heart. It hasn't.

Harcourt, Brace, $3.50

Asphalt and Desire, by Frederic Morton.

The drive and power of the writing in this novel by a young man of twenty-five are overwhelming. They are also, to me, infuriating. He is writing about a young Jewish girl from the Bronx, a bright graduate of one of the city universities, and about her search, in the five days after graduation, for a job and for love —*i.e.* for upper-case Security. She is a girl on the make and she doesn't care what she destroys as long as she gets what she thinks she wants. She hates her parents—and the author makes them hateful all right; she hates her Jewishness; she hates her virginity. Indeed she hates everything except herself (the reader does that for her) and possibly her brother, who is, incidentally, the best and only likable character in the book. I soon had enough of these people who seem incapable (except the brother) of simple gentleness, compassion, or even common courtesy, but the sheer force of the writing made me go on. Mr. Morton is a talented young man, author of *The Darkness Below,* who seems to have at the moment an unpleasant scunner against the human race. Harcourt, $3

Bird of Paradise, by Ada Leverson. To one who had nothing but superlatives for Mrs. Leverson's novel, *The Limit,* this one comes as a bitter disappointment. Her people are once more those of the British leisure class of the early part of the century. (It was written before 1916 but never published in this country.) As before, the good characters are sufficiently mischievous to avoid being in the least stuffy, the bad ones have enough humor and decency to avoid being completely villainous, and in these days it is pleasant to read of such, especially when the author

ROTTING HILL
by Wyndham Lewis

Rotting Hill is the latest work of fiction by one of the most original and important of living figures. The immediate background is London, 1951, where a well-heeled citizenry has been turned "into a shoddy, shabby herd which shuffles round the shops from morning till night in a dense tide." Lewis comes to their rescue with an immense laughter and a mordant wit.

Rotting Hill will be followed by a series of new editions of Lewis' earlier novels, including *The Revenge for Love, Tarr,* and *The Wild Body.* **$3.00**

20th CENTURY LITERATURE IN AMERICA

This six-volume series will present a complete study of American literature from the turn of the century to the present day.

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN DRAMA. 1900-1950
by Alan S. Downer **$2.50**

THE MODERN NOVEL IN AMERICA. 1900-1950
by Frederick J. Hoffman **$3.00**

ACHIEVEMENT IN AMERICAN POETRY, 1900-1950
by Louise Bogan **$2.50**

THE RISE OF SHORT FICTION IN AMERICA, 1900-1950
by Ray P. West, Jr. **$3.00**

AN AGE OF CRITICISM, 1900-1950
by Wm. Van O'Connor **$3.00**

MEN, IDEAS, AND JUDGMENTS. American Non-Fiction, 1900-1950
by James Gray, May Brodbeck, and Walter Metzger **$3.00**

EZRA POUND and The CANTOS
by Harold H. Watts

Through analysis of the impinging pressures of Pound's political beliefs, his experience of being a poet in the twentieth century, and his studies of other cultures, Harold Watts makes possible a clearer understanding of both Pound and *The Cantos.* **$2.75**

PANTOMIME: A Journal of Rehearsals, *by Wallace Fowlie*

The author, drawing upon his New England boyhood and later experiences in France and America, shares with us his insight into the drama of man. Sensitive and deeply felt. **$3.50**

THE SHAPING SPIRIT: A Study of Wallace Stevens, *by Wm. Van O'Connor*

An exceptionally understanding study of the relationship of imagination and reality in the poetry, plays and prose of Wallace Stevens, winner of the 1949 Bollingen Prize for Poetry and the National Book Award for Poetry, March 1951. **$2.75**

At Your Bookstore, or Write:

HENRY REGNERY COMPANY
20 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago 4

Insurpassed master of the thriller...

WILKIE COLLINS



by KENNETH ROBINSON

He wrote one of the first and greatest detective stories, *The Moonstone*, and that undying thriller, *The Woman in White*, was adored by the public, attacked by the critics—but his life has remained a mystery! This first biography of the best-selling Victorian shows his life to be as dramatic and fascinating as his stories. $4.50

His greatest prose work in years!

John Masefield's SO LONG TO LEARN



In this intellectual odyssey, England's great Poet Laureate tells of the growth of his mind and art, the ideas and writers which influenced him, the movements in which he has taken part. For every writer, experienced or aspiring, and everyone interested in the literary history of our times. $3.00

At all bookstores

The Macmillan Company

BOOKS IN BRIEF

almost always makes them amusing, too. But in this tale of social matchmaking and more or less innocent philandering the machinery creaks as it never did in *The Limit*. The situations are preposterous and contrived; the descriptions of people and places are often repetitive—almost as if the chapters had once appeared as separate stories in a magazine and then been collected without editing—and the conclusion doesn't happen. It is tied on in a lived-happily-ever-after fashion that leaves one feeling like a betrayed child who hasn't been told the whole story. The book is bright and fun in spots, with Mrs. Leverson's sprightly wit and sense of people, but as a whole a great letdown.

Norton, $3

Girl in His Past, by Georges Simenon.

A man commits a brutal murder for an understandable reason, confesses his crime, and suffers the inevitable experience of having the world and even his family suddenly look at him and act toward him as someone no longer human. The story is told in the first person, recalling the significant past and discussing the intolerable present, and the reader identifies himself so breathlessly and completely with the narrator of the lurid and exciting tale that the denouement comes as almost a personal shock. One of M. Simenon's sensational but successful stories.

Prentice-Hall, $3

The Bidou Inheritance, by Edith de Born.

This is the story of three generations of a middle-class French storekeeper's family before, during, and after the first world war. As very little happens of real excitement it is extraordinary how completely absorbed one becomes in the atmosphere and politics of the small provincial town, the small shop, the small family. Miss de Born, an Austrian married to a Frenchman, writes in almost flawless English with quiet distinction, and there is a classic sense of tragedy in the way in which she shows, through two generations, how the child against its own will apes what it most hates in the parent. She is a most perceptive and able new novelist.

Norton, $3

Why our economy works

"The present organization and management of American economy are in defiance of the rules. Nevertheless it works and in the years since World War II, quite brilliantly. The fact that it does so in disregard of precept has caused men to suppose that all must end in a terrible smash. This illusion of failure in the face of success, is the product of tremendous lag between doctrine and practice."

Beginning on this premise Mr. Galbraith points out to us that what we do and what we assume that we have done are two startlingly different things. Here is a new comprehension of the essential nature of modern capitalism and a new era that waits only on understanding.

AMERICAN CAPITALISM

The Concept of Countervailing Power

by

John Kenneth Galbraith

A Harper's contributor

$3.00



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.



NEW BOOKS FROM
McGRAW-HILL

DR. A. J.
Cronin's
ADVENTURES IN TWO WORLDS

The great storyteller of *The Citadel*, *Vein of Iron*, *The Key of the Kingdom*, and *Hatter's Castle* now tells his own great story. SAMUEL SHELLABARGER says: "I find it difficult adequately to express my enthusiasm . . . Certainly it will take its place among Dr. Cronin's most distinguished masterpieces, and I can think of no higher praise than that." $4.00

HERBERT A.
Philbrick's
I LED 3 LIVES

The testimony Mr. Philbrick gave in the New York Communist trials is of minor value, compared with the immense utility of this book . . . It may well be the most powerful awakening force we now have to arouse Americans who have not before known how the Communists operated." —ERWIN D. CANHAM, Front Page, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*. $3.50

WILD WINGS

FRANK S. STUART. The timeless story of a thrilling and mysterious phenomenon, the great annual migration of ducks, told with lyrical beauty by the author of *City of the Bees*. "It should appeal to anyone who enjoys the out- [illegible] $3.00

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

NEILL C. WILSON and FRANK J. TAYLOR. The roaring story of a fighting railroad. "The click of the rails is in the book . . . This history of the Southern Pacific is an American railroad epic, a part of Paul Bunyan story that really happened."—*N. Y. Times*. $4.50

COMING APRIL 28

BOSWELL IN HOLLAND (1763-1764)

At all bookstores

McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., Inc., N. Y. 36

BOOKS IN BRIEF

NON-FICTION

My Son's Story, by John P. Frank. This is the heartbreaking yet at the same time inspiring story of a family's discovery that their adored first-born child is suffering from cortical atrophy and will never be a normal boy. What one learns, besides the personal tragedy, is the comparative prevalence of the disease and the lack of institutions to care adequately for these helpless, very often speechless, bits of humanity. The Franks, after the misery of decision and months of searching, found a Catholic institution which would take their child, although they are not Catholics. They chose a Catholic home at their Protestant doctor's advice: "Your own peace of mind will be greater if your child's care is entrusted to someone who sincerely believes that the spirit of God is in that child, and who regards her own task, not as a job to be got over with, but as a duty done in a great cause." As one reads further and finds what is essential in the care of these sometimes most horribly grotesque caricatures of humanity (the Franks' Petey is a beautiful child) the truth of the doctor's statement is fully brought home. . . . The story is written with great dignity and restraint and when the second baby arrives, normal in every respect, one has a sense of triumph that at least in this case anguish, controlled and disciplined, has ended in joy. As a postscript one hates to think how that Catholic institution must be inundated with hopeless applications for its already limited number of cribs. . . . Mr. Frank is a professor of law at Yale and the author of *Mr. Justice Black*. Knopf, $3

FORECAST

Presidents, Generals, and War. We shall, of course, never be caught up with history, but authors and publishers are constantly putting worthy entrants into the race. With memoirs of modern generals coming out every month, World Publishing Company and Macmillan, among others, are still not through with the Civil War. On April 28 from World comes *Personal Memoirs of General Grant*, this time in a single edition,

RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

Duveen

By S. N. BEHRMAN. The astonishing career of the most spectacular art dealer of all time . . . whose audacious selling methods lured millions from the richest collectors in America. $3.50

Back of Town

By MARITTA WOLFF. In the author's own words: "My new novel is an excursion into that part of life that Dr. Kinsey ignored in his report—the effect of love on the relations between men and women." $3.50

Great Voices of the Reformation

Edited, with commentaries, by HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK. Selections from Martin Luther, John Calvin, John Knox, George Fox, John Wesley, and many others. $5.00

Incredible New York

By LLOYD MORRIS. A panorama of New York's high life and low life for the past 100 years. With many drawings, paintings, lithographs. $5.00

THE Eye of the Kite

By FLEMING MACLIESH. A novel about an orgiastic transcontinental flight, arranged by an industrialist with a diabolical taste for playing God. $3.00

Ghost and Flesh

By WILLIAM GOYEN. Eight tales of the flesh and the ghost of its desires, by one of the most stylistically brilliant writers in America today. $2.75

A Land

By JACQUETTA HAWKES. The story of the early [illegible] is told charmingly and with poetic feeling in this [illegible]. Drawings by Henry Moore. $3.75

At all bookstores, RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

the new book almanac

iterally hundreds of books are published *very single week*. In this flood of print that ams up so much learning and so much it, many a fine book goes unreviewed . . . lmost unannounced. Some are privately rinted, others too special for the literary olumn. Many more are missed simply be-ause there are so many new books that ritics can find time and space for only a ew with broad appeal. The New Book Almanac is planned as a reference place where publishers can call to the attention of Harper's readers, who are bookhounds of a pecially eager breed, good books, reviewed or unreviewed, which they may have missed.

FICTION

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, by John Dos Passos. The [illegible] *Adventures of a Young Man, Number One* and *The Grand Design*. Houghton Mifflin $3.00

PANORAMA, by Phyllis Bentley. These 7 short stories by the author of *Inheritance* are united in tone, each set in Yorkshire, 1792 to 1926, each a picture of blood and soil. Civil War, romance, and difficulties of the present. Here is further proof of Miss Bentley's great gifts as a [illegible]. Macmillan $2.50

AWAKENING by Jean Baptiste Rossi. First published in France, this extraordinary novel caused a sensation and instantly became a storm center because of its theme. "Lucid, sustained . . . the book will [illegible] *Death in the Flesh*. [illegible] Harper & Brothers $3.00

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE RISE OF TOTALITARIAN DEMOCRACY by J. L. Talmon. A startling analysis of the common roots of totalitarian "democracy" and the liberal [illegible]. The [illegible] Western [illegible]. The author finds that the patterns are [illegible] Rousseau. Many in part or in full of the French Revolution. Beacon Press. $4.00

HOW TO CO-EXIST Without Playing the Kremlin's Game, by James P. Warburg. Outlines the [illegible] sive against the Soviets. "His batting average of prophecy has been high." Erwin D. Canham. Beacon Press. $3.00

THE COUNTERFEIT REVOLUTION by Sidney Lens. "The most valuable contribution that I have [illegible] free men become Communists."—Warren Walsh, [illegible] Syracuse Univ. Beacon Press. $3.50

BALLET

THE DIAGHILEV BALLET IN LONDON, Third Edition, by Cyril W. Beaumont, recaptures the brilliance of Diaghilev Ballet from 1912 until its close, describes some of its famous dancers and the roles they made famous. 24 beautiful photos, a full-color [illegible]. Macmillan $3.50

IN HIS TRUE CENTRE, Arnold Haskell, "balletomane" and critic extraordinary, first director of the Sadler's Wells School, writes his autobiography [illegible] ballet in Europe and America, its portraits of great dancers and impresarios. *Illus.* Macmillan. $4.50

BIOGRAPHY

NIKOLAI GOGOL, by [illegible]. The [illegible] plot in *Dead Souls* and *The Inspector General*, a study of Gogol's [illegible] great impact on modern Russian literature, his creative [illegible] the aesthetic principles [illegible] and [illegible] of his work. Macmillan $2.50

JAMES PARTON, THE FATHER OF MODERN BIOGRAPHY, by Milton E. Flower. An interesting and informative [illegible] of the man whose approach to biographical [illegible] set a [illegible] precedent and gave rise to modern technique. Always popular, [illegible] and written with journalistic skill, Parton's articles and books were in constant demand. Duke University Press $4.50

TRIAL AND ERROR: The Autobiography of CHAIM WEIZMANN. The [illegible] of the first President of Israel. One of the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] to the whole history of mankind."—Lewis Gannett, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. Harper & Brothers $5.00

HISTORY

CALIFORNIA CALLED THEM by Robert O'Brien. Hangtown, Yreka, Bidwell's Bar, Truckee . . . the [illegible] California [illegible] of the roaring Gold Rush camps . . . whose feverish activity is recreated in this vivid saga of the days when the wealth of a man in the morning bore no relation to what he might be worth by night. McGraw-Hill. . . $4.00

PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION, by Ruth Silva. The [illegible] [illegible] that even the presidency is created "no president, himself not actually becomes president, he never exercises presidential power." In 1841, [illegible] "Tyler is [illegible] presidential [illegible], and [illegible] when the [illegible] questions of succession, disability, etc., have been debated. Univ. of Mich. Press. . . . $3.50

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION, by Sven Waxell. Lost for two centuries in Russia, this Ms. is the only existing eye-witness account of the second Bering expedition and the founding of Russian America. An incredible tale of hardship at sea, starvation, disease, and violent death. Macmillan $3.00

RAG, TAG AND BOBTAIL by Lynn Montross. [illegible] of [illegible] Continental Army, Rebel militia, loyalists, Britons and Hessians and Frenchmen, generals and privates all tell their stories of the Revolution as they knew it and fought it. 480 pages. Harper & Brothers. $5.00

THE AGE OF THE BAROQUE: 1610-1660, by Carl J. Friedrich. The [illegible] essential pattern of a tumultuous period, and shows [illegible] Richelieu [illegible] Cromwell, Descartes and Galileo, Rembrandt and Velasquez. [illegible] pages of halftones. Harper & Brothers $5.00

LITERATURE

THE REAL TRIPITAKA, And Other Pieces, by Arthur Waley, tells what we actually know of Tripitaka—7th century Chinese Buddhist monk—and his [illegible] the Truth. Included are 8 Chinese stories, 2 Japanese, and 8 Waley [illegible]. Macmillan $4.50

FIFTY YEARS OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY, edited and with an introduction by William B. Hamilton. A commemorative anthology, illustrating the bold liberalism, good writing, and [illegible] the *South Atlantic Quarterly* for a half-century. Duke University Press [illegible]

MASTERPIECES OF WORLD LITERATURE edited by Frank N. Magill and with an introduction by [illegible]. Literature contains accurate, sequence-by-sequence [illegible] [illegible] 1,144 pages. Harper & Brothers. $5.95

PSYCHOLOGY

THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA by Donald Webster Cory. The first [illegible] on the life and problems of homosexuals in the U.S. Told objectively by the author [illegible] Says Max Lerner: "I am [illegible] to have the [illegible] on homosexuals." Clara Thompson, M.D. says: "A sincere and worthy [illegible]. The book could gain [illegible] and respect from its [illegible]." Greenberg [illegible] $4.00

REFERENCE

LLOYD'S by C. E. Golding and Douglas King-Page. The [illegible] British [illegible] [illegible] state on [illegible] the [illegible] role of Lloyd's of London and [illegible] "to [illegible] [illegible] operates today. Lloyd's personnel . . . its claims procedure . . . practices . . . and the varied services it conducts the world over are fully and interestingly discussed. McGraw-Hill. $4.50

BRITISH TITLES, by Valentine Heywood. Why [illegible] Queen Elizabeth [illegible] [illegible] Prime Minister [illegible] Heath. Answers [illegible] the [illegible] the final authority of a being [illegible] [illegible] the use and abuse of titles in the British peerage, [illegible], Privy Council, [illegible] and [illegible]. Macmillan [illegible]

RELIGION

THE MEANING OF CIVILIZATION, By Bohdan [illegible] [illegible] interpretation of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], politics, religion. "A brilliant performance by a man of extraordinary erudition . . . The broad force of his work [illegible]."—WILLIAM ERBIGMATTER, Editor, Columbia Univ. Press. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $4.00

FARMING

A FEW ACRES AND SECURITY—Country Living From A to Z by L. W. Steelman. A practical book by a practical farmer! This complete guide to independence with a little capital and lots of [illegible] that wants to leave the metropolitan area for life [illegible] gigantic guide to country living. Greenberg. . . $5.00

SCIENCE

THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE by Fred Hoyle. Every aspect of our expanding universe, by one of the world's great astronomers. "Nothing so [illegible] Harper & Brothers $3.50

ART

ART HAS MANY FACES by Katharine Kuh. *The Nature of Art Presented Visually.* A unique [illegible] text which is free of technical terms. More than half of the book is devoted to modern art. Superb quality of paper and printing. 271 illustrations, 7 in full color. Harper & Brothers. $6.50

BEAUTY BEHIND BARBED WIRE. *The Arts of* [illegible] were evacuated from their West Coast homes during [illegible] Harper & Brothers. $6.00

COSTUME OF THE WESTERN WORLD. *Fashions of the Renaissance in England, France, Holland* [illegible] from the Middle Ages through the Renaissance, with a text which give sthe political, social and economic [illegible] 370 illustrations. Harper & Brothers. $12.50

Order any of these books from your own bookseller. Or write directly to the publisher.

An important new theory on the worlds around us

Harold C. Urey

Atomic Scientist,
Nobel Prize Winner

THE PLANETS

Their origin and development

It is quite likely that this book will be regarded as one of the most important in science published in 1952. It is concerned with the origins of the solar system—a subject on which Professor Urey has some new and original ideas which will arouse discussion—and with the formation of the earth, moon, and terrestrial planets.

Illustrated. $5.00.
at your bookstore

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven 11, Conn.

Save $10.00 by ordering now!

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

By Sir James G. Frazer

In 13 volumes—COMPLETE, unabridged. Every student of anthropology, folklore, religion, everyone [illegible] superstitions, taboos, rituals, and magic, will find [illegible] amazing information in this tremendous [illegible]

Before publication $45.00
After publication $55.00

The Macmillan Company

BOOKS IN BRIEF

and some time in the fall Macmillan will bring out the third volume of the series *Lincoln Finds a General* by ***Kenneth P. Williams.*** It is called *Grant's First Year in the West.* . . . Two May books deal both directly and indirectly with a more recent war and a more recent President. Regnery will publish a book called *Back Door to War: Roosevelt Foreign Policy, 1933-1941* by ***Charles Callan Tansill,*** who doesn't believe that the United States was forced into World War II; and Harper is bringing out *Working with Roosevelt* by ***Samuel I. Rosenman,*** compiler of *The Public Papers and Speeches of Franklin D. Roosevelt.* His book tells what it is like to help a President write his speeches.

Lighter but Vital

On April 15 from Macmillan comes another kind of history in *The Diary of George Templeton Strong,* a four-volume diary of a young man who made his first entry as a sophomore at Columbia in 1835. The entries go on for forty years during a busy and varied life and Allan Nevins has called the record "the greatest of American diaries." . . . Also from Macmillan in April a new novel by ***Walter Macken,*** who wrote *Rain on the Wind,* this one called *The Bogman.* And in the same month from Scribner's *Faraway the Spring,* a first novel by ***Richard Hagopian,*** and from Houghton Mifflin ***Anthony West's*** second novel, *Another Kind.* Thames & Hudson are launching, as their first fiction venture, *A Matter of Conscience* by a German author never published in this country, ***Werner Bergengruen.*** It is a Renaissance murder story with psychological and moral overtones that have been compared to Mauriac and Graham Greene. In April.

Captains and Kings

A man who has been history all his life is the subject of a Doubleday biography for June. ***Robert Lewis Taylor*** is writing of Winston Churchill up-to-date. . . . And when the captains, kings, and generals have departed we have Major ***George Fielding Eliot*** mopping up with a history of military alliances for the last 250 years, called *Military Alliances and the Defense of Freedom.* From World, in the early fall.

Just Published

When DOCTORS *are* PATIENTS

Edited by MAX PINNER, M.D. and BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D. You have read chapters of this uniquely absorbing and inspiring book in *Harper's.* Now the complete account — 33 eminent doctors' personal case histories of their own experiences with serious illness — is on sale at all bookstores.
$3.95

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY
101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE

Literary Agency, established 55 years. Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention Book manuscripts. Poetry. Catalogue on request.
AGNES M. REEVE.
Dept. B, FRANKLIN, O.

ATHEIST BOOKS

[illegible]-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO.
38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

BOOKS!

Rare, unusual, [illegible] supplied promptly! Search [illegible]
PARAMOUNT BOOK SERVICE,
[illegible] Hyperion, ALLSTON 34, BOSTON, MASS.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.
(We also supply all current books at retail store prices —Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of Harper's Magazine.)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 19, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.



Over the hills and far away . . . in Scotland

. time we spent in Scotland was six
:s of the *densest* happiness I have ever
with in any part of my life." Thus
e Ben Franklin, and *his* Scotland can
our Scotland. All that he saw and
w—the beauty, the charm, the warmth
nospitality—is still there today. Un-
nged. Unspoiled. Heather-trimmed
is, the green islands set in silver, the Highland moors alive with deer. The mysterious Hebrides with their wild beauty . . . LochNess with its unclassified creature lurking in placid waters...Eildon Hill where border legend says King Arthur lies asleep. Wouldn't Franklin recognize the fisherman at Gairloch mending his lobster pots, or the shepherd tending his flock in wild Glen Coe? Surely the kilted, bonneted piper at Royal Braemar is playing the same pibroch that skirled a century and a half ago! **Over the hills and far away** a magic land awaits you . . . a land of *densest* happiness, of peace and serenity, of far horizons, where worry disappears like thistledown blown before the breeze. Come, mon—snap off the television, turn down the thermostat and come to Britain now!

For further information and free literature, see your travel agent or write British Travel Centre, Box **58**, *336 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*



...it's always a pleasure

I.W. HARPER

since 1872

The Gold Medal Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY BOURBON



KENTUCKY [illegible] IN BOND, 100 PROOF. I. W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Harper's MAGAZINE

MAY
50 CENTS

Truman after Seven Years.....
Richard H. Rovere

Eisenhower and the GOP.....
Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.

Space Ships in the Offing.....
Harland Manchester and John McPartland

The Myth of American Uniformity ...
Peter F. Drucker

Twelve Other Articles, Stories, Reviews, etc.

Dewar's "White Label" and "Victoria Vat"

The Medal SCOTCH *of the World*



No prouder tradition in Scottish history than the story of the Clans.. their colorful tartans worn in glory through the years. Traditional, too is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle

for distinguished service

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"



IMPORTED

Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky



This is Leonard A. Snyder, photographed at eight weeks

INTRODUCING *The Youngest Telephone Share Owner*

BABY BECOMES PART OWNER OF A. T. & T. WHEN ONLY THIRTY-TWO MINUTES OLD

Little Leonard Snyder of Philadelphia, Pa., broke all known speed records in becoming a part owner of the Bell Telephone business.

Minutes after he was born on December 28, 1951, his proud father telephoned the news to his aunt. She was so delighted that she immediately telephoned an order for five shares of American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock for the new arrival. Thirty-two minutes after Leonard was born, the stock was purchased in his name.

He's much younger than the average A. T. & T. shareholder, of course. But in the number of shares he owns, he's just like thousands and thousands of others. For about half of all the owners of A. T. & T. are small shareholders, with ten shares or less.

The 1,100,000 owners of the Bell Telephone business are people of all ages, from all walks of life, in every part of the United States.

Thousands of churches, hospitals, schools and libraries and three hundred and fifty insurance companies also own A. T. & T. stock.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



The DEVON, by DuMont, with big 17-inch rectangular tube. Plug-in for record player. Cabinet of fine mahogany or limed oak veneers.



The WICKFORD, by DuMont, with giant 21-inch rectangular tube. Plug-in for record player. Cabinet of fine mahogany or limed oak veneers.

EXPECT TO BE ENVIED

that's part of owning a

DuMont

TELESET*

As you would expect from Du Mont—pioneer of television—here is the thrill of sound and pictures flawless in realism. As you would expect from Du Mont—leader in electronics—here is

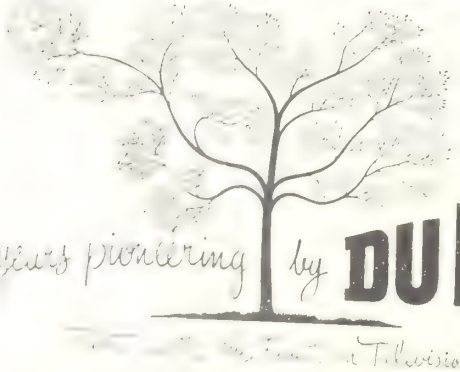
• the new glare-free Selfocus* tube with the largest 21-inch picture in television that gives you sharpest pictures *automatically!*

• the new Distan-Selector* that enables you to enjoy transmission from near or distant stations • the new Static Eraser* that gives you clearest pictures possible!

• and provision for UHF, of course!



DU MONT PRICES



The Harvest of 21 years pioneering by DU MONT Television

As you would expect from Du Mont—here is the satisfaction of the most advanced television receiver ever built! Look inside. Then compare. See why Du Monts Do More in '52.

Cabinets designed by Herbert Rosengren

Allen B. DuMont Laboratories, Inc., East Paterson, New Jersey, and the Du Mont Television Network, 515 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
Editor in Chief

LL LYNES, KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, ERIC LARRABEE, ATHARINE MEYER, ANNE L. GOODMAN
Editors

HN A. KOUWENHOVEN, JOHN SCHER, RICHARD H. ROVERE
Contributing Editors

JOHN JAY HUGHES
Assistant to the Publisher, Circulation Director

WALDO W. SELLEW
Advertising Director

HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS

CASS CANFIELD
Chairman of the Board

FRANK S. MACGREGOR
President

RAYMOND S. HARWOOD
Executive Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
WILLIAM H. ROSE, JR.
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.
Vice-Presidents

ARPER'S MAGAZINE, issue for May 2. Vol. 204. Serial No. 1224. Copyht 1952 in the United States and Great itain by Harper & Brothers. All rights, luding translation into other languages, erved by Publisher in the United tes, Great Britain, Mexico, and all untries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the n-American Copyright Convention.
blished monthly by Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33d Street, New York 16, ew York.
mposed and printed in the U. S. A. union labor at the Williams Press, -129 North Broadway, Albany, New ork. Entered as second-class matter at e post office at Albany, N. Y., under e Act of March 3, 1879.
ubscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; $5.00 ne year; $8.00 two years; $10 three years. oreign postage—except Canada and Pan merica—$1.50 per year additional.
hange of Address: Four weeks' advance notice, and old address as well as ew, are necessary. Address all correspondence relating to subscriptions to: ubscription Dept., 49 E. 33d St., New ork 16, N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 204 MAY 1952 No. 1224

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE 6

LETTERS 20

TRUMAN AFTER SEVEN YEARS
Richard H. Rovere 27

THE BOG—*A Poem*
Allen Kanfer 33

EISENHOWER AND THE GOP
Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. 34

THE TOWN MOUSE—*A Story*
Stephen Becker 40

SIX SONNETS
Leonard Bacon 48

THE EASY CHAIR—*Les Amis des Deux Fishboulettes*
Bernard DeVoto 50

THE CASE OF LUELLA MUNDEL
William Manchester 54

SPACE SHIPS IN THE OFFING:
The Astronauts Are Serious Harland Manchester 62
No Go, Space Cadet! John McPartland 66

TODAY—*A Poem*
Brian Howard 69

THE MYTH OF AMERICAN UNIFORMITY
Peter F. Drucker 70

CUFFNOTES FOR CANDIDATES 77

BEARDSLEY RUML AND HIS IDEAS
C. Hartley Grattan 78

THE SOFT VOICE OF THE SERPENT—*A Story*
Nadine Gordimer 87

THE ALL-AMERICAN ACT
David Cort 91

"AVEZ-VOUS DES SOURIS?"
Lloyd Frankenberg 94

AFTER HOURS
Mr. Harper 98

NEW BOOKS
Charles Poore 102

BOOKS IN BRIEF
Katherine Gauss Jackson 107

BY 1970... A TRILLION?



"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home tonight!"

KEEP this nursery rhyme firmly in mind, and it will be easier to understand a dramatic and similar chain reaction now happening in America.

Like the old lady in the rhyme, Uncle Sam wants action—steel, aluminum, defense production. Two billion pounds or more of aluminum this year, for example.

...But we won't get more aluminum without more plants.

...But plants won't run unless we have more electricity—and lots of it. (For instance, just to make the aluminum planned this year, it will take as much electricity as 125 million homes would use.)

...But there won't be this electricity unless we have more turbines and generators to make it.

...But there won't be more turbines and generators coming into towns on flatcars unless somebody had started making them more than a year ago. It normally takes 64 weeks to build a modern turbine-generator, even after design and engineering have [illegible].

...But a lot of these extra turbine-generators couldn't have been started over a year ago unless people in the electrical industry had started expanding their plants several years before that.

Now we come to things that kept this chain reaction from fizzling out:

The aluminum industry *did* forecast increasing uses for aluminum, and planned expansion.

People in the electric utility business *did* forecast America's needs for electric power up to five years ahead, and placed orders.

The electrical industry *did* forecast what it would take to build the turbines and generators the utilities would need. Six years ago, in the pessimistic postwar year of 1946, General Electric broke ground for a vast new turbine plant. When this was completed in 1950, General Electric's turbine-manufacturing capacity was upped 60 per cent.

So it looks as if Uncle Sam will get his two billion pounds of aluminum this year. A lot more than we could produce in a hurry unless some people had acted on the right hunch about America's needs—five or six years ago.

We wrote this story about aluminum. We could have written the story about steel, or chemicals. America's electric generating capacity must backstop them all.

And that's why a trillion kilowatt-hours of electricity is not too much to dream of our using by 1970.

2

There is something odd about electricity.

Steel you can store in warehouses. Oil you can put in storage tanks. Rubber you can stockpile. But you can't stockpile electricity.

America's tremendous output of electrical energy is made *and spent* in the same instant.

That's why electric output is a good measure of a nation's current productive strength.

Our total power output is 3 times Russia's, and not all of their collectivized resources can multiply their electric output as fast as the American utility industry's 15-billion-dollar postwar expansion program. (Five billion is already completed.)

Here are some figures worth thinking about:

*U.S. electric output in kilowatt-hours**

1940	140 billion
1945	220 billion
1950	330 billion
1955	450 billion (est.)
1960	600 billion (est.)
1965	800 billion (est.)
1970	one trillion?

It is interesting to note that Russia's succession of five-year plans hasn't done as good a job of anticipating and meeting electric-power needs as the normal business forecasting of our own electric-utility companies.

3

An American worker is roughly 10 times more productive than the average person elsewhere on the globe. With 6 per cent of the world's population, we produce 40 per cent of the world's goods.

How did we gain this big advantage?

Partly through the multiplying effect of electric power. Here is an example:

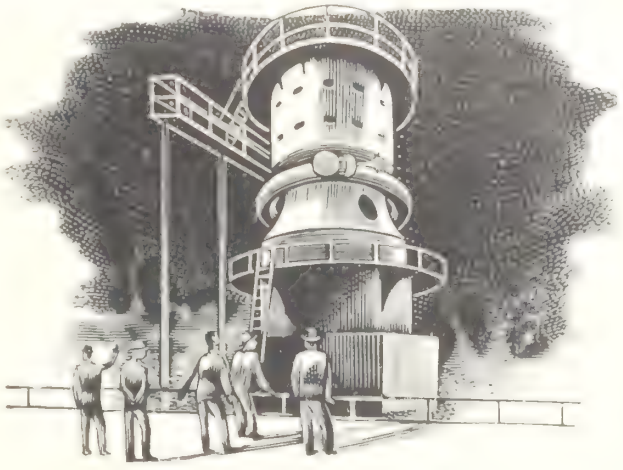
To build a typical modern turbine-generator takes as much as 880 tons of steel, 19 tons of copper, 2 tons of aluminum.

These are critical materials, in short supply. But when this unit is built and put in operation, it will supply enough electricity to produce:

.... 880 tons of steel every 3½ hours
.... 19 tons of copper every 28½ minutes
.... 2 tons of aluminum every 27½ minutes

4

Why do you see so many new turbine-generators being built to replace the old ones built years ago? It's because electric utilities are taking advantage of lower operating costs of modern equipment to help keep the price of kilowatt-hours down.



First G-E steam turbine-generator, Chicago, 1903

Take the savings in coal alone. A 1920 turbine would eat up 400 pounds of coal to make the electricity the average householder uses in a month.

But trade that for new equipment, new turbines, and the local power company can produce the same electricity with about 100 pounds of coal.

Research and engineering have made a lot of difference in what you pay for electricity, and how much you can afford to use.

A trillion kilowatt-hours of electric power for America by 1970? When business foresight is added to research and engineering under a free economy, things like this can happen.

*Kilowatt-hour — the basic measure of electric energy consumption. A kilowatt-hour will burn ten 100-watt lamps for one hour. The average home, nation-wide, uses about 167 kw-hrs per month.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Personal & Otherwise

The rediscovery of America in the twentieth century may alter the destiny of mankind as profoundly as its original discovery altered the lives of Europeans. The rediscovery has been going on for some time now, and the spectacle is an engaging one. Everybody seems to be in on it, one way or another. British sociologists, Chinese philosophers, Italian movie directors, French novelists, former Austrian journalists, Russian dramatists, Hindu mystics, Nigerian college students, Mexican labor leaders, and countless other explorers write innumerable books about their discoveries.

But by no means all the explorers come from overseas. Thousands of Americans—the mine run of our intellectuals, in fact—are discovering that the actual world around them is as interesting in its own ill-assorted way as those more orderly worlds of political, social, economic, or aesthetic theory to which they had been so long self-exiled. Even the American anthropologists have begun to notice that the natives of East St. Louis and Bridgeport are as strange and wonderful as the natives of better known communities, such as those on exotic islands in the South Seas. Henry Luce and the editors of *Fortune,* like Jean-Paul Sartre and the editors of *Les Temps Modernes,* publish special U.S.A. issues of their magazine. And yet, so vast is our appetite for information about this New World we live in and do not know, that in addition to all these contemporary ac- we grab up reprints and anthologies of whatever out-of-date narratives the publishers will provide.*

There hasn't been anything like it since the sixteenth century. Indeed, the literature of travel and discovery in America promises to be as extensive, varied, and absorbing during the age of the second Queen Elizabeth as it was during the reign of her illustrious predecessor. There is also the possibility that it will turn out to be as fanciful.

From the beginning there have been many honest, courageous, and observant reporters of the American world. But, also from the beginning, many explorers have been tempted to report what they—or their readers—wished could be found rather than what they in fact discovered. Take Cabeza de Vaca, for example. In April 1528 he landed at Tampa Bay in Florida as one of the four hundred followers of Pánfilo de Narváez. Lured into the interior by Indian tales of golden cities, the Spaniards wandered for months from one forlorn village of squalid huts to another. Before the expedition reached the Gulf Coast again, one hundred and fifty-eight of their number had died. The survivors built improvised boats and set out for Mexico. Three of the five boats were swamped at the mouth of the Mississippi; the other two, with eighty survivors (including Cabeza de Vaca), were wrecked on an island near Galveston. Natives tried to help them, but by April 1529 only fifteen of the Spaniards remained alive. Six years later only De Vaca and one other survivor were left, and they set out to walk to Mexico City, where they arrived in April, 1536.

No one knew better than De Vaca that the Indians had been lying when they had told

---

dozen of these which have been published in the past four years, ranging from Oscar Handlin's anthology, *This Was America,* to the latest reprint of Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans.* There have been dozens more.



Barrel Hunt in the Ozarks

Out of all the different trees in the world, only one kind makes the best barrels for aging whiskey. It is the white oak that grows high on the wind-swept Ozark Mountains.

Fortunately, this oak is abundant. And with reforestation, we need fear no shortage in the years to come.

When the giant oaks mature and are felled, Schenley takes the heart wood for its craftsmen to work into sturdy whiskey barrels. This hard center wood has many superior qualities, chars perfectly for aging whiskey.

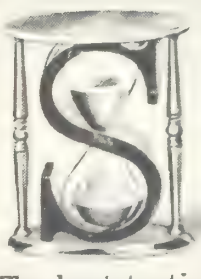
Many whiskey makers don't go to the trouble of making their own barrels. You may wonder why Schenley does. It's part of a complete network of quality controls which guard the goodness of Schenley whiskies from the time the grain is grown till the whiskey is in your glass.

This is Schenley's way of making certain that you get the utmost enjoyment in every drop of every drink. *Schenley Distillers, Inc., New York, N. Y.*



Nature's unhurried goodness

+ S =



The best-tasting whiskies in ages

SCHENLEY

Schenley's unmatched skill

of "seven very large towns" in the interior, with "streets of silver workers" and gold in plenty. And yet, when he visited Spain in 1537, he couldn't resist telling his countrymen what they preferred to hear. In "great secrecy" he told his eager listeners that the country he had traveled through was the richest in the world. It was his fabrications that led Hernando de Soto to set out on the fruitless search for the "seven cities" which cost him his life.

Of course the Spaniards were widely suspected by others of being unreliable reporters of the New World. Partly this was because, when the Spaniards told the truth about America, the things they said were so unbelievable. (Accurate reporters still have this difficulty to contend with.) But there were other reasons. In the Sieur du Val's *Geographia Universalis: The Present State of the Whole World*, published in an English translation in 1685, there is an amusing bit about the Patagonians of Magellanica. The Spanish accounts affirm, says Du Val, that the Patagonian men are ten feet high, "eat at one Meal a great Basket full of Bisket," and drink as much wine as a horse can drink water, and that it takes fifty Spaniards to overcome and bind one of them. But the English, he adds, who have since landed in Magellanica, "relate things quite contrary," and say the Patagonians are not bigger than Europeans. So much for Spanish testimony.

But the English, too, had some difficulty reporting the truth about America, as they still do. Even John Hawkins, who generally stuck to fact, couldn't resist reporting lions and unicorns in Florida. The unicorns he knew about because some of his crew got pieces of unicorn horn from the French in Florida, who got them straight from the Indians. The lions he deduced, in the manner of such modern British writers as the anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer, on the completely logical grounds that lions are the natural enemies of unicorns and therefore "whereas the one is, the other cannot be missing." It is no wonder that Captain John Smith, who tampered with the truth himself on occasion, cautioned his countrymen in 1616 against believing that "every one which hath bin at Virginia, understandeth or knowes what Virginia is."

Later on, the Americans themselves had the same sort of trouble. Read chapter one of Bernard De Voto's *Across the Wide Missouri* for an account of the ways in which the American West was misrepresented in books as late as the eighteen-forties, both by those who had and those who had not seen it. Meanwhile, "a few people were finding out at first hand what the West was like, and they did not write books." They still don't, very often; at least, not nearly so often as those who don't know much at first hand about what America is like. Maybe this is because, if you know, it is too hard to get it into a book. Any truth, uncompromisingly told, will have its ragged edges, as Melville said. If that truth is as vast and sprawling and untidy as America, its edges are going to be very ragged indeed.

Contrary to Expectations

P & O was led into the above excursion by three articles in the present issue of *Harper's*. It all began, as a matter of fact, with ***Peter F. Drucker's*** piece on "The Myth of American Uniformity" (p. 70).

Mr. Drucker is dealing, here, with a theme which has often been stated in these pages before. Just two months ago, for example, Joyce Cary, the English novelist, led off our March issue with an essay exploding the myth of "the mass mind." Our trans-magazine colleague, Mr. Harper, has frequently explored one or another aspect of the theme, and Frederick Lewis Allen's "The Big Change" in our Centennial number (October 1951) was based upon it. Even P & O has been known to tamper with it on occasion, as when we quoted this February from Thomas Hornsby Ferril's "Western Half Acre" for October 1946, an even earlier example. The editors have, indeed, had a certain wry pleasure in imagining what splenetic joy some of our neo-non-Communist contemporaries could get out of ridiculing what they might call our "neo-Pollyannaism."

Well, Mr. Drucker wades in up to his neck; so let's see what he gets into. At the end of the first section of his article he states his thesis: that "American uniformity" is an axiom for the European, the one thing he *knows* he knows about America, and the one thing he hangs on to in the face of all evi-

"Last year's great literary find was Boswell's *London Journey*. This year's is Friedrich Nietzsche's *My Sister and I*. And of the two this second is certainly the greater."

The San Francisco Argonaut.

"If—as the publishers clearly believe—this is a genuine Nietzsche work, it must rank as one of the greatest literary discoveries of the twentieth century." *The Saturday Review.*

"... a dark, tragic, terribly compelling glimpse into hell."

The Long Beach California, Press-Telegram

"He goes back to his younger days when lust and pride ran strong in him. He grovels again in the unrepented orgies of his youth."

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"... in between these flights of madness, his Prussian saber whirls and strikes. No sacrilege is beyond him, no insult beyond expression, no deliberate affront too great for his pen. He struggles with terrible doubts and wrestles with guilt complexes that surge from his subconscious like ugly things from the deep ... but the flicking fingers of his wit are never far removed from the clenched fist of his furies."

Richmond (Virginia) News

"... an absorbing story of one of the greatest tragedies of modern times. Its style is sufficient evidence of its authenticity."

San Antonio Express

"... it opens the way for startling insight into the author's private life. The incestuous relationship with his sister Elizabeth is delineated with candid accuracy."

Greensboro N.C. News

"He is most coherent in his descriptions of sex ... he devotes the great majority of passages to sexual descriptions."

Wichita Kansas Eagle

"... whole libraries have been written about his work, his philosophy, his tragic medical history, and the enigma of his personal relationships ... and now, fifty-one years after Nietzsche's death, there falls into our hands what may prove to be the key to the whole problem."

The Saturday Review

Suppressed for Half a Century

MY SISTER AND I

An Autobiography and a Way of Life

BY
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE



ELIZABETH FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE who drove her great brother into the refuge of a madhouse, made it impossible for him to have normal relations with other women and whose passion for her brother probably caused her husband's suicide.

My Sister and I is an autobiography. It is also much more. As one reviewer describes it, it is really the supreme adventure of our civilization focused on the lives of one man and two fascinating, reckless, beautiful women. The struggle of these two women to establish domination over this man—one of the greatest of the world's philosophers—brings the whole maddening fabric of our world into glittering relief.

As is being pointed out by all the reviewers, MY SISTER AND I is the most important book discovery of our time.

You can still get a first edition, an heirloom to pass on to your posterity, by clipping the coupon to your right and merely sending us the publication price

FOUR DOLLARS

We will pay the postage

CONTINENTAL BOOKS Dept. H
110 LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose $4 for a copy of the 1st edition of Friedrich Nietzsche's MY SISTER AND I. I understand I may return it for full refund if it does not prove to be one of the most wonderful books I have ever read.

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose $1 and will pay balance to postman.

What Every Investor Should Know about his Investments...

This is not all you should know by any means. But we find that any number of people have trouble even with these fundamental questions about their investments.

For instance . . .

- Can you list the stocks you own . . . the number of shares . . . the prices you paid? And how about bonds?
- Do you know what your investments are worth today . . . what dividends they pay . . . whether they return you 3%, 5%, 7%, or what?
- Would you say your program is speculative, conservative, or a mixture of both? Should it be?
- Is your investment objective capital appreciation, liberal dividends, or protection of capital?
- Do you feel the securities you own really suit that objective . . . are the best that are currently available?
- Have you checked during the past six months on the performance of these companies, their recent financial record, their prospects for the future?

If you're not sure of the answers—and want to be—perhaps we can help.

Our Research Department will be glad to review your present investments, mail you an orderly, objective, and easy-to-read analysis of just what your program looks like to us.

There's no charge for this service, no obligation.

If you think it might help, simply write to—

WALTER A. SCHOLL, *Investment Inquiries*

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 97 Cities

dence. It is the contemporary opposite of the spaniards' seven cities of silver and gold. As Mr. Drucker points out, this myth permeates the reports of the various productivity teams that have visited the United States under the auspices of the Anglo-American Productivity Council and equivalent ECA councils in other European countries.

These reports, which are among the most engrossing examples of the "Voyages and Travels" produced by the rediscovery of America—are issued by teams of workers, technicians and managers, representing various branches of industry, who have visited and studied scores of American factories and offices and mines and shops in all parts of the country. They are written for English or French or Swiss or other readers engaged in the various occupations, and their intention is to describe those aspects of American production which differ from, and might be profitably substituted for, European practice.

What the members of all these teams expect to find is, obviously, uniformity. As everybody (including many Americans) knows, mass production standardizes the worker *and* the product, and those reports which go in for over-all impressions of America usually make the familiar point. But as Mr. Drucker says, the axiom doesn't square with the facts which the teams report. And what is more, the teams know it. The real theme, undercutting the ostensible theme, of these reports is: "Contrary to expectations. . . ." Here are some samples:

The report on *Footwear* (October 1951): "Contrary to popular belief, the typical American factory was not so highly specialized that only one or two designs were made in large quantities." (Single factories turned out from thirty to several hundred designs.)

The report on *Meat Packaging and Processing* (January 1951): "Many of the meat products consumed in the U.S. have no real counterpart in Britain. By way of example, the variety of products which goes by the name of sausage covers all the outstanding European varieties and in addition more than 100 American trade-to-serve articles."

A trip you'll always remember – a train you'll never forget



Santa Fe

Super Chief

. . . your carefree ride through the colorful Southwest Indian Country on the *Super Chief* with the only Dome Car between Chicago and Los Angeles . . . only train in the world with a private dining room . . . Daily departures.



W. T. Anderson, Gen'l Pass. Traff. Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4



REALIZATION OF A *Secretary's Dream*

eautiful new Underwood All Electric Typewriter!

k the switch and you're ready to go . . . ready to off the smoothest flow of words you've ever typed . and with greater speed, greater accuracy, less gue than ever before.

ır whole keyboard is electrically-operated . . . your spacing, shifting, tabulating, back spacing and car-ge return.

l Now . . . **ELECTRIC MARGINS** have been added to simplify your work even more. Set right from the keyboard, they save you tiring hand travel. They're fast . . . easy . . . positive! The Auto-tic Repeat Back-Spacer and Forward-Spacer do the trick.

o . . . NEW INTERNAL CUSHIONING reduces fatigue nerve strain to a minimum. It's so smooth, so restfully et, you can work more efficiently in relaxed comfort.

Yes, this Underwood All Electric *is* the realization of a secretary's dream . . . of everything a typewriter should be.

You'll love the new Electric Margins that set in a flash . . . and the Internal Cushioning that chases typing fatigue. And your boss will love the crisp, uniform work. Every letter . . . better!

Get a demonstration today . . . in *your* office on *your* work . . . and see *your* dream come true.

Underwood Corporation

Typewriters . . . Adding Machines . . . Accounting Machines
Carbon Paper . . . Ribbons

One Park Avenue **New York 16, N. Y.**

Underwood Limited, 135 Victoria St., Toronto 1, Canada

Sales and Service Everywhere

UNDERWOOD

UNDERWOOD *All Electric* **TYPEWRITER**

. . . Made by the Typewriter Leader of the World

He likes movies...

We've often wondered why people who apparently don't like movies become movie critics.

We go to a movie and enjoy it thoroughly. Then, a few days later, we read the movie column of some magazine only to discover how dull or dim-witted we were for ever having gone near the theatre, much less enjoying the picture.

Our Holiday movie critic, Al Hine, actually *likes* movies. He's a movie fan first, a critic second.

Al's monthly movie column in Holiday reflects the views of an intelligent moviegoer who expects to be entertained. He waves no banner for any special type of movie. He's on no search for the much revered "mature message" or "great art form." Al looks only to be pleased and entertained—75 cents' worth, a dollar's worth, whatever the price of the ticket.

Be it comedy or crusade, if a film pleases Al Hine, he says so—and explains why. If it doesn't, he explains that, too. We think he does both extremely well. We suggest you read him in Holiday—now on the stands.

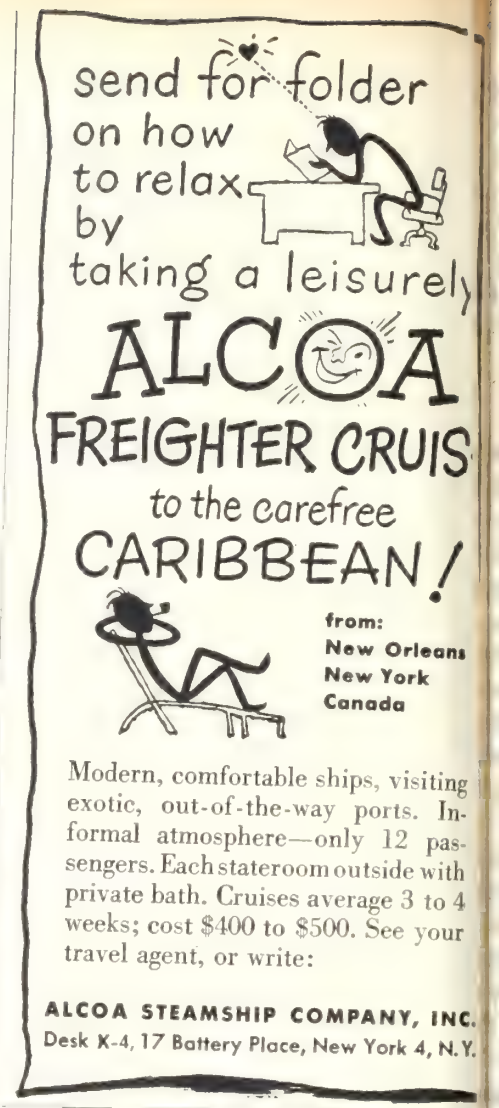
P. S. Also in the current Holiday are Emily Kimbrough, Ludwig Bemelmans, Clifton Fadiman, Joe McCarthy, Christopher LaFarge.

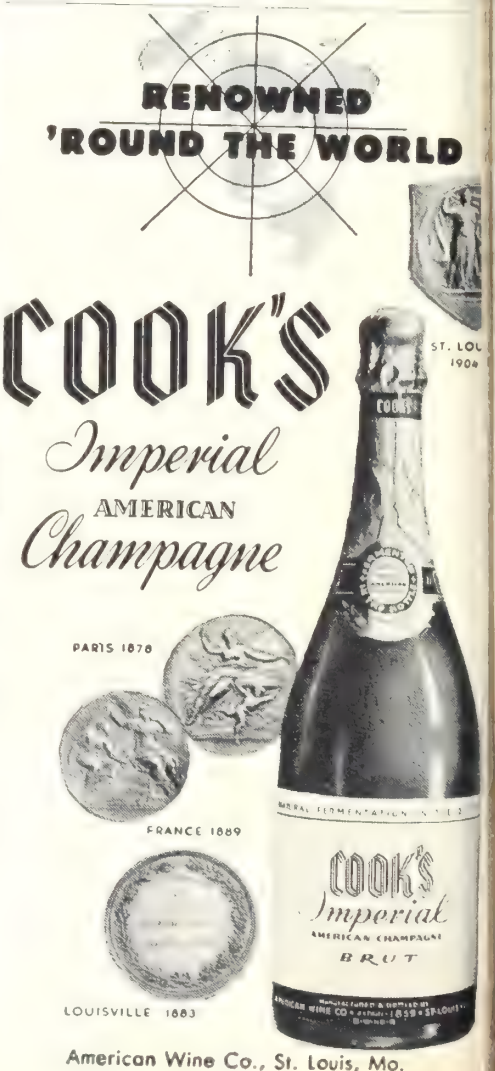
The report on *Internal Combustion Engines* (June 1950): "Contrary to expectations, the companies visited will all supply special attachments or make special modifications to suit an individual customer's needs, *in spite of mass production.* [Italics ours. *P & O.*] Indeed one company had 2,500 different flywheels, and 900 different bell-housings! [Exclamation point theirs.]"

One hopes, of course, that the expectation will be abandoned by those who have seen so much that is contrary to it. But, remembering De Vaca, one wonders.

THE second article which relates to our theme is "The All-American Act" (p. 91) by ***David Cort.*** Mr. Cort takes a look at the chief performer on the hundreds of audience-participation programs which now dominate radio and television, and he makes a pioneer attempt to specify those elements which go to make up the impression we get of him as Groucho Marx or Don McNeill works him over. What emerges in Mr. Cort's analysis is an "average man" in strange contrast to the rest of the world's average men, a man who "deliberately chooses to present himself as unemotional and objective, average and unspecialized." In speculating about why he is as he is, Mr. Cort suggests that the social code implied by his behavior is perfectly suited to a highly integrated industrial society, and thereby calls to mind the brilliant observations on American character which are made by David Riesman in *The Lonely Crowd* (1950) far and away the most perceptive and revealing volume of trafficks and discoveries in our contemporary *terra incognita.* Mr. Cort's all-American audience-participator is first cousin at least, if not blood brother, to Mr. Riesman's "other-directed" man. Neither resembles "the mechanical specialist, tense and self-centered" who exists in the New World phantasies of those who adhere to the "myth of American uniformity."

Incidentally, Mr. Cort tells us that he was impelled to write his article after reading a number of Hindu magazines in which Americans were described, for example, as people who work under trade-union rules





P & O

impose "a narrow specializa
which kills initiative and versa
y" and as "political stooges hyp
ized by fear."

Ir. Cort was foreign editor of
magazine for ten years, and is
author of *The Great Union,* a
ense of a federal Atlantic union.

HE third article in the trio which P & O began with is the one ich appears first in the magazine: *chard H. Rovere's* analysis of ruman after Seven Years" (p. 27). . Rovere, as our readers know, is man who contributes the "Wash-ton Letter" to the *New Yorker* d whose political portraits of vari-s Presidential candidates and gov-ment figures have long been, and ll are, among the most interesting tures of *Harper's.*

The light shed upon Harry Tru-n's ambitions by his early with-awal from the race reveals more early the character of the man. t Mr. Rovere's article does not pend for its interest or value on e President's decision. It is a study what power and responsibility ave done to a man who became esident as nearly inadvertently as er a man did; and, in a way, it is so a study of what Truman and is times have made of the Presi-ency itself.

Four years ago P & O pointed out hat the real joke, underlying all he early jokes about Truman's look-ng like everybody's dentist and taxi-river and neighbor, was that he *as* like them, that he was, in act, *us* more completely than is predecessors had been—not us at ither our best or our worst, just us. f that was so, as P & O still thinks t was, if Mr. Truman is the real average American" of Mr. Cort's All-American Act," then the impli-ations of Mr. Rovere's article may e wider than one at first suspects. For it has been the average Amer-can who has been in the Presidency hese seven years, by proxy. And however one judges his record there, he is clearly a bigger man than he was when he took on the job. If he has also become, as Mr. Rovere says, "a bigger man than nature seems to have intended him to be," that is simply one more indication that the American fact is "contrary to ex-pectations."

Relax at MINAKI in Ontario's lovely Lake of the Woods region



ONE OF CANADA'S 10 TOP MAPLE LEAF VACATIONS

Relax in an outdoor world! From Canadian National's Minaki Lodge, inviting lakes, island-dotted, rimmed by the cool north woods, stretch mile after mile. Fish for fighting bass, lake trout, musky, pike, wall-eyes. You can enjoy golf, swimming, boating . . . all right at your door. Make this top vacation *yours* this year. It's easily arranged. Ask your nearest Canadian National Office* or Travel Agent about this or the other Top Vacations listed. "We'll tell you where and take you there."

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

SERVING ALL 10 PROVINCES OF CANADA

Choose from this rich variety. Here are Canada's 10 Top Maple Leaf Vacations

1. **Across Canada**—the Scenic Route to California or the Pacific Northwest, to New York or anywhere East.
2. **Alaska Cruise** — ten days, 2,000 miles of sheltered coastal sailing.
3. **British Columbia** —Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert. A magnificent marine and mountain playground.
4. **Eastern Cities and Laurentians**— history-book places, mountain lakes, brilliant autumn colours.
5. **Hudson Bay** — "Down North" to romantic frontiers, via Winnipeg.
6. **Jasper in the Canadian Rockies** — play, relax in mountain grandeur.
7. **Minaki (Lake of the Woods)** — swimming, motor-boating, golf in a northwoods setting. Wonderful fishing!
8. **Ontario Highlands**—land of lakes and streams; fishing; camping. Fine hotels, resorts.
9. **Provinces by the Sea** — beaches, bays, fishing ports, historic old cities.
10. **Romantic French Canada** (Gaspé and the Saguenay) — [illegible] a trip abroad.

*Canadian National Railways offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Que.

Glamorous
MEXICO







. . . dresses in her jewels at night! Sophisticated night clubs, brilliant seasons of Symphony, Opera, Theatre, and Ballet, elegant restaurants, and luxurious hotels in Mexico City, Paris of the Western Hemisphere. Sports for all tastes. The magnificent past of monuments, churches, and culture framed in a modern setting.

YOUR TRAVEL AGENT WILL TELL YOU.
DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO
Av. Juarez 89 Mexico, D. F.

The Heaven of Expectation

Two articles in this issue are part of a new genre of "literature of exploration," related to that which has accompanied the rediscovery of America, but advancing on a different frontier. This new genre is the literature of trafficks and discoveries in the limitless "Western Sea" of space beyond Earth's gravitational pull. For, just as men once sailed to an America known only from the books and maps of men who had never been there, so our generation is preparing to launch Columbian voyages to unknown Americas among the westering galaxies of interstellar space.

In a pair of articles, grouped under the general title "Space Ships in the Offing" (p. 62), ***Harland Manchester*** and ***John McPartland*** open up a variety of aspects of the subject—aspects which are known to few people other than the scientists who are now engaged in planning for the rockets and space ships which may be the Santa Marias of the new age.

Mr. Manchester, author of "The Astronauts Are Serious," has for twelve years been reporting new developments in the field of science and technology for leading American magazines. He has been particularly interested in power, fuels, and flight and has written frequently about progress in aviation and rockets. *Harper's* readers may remember his articles about diesel engines, high-octane gasoline, and synthetic rubber. A graduate of Dartmouth and a former Boston newspaperman, Mr. Manchester is now a roving editor of the *Reader's Digest*. He is the author of a book called *New World of Machines* (1945), and is a past president of the National Association of Science Writers.

Mr. McPartland, the author of "No Go, Space Cadet," has written on varied subjects for *Harper's* and other magazines. The background for his present article was derived from the research he did on an assignment from *Life* to do an article about the vertical curve of technological progress.

Of Men and Mice

•••In the year 1919, when Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, grandfather of



Ponte Vedra
The INN
Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida

Incomparable Ponte Vedra . . . with miles of golden beach, the roaring surf on one side and a quiet lagoon on the other.

The graceful INN boasts its own Golf Club . . . a Championship 18-hole course; Racquet Club . . . all weather tennis courts with pro; Bath Club with ocean and pool bathing. An exclusive year-round resort of truly breath-taking beauty.

•

For brochure and information address
James H. Crawford
or Robert F. Warner, Inc.
Representatives
New York • Washington
Chicago • Boston



HOME STUDY

BE A COLLEGE GRADUATE

B.A. and M.A. degrees by dignified home study plan similar to that used by the University of London. Previous credits recognized. Remain employed and still attain a college education. State Chartered.

FREMONT COLLEGE
SANTA FE 1, NEW MEXICO

If you want catalogs of any schools or camps advertised, or not advertised, in this issue, we'll gladly have them sent for your study and guidance.

If you need authoritative and impartial suggestions about schools or camps, we can assist you as we have thousands of parents, guardians, etc., for over 50 years.

Address Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,
Director of Educational Guidance
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16

P & O

author of "Eisenhower and the P" (p. 34 in this issue), was shepding through the Foreign Relas Committee the series of reserions which eventually led to the ate's rejection of the Peace eaty and the Covenant of the ague of Nations, Dwight David enhower was commanding Tank rps troops at camps in the United tes with the temporary rank of utenant colonel. The young offi- had been awarded the Distinished Service Medal for "unusual l, foresight, and marked adminisative ability in the organization, ining, and preparation for overs service to technical troops of e Tank Corps."

Now in '52 Senator ***Henry Cabot odge, Jr.*** of Massachusetts—who as in 1919 a student at the Middlex School near Concord—has undertken to win the Republican Presiential nomination for the best nown general in the world. In his thusiastic endorsement of General isenhower's basic attitudes toward overnment and the individual and oward American responsibility in orld affairs, he reveals his own beliefs. In the years after graduation rom Harvard, when he worked as a ational and foreign correspondent or the New York *Herald Tribune*, he put his understanding of his grandfather's attitudes to the test of he reporter's observation; and in the ears since 1936, when at the age of thirty-four he was elected to the Senate, he has developed his own point of view in political life and in the military service which he saw during World War II in Africa, Italy, France, and Germany.

Since Senator Lodge is himself up for election this year, what he has to say about Eisenhower as a standard-bearer for Republicans is doubly interesting. He is, by implication, answering the question posed in our January issue by Gordon Harrison, "Can Eisenhower Save the GOP?" Mr. Harrison concluded that, in order to surmount the divisions in his own party which Eisenhower would face if elected, he would need not only the creativeness of being a great individual, but one of the (not impossible, but always unlikely) miracles of history. To Senator Lodge, the General is not only the man most likely to win but the leader



Make yours a *real* vacation! 1: Forget motoring worries...cross sky-high Rockies by Canadian Pacific's new *Diesels*. 2: Arrive rested at Lake Louise or Banff.

18 sky-high thrills at Banff and Lake Louise

Travel by Canadian Pacific train, for service!

3: Stay at Banff Springs, Canadian Pacific's resort castle. 4: A thoughtful hostess...new friends. 5: Dancing to a name band. 6: Chef delicacies, *trained* service. 7: Beauty all about...gardens, soaring views. 8: Chairlift ride up Mt. Norquay. 9: Spectacular golf course on the Bow River!





At both resorts! 10: Swimming pools. 11: Fishing. 12: Hiking, riding. 13: Putting, tennis. 14: Concerts, dances. 15: Color-screen nature talks.

16: Stop at enchanting Chateau Lake Louise. 17: Bus tours to Yoho Valley, Lake O'Hara, Columbia Icefield. 18: Alpine sports, too!



Ask Mr. Agent about all-expense tours.

From Banff or Field, you get scenic trips in Canada's Rockies... lodging, meals at Banff Springs and Chateau Lake Louise... 2- 4- 6-days, low as $44 to $100.

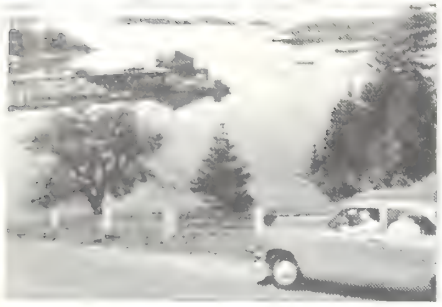
A world of service: Canadian Pacific trains across Canada, 19 resorts and hotels. European sailings. Airliners to Far East, New Zealand and Australia.



Canadian Pacific

See your local agent or Canadian Pacific in principal cities in U.S. and Canada.

Head for
NEW BRUNSWICK
Canada's friendly tourist land



Pack your bags . . . gather up your family . . . and head for the friendliest vacation you have ever had in this beautiful 'summer-land' beside the sea.

Bright sunny days filled with new and different places to see . . . an experience the whole family will love!

See the famous Hopewell Rocks, weird formations carved by nature . . . the fascinating and mystifying Magnetic Hill at Moncton where water seems to run up hill . . . the world-famous Reversing Falls at Saint John . . . and a whole list of 'musts' in friendly New Brunswick Canada.

Write for free booklets
Fill in this coupon and mail it to:

The Director, Dept. HM52-1
New Brunswick Travel Bureau,
Fredericton, N.B., Canada.

Name .....
Address .....
City State .....

NEW BRUNSWICK travel bureau

Lundstrom

Grow with your Library
on approval direct from factory
at 40% Saving

Buy direct . . . save middle-man profit . . . add matched sections . . . Many designs, woods, finishes. Over 250,000 endorsers. Write for catalog HM showing complete line with FACTORY PRICES.

C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co.
Little Falls, N.Y.

Made for the better homes and offices since 1899

sectional bookcases



CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd St. New York 16, N. Y.

most able to bind up the wounds of the party and the peace.

Like many another subject of an ***Oscar Berger*** caricature, General Eisenhower liked the one we are publishing this month well enough to sign it. Mr. Berger's drawings have appeared in newspapers and magazines in several countries; his latest book is one on caricaturing called *My Victims,* which has just been brought out by Harper & Brothers.

•••In "The Town Mouse" (p. 40) ***Stephen Becker*** gives us a story about American life. His first story in *Harper's,* "To Know the Country," and his first novel, *The Season of the Stranger,* which came out just a year ago, were about China.

Mr. Becker, who is in his mid-twenties, was born in Yonkers, New York, and went to Harvard. Though he spent one college summer vacation working in Alaska and had one year in the Marine Corps, he did not get outside the American continent until, on graduation from Harvard in 1947, he went to China as a graduate student at Yenching University in Peking.

Mr. Becker and his wife are living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Mrs. Becker has been studying architecture. Their second child was born in March. Mr. Becker is now working on his second novel.

In an interval at home in the New York area—between a prolonged tour in Asia as a war correspondent and a trip to the Canary Islands on a water-color assignment for Standard Oil, and to Africa—***John Groth*** did the drawings for "The Town Mouse." When he stopped at *Harper's* to deliver the pictures, he told us about some of his adventures in Korea, Formosa, Indo-China, Thailand, and Afghanistan. In Japan, where he used a farm north of Tokyo as his base of operations, he became known as "Bubble-Gum San" because of the supply of the famous American product which he brought along for cordial relations.

•••***Leonard Bacon*** comes back to *Harper's* with "Six Sonnets" (p. 48), a quarter-century after his first contribution, which was a sonnet too, "Fame." In the intervening years, his appearances in the magazine have been confined to prose essays on a variety of topics, from "Literary Conference" to "The Trail of the Rooster." He has, however, published many books of verse since his first one, *Ulug Beg,* in 1923; he is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and a newly elected member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He received the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1941 and last fall delivered at Yale a poem on the 250th anniversary of the founding of the university.

•••***William Manchester*** was the only out-of-town newspaper reporter in Fairmont, West Virginia, last Christmas week. He was there to cover the Mundel-Loudin slander suit for the Baltimore morning *Sun* and *Evening Sun,* and in the process he gathered the material for his unique article in this issue, "The Case of Luella Mundel" (p. 54). At the time of the trial, the case was scarcely known outside the state, though several West Virginia newspapers carried strong editorials on it, without having sent a reporter to see what went on. An article in *Commonweal* by John C. Cort, which had reviewed the pretrial facts in the December 7 issue, brought the story to Mr. Manchester's attention.

Since the trial closed, Mr. Manchester has followed the story that he so thoroughly studied at first hand, but he is still unable to write "FINIS." Since he sent us the final footnote, the AP has reported that the American Association of University Professors will investigate the dismissal of Dr. Hand.

Mr. Manchester is the author of *Disturber of the Peace,* a biography of H. L. Mencken.

•••***C. Hartley Grattan*** is the right man to do a study of "Beardsley Ruml and His Ideas" (p. 78), for Mr. Grattan is one who cares about ideas in others and generates them himself. He is, moreover, acquainted with the novel institution of free enterprise as it works, when it works, in the United States, and is interested in the new kind of leadership and skills which are developing along with the system. In other portraits which he has contributed to *Harper's*—those of Eugene Holman, the president of Standard Oil of

ew Jersey, of President Truman's Council of Economic Advisers (as of une 1949, the Messrs. Nourse, ysserling, and Clark), and of Sena- r Flanders he has sought to relate e man to his social role. In at- mpting to define Mr. Ruml's ideas, is doing something of the same nd, though the Ruml role is a ss well defined one than those of is other subjects, just as the Ruml leas often exist primarily in the ocial results rather than in verbal atement. In other words, Mr. Grattan had to do some work of his wn on Mr. Ruml's ideas before they ould be reported at all. As we see t, this is fun as well as work—for riter, subject, and reader.

Mr. Grattan is the author of sev- ral books and a wealth of articles, a ree lance in the world of writing ince about 1926. He has recently been retained by the Fund for Adult Education, established by the Ford Foundation, to do a lengthy research nd writing task. He will, however, ontinue to contribute occasionally o this magazine and other publica- ions.

Ivan Oppfer's drawing of Beards- ley Ruml was made specially for this article and becomes one of a multi- tude of studies of famous men which Mr. Oppfer has drawn and painted here and abroad.

•••"The Soft Voice of the Serpent" (p. 87) is the title story of a collec- tion of short stories by ***Nadine Gordimer,*** which Simon and Schus- ter will bring out later this month. In our April issue Miss Gordimer, a South African writer whose work is just beginning to appear in this country, contributed "A Present for a Good Girl," her first piece in *Har- per's.*

Miss Gordimer, who is twenty- seven years old, was born in a min- ing town and she went to the Uni- versity of Witwatersrand in nearby Johannesburg. She has been writ- ting since she was nine, mostly about the people of the cities and small mining towns, rather than about the South African landscape which has compelled the attention of many writers of her country.

The drawings for "The Soft Voice of the Serpent" are the work of ***Charles Brey,*** an artist new to this magazine. He studied in Pittsburgh



the picture is bright for your vacation

in sunny **Spain**

Wherever you go, whatever you do, the picture is bright and the mood is gay in the laughter-loving land of fiesta.

Travel in streamlined comfort and ease through countryside of heart-lifting beauty . . . to time-hallowed scenes unique in romantic, old-world interest. Stop at unsurpassed luxury hotels or charming, modernized country inns.

Highly favorable dollar exchange helps make costs unbelievably low. And it's all only *hours* away when you fly, direct to gay Madrid, by luxurious, world-proved TWA Constellation. Fast, frequent Skyliner schedules, many low-cost tours are available.





See your Travel Agent, TWA or

SPANISH TOURIST OFFICE

New York: 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22
Chicago: 39 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3
San Francisco: 68 Post Street, San Francisco 4

From the pomp of Victoria's reign to the end of World War II, a brilliant panorama of life in England is the setting of Howard Spring's new novel—the story of an extraordinary woman

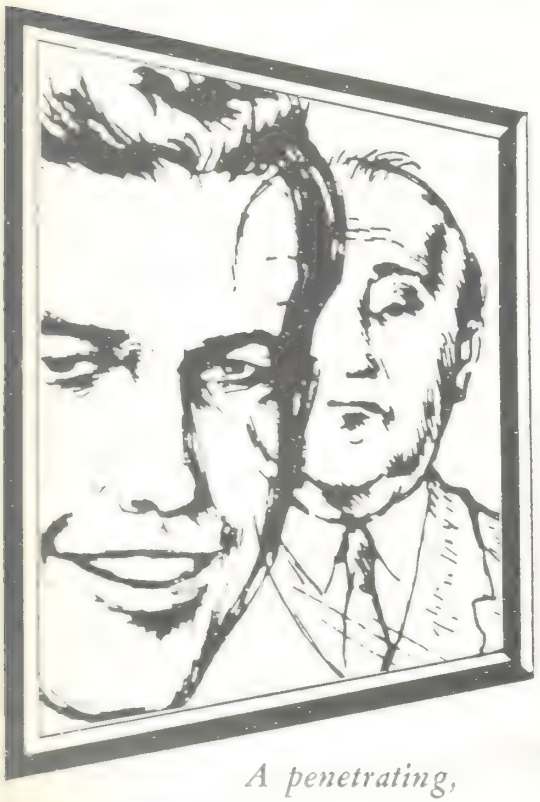
The Houses in Between

By HOWARD SPRING

May Book-of-the-Month Club Selection
576 pages
$3.95



[illegible] in the grand manner, [illegible] from London's underworld to a glittering aristocracy. It is the story of men and women whose times were charged with conflict and drama, and of an unforgettable personality who measured all events with her own wisdom. With THE HOUSES IN BETWEEN Howard Spring has once more proved the critics' verdict, that his writing is "root and branch of the best tradition of the English novel."



A penetrating, psychological approach to the lives of four holy women

Quartet in Heaven

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

● Writing with the gifts of a novelist, the penetration of a critic and the spiritual inspiration of a deeply religious person, Sheila Kaye-Smith tells the stories of Catherine of Genoa, Rose of Lima, Cornelia Connelly and Térèse of Lisieux — deeply moving portraits of four saintly women. $3.50

TIME magazine has called him "one of the best French writers alive"— and here he is at his lightest, wittiest and naughtiest

The Second Face

By MARCEL AYMÉ

author of *The Miraculous Barber*, etc.

$2.50

A fantastic, superbly funny novel about a man who had the rare opportunity of living two lives — "one of the most unexpected stories I have read in many a moon — in addition to being witty, brittle satire. It makes quite a combination." —EDWARD STREETER, author of *Father of the Bride*

All Hits All Harper's

Grandma Moses MY LIFE'S HISTORY $3.50

The New Yorker 25th Anniversary Album $5.00

Strange Lands and Friendly People By JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS $4.00

Through Charley's Door By EMILY KIMBROUGH $3.00

Rommel The Desert Fox By BRIGADIER DESMOND YOUNG $3.50

At all bookstores **HARPER & BROTHERS**

at Davidson College (liberal arts) and Carnegie Tech (sculpture), and at the Rhode Island School of Design (illustration).

•••Many of us will have stories to match those told by ***Lloyd Frankenberg*** in "Avez-vous des Souris?" (p. 94). Americans have been making their little tours and sojourns in France ever since Tom Paine and Benjamin Franklin and have come home to tell such tales. Others do worse than tell tales; they are, for better or worse, scarred for life by the experience. The gourmets of Bernard DeVoto's "Easy Chair" may well have developed their taste buds in France or, at any rate, their ability to name the dishes they crave. (Russell Lynes had a word for these in his handybook, *Snobs:* "The Foreign Food Snob . . . 'You know how it is,' he says. 'The frogs legs Provençal used to be superb, but now the place has got popular, and the food isn't fit to eat any more.' ")

But on the evidence, we exonerate Mr. Frankenberg, and likewise his wife, Loren MacIver, from all such suspicion. They made their trip in 1948 and have stayed properly at home in New York since, eating and talking American. Mr. Frankenberg is a poet and critic, author of *The Red Kite* and *Pleasure Dome.* Miss MacIver is a painter.

Jon Nielson, the illustrator of "Avez-vous des Souris?", has recently returned from one of his many trips abroad: this time he went to France —as his drawings suggest. He lives in the Hudson Valley and is a painter and book illustrator. Since the war, he has studied singing, with GI-Bill assistance, and he has performed frequently for hospitalized veterans. His wife and two little boys make music too—on the recorder.

•••Besides Leonard Bacon's sonnets we have this month short poems by ***Allen Kanfer*** ("The Bog," p. 33) and ***Brian Howard*** ("Today," p. 69). Mr. Kanfer, a son of the Midwest, now teaches English in high school on Long Island and writes poetry, which has been published in the *Hopkins Review, Harper's* and other magazines. Mr. Howard's "Late Night Final" appeared in our March issue. He is an English poet.



AT SMART MURRAY BAY, QUEBEC

This year stay and play in the beautiful Laurentians. Relax on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence. Everything for everyone . . . golf, tennis, riding, large salt-water pool, fishing in well-stocked lakes. Dancing in the Casino. Regular service by famous river steamers or by rail from Montreal.

Fred L. Abel, Mgr.

Season June to September

The Manoir Richelieu is a division of Canada Steamship Lines. Offices in principal cities. Your Travel Agent or apply Manoir Richelieu, Dept. J, Box 100, Montreal, Can.



Write today for your free copy of this beautiful illustrated booklet. It will guide you to a truly different vacation in the picturesque, historic Province de Québec, where you will enjoy French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable, modern inns and hotels.

Write today to: Provincial Publicity Bureau Parliament Buildings, Quebec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

MUSIC LOVERS

Keep tabs on the 59 smaller record companies which issue classics on LP. David Hall, dean of record critics, reviews the pick of these concert-quality releases in our monthly *Critical Review.*

Order any LP classical recording by any company at 30% discount, return any record for full credit.

Have Mr. Hall's Record-of-the-Month—first choice of a first rank critic—sent to you automatically, pay quarterly. For details and your free *Review,* write

LP Record Service

129 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

LETTERS

Oil for Education—

To the Editors:

Senator Lister Hill in his "Bonanza for Education" [March] makes what seems to me a very misleading estimate of the value of the tidelands oil and gas reserves.

The Senator estimates this value at fifty billion dollars based on a price of $2.70 per barrel for an estimated reserve of fifteen billion barrels, and 7¢ per thousand cubic feet for an estimated gas reserve of one hundred and forty trillion cubic feet.

Obviously, however, this is a gross value and makes no allowance for exploration, development, and operating costs, which must be deducted before any proceeds will be available for education. . . . It may be interesting to note that responsible statistical organizations who are advising the purchase of oil stocks . . . place a unit value on oil reserves of the larger companies of 50¢ per barrel, and on gas reserves of 2¼¢ per thousand cubic feet. These are on reserves which are partly developed and much more defined than the tidelands reserves. These values indicate a possible net value for the tidelands reserves of less than eight billion dollars using the Senator's estimates of the size of the reserves.

It may be said that eight billion dollars is still a great deal of money, and this is true, but it is a great deal less money than fifty billion dollars. . . . It is not to be expected that Senator Hill could furnish an exact net value for the tidelands oil reserve, but a much closer general estimate could have been made than the one given, and this would have served to put the matter in its proper focus. . . .

JESSE STICKEL
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Thank you for letting me see the copy of the letter received by *Harper's* from Mr. Jesse Stickel.

Many have attempted to minimize the importance of our undersea oil resources. Mr. Stickel says fifty billion dollars is too big, according to the way he figures in his letter. On the other hand, petroleum geologists say that the forty-billion-dollar figure for oil and the ten-billion figure for gas are conservative, and that the resources may greatly exceed these estimates.

Mr. Stickel also fails to take into account the greater return that doubtless will be yielded to the American people through higher royalties under Federal leases. Neither does he take into account the likelihood of increased worth of such petroleum deposits as the world's supplies are depleted.

LISTER HILL
Washington, D. C.

The Corruptors—

To the Editors:

I have read with interest the letter in your March issue from Morris L. Ernst, who is amused by my article, "Corruption in Washington" [January].

Under proper circumstances, the tolerance Mr. Ernst shows is a noble trait. But if, as he implies we should, we ignore the presence of corruption in the government on the ground that the blame for it lies with the corruptors outside the government, we can expect evil within the government to flourish and grow until it corrodes the whole institution. Life is one long exposure to temptation to become corrupt, and our responsibility to ourselves and to God demands resistance to the tempting devil and his agents. . . . We only encourage the corruptors when we fail to expose the corrupted.

Mr. Ernst implies also that I am guilty of extending "the public cynicism toward the government by pointing to government corruption." It is deplorable that Americans have reason for their cynicism. But the responsibility for the existence of this cynicism lies not with me, nor with any other reporter who deals with the facts and makes fair comments on them, but with the corrupted public servants and with their superiors who lightly brush aside the acts that inspire mistrust of government.

One aspect of the American system is belief that it is necessary to hound sin into the open in order to save us all from succumbing to sin. We have the free press. We have public trials in open courts. An article on the corruptors who interest Mr. Ernst would add to our knowledge of what is wrong in Washington. In fact, I have examined some of them at close range in the book, *How to Get Rich in Washington,* on which I based my article. But the exposure of the corruptors does not displace the need for knowledge also about the corrupted.

A practical reason for scrutinizing the corrupted is that they represent the breakdown of an ideal, which probably should be nursed no longer. In the period of fifty years ago and more, when business was arrogant in making its demands on government, the opinion developed that the mass of Americans could defend themselves from these arrogants by making government stronger and bigger. The corruption of the stronger and bigger government which has come into existence in response to that opinion means that a wall built to hold back the corrupters Mr. Ernst mentions is crumbling. This is an historical fact of first importance.

I would like to take this opportunity to point out again that, so far as I know, most government employees and officials are honest and uncorrupted. Having made that statement in the article, I passed on

LETTERS

scrutiny of the question at hand. ut the corruption has flourished in y places, and the whole fabric of overnment has been put in danger a result.

BLAIR BOLLES
Washington, D. C.

Minds & Frontiers—

To the Editors:

Somebody or other said: If there were no religions, they would have to be invented, or something to that effect. On the same principle, if "The Mass Mind: Our Favorite Folly" hadn't preceded "Frontier for This Century" in your March issue, it would have had to be improvised.

The problem of civilization, in terms of long-range cultural evolution, is to discover the equation and synthesis in the "mass mind" and the "frontier for this century" in the framework of a twentieth-century conceptual scheme and on the cosmic, affirmative, dynamic, dialectic, constructive, elementary, universal level. . . .

In terms of long-range cultural evolution, the world achieved "yesterday" the first and only universal cultural instrument to raise the cultural level of the cosmic "mass mind," namely the public school. . . . Moreover the public school is the prototype of the second affirmative, dynamic, universal, elementary cultural instrument resolving the dilemma of the "frontier for this century" and raising the socio-cultural-economic "mass mind" one notch higher. The second concept is based on Jeffersonian democracy, "The earth belongs to the living"—translated into twentieth-century terms in the framework of the twentieth-century conceptual scheme.

PHILIP WEISS
St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors:

At the risk of being considered impertinent, I should like to suggest that Joyce Cary stick to writing novels, a task at which he is undeniably skillful.

I have read "The Mass Mind: Our Favorite Folly" three times, but I still cannot see how Mr. Cary has demonstrated the concept of the mass mind to be a delusion. . . .

In view of the "deviate" charac-

BEA
fly "regally" in Europe
Europe's Leading Airline



Introduces
the new
ELIZABETHAN

the only aircraft in the world with *all* these features:
fully pressurized
high wing all-passenger view
250 miles per hour
delicious hot meals

more Americans fly B.E.A. than any other European airline.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS
Consult your Travel Agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation, General Sales Agents.

Announcing

CRESTA BLANCA
WHITE
VERMOUTH



If you like a Martini extra dry and pale, the secret is the world's driest Vermouth—Cresta Blanca Triple Dry White Vermouth—in your favorite proportion. Try it soon.

CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.

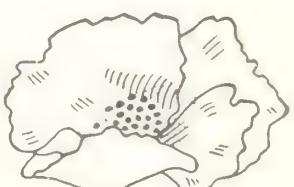
—secret of an extra dry Martini

The School, the College the Junior College

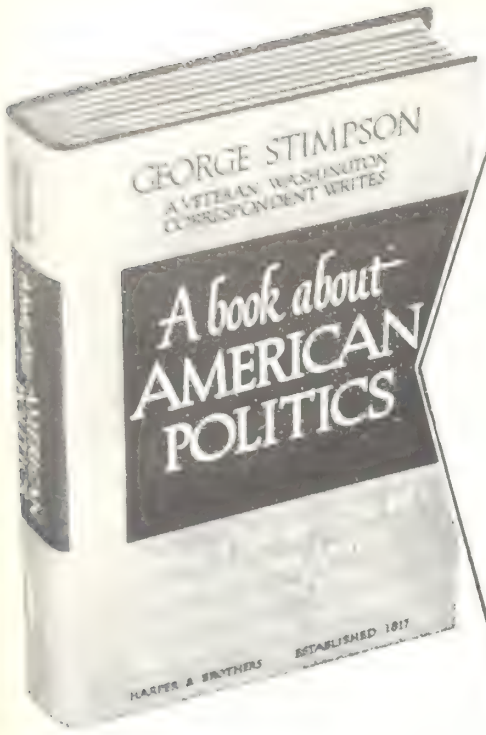


or the Vocational School you seek will probably be found in the *"Schools and Colleges"* Section of this issue. If the one you want is not listed our School Bureau will be glad to help you. *Address*

SCHOOL BUREAU, *Harper's Magazine*
49 E. 33rd Street, New York



WEAR A
V. F. W.
"Buddy"
Poppy
MEMORIAL DAY



You'll find the answers to 749 questions like these in

- ★ What President hanged two men?
- ★ What President had an artificial jaw?
- ★ How did *throwing the hat in the ring* originate?
- ★ May the President and the Vice President be from the same state?
- ★ Which Presidents were bachelors?
- ★ How many Presidents had military experience?
- ★ What Presidents had foreign-born parents?
- ★ What Vice President was indicted for murder?
- ★ What President's wife smoked a pipe?
- ★ What President was married to the same woman twice?
- ★ When were there three different Presidents in the same year?

A BOOK ABOUT American Politics

By GEORGE STIMPSON

author of *A Book About a Thousand Things* and *A Book About the Bible*

"Politics of the past in nugget form — questions and answers, all brief and all intensely human. When you finish you will know more about American politics than you ever knew . . . Easy to read . . . instructive and positively entertaining." —W. M. KIPLINGER, Editor, *Kiplinger Washington Letter.*

$4.95

A Guide to More Effective Living

More Power to Your Mind

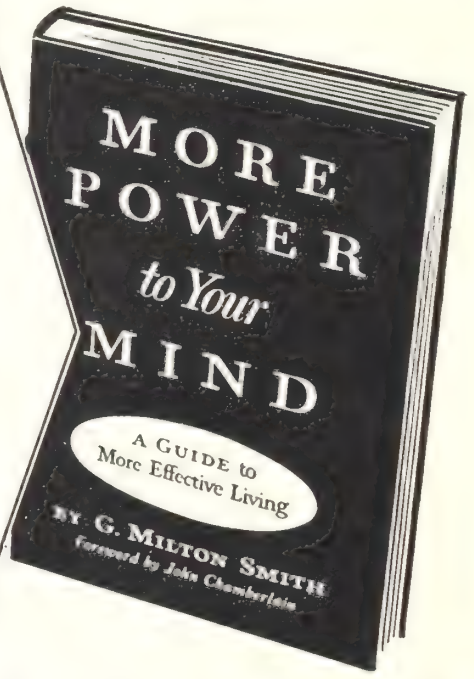
By G. MILTON SMITH, *Professor of Psychology, C.C.N.Y.*

Preface by John Chamberlain

"A vivid, clear and useful presentation of modern mental hygiene as it relates to happy and effective living . . . I am especially impressed with its sanity, balance, sense of proportion and humane good sense." —GARDNER MURPHY, Former Head of the American Psychological Association

"This book is 'able' in two great ways: it is understand-able and depend-able. In a world where too many of us do not understand ourselves and where we seek in vain for guidance we can trust, this book can be of vast help." —HARRY OVERSTREET, author of *The Mature Mind.*

$2.75



The thrilling story of the Frontier Nursing Service

Wide Neighborhoods

By MARY BRECKINRIDGE

For more than a quarter century, Mary Breckinridge and her gallant nurses have served children and their families in the remote hills of Kentucky. Her autobiography is rich and rewarding reading — the story of a great American adventure.

$4.00

Funds and Foundations

THEIR POLICIES PAST AND PRESENT

By ABRAHAM FLEXNER

with the collaboration of ESTHER S. BAILEY.

"A wise, interesting, and enlightening book on foundations past and present. Generous in praise of their achievements, unsparing in criticism of their shortcomings, and constructive in suggestions for the future, it should be read by every citizen interested in these powerful organizations." —ALLAN NEVINS, Columbia University.

$2.75

At all bookstores **HARPER & BROTHERS**

The times pose new School Problems

As the *next* school year looks over the shoulder of the one just ending, a dozen problems peculiar to these times demand a decision now . . . before the summer's fun begins . . . about fall school plans.

For parents who think of schooling as something more than lessons . . . who know there are many levels of learning and many objectives beyond the academic, the idea of a private school holds a deeper interest than ever before.

For some the problem is urgent and immediate, particularly in homes disrupted by the sudden changes that are moving parents about like chessmen from city to city . . . even country to country. There is continuity in a carefully chosen school . . . with its untroubled security and known quality of education.

And there is, perhaps, a bit more urgency than ordinary in the need for the finest college or professional preparation . . . better than some local communities can afford . . . for young men who must give at least two of their growing-up years to the nation.

But the problem isn't just special, today. It is broadened by the changing pattern of public education that is giving deep concern to many parents, making some of them think of private schools for the first time. Crowded classrooms in many communities can't expand fast enough for the booming child population. Teachers are being drawn off into industry. Many sorely hampered public schools are lagging behind the times.

One certain advantage of private schooling is that you can make your own decision . . . choose a school to meet your child's needs and (with a much smaller dependence on geography) pick the one that will serve him best. You can, that is, if you plan now for next fall, before school enrollments are full.

LETTERS

ters Mr. Cary portrays in his novels, one should not be surprised by his distaste for the idea of the mass man. Every novel of his I have read represents an heroic rebellion against the extinction of individual personality. And this is why I admire Mr. Cary so much—as a novelist.

But a preference for the autonomous, creative, nonconformist personality ought not to blind one to the predominant existence—in the United States at any rate—of the mass-oriented, mass-directed character type. The mass man may indeed be deluded, but he is not a delusion. It would profit Mr. Cary, I think, to try his hand at teaching in an American state university.

JAY W. JENSEN
University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.

To the Editors:

How could you do it? To my mind, Peter F. Drucker's "Frontier for This Century" is one of the most important and significant discussions I have read in a long time. And you didn't list it on the cover at all!

Mr. Drucker presented the complete answer to Mr. Webb's pessimistic essay, "Ended: 400 Year Boom" [October]. In it he shows how American business can provide the leadership for the real revolution to a better world to live in. . . .

Joyce Cary's discussion of the mass mind and Senator Hill's plan to make tidelands oil "A Bonanza for Education" in the same issue were also interesting food for thought.

HAROLD JINKS
Detroit, Mich.

Food for Sermons—

To the Editors:

Preachers who are always looking for grist for their sermon mill would do very well to read the story by Wallace Stegner in the February issue, "Pop Goes the Alley Cat." The emphasis upon love is better put than in many sermons. I particularly like the statement: "You cannot put limits on love if love is what you choose to live by." Thank you very much for printing such a story.

RICHARD LUNGREN, Pastor
Mountain View Methodist Church
Butte, Mont.

Could You Handle a $20,000-a-year Job?

If you think you could, reading this may help you get one—because today there are *plenty* of these jobs just waiting for the right man.

For some time now business papers have been pointing out that management is having great difficulty finding high-salaried executives. Actually, management is *always* looking for such men because they are the ones who mean the difference between profit and loss.

But just what do these men have that makes them worth so much money? First, its a point of view. The executive must understand the broad principles of business procedure. He must know the methods and practices that have proven profitable for other companies and be able to apply them to his own business.

Does this seem easy? Frankly it isn't—the way to the top is never easy, but if you are really serious about becoming a $20,000-a-year, or more, executive, Funk & Wagnalls Company invites you to send for a free booklet by Carl Heyel. This new booklet gives you a complete outline of the famous Heyel Course in which 8 famous business executives describe their working methods and explain, clearly and simply, how you can make use of their combined knowledge and experience to qualify for the great opportunities in modern business. There is absolutely no obligation, no charge for this booklet, simply mail the coupon below.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., Dept. H-215
153 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me the free booklet that tells all about the new Heyel Course in Executive Technique.
Name
Address
City ... Zone... State...

FOR MORE VACATION FUN
Get The GIMLET
THE MAGAZINE OF RESORT-VACATION TRAVEL
24 YEARS TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELER'S GUIDE



CANADA thru FLORIDA, THE SOUTH, and Enroute, Nassau, Bermuda, Cuba, West Indies. 200 PAGES Illus. *Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: Silver Springs, Fla. Florida's Underwater Fairyland, Bellington Gardens Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Ala., Monkey Jungle, Goulds, Fla, 50¢; Doubledays, Brentanos or send 75¢ for postpaid copy for $1.25 year's subscription (2 issues) to The Gimlet, Dept. 70, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

Boston, Mass.
COPLEY PLAZA
Bretton Woods, N. H.
MT. WASHINGTON
Rangeley Lakes, Maine
RANGELEY LAKES
Philadelphia, Pa.
BARCLAY
Baltimore, Md.
SHERATON-BELVEDERE
Washington, D. C.
SHOREHAM
Charleston, S. C.
FT SUMTER HOTEL
Jacksonville, Fla.
GEORGE WASHINGTON
Daytona Beach, Fla.
PRINCESS ISSENA
SHERATON PLAZA
West Palm Beach, Fla.
GEORGE WASHINGTON

Miami, Fla.
THE COLUMBUS TOWERS
Miami Beach, Fla.
ISLE DE CAPRI
Ft. Myers, Fla.
FRANKLIN ARMS
Sarasota, Fla.
ORANGE BLOSSOM
St. Petersburg, Fla.
GULF WINDS
VILLAS & APTS.
TIDES
Tampa, Fla.
FLORIDAN
Acapulco, Mexico
HOTEL CLUB DE PESCA
Mexico City
MONTE CASSINO
Jamaica, B. W. I.
MYRTLE BANK
TOWER ISLE

RECOMMENDED HOTELS & FISHING CAMPS IN THE BAHAMAS
Described in Detail

Nassau, Bahamas
FT. MONTAGU BEACH
BRITISH COLONIAL
ROYAL VICTORIA
PRINCE GEORGE
CARLTON HOUSE
WINDSOR
CUMBERLAND HOUSE

Bimini
ANCHOR'S AWEIGH
(Fishing)
Eleuthera Island
FRENCH LEAVE
Andros Island
CAMP BANG BANG
(Fishing)

Summer Schools & Camps

SUMMER SCHOOLS

syracuse university • school of art

pine brook

SUMMER SCHOOL OF PAINTING

june 29 to august 8

on saranac lake in the adirondacks

full university credit

school of art

syracuse university, syracuse, n. y.



WAYA-AWI

Individualized instruction in all subjects. Specialized remedial work in English, reading, writing and spelling in charge of ... Swimming, mountain climbing and all ... Seniors—beginning at age 11. Only ... of age or over, accepted. Enrollment limited to 50. Coed.

PAUL SHARP, Director, 71 ... Bar Harbor, Me.

LONGPORT SUMMER ACADEMY

Boys 9-14. Longport, N. J. Exceptional 10-week program in excellent recreational atmosphere. All sports. Boy ...

J. L. PALSGROVE, Box 449, PAWLING, N. Y.

ELLIS SUMMER SCHOOL & CAMP

Girls. Grades 1-12. Review, make-up, advanced H. S. ... Remedial and College Boards. Remedial reading. Guidance. School campus near ... Separate Lower School and Camps. 21st yr. Catalog.

... PH.D., NEWTOWN SQUARE 29, PA.

EDGEWOOD—SUMMER TUTORING CAMP

... clear camp activities. NEW YORK. Tutoring ... College preparation, ... reading. For younger children, full camp program with tutoring optional.

... Dept., Greenwich 3, CONN.

SPECIAL CAMP

BANCROFT SCHOOL AND CAMP

Individual training for exceptional children who need ... Haddonfield, N. J. Summer months at Owl's Head, Maine. Medical and psychiatric supervision. Established 1883. For catalogue address: JENZIA C. COOLEY, Principal, ... HADDONFIELD, NEW JERSEY

BOYS CAMPS

KEEWAYDIN CANOE TRIPS

Est. 1893 Lake Temagami, Ontario

A different summer experience for boys 10-18. Native ... experienced counselors lead small trip groups ... Temagami's finest canoeing country. Adventurous camping, excellent fishing, exciting white-water rapids, ... Baseball, tennis, sailing ... for between camp activities between trips. Adult camp ... for younger boys. SPECIAL 2-MONTH TRIP TO JAMES' BAY FOR OLDER CAMPERS. For further details, catalog, and personal interview write

HOWARD H. CHIVERS, Hanover, N. H.



PASSUMPIC

Fun and adventure in a happy, friendly camp for boys 7-15. Lake Fairlee, Vt. Wide choice of land and water sports. Riding. Camping skills and trips. 3 age groups. 39th year. Mr. and Mrs. David H. Starry, 4620 Drummond Ave., Chevy Chase 15, Wash., D. C.

WANAWETA ON CAPE COD

For boys 6-15 on Island Lake in Mashpee, Mass., historic Indian village. A safe, non-strenuous program of salt and fresh water sports. Sailing, fishing, tennis, baseball, riflery, archery. "Learning by doing" in manual arts. Limited enrollment 65. Registered nurse.

J. FRED HICKS, Englewood School or
530 Broad Ave., ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

ADVENTURE

22nd Year. 65 mi. N. Y. C. Ridgefield, Connecticut. "CAMP LIFE TODAY—REAL LIFE TOMORROW." New skills through well rounded non-competitive program. Optional activities for Boys and Girls—6 thru 15 years. Superior facilities for all Land and Water Sports.
MR. and MRS. WM. V. DWORSKI, NEW HAVEN 15, CONN.

CAMP RANGER

Boys 7-14. Est. 1927. Pvt. lake 900 ft. elev. Rated A-1 N.J. Board of Health. All sports, special trips, horseback riding. Best foods. Full season $330.
E. W. FRANCE, Box 62, UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J.
Tel. Montclair 2-6333

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS

Summer of adventure on Toms River for boys 8-18. Campers grouped according to age. Trips on 63-foot flagship. 42 activities. Remedial reading, testing, guidance. Accelerated academic program available. Moderate fee. Write for catalog.
FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS, Box MC, TOMS RIVER, N. J.



• LEN-A-PE

Boys 4-16. In Poconos near N.Y. and Phila. 20 men inc. Indians, cowboy, magician. Riding, sailing, tennis. Sunday services. Booklet. INDIAN LODGE—lake-front hotel. David A. Keiser, Mill Rd., Phila. 17, Pa. Phone Phila., MElrose 5-1682.

SUSQUEHANNA

Boys 5-16. Mountain camp on private lake. New Milford, Pa. 34th Year. 825 Acres. Daily riding, complete course in horsemanship. 35 CAMP-OWNED HORSES. Own farm. All sports. 3 age groups. Skilled leader for each 4 boys. Personal development our aim. Booklet.
ROBERT T. SMITH, NEW MILFORD, PA.

RIO VISTA

OLDEST AND FINEST BOYS' CAMP IN THE SOUTHWEST. Texas Hill country. Est. 1921. 160 boys (7 to 17). 4 age groups. 5, 8, 10 week terms. Unsurpassed for climate, camp site, improvements, counselor staff and programs. Expert riding instructions, swimming, all land, water sports, crafts. Write for catalog.
GEORGE T. BROUN, INGRAM, TEXAS

A BOY'S IDEAL VACATION

ULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE

Eight weeks' training in neatness, courtesy, promptness. Moderate cost. Exceptional facilities. All sports. Naval and Horsemanship School (14-18); Woodcraft (9½-14). Separate catalogs.
56 Lake Shore Walk, CULVER, IND.



CAMP WILDERNESS

Adventure full camp for real boys, 6-18. In forests of Northern Wisconsin near Spooner. Vigorous life under able leaders. Canoeing, athletics, swimming, fishing, riflery. Crafts. Moderate rate. Booklet. WILBUR RUSSELL, 21 Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg., TERRE HAUTE, IND.

CAMP WRIGHT

Lake Dean, Oakham, Mass. Boys 6-16, who want to do things. Land and water sports plus riding, tutoring, farm projects, work with pay, auto mechanics and driving. Informal group. Careful supervision and instruction. FEE $375. BOOKLET—A. L. BRIGGS,
509 West 122nd St., N. Y. 27, N. Y.

SUMMER HOLIDAY IN BERMUDA

Worthwhile and different summer vacation for boys up to 13 years. Tours of the Islands and trips to places of historical interest. Sports: swimming, fishing, and sailing. Small group. House supervised by fully qualified English staff and two Registered Nurses. Climate exceptionally healthy. For further information write to: MR. R. E. FREWEN, "Grand View", PAGET, BERMUDA.

GIRLS CAMPS

BEENADEEWIN

On Lake Fairlee, Vt. Girls 5-17. Three age groups. Friendly, informal camp. Two complete waterfronts. Riding. Sailing. Trips. Dramatics. Crafts. Attractive cabins on lake shore. Mature staff. Est. 1914. Catalog. *State age.*
MR. & MRS. L. M. DUNDON, 138 Canoe Brook Pkwy.,
SUMMIT, N. J.

SANDY NECK CAMP

Eight weeks of fun and health giving vacation for your daughter. Four groups. Ages 2-14. Attention to diet, posture, rest, sports, riding. Booklet.
CONSTANCE LOWELL, Director
CAPE COD, BARNSTABLE, MASS.

FIRE PLACE LODGE

A Salt Water Camp for Girls 5-19 at East Hampton, L. I., on Gardiner's Bay. Sailing, Swimming, Canoeing, Riding, Tennis, Crafts. Exceptional Music. Fine Arts. Dramatics. Counselor Training. Six separate age programs. Booklet.
MRS. A. M. PURCELL,
33 Oxford St., MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

DOMINICAN CAMP FOR GIRLS

ON BEAUTIFUL LAKE ERIE
Historic Kelleys Island, Ohio
Girls 7-17, five age groups, resident chaplain, all land and water sports. We stress household and other womanly activities useful for life. Exceptional rates for eight weeks, $150.00, catalog.
ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

BOYS and GIRLS CAMP

FARM HOME CAMP

SMALL CAMP FOR SMALL CHILDREN. July and August. Country living in Vermont. Mature counselors. Individual attention. Reasonable rates. Boys and Girls 5-9 years. Dir. Reg. Nurse. Brochure on request.
MISS ELIZ. SPEAR, R. F. D. #1, WINDSOR, VERMONT

Schools & Colleges

MASSACHUSETTS

NICHOLS JUNIOR COLLEGE FOR MEN

Dudley, Mass.

Business Administration and Executive Training

... Degree granting. International clientele. Small classes. Unexcelled location. 200-acre campus. ...

Opportunity for Military Training with E.R.C. unit on campus.

CUSHING ACADEMY

... Headmaster.
BOX 37, ASHBURNHAM, MASS.

MARY A. BURNHAM SCHOOL

For girls. Thorough college preparation. General and post graduate courses. Music emphasized. Art, secretarial. College town advantages. Riding, Skiing, Swimming. Mensendieck system for posture. National enrollment. 75th year. Charming colonial residences. Gymnasium. *Catalog.*
MRS. G. W. EMERSON, Box 48, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

STONELEIGH-PROSPECT HILL

For Girls. Thorough college preparatory; 7th-12th gr. General courses. Small classes. Art, music, dramatics. All sports. Modern bldg. 150 acres. Professional instruction in riding, skiing. Mensendieck system for posture.
MRS. GEORGE WALDO EMERSON,
Box E, GREENFIELD, MASS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HOLDERNESS

... college preparation. Emphasis on straight ... Grades 9-12. Limited to 100 boys. Team sports. Excellent skiing, hunting, fishing in beautiful White Mts. Glee Club, debating, arts, crafts. Self-help program. Founded 1879. Episcopal.
DONALD C. HAGERMAN, Box 50, PLYMOUTH, N. H.
TUCSON, ARIZ.

MAINE

OAK GROVE

A Friends' School for Girls—Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7-12 and P.G. for H.S. Grads needing intensive review before College. Riding included. Beautiful new fireproof Quadrangle.
MR. and MRS. ROBERT OWEN, Box 120,
VASSALBORO, MAINE

RHODE ISLAND

HATCH PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Timesaving program since 1926. Classes—1 to 4 boys. Progress geared to individual abilities and ambition. College candidates save a year. Three school years begin Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 1. Summer term in Dexter, Maine. Conference prerequisite to acceptance.
LLOYD HARVEY HATCH, Headmaster, NEWPORT, R. I.

LINCOLN SCHOOL OF PROVIDENCE

For girls. 68th year. Exceptional record for college preparation. Modern equipment and sports program. Conservative costs. Auspices of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends.
MARION S. COLE, Headmistress.
Box M, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

« Schools and Colleges »

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN—EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties; (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence; (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.

Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 46 years' experience

Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY

Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY

Fully accredited college preparatory. Toms River, N. J., St. Petersburg, Fla. Preparation for all colleges, gov't academies. Separate Jr. schools. Accelerated program. Naval training. Guidance. Sports, boats, bands. Specify catalog.

ADM. FARRAGUT ACADEMY, BOX HZ, TOMS RIVER, N. J.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY

Fully accredited. College preparatory, Business, general courses. Outstanding record of college entrance. ROTC. Boys taught how to study; small classes; remedial reading. Jr. School. 71st yr. Summer session. Registrar, Box 255, BORDENTOWN, N. J.

PEDDIE

An endowed school. Boys thoroughly prepared for college and for life. Fully accredited. Junior School. Small classes. Public speaking course required. Sports. New gym, playing fields, golf, pool. 240 acres. Summer session. 49 miles New York City. 87th year. Catalog.

DR. CARROL O. MORONG, Box 5-B, HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

NEW YORK

OAKWOOD

A Quaker coed school. Intercultural. Grades 8-12. Fully accredited. College prep, general courses. Counseling. Work program. Sports. 156th year. Also Summer Work Camp (ages 14-17). Catalog. W. M. CLARK, Prin.

OAKWOOD SCHOOL, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

EDGEWOOD PARK

For young women. Accredited college preparatory. Advanced courses in cultural and practical arts, fine arts, secretarial science, medical ass't, home ec., dramatics, costume design, interior decoration, merchandising, kindergarten. All sports, riding, pool. Moderate rates. Catalog.

Box H-10, BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N. Y.

RIVERDALE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Founded 1907.

JOHN H. JONES, Headmaster,

Box M, RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y. C.

PENNSYLVANIA

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE

Senior college coordinating academic and military. Defense-minded America needs college men trained in military. Military College R.O.T.C.—earn Commission. Degrees in engineering, arts, sciences, business administration. Enter Sept. *Write for catalog.*

DEAN OF ADMISSIONS, Dept. F, CHESTER, PENNA.

OAK HALL SCHOOL & CAMP

A country camp and boarding school for boys, 7 to 16. Riding, swimming, trout-fishing, craftwork, gardening. Remedial education, speech correction, individual guidance in homelike surroundings.

K. J. WINGO, DIRECTOR Box 85, GALETON, PA.

WYOMING SEMINARY

Modern endowed coed school emphasizing accredited college preparation. Business, music, art. Individual help. Scholarships. 109th year. Faculty from 31 colleges. Drama, sports. New and newly furnished fireproof dormitories. Moderate rate. Write for catalog.

RALPH W. DECKER, Ph.D., Pres.,
Box R, KINGSTON, PA.

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

★ **Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study**

★ (Upper School) has increased number of Honor Roll students by 50%. Develops capacity to concentrate. Fully accredited. ROTC highest rating. 560 acres, 16 modern buildings, 2 beautiful, spacious gyms, pool, splendid environment, excellent health record, separate infirmary, 3 nurses. Upper school grades 8-12. Junior School 1-7, separate bldgs. and housemothers. All athletics, bands, glee club. For ONE SUBJECT PLAN booklet and catalogue write



Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 805, Fork Union, Va.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WASHINGTON, D. C.

LANDON SCHOOL

For boys. Strict college preparation. Small study groups. Limited enrollment. Student gov't and honor system develop initiative, self-reliance. Separate lower school. Sports. 75-acre wooded campus close to Washington. Catalog. PAUL L. BANFIELD, Headmaster.

Box H, Bradley Lane, Bethesda, WASHINGTON 14, D. C.

MARYLAND

SEVERN SCHOOL

Thorough preparation for colleges, technical schools, Service Academies. Accredited. Grades 9-12. Small classes. Near Annapolis. Limited enrolment. 39th year. Catalog.

ROLLAND M. TEEL, Box 102,
SEVERNA PARK, MD.

SOUTH CAROLINA

CONVERSE COLLEGE

A privately endowed 4 year Liberal Arts College for Women. Nationally accredited: B.A. and B.Mus. degrees. Small classes—pleasant dormitories—40 acre campus—convenient railway and plane connections. Reasonable rates. Write for catalogue and view book.

E. M. GWATHMEY, President, SPARTANBURG, S. C.

ILLINOIS

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

Fashion Merchandising with Modeling. Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Decoration, Commercial Art, Photography, Window Display, Coeducational. Attractive residence for girls. Entr. June 2. WRITE Registrar, Rm. 725.

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS, 750 North Michigan, CHICAGO 11.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

Complete development of each boy in invigorating military atmosphere. Fully accredited preparatory. Grades 3-12. Small classes; individual help. ROTC. Sports for all. In suburban Chicago. 79th yr. *Write for catalog.*

Col. C. L. JORDAN,
Box 552, MORGAN PARK, CHICAGO 43, ILL.

INDIANA

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

On Lake Maxinkuckee. 8th grade. Thorough preparation for leading colleges. High scholastic standards. Develops initiative, courtesy, poise, character. Leadership training. All sports. Exceptional facilities. Senior Basic ROTC. Catalog. 56 Pershing Walk, CULVER, IND.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE

B. S. DEGREE IN 27 MONTHS

Founded 1884 World-Wide Enrollment.

Mech., Civil, Elect., Chem., Aero, Radio (Telev.) Engineering; Bus. Adm., Acct. Extensive campus. New and modernized buildings . . . up-to-date labs. Low cost. Prep. courses. Personalized instructions. Heavy demand for graduates. Placement service.

Enter Sept., Jan., March, June. Write for Catalog. 3452 College Ave., Angola, Ind.

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

Graduates in 135 colleges, service academies. Accredited. Small, conference-type classes. Highest War Dept. rating. Modern buildings. Sports include golf, flying, riding. In Wisconsin's Land o'Lakes. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog.

1252 DE KOVEN HALL, DELAFIELD, WISCONSIN

MINNESOTA

SHATTUCK SCHOOL

Accredited, grades 9-12. Balanced educational, religious, military program. Preparatory or general. Small classes. ROTC. Sports for all: gym, pool, armory, golf. Many activities. Episcopal. Est. 1858. Summer School-Camp. *Catalog.* Director of Admissions.

529 SHUMWAY HALL, FARIBAULT, MINN.

ARIZONA

SOUTHERN ARIZONA SCHOOL

For boys. Thorough college preparation in warm, dry, sunny Arizona. Grades 7-12. Accredited. C.E.B. Exams. Small classes. A horse for every boy. Polo, pack trips, fishing. Music. Archaeology. 22nd year. Catalog.

RUSSELL B. FAIRGRIEVE, Saveno Canyon, PO Box 1791,

CALIFORNIA

ANNA HEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Est. 1887. College Preparatory. Accredited—East & West. Lower School. Outdoor life. Tennis. Swimming. Hockey. Riding. A home-like school in a college town. Cat. CATHERINE H. DEWEY, B.A.; DANIEL DEWEY, M.A., 2538B Channing Way, BERKELEY, CALIF.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

The Battle Creek School

A school for children whose needs are not provided for by the Public Schools. Pleasant, home-like, attractive environment. Individual tutoring, considering special handicaps. Curriculum based upon the real needs of all children. Care for each child's physical well-being. Development of independence, initiative, and responsibility. Vocational training and part-time vocational placement. Limited enrollment prevents regimentation and institutionalization.

Address the REGISTRAR
1003 North Ave., R #3, Battle Creek, Mich.

PERKINS SCHOOL

A year round special school for the Scientific Study and Education of children of retarded development. Constant, sympathetic supervision. Individual training. Five home-like, attractive buildings. 30 acres of campus and gardens. Summer session in Maine.

FRANKLIN H. PERKINS, M.D., Dir.,
Box 11, LANCASTER, MASS.

HOME STUDY

YOU CAN EDUCATE YOUR CHILD AT HOME



Kindergarten through 9th grade. With Calvert courses mothers can give their children a sound education at home. Calvert-guided instructions. All lessons, books provided. Students transfer successfully. Start any time. Unique Crafts Course. **Catalog.** Give child's age and grade.

CALVERT SCHOOL 75 E. Tuscany Rd. Baltimore 10, Md.

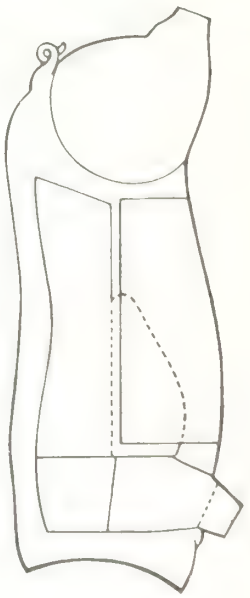
If you want catalogs of any schools or colleges advertised, or not advertised, in this issue, we'll gladly have them sent for your study and guidance.

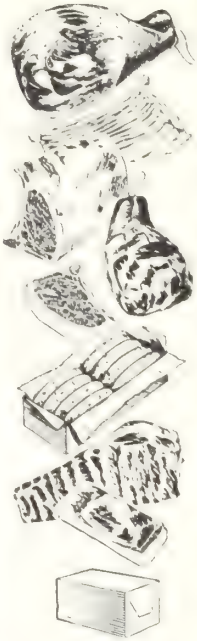
If you need authoritative and impartial suggestions about schools or colleges, we can assist you as we have thousands of parents, guardians, etc., *for over 50 years.*

Address **Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,**
Director of Educational Guidance
HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16

Pigs are not all Pork Chops







CUTS	POUNDS
HAM	29
BACON	27
PORK ROAST	18
PICNICS & smoked shoulder butts	11
CENTER CUT PORK CHOPS	10
PORK SAUSAGE	8
MISC. CUTS	5
SALT PORK	7
LARD	35

240 lbs. Live Hog = **180 lbs.** Wholesale Weight = **150 lbs.** Retail Cuts

The price of pork chops is one item in the "cost of living" that almost any woman—or economist—can quote off hand.

Although this figure has become almost symbolic of the level of meat prices, *only about 5% of a pig is center cut pork chops!*

A 240-pound porker, when dressed by the meat packer, comes down to *180* pounds of wholesale weight—unprocessed fresh meat cuts and fat for lard. Some of these cuts lose more weight when they are boned, cured, smoked or otherwise prepared. This leaves only about *150* pounds of pork products for the retailer to sell. And only *10 pounds* are center cut *pork chops.*

That's why you pay more for pork chops than for most other cuts of pork. For, from sausage to pork chops, the price of each cut is determined largely by how much there is of it and how much people like it.

Economists call this the law of supply and demand. Women call it "shopping." They compare, pick, choose. In a free market, their choice sets the values.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

Harper's
MAGAZINE

Truman after Seven Years

Richard H. Rovere

THE career of Harry Truman demonstrates that power in a free society can be an elevating force as well as a corrupting one. Whether Truman has been a great President, a merely passable one, or a national catastrophe, he has been, in his seven years in high office, a bigger man than he was before the lightning struck and a bigger man than nature seems to have intended him to be.

In general, the American experience has tended to undermine the doctrine that power corrupts in more or less direct ratio to its magnitude. Although, happily, we have never put absolute power to the test, the record of our trafficking in limited powers suggests that they may be corrupting in something like inverse ratio to their magnitude. For the real insolence of office, for quick resorts to brutality, and certainly for boodle and graft, county and city officials are matchlessly culpable. State legislatures are as a rule more corrupt than Congress; mayors and governors offend more often than Presidents. In fact, we have never had a really corrupt and power-lusting President, and it is certain that the one we now have, whatever his shortcomings, has not used the office for any kind of self-aggrandizement. To be sure, other people, friends and associates of his, have used *him* for pernicious ends, and his tolerance of them deserves reproach, but that is not corruption in the grand, or Napoleonic, sense. Of this, he seems wholly innocent, having, indeed, surrendered and dispersed the traditional powers of his office to an extent considered positively dangerous even by many well-disposed critics of his Administration.

As for his own person, there can be no doubt that power has given him a dignity he did not have when he assumed the Presidency. This is not to say that he has become a figure of any great stature, but merely that his stature, however it may presently be appraised, is greater than it used to be. Before 1945, he was a man who had exhibited no gifts of mind or spirit other than humility and patriotism. He had fought for the coun-

On Harry Truman's shoulders have fallen some of the gravest responsibilities in history. Mr. Rovere, who presented a portrait of "President Harry" in Harper's *in July 1948, here studies the way in which he has lived up to the job.*

by riding herd on war contractors and government procurement agencies. He has probably been overpraised, or praised in the wrong way, for his work on the Truman Committee. The Committee did an important job and did it well, but Truman's leadership of it did not, as so many people have contended, set him apart from other machine politicians as a uniquely honorable and conscientious member of the breed. Defrauding a government in wartime is considered as loathsome in the Pendergast school as in any Citizens' Union or league for democratic rectitude. Between it and vote-stealing or any of the commoner forms of political waywardness there is a moral distinction that the boss-ridden legislator would overlook at his peril. George Washington Plunkitt, celebrated for his pioneering work in distinguishing "honest graft" from "dishonest graft," never dealt with the problem of war profiteering, but it is safe to say that he would have placed it squarely in the second category, along with watering children's milk and splitting fees with prostitutes, as something that only the most depraved could condone.

Patriotism is a widespread, all-but-universal virtue. Truman had it, and he had, too, a kind of Men's Bible Class worthiness, but in what we know of his pre-Presidential career there is no evidence of any values beyond these. About the best picture now available of his mind before 1945 is to be found in a paper recently published in William Hillman's *Mr. President*. It is a kind of reprise of Truman's first fifty years written by the hero himself to calm his nerves and occupy his mind in the small hours of a sleepless night in May 1934, when he had just turned fifty and was on the eve of his first campaign for the Senate.

It is rather a touching document, with its high resolves and its praise of parents, wife, toil, and the Holy Scriptures, but it gives us the mind of a man who in middle age looks for his ideals to Abbott's *Lives* and holds that true greatness consists in overcoming "carnal urges." There is a kind of eclectic Walter Mittyism in it, manifest in sudden transitions from his own experiences in Jackson County politics to contemplations of Cyrus the Great, Hannibal, and Gustavus Adolphus, and in a long, rueful account of a shattered dream of quick riches through oil leases. Though it was written at a time of great miseries, of political perplexities on every hand, by a man about to seek an opportunity to grapple with them, the only political ideas that show through it are in the realms of road-paving and the building and maintenance of municipal structures. The career that was opening up for him was appreciated not primarily in terms of opportunities and excitements—though at the close of the memoir there is an expression of devout hope for favors of the kind bestowed on King Solomon—but of surcease from drabness and penury. "I have come to a place," he wrote, marveling at the magic of it all, "where all men strive to be at my age, and I thought two weeks ago that retirement on a virtual pension in some minor county office was all that was in store for me."

It was not a mean outlook, but it was as parochial a one as any man has ever brought to the United States Senate. It may have broadened somewhat in the Senate, but this cannot be proved by the record. In almost every act of his Presidency, however, he has in one way or another surpassed his own limitations. Most of the values he has undertaken to defend were either undreamed of in his earlier philosophy or in some fashion hostile to it.

It may be that certain of them—his championing, for example, of the equality of races—were acquired in the first place for purely strategical reasons. It is well known that even in his senatorial days he was disturbed not by the Negro's lack of equality but by the prospect of equality being achieved. But convictions come upon all of us in unplanned and sometimes sordid ways, and no one in Washington who has seen the President stick by his civil-rights program has any doubt that the views he now professes are part of his credo and are with him to stay. He has acquired in power and clearly as a consequence of it moral values, moral courage, and even a kind of moral sophistication which should hearten those who deplore, as well as those who approve, the political forms he has given them. He has represented before the world the most generous and decent of American ideals. Though his foreign and domestic policies have mostly been mapped out by

minds other than his, he has grasped the issues with which they were intended to deal and has often discussed them with some force. He has met the Yahoo assaults upon himself and his associates with dignity and a good deal of fortitude. His recall of General MacArthur, probably the one large piece of work in his entire Administration where the initiative was clearly his own, may or may not have been a statesmanlike act, but it was one that took considerable courage and an appreciation of the whole complex of issues and strategies that were involved. (It becomes all the more remarkable in the light of this passage from the memoir written in 1934: "Of all the military heroes, Hannibal and Lee were to my mind the best because while they won every battle, they lost the war, due to crazy politicians in both instances, but they were still the Great Captains of History.") President Truman is not the most effective or eloquent defender that free civilization could have in this crisis, but he has at least become one of its deserving citizens.

II

His growth in office is not, of course, any basis for a final verdict on his conduct in office. On the contrary, it is in a way an excellent argument for replacing him with a man with a firmer foundation to build upon. There have, after all, been several Presidents whose moral values were wholly admirable and who were not deficient in moral courage but who nevertheless did rather a sorry job of it. The Presidency is not a reward for character but a challenge to leadership. The country's proper concern now is not with whether Truman has been an estimable man but with whether he has been a good President.

In one sense, it must be noted, he has hardly been President at all. He has scattered powers and responsibilities from one end of Washington to another. Perhaps, in view of his lack of knowledge and experience, this was the wisest thing to do. Wise or otherwise, it has been done. Truman's foreign policies have been made for him by his Secretaries of State, by advisers like Averell Harriman and Paul Hoffman, and by the agency created for the purpose by the Administration, the National Security Council. His diplomatic advisers have not been the tacticians of the cold war but its strategists. And although Truman will be remembered and may be honored for an historic assertion of political over military authority, the truth is that he has functioned only sporadically as Commander-in-Chief. Most of his military decisions have been made by military men—by Generals Marshall, Bradley, and Eisenhower, by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, even by General MacArthur, except for whose vigorous recommendation that ground troops be sent into Korea that momentous step might never have been taken.

It is, plainly enough, a fact that every President must rely heavily on his advisers even for the framing of high policies. Very few of Franklin Roosevelt's policies originated with him. But there is an enormous distinction between the way policies were arrived at under Roosevelt and the way they are arrived at under Truman. Roosevelt solicited ideas from specialists and chose those which seemed to him best in the circumstances. He did not devise many strategies himself—no President can—but he made certain that he had advice to spare, and among the plans offered him he made his own, deliberate choice. Truman's choices are of men, not ideas. He places his faith in a policy because he places his faith in the man who has urged it on him. No other President in recent times has turned so many of his rights and prerogatives over to subordinates; there have been times, indeed, when he has been almost as far from the settlement of policy questions as a constitutional monarch.

It is one of the many paradoxes of the Truman Administration that while it has hugely augmented the powers of some of its Cabinet officers, it has allowed certain others to escape and evade their responsibility in an equally unprecedented fashion. The Secretary of State makes foreign policy, but the Secretary of Labor has almost nothing to do with labor policy. The present Attorney-General is a superfluous figure in the Department of Justice, and the Secretary of Commerce, while he is a man of more substance than most people suppose, performs no services that would be missed if he stopped performing them. The pattern, though, is really the same in their cases as in the cases of the Secretaries of State and Defense: it is one of dispersed responsibility all round—either from

the President to his Secretaries or from the Secretaries to *their* secretaries.

It is probably a matter of no fundamental importance that Departments like Labor, Commerce, and Justice are without effective leadership at the top. This has happened often enough in the past, and the damage, if any, has been slight. But the making of high policy in the State and Defense Departments raises a number of serious questions in addition to the question of whether these are the proper places for the making of policy. For one thing, it draws diplomats and military men into political disputes which not only take them away from their own lasts but embarrass their relationships with people—their counterparts in other governments or the career men in their own services—who do not wish to become involved in party controversy. It puts not one extra burden, the determination of policy, upon them but two: obviously, if they are going to make policy, they must justify and defend it. For two years now, the Secretary of State has had to give as much of his time to upholding the government's policy in this country as to seeing that it is effectively represented and carried out abroad. There have doubtless been obscene aspects to the campaign of abuse that has made some of this expenditure of time necessary, but it has not been without a certain logic and reasonableness. If there is to be any abuse, he is the man to get it, since the government's policies have for the most part originated in his office.

The involvement in party politics of the Joint Chiefs of Staff may have even graver consequences. "We see now," Walter Lippmann wrote when the MacArthur hearings were about to get under way last year, "the beginnings of an almost intolerable thing in a republic: namely a schism within the armed forces between the generals of the Democratic party and the generals of the Republican party." Actually, the schism, at least so far as it was apparent to the country at large, was between the generals in the service of the Democratic party and one general with presumably Republican leanings, but the fact that the armed services were not split down the middle reduced the gravity of the affair only in slight degree. The unpleasant truth is that in recent years the military leadership of the country has become so thoroughly identified with the political leadership—has, beyond that, supplied the political leadership in certain ways—that a shift of party power would almost certainly necessitate a shakeup in the defense establishment comparable to the shakeup in the White House staff.

For saying that this would be the case, Senator Taft has been heavily belabored by members of the Administration and by many shocked journalists. It is hard to see why. A Republican President—unless he were General Eisenhower, who is, of course, part of the military leadership of the Truman Administration—would want and deserve men with no political pasts to justify and no personal or political reasons for opposing the changes in policy he would wish to make and for which, in the event of his election, he would have the country's mandate. In other words, if we were still at war when a Republican administration took over, we would have to accept a new set of commanders not because the old ones had been derelict as officers but because they had been political losers. The reorganization might extend to the Korean battlefield itself. It would be extremely difficult for a Republican administration to place men like Bradley and Collins in positions where their ability and experience could be put to good use. Whether our supply of military brains is great enough to provide a new team as professionally competent as the present one is a question which very few civilians are in a position to investigate, much less answer. But the answer may be forthcoming in a matter of months.

III

TRUMAN's dispersal of power is a measure of his limitations and an example of his ability to surpass them. Not all men are led by their ignorance to seek informed advice and assistance; ignorance and officiousness often go hand in hand, the one licensing the other. Moreover, it seems quite likely that Truman has been led by his deep need for counsel and assistance to discover and develop certain procedures that other Presidents will use to advantage—that he has stumbled, so to speak, on a pattern for the future of the Presidency.

Actually, even if Truman had come into office with all of Roosevelt's cocksureness, he

would not have been able to run the show as Roosevelt did. Roosevelt could be his own Secretary of State not only because he was so confident of his own rightness but because his foreign policy was so simple—far too simple, as events have shown—and because the imperatives in the situations he faced were such that they tended to supply their own strategies. Either his policy was isolationist, in which case there wasn't much work for anyone, or it was unconditional-surrender and force-to-the-utmost, in which case all he had to do was needle the generals and the production authorities. He led us into a coalition, at least in one theater of operations, but it was a coalition to which everyone welcomed us and in which for the most part the membership shared our appraisals.

Truman has faced a harder world. It is one in which the very terms of victory and success are uncertain and indefinable, and one in which American free-wheeling is impossible. Foreign policy is no longer merely a matter of defining an American attitude toward the world at large and toward particular countries but of reconciling our attitudes and appraisals, once we know them, with those of other nations and associations of nations. Where Roosevelt led us into one coalition which gladly accepted our leadership, the Truman Administration has involved us in a half-dozen alliances and associations in which our participation is necessary from the viewpoint of national interest but in which our presence is met as often with hostility and resentment as with appreciation. The very number of these associations has made the direction of policy by the President next to impossible.

American diplomacy is now a show being put on by several road companies at once—in the United Nations, in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, in the New European Defense Command, in the negotiations for new alliances in the Middle East and Southeast Asia, and eventually in the alliances themselves, in Panmunjom and Paris one day and in Cairo and Tehran the next. It is also a show with many producers, of which the State Department is only one, others being the Defense Department, the Mutual Security Administration, the National Security Resources Board, the Psychological Strategy Board, the Materials Policy Commission, and the Office of Defense Mobilization. Most of these agencies had antecedents in the Roosevelt Administration, but all of them were then dedicated to a single, short-term goal, for the achievement of which everything in the way of human resources and material resources was, broadly speaking, immediately expendable. Not the least of this Administration's problems has been that of trying to find a policy that can be followed for twenty or thirty years without leading the country to psychological or economic ruin.

In the view that hindsight now affords, and that better foresight might have afforded years ago, Roosevelt's detailed direction of foreign and military policy was not wholly to the good. But at least it was possible. Nowadays it would not be possible, and if Truman had adopted Roosevelt's style and had had all of Roosevelt's gifts of temperament, the results might have been disastrous. This does not mean that Truman's temperament and inexperience have been what the age demanded—far from it. It is a great pity that he has had to lean so heavily on others for the political defense of his policies as well as for their formulation. But much of what he has done he had to do, and there have been some positive gains.

Unable to employ yes-men because he could not give them much to say "yes" to—having the wisdom to be himself a yes-man—the President has laid the foundation for what may be a new tradition of *expertise* in diplomatic and military affairs. His appointments in these fields, except for the brief interlude in which Louis Johnson was Secretary of Defense, have been far better than Roosevelt's and about as good as they could be. Acheson, Marshall, Lovett, McCloy, Harriman, Paul Hoffman, John Foster Dulles—these and a good many others have demonstrated a competence rarely seen in the State Department and in the services in Roosevelt's time. (Except for Hoffman, they all served Roosevelt, but only General Marshall held a position of the first rank.) In Roosevelt's war Cabinet, the only man who merited comparison with any of these was Henry Stimson—aside from James Forrestal, who entered the Cabinet as a stopgap less than a year before Roosevelt's death. Neither Cordell Hull nor Edward Stettinius was in the same class as

Acheson, and Harry Hopkins was not as wise in the ways of the world as Averell Harriman. There is no doubt that Roosevelt's appointments in other fields were several cuts above Truman's, but in the most vital areas Truman's have been far superior.

Under Truman, the State and Defense Departments have worked out techniques of liaison and co-ordination which they had needed for some time. This was less Truman's doing than a consequence of his non-doing, but it is to the country's benefit, and the future may not make many fussy distinctions between the intended and the inadvertent. In the creation by this Administration of the National Security Council, an agency conceived in the minds of James Forrestal and Ferdinand Eberstadt to meet the needs of an administration without strong central leadership, the government at last has machinery for keeping diplomatic and military commitments in balance with military power and, through the participation of the National Resources Planning Board, with economic power. In the Council of Economic Advisers and the Central Intelligence Agency, future Presidents will have the means for getting orderly, systematic appraisals of the facts of national and international life.

IV

A FEW months ago Henry Steele Commager, exercising his franchise as a historian, announced that members of his profession fifty years from now will look upon the Truman Administration as "one of almost uninterrupted and unparalleled success." Asserting that "the verdicts of contemporary critics and of the historian rarely agree"—and not going into the tendency of historians to disagree with one another and to change their own minds from time to time—he argued that long after Harry Vaughan, E. Merl Young, and T. Lamar Caudle have been forgotten, monuments will be erected to the President who sponsored the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Treaty, the Truman Doctrine, the Atomic Energy Act, the Point Four Program, and the prompt response to aggression in Korea. The future will be more impressed, he thought, by the bulging pocketbooks of workers and farmers in the Truman era than by the fact that a few members of the Administration feathered their own nests with public funds.

Behind this familiar line of reasoning lies the familiar assumption that judgments made long after the event are sounder than contemporary ones. By and large, they probably are; if they are not, then the pursuit of history is worthless. Yet historians occasionally discard the judgments they have reached in the perspective of time and revert to ones commonly held when events were in the making. Thus, a formidable number of American scholars now see the Civil War pretty much as it was seen by Union sloganeers and editorialists when the fever was at its peak. Whether they are right or wrong, the possibility exists that certain contemporary insights may have a validity which historians will be a long time in appreciating. Time may separate the transitory from the permanent, but in so doing it may work its own injustices. It may foster the illusion that the transitory is necessarily unimportant, and it may overlook the bearing of small events on large ones. Dr. Commager, thrusting himself a generation or two ahead, makes no mention, for example, of the four appointments Truman has made to the United States Supreme Court, and this is perhaps a proof of his gift for prophecy. It is a fairly safe bet that Mr. Justice Clark and Mr. Justice Burton will not excite many thoughtful people fifty years from now. Yet it is more than remotely conceivable that the climate of mediocrity which now prevails in the Supreme Court will affect the American future as deeply as, say, the Atomic Energy Act or the expansion of social-security coverage, both of which Dr. Commager feels certain that the discriminating future will applaud.

THE impact of a man on his age is a mystery to the historian and the contemporary critic alike. Neither can say with any assurance whether any particular act of a statesman was a triumph of the man over the times or of the times over the man. To say that Roosevelt selected ideas and that Truman selects men is to describe a difference in procedure which is bound to a degree to affect the results but which, particularly in matters of high policy, may affect them far less than most of us assume. Given the circumstances Truman and the men

around him have faced, have they had any genuine alternatives to the major policies they have pursued?

Take, as a case in point, the Marshall Plan, which is considered by most people to be an act of creative statesmanship and which deserves the description if anything does. It is quite possible, though, to defend the proposition that it was in fact a necessary reaction, almost a reflex, and not an act of initiative at all.

Given Europe's need, given this country's relative well-being, given the American national interest in preserving European sovereignties, was there any real alternative to the Marshall Plan or some scheme similar to it for keeping our allies reasonably solvent and in tolerably good spirits? It is easy enough to say that many Congressmen voted against that plan and that if one of those who did had been President, as could well have been the case, the plan would never have been put to a vote. This is easy to say, and it may be true, but it is not easy to prove. For we know from Truman's case and from many others that the chances would be heavily against any one of them being the same man in office as out of office. It places no great strain on the imagination to conceive of circumstances in which the Marshall Plan or the Truman Doctrine might have borne the name of Taft or of some other figure in a Taft administration.

If there is any merit in this line of reasoning, it would seem to involve, for those of us who hope to live through the next few years, an approach rather different from Dr. Commager's. For if large events are in any degree determined by necessity, then small events take on greater significance. A President may be as powerless as any of us against the drift of history, but there are areas in which he does make his individuality felt. His appointments, his sense of timing, his individual style, the atmosphere he creates in government—all these are secondary matters which are worthy of our consideration even if the historians plan to overlook them. In Truman's case, the almost universal judgment on these questions is that he should have been a great deal better than he is. But in fairness it must be said that he is better than he was, and it must be asked if there is anyone on hand who would have been any better.

The Bog

ALLEN KANFER

We have learned, in the bog a fire has spread,
No danger, just the frogs that leap in fright,
And ancient cypress eaten in the flames;
There is a stillness here acknowledging
A primitive and helpless awe. Pity
Is unrelated to the lizard charred,
Or insects crackling, fluttering in air.
A million years went to prepare for this,
A miracle of metamorphosis;
Inert, the bog prepared its molecules,
Became the fire, and having burned, again
Retired to waste.

We look and show no fear.
Let frog go scurrying, the insect melt,
The fire dissolve the vitals of the bole,
The summer owls grow frantic in their nests,
Snapgrass and mallow wither in the smoke.
In time the muskrat will return; the fire
Dancing will-o-the-wisp; the bog—the bog
Is always good for trapping, and to breed
The larva and the marsh gas undisturbed.

Eisenhower and the GOP

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.

The Republican party has lost five successive national elections; its continuance as a viable organization is dependent on its winning in 1952.

American history shows several instances of parties fading and disappearing from the scene, while a new alignment of forces restores the two-party system so essential to the workings of our political institutions. It is just possible that this time the disappearance of a major party would not be followed by such reassuring results. Modern conditions give the party in power great resources and far-reaching controls over the people's minds. The prolongation of Democratic rule, combined with Republican disintegration, could introduce a really dangerous period of one-party government.

The maintenance of a two-party system requires a Republican victory. There is no need to argue that the restoration to our national government of purpose, efficiency, moral authority, and simple honesty also requires a Republican victory. In politics—at least in present political circumstances—there is no substitute for victory.

It is argued (or, more frequently, it is written in letters to the editor) that what this country needs is a referendum on political doctrines. In recent elections, it is said, the voter has had no chance to express himself in favor of strict conservatism and *laissez faire*. Let there be freedom of expression in all forms; but I submit that when the Republican voter goes to the polls in 1952 it should be his primary concern to elect a President and bring a national party into power. He will be engaged in a vast strategy for his country's good, not in a game to test the popularity of abstract political doctrines.

By every reliable sign General Eisenhower is shown to be the man most assured of winning. His prestige as a soldier statesman is unchallenged. His appeal to the men and women of this country is literally without precedent. As preconvention tests have revealed, Eisenhower remains in all parts of the country, in all classes and groups, the stable, abiding choice of the citizens. He can carry with him into power the party ticket both on the state and national levels; and he can be assured of enough votes from independents to more than offset the numerical disadvantage which the Republican party suffers at present as a result of its long period in the opposition.

A Republican administration with General Eisenhower at its head would be an administration united for the accomplishment of large purposes, purged of the frustrations, the bitterness, and the inhibitions which are characteristic alike of a party that has been too long in power or one that has been too long denied power. He more than any other

A former journalist and a wartime army officer, the Senator from Massachusetts has been at the forefront of the Eisenhower campaign. In his first contribution to Harper's *since 1930, he eloquently reviews the General's political merits.*



man could preside over a victory which would not split the Republican party or divide the country. The transfer of authority from Democratic to Republican auspices would be accomplished under him with a minimum of apprehension both at home and abroad. Indeed he would assure that the transfer was accompanied by a general rebirth of national unity and enlightened resolve.

EISENHOWER as President is sometimes pictured as the prisoner of a party in many of its segments out of sympathy with his aims. A list of supposedly horrendous names is read off to illustrate the type of men who would be Republican chairmen of various committees in the Senate and the House and who would control the floor procedure.* This type of argument can be turned as well against the Democrats. The present committee heads, many of whom have attained their seniority by the simple process of being Southerners, could be recited as a disturbing list. What is more important is how the Republicans would act when given the responsibility of national power.

The Eightieth Congress saw the two Houses led by many of the men who would be chairmen of committees under Eisenhower. That Congress enacted the law setting up the Marshall Plan, passed the Greek and Turkish aid bills, and produced the Vandenberg Resolution, which resulted in the North Atlantic pact. It is hardly to be supposed that the results would be any less satisfactory when leadership was being supplied by a Republican President, coming to office with the immense prestige that Eisenhower would command.

An American party cannot accurately be judged by its behavior out of power. A lack of acknowledged leadership and an absence of discipline cause it to break down into factions and give to extremists a disproportionate influence. Responsibility is the great restorer—responsibility and an ardent spirit of leadership at the top. The longer a party has been out of power the more it needs in its chief

* As in Bernard DeVoto's "Easy Chair" last month. —*The Editors.*

the moral qualities that unite and inspire men.

General Eisenhower possesses these qualities in a superb degree, and the Republicanism that he led would be a Republicanism re-endowed with the will to accomplishment which marked the party in the greatest days of its history.

II

EISENHOWER himself comes to the role of leadership with entire self-confidence and with an intuitive sense of political ways. It is true that he has been soldiering most of his life. But he was never a mere soldier; indeed the most striking fact about the man has been that in the various stages of his career he has seemed to transcend the immediate circle of his preoccupations. You could never classify him, put him in a fixed category, and say this is where his interests and abilities stop. As commander in North Africa he already showed an instinctive appreciation of coalition warfare. As Supreme Commander of SHAEF he brought the sure touch of diplomacy to his generalship; and it is as a world statesman that he has fulfilled his second mission to Europe. In the phrase that Americans have always liked, Eisenhower is a jack-of-all-trades. What is astonishing is that the trades he has mastered have been of literally epic proportions.

In war he was much too good a soldier to encroach on the domain of the political leaders; yet there is evidence that, as the fighting in Europe drew near its close, he was increasingly aware that no clear political concepts directed the soldiers' march. "I am the first to admit that war is waged in pursuance of political aims," we find him cabling to Washington in April 1945, "and if the Combined Chiefs of Staff should find that the Allied effort to take Berlin outweighs purely military considerations in this theater, I would cheerfully readjust my plans and my thinking so as to carry out such an operation." Alas, the decision which was thus invited was not to be forthcoming. Afterward, at Potsdam, Eisenhower was free to give his advice against buying Russian support in the Far East at the price of yielding a dominant position to the Soviets. As Chief of Staff he fought against, and then watched with dismay, the demobilization that was to put us for three terrible years at the mercy of Russian power.

The shift from such responsibility in great affairs to a willingness to participate directly in politics was not one the General could undertake lightly. In 1948 he was genuinely apprehensive of the step. But his experience as President of Columbia, and even more his experience at SHAPE, evidently made him aware that the gifts of leading, persuading, and reconciling men are essentially the same in whatever field they are deployed. As the present campaign drew near, Eisenhower's mind was clear and calm. He took the position which he defined publicly in January of this year: He was a Republican; he would consider it the highest duty to accept a call to be candidate for his party, but he would not slight his task in Europe in order to seek it.

Given the nature of the man, it was inconceivable that he should have said otherwise. A few may complain that it was "undemocratic" not to drop everything and enter immediately into the fray. But there is an ancient democratic principle that the office seeks the man. It is embodied in many of our political mores, such as the traditional ceremony of notification and acceptance. There may always have been something of humbug in the surprise with which the candidate heard that his services were required; but at the heart of it was a genuine insistence on humility and restraint in those who serve the people. To be modest and to await the people's call is as honorable and certainly as "democratic" as to hire a hall and declare that one very much wants to be President. General Eisenhower's course was in the old paths of American politics; it was made the more right by the overwhelming need to finish the great work in Europe.

INTELLECTUALLY, Eisenhower has obviously been feeling his way for some time through the thickets of political ideas. He returned to this country after the war with a clear image of the world and of America's place in it; but on domestic issues he could not and did not take over any preformed pattern. He had to think things through for himself, to get hold of the truths that in a deep and unconscious way had been guiding him through all his army years. The

speeches he made at Columbia and the more recent letters and memoranda which have been published in the New York *Herald Tribune* show a man laboring to make articulate and convincing the first and last things by which he lives. Quite rightly these later articles have been published under the title of *Eisenhower's Creed,* for they are the expression, as he himself says, of the things that do not change—of "principles, basic character, values, and purposes." They do not pretend to represent the particular application of these values in the form of a political program.

General Eisenhower, as this creed shows, stands solidly on a belief in the individual. He cares that a man shall possess the dignity and freedom which his Creator intended him to have. He wants him to be himself; in the old phrase he wants a man amid the distractions and frustrations of modern life "to find himself," to realize his identity, and to fulfill his possibilities. Everything that stands in the way of that fulfillment—the pressures of conformity, the vast agglomerations of power in the government or in private organizations —is immediately suspect. Power must prove its title to legitimacy by the degree to which it is necessary for safeguarding freedom; the worst and most stultifying of all things is accumulated power exercised for its own sake. Bureaucracy is the very image of senseless restraints upon the individual; public debt heedlessly piled up represents a burden that kills the spirit.

These fundamental truths upon which Eisenhower has insisted over and over again in his writings and speeches are at the heart of Republicanism, as they are at the heart of American life at its best. In his restatement he has given them something of the clarity and force which they possessed for the generations that first conceived and embodied them in political institutions. What others repeat as a platitude, Eisenhower has been asserting with the freshness of a discovery. A man who has been accustomed in the military sphere to pushing ahead through obstacles, to driving great enterprises to their conclusion, has found in this body of belief the principles that legitimize power, that give it moral sanction and bring it into the service of ideal ends.

He remains the superb administrator, the leader who set down unprecedented armies on the coasts of France and led them in their sweep across Germany. But he has gained, in addition, a sure sense of the limitations and restraints that rest upon officials in a free state.

The process of translating this basic philosophy into a practical program has only begun. In fields where he has had a direct responsibility Eisenhower has stated his position unequivocally; nobody needs to ask where he stands on UMT, on unification of the armed services, on European unity and the rest. On other questions he has refrained from making statements that would be necessarily abstract and without roots in firsthand knowledge or experience. In this he was acting true to form. The man's special genius has been his ability to submerge himself in a situation, to feel out the necessities and interests involved, and then to come up with a solution that appealed to all by its innate good sense and justice. It was so during his visit to Germany in January 1951, when in a single statement he undid the tangle into which the Administration had got us and prepared a sound basis for bringing Germany into a European army. It was so to a notable degree with his famous London speech in July six months later. Then Eisenhower took a position on European unity which was irresistibly effective because it sprang from what he had learned and felt and seen during months of fateful responsibility.

III

In the same way, undoubtedly, the major decisions of an Eisenhower administration would be forged in the conflict of forces and amid the fires of actual experience. This is always so to a greater or less degree; a preconvention campaign is more a way of learning how a man acts under pressure than of determining an exact legislative program. But with Eisenhower more than with most candidates the solution to any problem is a balancing of forces rather than a doctrinaire absolute; and today, more than at most times, the issues to be settled are a matter of adjusting necessities. There is nothing like the black and white issue of Prohibition, or even the older division between the high tariff and the low. To maintain our alliances without

straining our resources, to keep a strong defense without raising taxes to crushing levels, to meet the legitimate expectations in the field of social service without killing initiative—above all to do these things cleanly, efficiently, honestly—this is a task requiring something more than doctrinaire preconceptions.

Such a task requires a willingness to face problems, and a clear conviction that they can be faced without resorting to the old, stale method of spending more money and concentrating more power in Washington. A Republicanism dedicated to the proposition that social needs do not exist, that popular aspirations are not the concern of government, would be a dying creed. So would a Republicanism which saw no other alternative than to follow the Democrats blindly and passively. For every problem in our domestic life there are at least two answers—a good answer and a bad one. The good answer draws upon the funds of initiative and energy residing in the local institutions and the voluntary organizations of our country. It attracts into the service of the whole people those incalculable resources that give to our private enterprises such endless variety and force.

Whatever field we look at, whether health, agriculture, or social security, there is opportunity for a new approach. General Eisenhower comes to these problems with a sound philosophy but without having a vested interest in any of the partial solutions which have misled us and engulfed us during the past years. He will sense the necessity, feel out the pressures, and shape a solution conformable to his basic belief in the individual. It is inconceivable to anyone who has watched Eisenhower's management of huge undertakings that he would stand back hopeless or inactive where a plain need for housing or flood control or some other measure existed. It is equally inconceivable that he should respond to such needs with a sterile grant of authority to the state or a corrupting handout of public funds. Eisenhower by his nature and his philosophy will be impelled to bring men together, enlist their enthusiasm and support, and deal with the situation on the basis of what the people concerned could do for themselves and could give—not what they could get.

The fundamental truths which Eisenhower has made his creed will prove in practice to be a liberating and creative force. True conservatism has always contained within it the possibilities of historic action; for conservatism builds on solid foundations and moves with vast assurance springing from experience and continuity. Today the social measures with which government properly concerns itself are devices for easing the friction and filling in the chinks resulting from our economic system. Social security, for example, removes the sting from that comparatively small amount of shifting employment which is a necessary accompaniment of a free market. It is only in proportion as the free enterprise system is valued and the virtues of the free market understood that these mitigating measures can be undertaken with confidence and with necessary boldness.

The man who is conservative merely by habit or inertia fails to do the very things that are essential for his own preservation. But the conservative with a philosophy—the man who perceives what is at stake and cares deeply to keep it—takes timely and energetic steps. He is neither like the Democrats of the past two decades who have been resigned to destroying piece by piece the free enterprise system, nor like those who have opposed with unconstructive bitterness every measure of reform. Eisenhower's clear perception of the values of individualism and free enterprise, combined with his hopeful, active nature, resolves the dilemma of "me tooism"; it promises to carry forward, moreover, the true Republican tradition. For in its epochs of achievement Republicanism has been motivated by confidence, not fear; it has undertaken large national projects with the single-minded intent of preserving and strengthening the freedom of the individual.

IV

The clue to General Eisenhower's political method is to be found, I think, in his concept of unity. He emerges from the military sphere without having been narrowed or deformed by the habit of command, because he has always known that obedience depends upon assent. As a soldier he never forgot that the GI would fight well in proportion as his zeal and understanding were en-

listed. His greatness as a General rests on his having been able to submerge national difference in one command; his fame as a world statesman rests on his having brought about a larger degree of European unity than had been possible in centuries of stormy history. In these achievements Eisenhower learned the arts and developed the gifts which fit him perfectly for the Presidency.

In national politics the appeal for unity has too often been couched in moral terms; it has asked of men that they ignore or forget genuine differences of belief. A campaign of unity has tended to be pitched above the battle. But Eisenhower knows that unity is not something to be declared by national proclamation; it has to be discovered and created, and constantly recreated in the stress of action. A hard fight may be necessary to clear away the impediments of false dogma. There is every evidence that General Eisenhower will return to this country in a fighting mood, prepared to take up the challenge of Trumanism and the Fair Deal. Only when wrongs have been combated and discredited will the work of establishing harmony be fruitful.

That harmony, Eisenhower's whole record suggests, will be composed of diverse elements brought together around practical endeavors. This immense United States, with all its conflicts of economic and geographic interests, with its various national strains and its internal differences rooted in history, presents an aspect familiar to Eisenhower. The task of healing rifts, restoring reason and magnanimity in our affairs, is basically the same task he confronted both at SHAEF and at SHAPE. Once again he must begin with the realization that groups and individuals are at odds. He must find out what bothers them, understand their hopes and fears, work out practical solutions to which the large majority can give their accord. In doing these things he acts according to his particular genius. You may call it great generalship, or great diplomacy, or great politics; it is the quality that makes Ike Ike.

The Republican party finds in Eisenhower the man who can revivify its faith and restore it to national power. He finds in the Republican party the perfect instrument for effectuating his purposes. Republicanism embodies his profound belief in individualism and free enterprise; it carries forward the tradition of national action established through the anti-trust laws, the creation of regulatory agencies, and the first momentous steps in conservation. From the great Secretaries of State—Hay, Root, Hughes, and Stimson—it inherits the tradition of responsibility in international affairs. Finally, and in some ways most important of all, the Republicanism of Lincoln gives to Eisenhower a deep regard for the dignity and worth of the individual human being.

On Christmas Eve, 1944, Eisenhower's appointment as Supreme Commander of the Allied armies was announced to the world; his task was defined by the Chiefs of Staff in these words: "You will enter the continent of Europe and, in conjunction with the other Allied Nations, undertake operations aimed at the heart of Germany and the destruction of her armed forces." History records how that directive was fulfilled. Today, framed in the inarticulate voice of the great masses of the American people, there is another directive, even more tremendous in its implications for the good of this country and the cause of peace in the world: "You will take up the Republican standard (so it might be said to read) and with all who support true individualism will restore to our American government, in its policies at home and abroad, creative purposes and moral integrity."

Can there be any doubt but that this mission, too, is destined to be fulfilled?

The Town Mouse

A Story by Stephen Becker

Drawings by John Groth

His watch had stopped early that morning and he had not bothered to set it; but he knew it was after noon, probably close to one o'clock, when he saw the pheasant rise out of the cornfield and whirr off to the east and then glide down and strut and lose itself in the corn again. He sat facing the window and back from it, making room for the footrest, and he knew that it was after twelve because the others had been back from church a good while, more than an hour, and he knew that it was not yet one because the table had not been set. He had been reading the funnies, remembering the doctor's joke about nothing more serious than the funnies for a month, and he did not know why he had looked up just then, but he had been in time to see the pheasant rise. That was the kind of thing the doctor had meant, he supposed. He would have to tell the doctor about that, the pheasant going with great speed and he sitting motionless near the window, watching the bird and feeling even more motionless as he watched it. That was a good one for the doctor, and he would tell him too about the stretch of the cornfields off to the top of the rise so that nothing beyond could be seen and all the world was a cornfield, and about the trains that beat by off to the east, and about saying east and west instead of left and right. He would tell him about being up at six, these mornings, and not minding, not feeling at all bad, and only feeling a little bad in the evenings about the whiskey ration, none before dinner and only one after; and even that was in the mind, not the body.

"There's nothing wrong with you that isn't wrong with the rest of us," the doctor had said. "It's only that you feel it more. In your mind, I mean. Suddenly you want perfection for yourself. You want work in a gymnasium, or a body-building course, or you want me to prescribe a hunting trip to Canada when you haven't hunted for twenty years or maybe more, or a trip to Florida or Cuba, so even if you haven't got the time or the money you'll know what it is you have to do and you'll feel better about it all because then you can say to yourself, if anything happens I know just where to go. I know just what to do."

"I have some time," he had said, "but I don't have much money."

"Never mind," the doctor said. "You wake up with the same foul taste in your mouth as the rest of us and you cough the same way because of the cigarettes you smoked the night before, and the night before that and the night before that, one cigarette after another because you were drinking and talking, and your chest feels stiff and hurts a little for a couple of hours, and you tell me you get winded climbing stairs. Add to that your worries, you probably worry because you haven't got the money to take the romantic cure and about God knows what else—"

"Well," he had said, "I don't really worry."

"Oh yes you do," the doctor said, taking off his owl glasses and tapping the side of the desk with them. "I don't, about myself, be-



cause I'm not allowed to." He grinned suddenly and slapped the white of his jacket. "This. The symbol. I only break down during epidemics, after five days and nights without sleep." The grin went away. "But you worry. For a man of forty-eight you're in fine health. But you read an article somewhere about the machine breaking down, and now a twinge is more than a twinge, it's a flaw in some moving part which rubs up against some other moving part and can communicate the flaw. You have a picture of the whole mechanism falling apart. You don't call it dying, but that's what you mean. So you come to me. You say you haven't seen a doctor in fifteen years but now you come to me. You expect me to tell you to stop drinking and stop smoking and get to bed early and not work so hard."

He had laughed. "I suppose I do."

"Well, I won't," the doctor said. "'Name: Thomas Hatfield. Occupation: Actors' Agent.' I know a little about you. I know some of the people you work with, or at least used to. I don't see your name in the paper so much anymore. Maybe times are tough for you now."

"A little," he had said.

"But I know something about you just the same, and about the people you work with. They live fast. A lot of them think. A lot of them read. Some of them. You also have a couple of real lushes. One of them is my patient. So if I cut you out of all that you'd die next year, the good part of you, instead of fifteen years from now, or maybe twenty or thirty. Don't go around saying I said you had fifteen years to live. You may live to be a hundred. Anybody may."

"I don't think I'd talk much about it," he had said, not smiling.

"Of course not. You take it, and yourself, and the world, and the medical profession, very seriously. Who's your next of kin?"

"Good Lord."

"Oh, come on," the doctor said. "Don't make me impatient with you. I like you. You'll live to be a hundred. Who's your next of kin?"

"I have two sisters."

"Where?"

"In Iowa."

"On a farm?"

"Yes."

"Of course," the doctor said. "Too good to be true. Bohemians. Actors. Blackening the

last name of New York City. All from farms in Iowa. The doctor grinned again. Hatfield had grinned back. "Can you spare a month?" the doctor said.

"I don't know," he had said, speaking slowly and thinking fast as he spoke, thinking that Tibbetts was a little young to handle it all or what was left of it all, but that Miss Parnell had been with him now for almost twenty years and could keep Tibbetts out of trouble. Of course I can, he thought. I decided that weeks ago. I wouldn't be here if I hadn't. "Yes," he had said. "I can spare a month."

"I thought you could," the doctor said. "It won't be a cure. There's nothing to cure really except a way of life. But it won't hurt you. You'll feel a little better. You'll feel that you've done something, taken the proper precautions. Paid your respects to death. After that you won't be so afraid of falling apart because if you do it won't be your fault. You'll have done the right thing and absolved yourself of all blame. You see what health consists of?

"What I really want to see is how much of a cure you can stand."

The doctor grinned again.

Now he lit a cigarette, thinking, four today, and looked out at the cornfield. Behind him he heard the dull clink of silverware on cloth. "Dinner be ready soon," Marjorie said.

"Fine," he said. Henry snored from the sofa.

"Henry," Marjorie said, and then louder, "Henry."

"Yeah," Henry said.

"Dinner."

"Okay," Henry said.

They get along fine, Hatfield thought. They like each other fine, and this is a good comfortable house, and they don't even mind having Eleanor around. Maybe they did fifteen years ago, but they don't now. And Henry has a hired man, and they have a deep freeze and kill a steer and a hog once in a while and plenty of eggs and milk, and nobody works Sunday. They sit around storing up energy and not even noticing the prints and photographs and knickknacks and lamps and footrests, the antimacassars and accumulated magazines and the plates hung from the wall, all this that they spent fifteen years putting together just so they wouldn't have to notice it.

They have neighbors they like and who like them, and they're not too far from town to buy clothes and see movies, and that's a big handsome car Henry has. I don't know, he thought. I just don't know. It's too late for me. If getting up at six becomes a habit I'll be lost for good.

Once or twice a year, in the city, he did get up at six. It was always after having not slept one night and then gone to bed early the next. He would wind it up, whatever it was that he was doing, in the middle of the second afternoon, eat then, as much as he could, close the blinds, and go to bed, feeling a little excited in spite of himself, a little exotic, and fall asleep before five and sleep until six the next morning. Then, still excited, still feeling exotic, he would get up and dress and leave the apartment and walk. Once he had walked to the markets, thinking that this was the thing to do. They were closing when he got there. Sometimes he went in the other direction, to the bridge. The bridge was good at that hour, not loaded up, not spoiled and dirtied by the cars, but shining steel-gray and bright with the sun behind him as he looked and the light glowing back at him from the trees on the Jersey side. And the night club. Shining back at him green off the trees and chrome off the night club, and the early barges and tugs below him in the river, the river bright green and sometimes the sharp whiteness of a sail. Then the cars would begin, and the noise, and even the river would crowd up. Sometimes he went to the park and watched the pretty women ride, and the not-so-pretty women who seemed to have money, and the pretty and not-so-pretty men with both kinds. Then, that night, he would be up late again the way he always was, and it would be another six months until something came along. It was almost always work.

"Dinner's ready," Eleanor said. "Henry, wake up. Dinner's ready."

"Okay," Henry said.

Hatfield turned in his chair. He had been hearing the sounds, the women bringing bowls and platters from the kitchen. He watched Henry stand up and stretch and rub his eyes and smile.

"Come on, Tom," Henry said. "Never get healthy sitting there dreaming."

Hatfield smiled and rose. Henry laughed. He must weigh two ten, Hatfield thought. And looks about thirty. I weigh one sixty and look about forty-eight. But then can he juggle producers? Can he take a producer in his left hand and a casting director in his right and make them fly like plates? There are skills and skills.

They sat at the table. Henry carved the roast.

"What would you do if we said grace, Tom?" Eleanor asked, smiling. Marjorie frowned.

Hatfield laughed and looked at Eleanor. Do I look like her? he thought. My hair isn't as gray; but the nose is the same, sharp, strong, high-bridged and thick-bridged, Marjorie's too, and the lines running out to the corners of the mouth. They have no chins, though. Not to speak of. Jack, I got a girl for you. Not a girl. A woman. Finest actress I ever saw. Talent, Jack, talent. Everything she does you can tell she's got talent. Only thing is, no chin.

Henry's got a chin, though. Henry's got a chin you could hang a side of beef on. Got a man for you, Jack. Terrific. Absolutely the end. Biggest god damn chin you ever saw. But he doesn't like blintzes, Jack.

They ate the roast almost in silence, and the boiled potatoes and green beans, the third Sunday dinner now, eating quickly and drinking the milk and passing the bread, butter, salt, pepper, radishes. Henry said that the hired man had gone to Meredith. Meredith was the town four miles away. Hatfield had been to Meredith once, the second week, with Henry, and had liked the nearly empty streets with the hot sun on them at three in the afternoon, and the cracking, long-ago-painted wooden store fronts, although he did not like the other store fronts so much, the brick or brick veneer or the concrete block, steel, and glass of the movie house. He liked the food market and the drug store and the feed market and the hardware and the two clothes stores. "That one's a Jew store," Henry said, pointing. There was a shoe store and cobbler's that Hatfield liked, and a saloon that he would have liked to see because it had the real, hand-carved, dark-stained, probably squeaking wooden doors, but he imagined it was not used much now. He did not like the garage and filling station or the auto parts shop or the new post office and electric building. At the edge of town there was a large and modern building, like a hospital or one of the new school buildings he had seen so many of from the train. "What's that?" he asked Henry.

"Hospital," Henry said. "State hospital. For the nuts." Henry laughed. Then they had gone home.

Now, at the table, Marjorie said that the hired man spent too much time in Meredith; when did he clean his tools and oil his machinery? Saturday afternoon, Henry said, and one day a week in town is not too much. Plates were passed for a second helping of the roast. Hatfield said he didn't think he would, thanks.

He was thinking about Marjorie, wondering how she had come to violate the pattern, because the three of them had grown up in a good-sized suburb, and the sequence was usually suburb-city-suburb at twenty-year intervals, but Marjorie had made it suburb-country or suburb-farm and stopped right there, and Eleanor had gone with her, once the honeymoon was over. The honeymoon to Calgary, or Calgary Alberta, as Henry said, and Eleanor waiting for them when they got back. Eleanor was understandable. The broken engagement and then the dramatic foolishness and the withdrawal from all men except those in novels and motion pictures. The perfect third wheel, Hatfield thought. A natural voyeur type and nothing will change her now. But Marjorie was not the same and was still not explained. Not that he, Hatfield, cared much. It could have been anything; one bad afternoon in the city, someone drunk and unshaved shouting obscenities at the young ladies half-hidden by parasols. Their mother had been like that. It was fear and disgust and pride and they called it sensitivity. Maybe not. Maybe Marjorie just married the man and not the kind of life and then went wherever the man went. And now she is a female squire, whatever that is called.

"More peaches, Tom," Marjorie said.

"Thank you," he said. "I will." He had not noticed when they went from meat to dessert.

I suppose really there is no pattern, he thought. There is only what most of the people do, and you should never be surprised at the exceptions. There are so many exceptions. Thomas Hatfield, for example, who drank champagne for years and then Scotch and now rye when he can get it. And when



his sister lets him have it. Two and a half weeks, he thought. Surprise for the doctor.

"There's someone out front," Eleanor said.

They turned to look.

"A woman," Henry said. "Wonder what she wants."

"She's just sort of wandering," Eleanor said. "She doesn't know if she wants to come in or not."

"She's sure dressed fit to kill," Henry said. He laughed.

"She's made up," Eleanor said.

Hatfield wondered why they never had coffee after a meal except breakfast. He lit a cigarette. Marjorie looked at him.

"I'll get an ashtray," he said.

"Here she comes," Eleanor said.

HATFIELD went into the living room and took an ashtray from one of the end tables. He came back into the dining room and stood looking out the window. They all watched the woman cross the long bright green front lawn and come toward the door. She was about forty and walked carefully without looking up at the house.

"I'll talk to her," Marjorie said. Marjorie's mouth was shut tight when she went to the door. No lips either, Hatfield thought. No chin, no lips. "I hope it's not Meredith," Marjorie said.

The woman was at the bottom step. "Do many of them get out of Meredith?" Hatfield asked Henry.

"Some," Henry said. "About twice a year. There was one came here last year."

"A great big man," Eleanor said. "He came across the tracks and up toward the house and it was almost night. I was never so scared."

"I had the shotgun," Henry said.

Hatfield felt a heartburn begin. "This woman looks presentable," he said.

"Oh, that doesn't mean a thing," Eleanor said. "It's Sunday. They probably were all dressed up anyway."

The woman looked up, finally, and saw Marjorie. The woman smiled. Marjorie opened the door halfway and said, "What do you want?"

The woman's smile faded a little and then came back. "I hope I didn't interrupt lunch," she said.

"We were just finished," Marjorie said. "What do you want?"

"I just wondered," the woman said. "I just wondered."

There was a silence.

"I just wondered if anybody here was going toward Illinois and could give me a lift," the woman said.

Marjorie said nothing. From where Hatfield stood, behind her, she did not seem to be looking at the woman.

Then Marjorie said, "Just a minute. I'll go see. I think somebody down the road is going to Illinois. You wait here. I'll see."

She closed the door and looked at Henry. Henry nodded. She went by them into the living room, where the telephone was. Hatfield looked at Eleanor. Eleanor swallowed twice quickly. Her hands were clasped tightly. The knuckles and fingertips were white. Henry stood watching the woman.

"I'll keep her company," Hatfield said. He stepped toward the door.

"What for?" Eleanor said.

Hatfield shrugged. "Why not? The sun's high. It's a nice afternoon. Summer comes but once a year."

"Be careful," Henry said. "Some of them are pretty tough. They go crazy and you can't handle them."

Hatfield opened the door and smiled at the woman. "Hello," he said.

"Hello."

"I thought you might like to sit on the grass and talk," he said. "It's such a nice afternoon."

"All right," she said.

He closed the door behind him and walked down the steps. She turned when he reached the bottom step and walked out onto the lawn with him.

"Right here," he said. "In the sun. It's lovely out."

"Yes, it is," she said. She sat on the grass. Hatfield sat facing her and smiled. She smiled back.

"Where are you from?" he asked her.

The smile went away.

"I mean originally," he said.

"Oh," she said. "Merton."

"Merton," he said. "That's not far from Little Fall."

"No."

"I'm from Little Fall."

"That's bigger than Merton," she said.

"Yes." He drew on his cigarette and then reached toward his pocket. "Excuse me," he said. "Would you like a cigarette?"

She looked surprised. "No, thank you. I don't smoke. And if I did I wouldn't smoke on Sunday." She smiled again. "But I don't mind you smoking."

"Thank you," he said. After a pause he said, "It's a nice day for traveling."

"Yes," she said. "It's just fine."

"Have you come far?"

She looked away from him. "Pretty far."

"I hope you get a ride," he said.

"Yes. It would be nice."

THE sun came down hot. Near Hatfield a grasshopper jumped. Suddenly Hatfield could hear the insect sounds, the buzzes, the scrapes, the whispers, and then he could hear the soft creaking of the trees. "Look at the grasshopper," he said.

She looked. "Yes. I like grasshoppers."

They were silent while Hatfield finished his cigarette. He flipped it away into the grass and watched it smoke. While he watched it he heard the far-off hum of a train. The hum grew louder. When the train made the bend and came into sight they both watched it pass. The high sun gleamed off the cars.

When it was gone she said, "I like trains."

"Why didn't you take one to Illinois?" Hatfield said.

She looked away again, and then she blushed. Hatfield could see Marjorie looking through the dining room window. "I couldn't," the woman said. "I don't have enough money."

"I see," Hatfield said. "I suppose you have some waiting in Illinois."

The woman nodded several times. "Yes."

"Is that why you want to go to Illinois?"

"It's not the only reason," she said.

"Why else?"

She smiled. "I think I'd like Illinois. It must be so green and peaceful in the country. Quiet like. You could be alone."

"It's very much like right here," he said.

"Oh, no," she said. "No. It couldn't be."

He waited, and then said, "And Chicago?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I'd like Chicago. Tall, and all glass and shiny. And the people must be so friendly." She looked sad. "I heard that people in big cities are friendly."

"I think that's true," Hatfield said. "Perhaps city people are friendly because they have to live with so many other people."

"Maybe that's it," she said. "It must be fine."

"That's what I thought once," he said. He rolled a blade of grass between his fingers. "I live in New York, you know."

"New York. That's a long way off."

"Yes. I went to Chicago when I was very young."

She smiled.

"I liked it," he said. "I liked the buildings, high and you could see the lake from them, and I liked the streets, the people. Even then the people were in a hurry. They would race up and down in the morning and then at lunch and then at night and not even look over toward the lake. They hurry more now. But they hurried some then and I used to stand and watch them. I had a job sweeping out a beer garden and sometimes I used to be in the streets watching the people and I would stay too long and be late getting back

to work. They were like different colors, the people. The big yellow Swedes and the brown Italians and the blue-gray Germans. Now I don't see the colors any more. But then it was fine, and they were all different to me, and sometimes they would speak their own languages going by. That would amaze me. I could tell German because they spoke it in the beer garden, and then I could tell Yiddish and then Italian, and I could tell the Scandinavian languages but I could never tell Swedish from Norwegian. Once I followed two men for ten blocks on State Street because I had never heard the language before, and every block I decided I would stop them and ask them but I never did. I was scared. Now I think it was Hungarian but I'll never be sure.

"And the people used to change with the season. It was always less of a city in the spring and summer, but in December it was a real city, crowded and noisy and dirty and the people packed in together, as though it would keep them warm."

"I didn't know there would be so many foreigners," she said.

He looked at her. "But that's what a city is. Not just where the most people are. Not just the buildings. It's where all things come together. Do you see?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I see."

"I was there five years," he said. "In Chicago. Five years is a long time, so I got tired of it. Then I went to New York and after a year of New York I forgot about Chicago. It was as though I'd never been in Chicago. Later I decided it was because cities are a lot the same. The streets in New York were different and the individuals were different but it was the same kind of coming together, so the people seemed the same. So I felt at home as soon as I knew the streets. Because the people were the same, you see. So I felt as though I had spent the whole six years in New York."

"Maybe I'll feel that way about Chicago," she said.

Then I got a good job and then I had my own, uh, business. So I was really part of it."

She was staring up at the sun.

"I was a part of other people," he said. That's what it was. That's what we started to talk about, isn't it?"

After a moment she lowered her head. "Oh, yes," she said. "That would be nice. But I wouldn't want to bother anyone. But it seems to me that Illinois would be so nice."

So, Hatfield thought. That's all you want? No burnished throne, no perfumed sails, no cloth-of-gold of tissue? No car, no coat, no country home? Nothin's plenty for you. Just let me be in Illinois, and then just let me be. Was that it with me? Was I like that? And why the hell do I sit here talking about it, and to myself at that?

Still, he thought, breathing deeply, still, it seems to me there was more I wanted to say.

He was watching her fingers pluck grass when the car turned in the driveway and drove toward the house. She looked up at it and her eyes widened as she smiled. "Why, maybe that's it," she said. "Maybe that's the man who's going to Illinois."

They stood. The car came up to them and stopped, and two men got out. The woman stiffened and took Hatfield's arm. He could feel her fingers against his upper arm.

"Hello, Mr. Riddick," one of the men said.

"I'm not Mr. Riddick," Hatfield said. "He's inside."

"Well, we won't have to bother him," the man said. He stepped toward the woman.

Turning to look at Hatfield, the woman dropped her hand from his arm. He watched the terrible sadness come into her face, coming out from behind the eyes, from deep back, from a long way off, from a long time ago. He watched it change her whole face. She looked at him without moving. He looked away.

"Come on," the man said.

The woman moved then. She walked slowly away from Hatfield and toward the car. The man who had not spoken held the rear door open. She got into the car and the man slammed the door shut. He took a key from his pocket and locked the door from the outside.

"She gets away about three times a year," the first man said. "We'll try to see that she doesn't bother you again. Wants to get to Illinois. God knows why. Same there as it is here, huh?" The man laughed.

"I suppose it is," Hatfield said.

"Well, thank Mrs. Riddick for me. Tell her we'll try to keep this from happening again."

"I'll tell her."

The man got into the driver's seat and his assistant got in next to him. The two doors slammed, and the car backed down the drive. Hatfield could not see the woman.

He went into the house.

"I'm glad that's over," Henry said. "Never know what they're up to."

"You kept her very quiet, Tom," Marjorie said.

"Yes," Eleanor said. "You were very good with her. What did she want?"

Hatfield said, "She just wanted to go to Illinois. What she said when she first got here." He was seeing her face, at the end.

"Crazy woman," Henry said.

"They ought to keep them locked up better," Marjorie said.

"I suppose so," Hatfield said.

"They get queer notions," Marjorie said.

"The trouble is, the city would have broken her," Hatfield said, earnestly and not to anyone. "You have to be whole and alive or it buries you."

"I don't see what she wanted to go to Illinois for," Henry said. "No different there than here."

"Sounds queer enough to me," Eleanor said.

"She ought to learn to be happy where she is," Marjorie said.

"She'd do all right in Chicago, though," Henry said. "All the nuts."

HATFIELD looked at him. Then he looked at them all, and he felt it drop away from him, leave him, the devil within him, the beast on his back. He smiled at them. He lit a cigarette and walked into the kitchen. Springy step, he thought. That's a good town, Chicago. New York too. Here one speaks Hungarian. He hummed a little as he took the bottle from the pantry and set it on the kitchen table. He took the icetray from the refrigerator and ran water over it, and then knocked loose three cubes. He put the cubes in a glass and left the icetray in the sink and then poured from the bottle until the ice in the glass was covered. Marjorie came in.

"Tom!" she said. "At lunch? And so much? You put that right back and wait till tonight." She reached for the glass.

Almost smiling, not really seeing her, Hatfield slapped her hand away hard with the back of his own. Looking then into her cold, horrified eyes, he drank half his drink. He turned then, and went out of the kitchen and started up the stairs to his bedroom.

I'll get in late tomorrow night, he thought, or maybe early Tuesday morning.



Six Sonnets

by Leonard Bacon

I

Through the thorned tropic bush, a frightened beast
Hurried, irresolute, and it was I,
As I stumbled out too late. The light decreased
Where coal-black rain-gusts whipped across the sky.
Dim shapes heaved up untoward in the dusk.
Onriding thunders quenched the bell-bird's clang.
I went in terror of the peccary tusk,
The panther claw, or the bushmaster fang.
They proved fantastic fears. But when the storm
Blew over and white sunrays in the West
Drank up the squall, I saw the hornets swarm
In thousands from their shattered clay-built nest,
Yellow-belted, savage, dangerous, and blind
As men—with like obsessions in the mind.

II

Do you know what it can be to be possessed?
I have some small experience of possession.
This is not braggadocio but confession.
Yet doubtless everything is for the best.
But Possession makes short work of Tang and Zest,
And all becomes geometrical progression
Of enigmas which deny all intercession,
And reject solution like a pointless jest.

To feel the interior Folly's silly teeth
Gnaw, boring—wholly boring—from within,
Till nothing's left but a mere film of skin
Concealing that which rotted out the pith,
False surface with infection underneath,
Purulent, mortal, not to be trifled with!

III

The Gods decided that, in my small way,
I should visit that Suburbia in Hell,
Reserved for those who don't take trouble well,
Seek to go free, dodge, and at long last stray
Into crevasses that shut out the day
And where phantasms of the darkness dwell.
How and why I found them, who can ever tell?
And when I shall get hence, I cannot say.

I know, whatever this strange birth may be,
Engendered by an enigmatic fiend,
And duly, by maternal Sycorax weaned,
A day will come—how fast the slow hours fly,
That idly play their shop-worn tricks on me—
When I shall not be tired of being I.

IV

The mind is its own place. It is a city,
Full of cheap palaces and ancient slums,
Into which last, with my good will, none comes,
Especially if kind or wise or witty.
I can't stand kindness, which may be a pity,
And wisdom stupefies, and wit benumbs
A crowd that feebly round dumped garbage hums,
Where sight and sound and smell are seldom pretty.

As for the palaces, they are on view
Daily, at a nominal charge, from nine to four.
Catalogues may be purchased at the door—
This portrait's pseudo-Titian, yonder carving
Doubtful Cellini. But it was nice of you
To come—and to ignore the poor and starving.

V

My trouble means so very much to me,
So very little to everybody else.
But still I write about it, as you see,
For one is conscious of one's weals and welts.
I have not suffered like a starving child,
Never fled yelling when rose the shattering roar,
As the black smoke of the block-buster piled
Skyward in a column, a stone's throw from my door.
Exempt from typhus, as from syphilis,
Cancer, or anemia, I have come to know
Immaterial sarcomas, and it is this
Which has perturbed me and unmanned me so.
Is there a knife to cut away my hates?
I hope there is—How long that surgeon waits.

VI

Shall I describe green hills and almond bloom?
It is too late for that, and, coming from me,
Might have the ring of unreality,
As words are apt to have, if we presume.
I am contented with a little room,
Whence, if I look, I may have luck to see
The oriole preening, or the honeybee
In the trumpet flowers. This quiet is not gloom,

Though I am aware of errors which imply
Tough counterefforts, difficult to make
But necessary for the spirit's sake.
All's yet to do. And so, fare well my ease!
Some day discovery will come, when I
Mean to walk out among the blossoming trees.

The Easy Chair

Les Amis des Deux Fishboulettes

Bernard DeVoto

THE trouble was that Escoffier had too many friends, Chris said, and that too many of them were friends of his. This was in the lounge of a club where I had drowsed away the evening and where Chris entered as a man finding refuge just in time. He rang for a waiter as if he were turning in a fourth alarm and said that he supposed the Cellar Committee had not laid in any really bad whiskey. If it had, he said, he would have sought to purify himself with it; he needed purification, having been contaminated by associating with superior people. When his highball came he reported that it was too good to be wasted on the palate of such a coarse oaf—and him with such elegant friends too, such sensitive and patrician folk as you could hardly bring yourself to believe.

When he muttered something about *pot au feu*, I said that I understood: he had been to a little place that had just opened in the Fifties east of Third—or maybe in the West Forties, for I had observed that they were now tending to be just opened in what used to be the chop suey belt. Chris said, Get this, it doesn't have to be little, it can have a hundred tables, maybe it's fifty years old, and there are some that will shoot the bull's-eye out of a fifty-dollar bill. The requirement is the cultivated palate that appreciates them, and you have no idea how fine some of the people are who are willing to express affectionate tolerance for my crudities.

I told him that the actual size and cost were irrelevant, the mere outer husks of a fantasy: in the fantasy itself there were only eight or ten tables, each with a checked tablecloth, and dinner cost eighty cents, *vin compris*. I added that the proprietor was the chef or, if not, then his wife was and he was the waiter and *sommelier*. The inability of uninstructed people to discover it was another requisite and so was the *pot au feu* that simmered day and night. But the key fact, I said, is that one goes there for provincial French cooking. In New York that means the proprietor is a Greek, the chef an Italian, and the cooking authentic Fifty-second Street, but I'd be interested to hear what small bottling of what overlooked year was just coming into its own tonight.

Chris said that the oenopholist species of his superior friends put no strain on his humility. He had never been desolated by the havoc three precious bottles had undergone while being transported a mile and a half by taxi and nine stories by elevator, but those who were desolated asked no more of him than to behold their sorrow. The active annoyance originated in a different sector of the taste buds—here he snorted and said that the taste buds were no more intrinsically fascinating as conversation than the pia mater or the coccyx. He began to recount an occasion when he had driven across Vermont accompanied by a practitioner of the art of gracious living. Midday found them a hundred miles from any restaurant which Chris would have dared enter with so patrician a palate.

So he drove to the house of a friend, a farmer, whose wife set out a dinner on which the patrician fell with orgiastic cries of bliss. When they were on the road again, he asked Chris whether the Vermont peasant might not have the same unerring instinct for life's graces as his Breton counterpart, and declared that he had never tasted a better *pot au feu*. I told him—Chris banged his glass on the arm of his chair—I had the

effrontery to tell him that while in the presence of the unerring instinct which had created that *pot au feu* he had damned well better refer to it as a New England boiled dinner.

I BEGAN to explain to Chris that he was unjust to a disarming and even winsome class of people in whom the inquiring mind could find much to interest it, but he interrupted me. He was not protesting, he said; he did not suggest that those of us who liked a steak well done should even demur. But we were entitled to be told just what our inferiority consists of, and he had never had an explanation, only the indulgent patronage of his betters. So we liked our steak well done, we liked hash, we liked baked beans, and he would go farther and proclaim that he liked cold baked beans. I said, certainly, cold baked beans were a deeply satisfying experience, and he could go to still more offensive lengths and declare the truth that the baked beans which were good cold came out of a can, an idea that was abhorrent to the people we were talking about. Chris said that he had looked into the matter and had found that our inferiority could not be anatomical, physiological, organic, or metabolic, so just what was it? It was not enough to call us dull, callous, boorish, or brutish and let it go at that. Wherein were we, and why and how?

I told him that this was the wrong approach to a genuinely interesting kind of people. Instead he should inquire into ritual, into orthodoxy and heresy, what one must do to be saved, and the mystic bond of fellowship. But the place to start, I said, was fantasy. It certainly was not physiology, Chris repeated. What his superior friends asserted was that he had few taste buds and that those he had were rudimentary. They said that they had one thousand times as many as he, each of them one thousand times as sensitive as the most responsive of his—capable of detecting essences too faint to be picked up by an electric eye and registering differences too minute to show on a radar screen. But on consulting the manuals he had found that this explanation would not stand up. The manuals described the taste buds as curious organs whose interior cells had hairlike processes—the language of physiology was almost as fearful as that of the art of gracious living—and said that they were located in various papillae and other places, including, and this was not news to Chris, including the vocal cords. They said further that, give or take a few to allow for statistical variation, no one had any more hairlike processes than anyone else. And everybody's, including Brillat Savarin's, had exactly the same sensitivity. So that a fastidious friend with his *Poularde Albufèra* or *Caneton Bigarrade* was on the same plane and frequency and at the same intensity as Chris with his fish balls or potato salad.

I said that we must examine the fantasy. No, Chris said, tell me what you do when confronted by the art of gracious living. I said that when it was practiced in the home I hoped to enjoy the performance, which a well rehearsed cast could make absorbing. If, however, there should be a proposal to seek out a place which practiced provincial French cooking, one was justified in saying, We have grown too old to sustain such ecstasy—let's stay here, have a few more drinks, put a sprig of fennel in the salad dressing, and send out to the delicatessen for some cold roast beef (make mine well done) on pumpernickel. My own lowliness, I said, has most often cost me anguish when I was on the road.

For, as I told Chris, God knows how often I have driven many miles out of my way to spend the night at some inn to which the instinct of a friend had previously led him. Its proprietor is a true *aubergiste* and has reproduced in rural Pennsylvania the clean and quiet comfort, the warm hospitality, and the memorable cuisine that all inns have in Languedoc and the Champagne. Now I know that provincial cooking is the same the world over, in Picardy, Sussex, Umbria, and Kansas, which is to say bad nine times out of ten. I know that the American *auberge* is to be avoided as frantically as the American tea room, and that I would find comfort at a motor court and cheer at a diner. But if I say so my friend explains that I am a Philistine, which God forbid. So it turns out that my room has the brass bedstead that my great aunt discarded in 1905, and the one bathroom in the *auberge* has clamorous plumbing and a tub of corrugated zinc. If I can have a cocktail at all it is bottled, and bottled cocktails are prohibited by the Bill of Rights as anyone can find out by reading it. And what was

represented to me as provincial Pennsylvania sounding a high clear note with *Sole Bourguignonne* or *Caneton en chemise* turns out to be a lamb stew drooping with barley and fatigue. Feeling every corncob in the mattress, I lie awake and wonder what produced [illegible] Does an axiom of faith require that every town he visits have one undiscovered paradise of linen sheets scented with lavender, its own ducklings and haricots, and inherited recipes by the Wine and Food Society? I think not. I think instead that my friend is fired to creation by the fact, the entirely fortuitous fact, that a grinder for *gros sel* has somehow made its way to the table beside my great-aunt's Lazy Susan. That grinder is a talisman, a crystal or madstone, that produces a trancelike state and looses the vast power of fantasy.

THEREFORE, I told Chris, in order to understand his betters he must consult manuals of a different science, turning first to the case-history section. I call your attention for instance, I said, to a woman who at the age of four was tormented by recurring dreams in which her father was chopping off the heads of chickens. You can see how this led to behavior in her adult life which I at least find diverting. . . . Are you sure I ought to hear about it? Chris asked. I agree that the behavior is irrelevant, I said, and though I ask you to note the patient's compulsion to strain eggs through a sieve before scrambling them, the clue is her dreams of Oedipal mutilation. Your betters all had similarly dolorous experiences in their childhood and conclusions have been drawn from them. The manuals say in a firm tone that the libido has suffered deflection, that your friends are in an infantile arrest, that they are, simply, more primitive than you. That was indeed interesting, Chris said, for they were accustomed to refer to him as primitive, as a barbarian if not a savage—yes, most interesting, for clearly the Cro-Magnon liked his mammoth *tournedos* on the rare side and would settle for [illegible]

The point I was making, I said, was the nature of the primitive's superiority. We see these obsessives experiencing with a perfectly grilled fillet not the ecstasy of, say, a musician who feels the great chords in his mind building up toward the resolution, but rather the gratification of, say, a trout-fisherman changing his fly and leader ritualistically as the light fades. We see them also as initiates, brothers of Sigma Chi, whose fellowship is in the proportion of herbs or the succession of temperatures. Finally, we see them as true believers, sectarians greatly concerned about grace and salvation. Is one to be saved by inserting cloves of garlic in the loaf before heating it, or can one be cleansed of sin only by spreading garlic salt on the slices? A canonical council will decide. A holy office will then inquire into the rites with which garlic is added to the salad, especially if the ministrant is a man. In fact, with salad heresy is an ever-present possibility. You can be excommunicated for stirring in the salt on the epistle instead of the gospel side, or for wiping the bowl with the wrong kind of paper towel. But, I said, why should this rather endearing solicitude about orthodoxy irk you?

It was true, Chris said, that those of his friends who were gifted chefs as well as epicures usually made good salads, but to make a bad one required ingenuity and hard work. Next to boiling an egg, making a salad was the easiest job the off-hours *cordon bleu* could tackle, but the onlooker was supposed to admire it as a feat of inimitable skill. No, that was wrong, I said—of the salad-maker one was asked to understand only that he was in a state of grace, he was one of the elect. The thing to be venerated was the ritual, the ceremony by which a tiny band of communicants celebrated the true faith, pure and pious and happy in their little crypt which is lapped round by the multitude of pagans, unbelievers, and those who know not tarragon or *crème brulée*. Surely, I said, in this drab world we should welcome any ritual as color and decoration. Be amiable about this one, omitting to remind the celebrants that their anxiety about the exact timing of the chervil is the same one that used to keep them, out of consideration for mother's spine, from stepping on a crack.

Chris said that if ritual was fine as such, then you could not justly set the ritual of an endive above any other, say that of a cheering section at a football game. He would admit, however, that skill seemed not to be the key. To make a hollandaise sauce takes much less skill than frying an egg, he said, but eggs

benedict are for Sigma Chi whereas fried eggs are for half-castes. Or take soups. Sigma Chi talks about them as if they were the stone on which the laws are graven but it practically never tastes a good one. An apartment kitchen has not got the equipment or a housewife the time to make the kinds of soup it says are sanctified, and few restaurants can afford the labor. Well, a clam chowder is something that will heal the soul of an honest man and can be made with great ease—but no, the brotherhood shudder away from it as something enjoyed by quite impossible people. So they extract a beet to hell and gone and then do things to it with sour cream; the result would outrage the palate of an armadillo but Sigma Chi swoons. Well, Chris said, there you have it: does the art of gracious living want the harmonies of the taste buds to which it professes to be dedicated, or does it just want to carry a membership card?

That, Chris went on, was probably the core of his grievance: the belief that there were inherences of good taste, a caste hierarchy of foods, and a set of touchstones that revealed who was saved and whom they were licensed to damn. I am widely known as a patient and humble man, he said, but I have had somewhat more than enough of being told that (a) a little cooking brings out the flavor of a steak, (b) a little more cooking annihilates it, and (c) I am untouchable because I like the flavor which I have just been told is not there. Disregard the fallacy and the snobbery and the delusion; consider only the idiocy. It is an idiocy so stupendous that if the one who utters it were to voice one of similar size about the election campaign or the American League race we would have him committed for observation. I like to eat hash, a tamale, pancakes, a hamburger sandwich, a slice of onion on fresh bread, cole slaw, a chocolate milk shake. I do not suppose that this trivial enjoyment confers status on me, nor would I deny my daughter's hand to someone who found no excellence in a hamburger sandwich. If, however, he shrank from a hamburger as unclean, if he supposed that a liking for hamburgers rendered one incapable of understanding Kafka or appreciating the subtleties of Ethel Merman's art, if he believed that the aristocracy must shudder away from a fried clam but would go to the guillotine nibbling an asparagus tip—then I must protect my daughter from him in the interest of eugenics. To Sigma Chi the rapturous substitution of lemon juice for the vinegar that goes on the mushrooms, but to my progeny a high heart and a hot dog, with mustard.

I SAID that his conversation had set my hair-like processes vibrating and that doubtless we could find some hamburger joint on the Avenue of the Americas still open. It seemed right, I said, to praise the paid-up gourmets of our circle so long as they gave a good show, which was all that we asked even of Ethel Merman, and that when they grew rapt we could retire from their presence as from that of any other bores. Let Chris take a rational man's pleasure in perceiving the illusions and his friends. If, however, that was not enough to make him magnanimous, let him recall the point I had kept making: that this compulsion resulted from a displacement of the libido. Let him reflect who it was that had suffered impairment. Let us suppose that you have asked a charming and attractive woman to dinner, I said—where do you take her? To a restaurant I like or one which I know she likes, Chris said, or I ask her where she wants to go and pray God that it has not just opened somewhere east of Third Avenue. You have now arrived at that restaurant, I said. Each of you has ordered his respective version of fantasy's *Faisan Souvarof*, and if yours is hash or fish balls I will not reproach you, nor will she. Perhaps you have found a small bottling of an overlooked year, too. What then?

Well, what? Chris asked. The terms given, I said, are that this is an attractive woman, and that your superior friend must be understood as having suffered a dolor in his childhood. From the giving of the order on, your friend's interest would be centered on the food.

The Case of Luella Mundel

William Manchester

THERE are no coal mines in Fairmont, West Virginia, but bituminous fields surround the city, and every day long lines of coal cars move ponderously along the B & O tracks by the Monongahela River, throwing clouds of soot up the hill, staining the garish business district a deeper and deeper gray. The business men don't much mind: the miners support them, and slate falls, drift-mining, and CIO politics are the pivots of street-corner conversation—or were, until a few months ago, when they were dropped for the more compelling issues of Communism and godlessness.

There are no avowed Communists in Fairmont, either, as the most ardent Legionnaire quickly admits. "We don't allow them here," he tells you with that deep, easy laugh boosters have translated into a town slogan, "Fairmont is Friendly." But as the laughter dies the Legionnaire draws you aside and explains, with many winks, nudges, and knowing nods, that Fairmont does have its problem citizens, or, to use his word, its "crackpots." "Same as any other place," he adds defensively. But Fairmont is doing something about its crackpots. Fairmont, he says, jerking his thumb toward the west end of town—"Fairmont knows when it's had enough."

Westward, past a mile of sore-eyed frame houses pitched awkwardly on steep sloping hills, lies Fairmont State College, too remote to give the city a collegiate atmosphere, too close to be unobserved. Since its founding in 1865, the school has alternately been Fairmont's pride and its sorrow—its pride, as the state's first private normal school; its sorrow, as a state teachers' college which legislatures of the eighteen-seventies refused to support; its pride, under Joe Rosier; its sorrow, under George Hand.

Rosier, until his retirement in 1945, was considerably more than a college president to the community. He was an ardent Methodist, a conspicuous Rotarian, and a political ally of Fairmont's first citizen, seventy-seven-year-old Senator Matthew Mansfield Neely, the dean of West Virginia politics. When Neely temporarily exchanged his senatorial seat for the gubernatorial chair in 1941, he chose Rosier to complete his term in Washington, a signal honor, surely, for a mere educator. No one was happy to see Senator Joe quit Fairmont State two years after his return to College Hill, unless it was Hand, who shocked Fairmont, upon his appointment, by retiring Rosier's closest cronies. But even so, the town reflected, there was little cause for worry. Neely, as Governor, had been provident enough to name a Fairmont woman to the State Board of Education, and everyone knew Thelma Loudin would keep a sharp eye on Hand. Everyone still knows it, Hand most of all.

You are likely to hear more about this West Virginia story this coming summer, when a teacher fighting to defend her good name will come to court for the second time. William Manchester covered the first trial for the Baltimore Sunpapers.

In the beginning, the handsome new president and the dark, regal board member were on excellent terms. They were members of the same church—these things are important in Fairmont—and from her observation post as organist at Central Methodist, Mrs. Loudin heard splendid reports of Hand's attendance at First Methodist. Hand was a model of rectitude, industrious in behalf of civic causes, and the town was settling down when he and Mrs. Loudin began to quarrel over administrative detail. Fairmont again turned a critical eye westward, noted that Hand had brought a suspicious number of outsiders to the faculty, and grimly awaited the fireworks. They came last Christmas, and they were so spectacular all Marion County will probably remember the name of Mundel when Rosier Stadium is black with soot.

II

Dr. Luella Raab Mundel, a frail, bespectacled, somewhat nervous Iowan in her late thirties, came to Fairmont in September 1949 as chairman of the department of art, bringing with her a Ph.D. from Iowa State University and a sheaf of teaching references from other institutions. Dr. Hand passed these along to H. K. Baer, the neat, busy secretary of the Board of Education, and the appointment was approved at a meeting which Mrs. Loudin attended. The new teacher's salary was $3,700 a year. Her position was subject to three years of probation, although no one told her that. Neither was she told that all Fairmont faculty contracts are subject to annual review by the board. She assumed, quite wrongly as it turned out, that her previous experience entitled her to some sort of tenure.

Her colleagues remember her, during that first autumn, as abrupt, independent, and, in private conversation, somewhat embittered over the memory of a three-year-old divorce. She shocked one devout teacher, who told of seeing a vision, by replying tartly, "Some people who are hallucinated just hear voices." On another occasion, while arguing for an across-the-board raise at a faculty meeting, she said casually, "I guess I'm a Socialist." Her conduct before her classes was thought wholly competent, however, and on the first anniversary of her hiring, the board, upon Dr. Hand's recommendation, voted her a $200 raise. Until then she had been something of a recluse, but now she began to emerge into faculty life. She made friends in the community, designed color schemes for the new $400,000 library, and became more hospitable to invitations. In the spring of 1950, she had declined Dr. Hand's suggestion that she attend an American Legion "Americanism seminar" in downtown Fairmont, but when the seminar was repeated the following March and her new friends advanced the same suggestion, she accepted.

The meeting was held in the Fairmont Hotel. The hundred or so Fairmonters attending were addressed by several imported ex-Communists. Question periods followed the individual talks, and during these Dr. Mundel was conspicuously active. She rose to ask one man his proof that Owen Lattimore was a Communist, to demand of another how he could tell a Communist when he saw one, and to express her resentment at the implication that college faculties are heavily stocked with Reds. She said she thought the identification of liberals with Communism particularly unfortunate, since that is precisely what the Communists want.

At one point during the evening, portly Harold D. Jones, the college librarian, directed Dr. Mundel's attention across the aisle, to her left, identifying a woman sitting there as Mrs. Thelma Brand Loudin.

Mrs. Loudin vigorously denies she was at the seminar, but two months later, at the annual budget meeting of the Board of Education in Charleston, she suggested Dr. Mundel's name be dropped from the faculty roll. Dr. Hand asked why. "Well," he was told, "let's say she's a poor security risk."

Dr. Hand asked, and was granted, an opportunity to investigate this charge. That evening, meeting Mrs. Loudin in Charleston's Daniel Boone Hotel, he learned she felt she could not vote for the Fairmont State budget as long as it bore the name of Luella Mundel.

Informed of all this, the art chairman suggested the president check with the FBI. He did: the FBI reported nothing against her. Meanwhile, Mrs. Loudin had called upon him to explain that by "poor security risk" she really meant "poor teacher." To evaluate this new charge, he interviewed faculty members and art students. Ten of Dr. Mundel's

colleagues split eight to two in her favor. The nine art majors all liked her fine.

At the same time, the college president learned that a subordinate of Dr. Mundel's, an artist who had preceded her in the department but had been prevented from assuming the chairmanship by a lack of advanced degrees, was telling friends he had been "guaranteed" his boss would be fired. The day after the initiation of the campus investigation, this man had sent Mrs. Loudin a letter, attacking his superior. Subsequently, Mrs. Loudin turned the letter over to the Fairmont *West Virginian,* in whose columns it was published.

On June 30, the art chairman's contract expired. Dr. Hand assured her the board couldn't help seeing things her way, and she continued into the summer session on a temporary basis. Nevertheless, she began to worry. Her weight dropped to ninety-five pounds, she could not sleep, and she found people obviously were avoiding her. At the end of six weeks of summer teaching, she asked to be relieved.

Meanwhile the board had met to consider Dr. Hand's report. He told of his inquiries and recommended that she be retained, that her pay be raised, and that her subordinate be dismissed for unethical conduct against her. Mrs. Loudin informed him that she did not think "an atheist" should be permitted to teach on a college faculty, and he was asked to leave the room while the vote was cast. He was reversed on all counts. Five days later, on Bastille Day, Dr. Mundel read in the Fairmont *Times* a board announcement of her dismissal "for the good of the college."

That afternoon Fairmont State's psychology professor, a wry, aging collegian named Spaulding Rogers, called on Mrs. Loudin in behalf of the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors. He was, he said, a one-man fact-finding committee, and the fact he wanted to find was—what was Mrs. Loudin's attitude toward faculty participation in a pro-Mundel petition? Such a petition existed, he explained, and several of his colleagues contemplated signing it. They were, however, wary of the board's reaction. Could Mrs. Loudin guess what it might be? Mrs. Loudin could. She observed that anyone who questioned the board "would do well to move along and move while the moving was good."

Dr. Rogers, who shortly thereafter sold his farm in Fairmont and moved along to Hollins College, Virginia, made notes of Mrs. Loudin's comments, but at the end of the interview she and her husband, a Fairmont department store manager, relieved him of these and destroyed them. He does, however, remember that she made this comment: "I am a theist, Dr. Rogers, and would expect to stand judgment if I condoned its opposite."

At about the same time, Mrs. Katherine Roberts, a county grammar school teacher who had taken art courses at the college, called on Mrs. Loudin and said she thought Dr. Mundel was being treated shabbily. She was informed that the dismissed art teacher was a member of a faculty clique which had become dangerous because of "certain opinions" its members held. Mrs. Loudin asked the visitor to tell her with whom she had discussed the matter. "I refused," Mrs. Roberts later recalled. "She said, 'It doesn't matter, we have the names'—and she started to name names."

July melted into August; Dr. Mundel was out of a job; she looked for another. But none of the half-dozen teaching agencies she wrote offered the slightest hope, and she reached the conclusion that unless she could clear her name in Fairmont, her chances elsewhere would be slim. She appealed to the board for a hearing. Her request was supported by a petition signed by about a hundred and twenty-five Fairmont students, by the AAUP and the American Civil Liberties Union, and by the two organizations accrediting Fairmont State, the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education.

The board met on September 5, grilled Dr. Hand on his failure to suppress Dr. Mundel's supporters at the college, and decided not to grant her a hearing.

On September 27 she filed suit for $100,000, charging Mrs. Loudin with slander. Her attorneys were whimsical old Tusca Morris, of Fairmont, and Horace S. Meldahl, West Virginia correspondent for the American Civil Liberties Union. Mrs. Loudin was represented by Senator Neely and the Senator's son, Alfred.

The case came to bar before Judge J. Harper Meredith on the bitter day of December 19, 1951.

III

THE Marion County courthouse, a Corinthian mass of gray Cleveland sandstone crowned by a domed clock-tower and a copper statue of Justice, dominates downtown Fairmont. It was built at the turn of the century after a savage row between city dwellers and county taxpayers, who resented the cost, and the first case to be tried in the barnlike second-floor courtroom was heard in late November 1900. The defendant was the board of regents of West Virginia University. The plaintiff was Matthew Mansfield Neely.

That was eight years before he was elected Fairmont's first Democratic mayor, thirteen years before his first term in Congress, twenty-three before he went to the Senate. He was then a young veteran of the Spanish-American War, a brilliant campus orator who had just been expelled from the university for his role in a now obscure student prank. (The Senator says he had defied a Yankee college president by singing "Dixie"; Morris, a fellow student, recalls some cadavers were involved.) Neely asked for a writ of mandamus compelling the regents to take him back, and, as usual, he won.

Now, a half-century later, in a courtroom crammed with townspeople and students, he rose and stalked the all-male jury—a chunky, jut-jawed figure in a double-breasted suit and blue suede shoes, crouching over the jury box, delivering his opening statement in phrases unmatched since the days of William Jennings Bryan.

For over an hour he pranced before the awestruck twelve, delivering a thundering defense of the Board of Education's right "to purge its school of teachers it believes incompetent, atheists, Communists, horse thieves, murderers, or just too ignorant to teach children." He called for "teachers without any high-falutin ideas about not being able to prove there is a God"—teachers who would not corrupt the minds of students "in the sunny morning of life" by "making kindling wood out of their little hopes"—"teachers who believe in the old-fashioned American way our forefathers handed down from the time the barefooted soldiers of Washington stained the snows of Valley Forge with their precious blood."

"I'm for them," he vowed, "A to Z. I'm not for teachers tainted with foreign isms."

He indignantly attacked critics of the American Legion—of "those boys in the first world war" who "left their last best hope on the altar of their country" and "fought to the death in the Argonne Forest and the Belleau Wood, with death and barbed wire around them, where exploding shells and campfires gleamed."

Luella Mundel, he declared, was a woman who would "tear down the man of Galilee from the Cross"—a woman who "boasted of painting pictures which arouse sexual desires in men." The Senator said he stood four-square against any school which "tolerates Communism, atheism, or any other godless philosophy in its halls" and wound up with a plea to the jurors to "burn incense on the altar of almighty God, asserting the right of every American to sing such songs of gladness as 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul' and 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.'" He illustrated by reciting the choruses of these in a quavering voice.

"If that's reactionary," he cried, "make the most of it!"

Meldahl, himself a Legionnaire, protested he couldn't make anything of it at all, except perhaps an attempt to prejudice the jury. The Senator objected: he didn't know how they tried cases where Mr. Meldahl came from, but this was Fairmont, West Virginia. Meldahl comes from Charleston, West Virginia.

THE outsider began his parade of witnesses with Dr. Hand. His client was absent. She, shaken by Neely's references to her art, was in the women's lounge, weeping inconsolably. She therefore missed a further development of this theme in the Senator's cross-examination of the college president. Dr. Hand, it turned out, had admitted to the board at one of its meetings he thought his art chairman sometimes used poor judgment. Under Neely's skillful probing, he first confessed this meant the use of "crude language"; then, squirming under the frozen stare of a thousand eyes, he reluctantly specified this.

The specifications were highly damaging.

In fact entirely they were not: Dr. Mundel had merely repeated to the Hands a locker-room joke Dr. Rogers had made about one of her abstract paintings, which Jones, the librarian, had purchased. But the whole story—the fact that a psychologist had taken an earthy dig at modern art, and the artist had been amused—did not come out until the following day, when Meldahl got another crack at his witness. The gist of Dr. Hand's answers, under Neely's careful questioning, was that Dr. Mundel had given Jones one of her pictures and told him it would "make him masturbate."

The impact of this on the spectators was electrifying. For a long moment they huddled in stunned silence; then a woman in the rear of the courtroom jumped up, clutching a scarf and galoshes, and darted out, throwing quick, frightened looks behind her. That night a knot of Fairmont men gathered before a magazine store two blocks from the courthouse, telling one another they "sure would like to see that picture." The display window behind them was choked with the works of Jack Woodford and his colleagues: *The Loves of a Harlot, Passion C.O.D., Free Lovers, The Affairs of a Mistress,* and *Women of the Night* ("No Matter How Hard She Tried She Couldn't Be Good").

The following morning Meldahl appeared carrying masked examples of his client's painting, specimens of extreme cubism, scarcely coherent to the untrained eye. When he removed the masking, everyone enjoyed a disappointed laugh—everyone, that is, except the jurymen. At Senator Neely's insistence, the pictures were not immediately entered as evidence, and the frustrated twelve craned their necks over the jury box, unsuccessfully trying to peep. The only frame within their line of vision was still covered with newspaper, a page from the New York *Herald Tribune* bearing a photograph of nine Long Island drum majorettes, white legs rampant.

Later, when Dr. Mundel was on the stand, Neely seized one of the paintings and thrust it at the jury, asking her if her work consisted of "teaching pupils to draw pictures like THIS thing." The jurors then passed a pleasant ten minutes twisting the frame at various angles and nudging one another. The Senator also attempted to elicit from the witness an opinion on "what color excites the sexual faculty or passions." She answered dryly she did not know, but thought the matter proper study for a psychologist.

IV

Beyond certain veiled references to the "propaganda" of the American Civil Liberties Union, the only nonprofessional organization to which Dr. Mundel belongs, Senator Neely did not attack her patriotism, and except for her retirement to the women's lounge that first day, she held her own very well, until he led her down the dark and tortuous lanes of theology. Until then she sat erect in her slack woolen suit—not so poised as Thelma Loudin, who smiled supreme confidence at her husband and counsel, but certainly composed—and answered all questions in her terse, starchy Iowan. No, she had never been a Communist, a fellow-traveler, or a Russian sympathizer. No, she was not an atheist.

This last inspired a torrent of senatorial questions: What was her attitude toward the Supreme Being and the Creator of the universe? Had she ever admitted there was a God? Just what was an accurate statement of her religion?

She survived the first such session with the help of Noah Webster. Webster, she pointed out, defines God as something man worships, and she worshipped truth. If the Senator preferred, he could call her God a belief in the order of the universe. The Senator preferred no such thing: he didn't want to degrade Him and himself by expressing a scintilla of doubt in His almighty existence. What did the witness mean? What about those old Aztecs, praying to the sun and stars, and the Japs, prostrating themselves before Buddha? Did she mean to stand on her oath and say whatever man worships is God? She did. If they deify it, she said, it's God to them. Of atheists, she observed that Webster defines them as denying the existence of a Supreme Being, and she did not do that. Dr. Mundel rather thought she was an agnostic.

Long after judge, jury, and principals had left that afternoon, spectators stood in the darkened courtroom, arguing obscure ecclesiastical points. The following morning Mr. Loudin toiled behind his wife with an armload of Biblical encyclopedias, closely fol-

lowed by an eager mob carrying lunch boxes. They were disappointed: Dr. Mundel was at home, ill, and Meldahl proceeded to examine a half-dozen of her former students on her teaching competence. His most spectacular motion that day was his least successful. He proposed to enter in evidence excerpts from the U. S. Constitution, certain sections of the West Virginia Code, and a passage from the Supreme Court decision in the famous West Virginia flag salute case. Neely protested this was unprecedented, and Judge Meredith agreed. The motion was denied.

Article 3, section 11 of the state constitution provides that "no religious or political test oath shall be required as a prerequisite or qualification to vote, serve as a juror, sue, plead, appeal, or pursue any profession or employment." Section 15 of the same article specifies that "no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatsoever . . . but all men shall be free to profess, and, by argument, to maintain their opinion in matters of religion; and the same shall, in no wise, affect, diminish, or enlarge their civil capacities." After Meldahl's attempt to read this into the record, a court house regular was found on one of the elevated porticoes outside the building, leaning against a fluted column, overcome with laughter. "Read the code to Neely?" he choked. "He wrote the damned thing!"

The Supreme Court decision, which the Senator did not write, said, among other things, that "if there is any fixed star in our constitution constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox in politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion, or force citizens to confess by word or act their faith therein. If there are any circumstances which permit an exception, they do not now occur to us."

V

On December 27, when the court reconvened after a Christmas recess, Meldahl lost another round, this time a move to inform the jury on tenure regulations of Fairmont State's accrediting organizations, and Dr. Mundel, pale and shaky, remounted the stand. Neely crouched over the counsel's table. Upon her last appearance, he recalled, she had testified she worshipped truth. He now asked her to define truth. She told him she could not: that truth was relative to the information on hand at a certain time. Once people accepted the premise that the world was flat; now they knew better. "I suppose," she said, "I am a relativist."

The Senator did not care what she supposed—he wanted to know what it was she worshipped. Her answer, she said, indicated a principle that she worshipped. "Does that mean you have two Gods, truth and principle?" Neely snapped. She asked him to rephrase this. "What I am asking you to do," he asked her, "is distinguish between your God truth and your God principle." There was no answer; she sat in one corner of the witness box, as far from him as she could get, with her chin in her hand, looking directly downward. The stenographer read the record back to her and the court asked if her answers were as read. Still she did not reply. "Do you understand what the Senator is trying to get at?" asked the judge. The answer was barely audible: "Not very well."

"Did you—" asked Neely, "Did you—"

Dr. Mundel turned to the bench. "You must excuse me," she said. "I am ill."

Before she reached the rear door she was crying violently, and her sobs, coming from the corridor by the judge's chambers, echoed in the vast courtroom. The Senator told the court that although he had the greatest sympathy for the sick, he felt his questions were merely embarrassing to one who "doesn't want all the truth to come out." He said he considered it a duty "to my client and my country" to make the cross-examination "pitiless and as thorough as possible."

Dr. Mundel was sent home under sedation. That night, in the square, shingled home where she rooms, she threatened suicide. She told her doctor she was broke, had no way of earning a living, and had nothing to live for. She said she had eaten nothing for several days and asked him to commit her to a mental hospital, where she would be fed. Eric Barnitz, a young sociology instructor, and his wife stayed with her through the evening. On one occasion she ran into her bedroom and tried to block the door. Another time she announced she was going to slash her wrists, ran into the kitchen, and grabbed a carving knife. Mrs. Barnitz disarmed her. She told

the couple she was "caught in a trap," saw no way out, and had "no reputation left, and no profession."

"May God have mercy on her," said Neely, when all this came out in court the following morning. "No one has pity for her as much as I have."

He declined, however, to accept Meldahl's suggestion that the defense proceed with its case pending the plaintiff's recovery. The Senator said his obligations to his client were clearly defined, and he declined to cross the line binding them "by the diameter of a single diminutive hair." He reaffirmed his duty to protect "parents and teachers and little ones from godless and unAmerican philosophies."

Meldahl accused Neely of "browbeating" his witness. "That's a barefaced lie!" Neely shouted, waving a fist. "If you're a man you'll come outside and say that! You're a filthy, lousy liar when you say it!" Judge Meredith made a soft, pawing motion with his hand, much like a football referee's signal for unnecessary roughness, and the Senator quieted down. Later, however, when Meldahl offered to shake his hand, he refused the gesture.

The trial was at an impasse: Dr. Mundel was her own last witness, and nothing further could be done without her. The issue was resolved by taking a deposition in her home, with the necessary officials present. The transcript of this was to be read in court the following Monday, New Year's Day, but the jury never heard it, for on Sunday the case blew up.

The demolisher was Fairmont's Episcopalian minister, the Reverend F. Graham Luckenbill, an outspoken clergyman with a reputation for independence. Mr. Luckenbill, addressing his congregation from his lectern, described the trial as a "farce" comparable to "all the bad traits of the Inquisition and the Crucifixion." As long as a teacher in a state institution makes no attempt to teach his religious or political beliefs, the minister argued, those beliefs are his own and should not be considered by his superiors. Actually, he suggested, when Dr. Mundel said she worshipped truth she was considerably closer to God than Senator Neely, since God is Truth.

The clergyman's statements were carried in Monday's Fairmont *Times,* and the Senator strode into court that morning brandishing a copy of the paper. He demanded a mistrial and got it, over Meldahl's strenuous objections. Judge Meredith ruled the minister's comments "improper" and, because of his influence in the community, prejudicial. There was some talk of haling Mr. Luckenbill into court on a contempt citation. Nothing came of it, but the Fairmont Ministerial Association, representing twenty-four local clergymen, issued a statement disassociating themselves from him and denouncing the trying of court cases in the pulpit. The association president, pastor of the Central Christian Church, explained that Mr. Luckenbill did not belong to the organization. Membership, he said, is reserved to those clergymen "who desire to co-operate."

VI

For one reason or another—lack of news enterprise being one reason, the holidays another—the metropolitan press was poorly represented in Fairmont Christmas week, and that pleased no one there. Dr. Mundel's supporters were hopeful of finding an audience in urban communities, and a reporter for the Fairmont *West Virginian,* which supported Mrs. Loudin in its news columns, expressed chagrin at not seeing representatives of "the *New Republic,* the *Daily Worker,* and the rest of the New York papers." The Associated Press dealt by telephone with a highly reliable reporter on the Fairmont *Times,* but it dispatched no staff men to the scene, and its editors committed the unpardonable error of sending out a wire photo of the defendant bearing the name of the plaintiff. The *Columns,* the college's student paper, carried nothing during the trial. "Our paper," it explained in a post-trial editorial, "is distributed each week among most if not all high schools in the state. Our purpose in doing this is to advertise Fairmont State as a suitable school where high-school students may continue their education. We feel that if emphasis were placed on any conflict, of any nature, our purpose in distributing this paper among high schools would be hindered."

The accounts which did appear were eagerly read in Fairmont, however, and Sen-

ator Neely, with a sharp eye on Dr. Hand, deplored the "disgraceful publicity" which had "probably wrecked" the college. It is widely assumed in Fairmont that Dr. Mundel's dismissal will not be the school's last. Jones is considered as good as through, and Dr. Hand, who has no more tenure than his faculty members, is in for a rough time. He promises to fight any move against him, and he believes his chances are at least fair. Unlike his former art chairman, he is a native West Virginian and has friends well placed in the state.*

Fairmont continues in a state of trauma. Mr. Luckenbill's telephone was still jumping when Senator Neely gave the local papers a copy of the deposition taken in Dr. Mundel's home. In it, outraged citizens read that although she thought the local school too small to represent all shades of opinion, she did believe "one good Communist on a large university faculty might be very useful to the student body."

She went on to explain that his ideas could easily be discredited by the other professors. She declined, under the Senator's continued questioning, to recommend Earl Browder as a desirable addition to the faculty of Fairmont State College.

Her mail throughout the trial was heavy. Support, some of it financial, came from various university professors, lecturers, lawyers, and editors, and from two Unitarian ministers, two Catholics, and a Christian Scientist. She also received three shipments of religious tracts, an anonymous card from a sex crank, and a card informing her that "God has allowed you to live long enough. Now He is about to destroy you."

For a time after the blowup the future of her suit was uncertain. Her resources were nearly exhausted, and her lawyers were split over how a new action should be pressed: Meldahl wanted the same suit, Morris thought it would be well to include the entire Board of Education as co-defendant. But on February 21 Jones and Barnitz opened a drive for contributions from friends, by early March Meldahl's strategy had won out, and a new trial of the same charges is scheduled to open under the domed clock-tower, under the copper statue of Justice, during the June court term.

Originally it was set for March 24; a postponement was granted when Mrs. Loudin's chief counsel pointed out that date was impossible for him. This is a busy year for the Senator. He himself is not up for re-election, but he is a party stalwart, and his presence at Democratic powwows is almost mandatory. Then too, he has pressing business in Congress, where he is a strong supporter of the Fair Deal, a vigorous opponent of Taft-Hartley, and a violent critic of certain charges first presented two years ago in Wheeling, West Virginia, seventy-nine miles northwest of Fairmont, by Senator Joseph McCarthy, Republican, of Wisconsin.

* His friends, apparently, were inadequate. On March 27, three months after Dr. Mundel's courtroom collapse, the Board of Education announced the dismissal of Dr. Hand, effective June 30. Four faculty members immediately resigned in protest.

Space Ships in the Offing

Harland Manchester and John McPartland

The subject of space travel is now no longer simply a science fictionists' dream. It is engaging the zealous attention of first-rate scientific minds. Receiving, recently, two articles about it which offered a difficult choice, we decided to give our readers the opportunity to see both of them, even though they differ sharply on important points. We need only explain that the two authors have not seen each other's work.—The Editors.

THE ASTRONAUTS ARE SERIOUS

Harland Manchester

For years, sensible adults have been amused by the talk of small fry about space ships, interplanetary travel, and the weirdly-garbed science-fiction characters of extra-terrestrial domains. Now it appears that the children were right, and the minds of their elders were hopelessly earthbound. The prospect of travel in free space—beyond the limits of the Earth's atmosphere and gravitational pull—has virtually been assured by the latest scientific and technical developments. The men who will probably participate in its pioneer adventures are already alive.

These surprising facts were gravely established at a recent four-day meeting at San Antonio, Texas, sponsored by the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field. As forty of the world's leading specialists in the problems of space travel pooled their findings, one after another they attacked the barriers long thought to limit man's soaring ambition. There was great argument about methods and details, but the assumption seemed to be accepted that we have today all the essential materials, machines, and skills needed to dispatch man into the waste spaces of the heavens.

To be sure, no man will take a Steve Brodie off the Earth until preliminary explorations have been made. Outlining a likely program, Dr. Heinz Haber, astrophysicist in the Department of Space Medicine at Randolph Field, predicted that after further exploration with high-altitude rockets, a small craft containing only instruments will be hung in space, where it will circle the planet like a small moon, continuously broadcasting all manner of reports. A new compact transmitter suitable for this job was demonstrated at the meeting by W. J. Mayo-Wells, a British scientist now with the Johns Hopkins Applied Physics Laboratory.

Next we will shoot up a test animal—possibly a rat, more likely a monkey—whose bodily reactions most closely approximate

those of man. As the lone monkey coasts around the Earth in his private moon, his heartbeat, blood pressure, and respiration will be broadcast along with other celestial data to the world below. Mice and monkeys have already survived numerous rocket flights to a height of forty miles; it is expected that large colonies of test animals will total hundreds of hours of flight time in high-altitude balloons, rockets, and space ships to gather data outside the Earth's air blanket.

"Finally," said Dr. Haber, "we will send up a space ship with a pilot." Those who thought it hard to find a man for the post had only to look at William Bridgeman, a bronzed young test pilot with an Eisenhower grin who last August took off from the belly of a seven-mile-high B-29 in a Douglas Skyrocket and plunged heavenward another seven miles. He broke the world's altitude record. Man will do anything. Hundreds of apparently responsible citizens have already volunteered for berths on the first space flight.

After the first solo venture will come bigger space ships with larger crews, equipped with instruments to do many important jobs. The first great goal is to set up a "working platform" aloft—a satellite craft which will not only aid man in running the Earth's business but will serve as a base for clearer examination of the cosmos.

Plans are already being drawn up for such a satellite craft. Dr. Wernher von Braun, the brilliant young German rocketeer who co-designed the V-2 weapons and is now working on guided missiles for the U. S. Army, has a blueprint for a satellite space ship which he believes can be erected aloft as soon as anyone will put up the money. His ship is shaped like a bicycle wheel two hundred feet in diameter, with a big parabolic mirror at the hub to focus the sun's rays on a steam boiler to provide power. Since there is no "up" or "down" in space, power would revolve the wheel once every eleven seconds, creating centrifugal force to provide artificial gravity for the convenience of the crew. Thus the outer wall of the "tire" would be a circular floor on which men would work and live. The ship is designed to be hung up at an altitude of 1,070 miles, circling the Earth every two hours at such an angle that its route would appear to wobble back and forth from north to south, periodically covering all the inhabited areas of the Earth.

Such a ship would have to be assembled on the site. Von Braun says the materials could be sent up in installments by means of three-stage rockets to await the construction men. Once they established a living "shack" supplied with oxygen and food, workers would go forth in space suits propelled by spurts from a flask of carbon dioxide. The ship would be built largely of light metals and plastics to cut transportation costs; but once in space materials would weigh nothing, and one man could handle units that would weigh tons on the ground. To get an idea of the weird nature of such construction work, remember that it would be possible here to build a ten-room house with a two-car garage sitting on nothing, if anyone wanted to shoot up the materials.

Some space experts thought von Braun's plan a bit gaudy, but to the pop-eyed observer the important thing was that few questioned the practicability of tossing up a satellite ship of some sort. Most experts thought it was inevitable. There was a spirited argument between von Braun and Dr. Fred L. Whipple, noted Harvard astronomer, as to methods of landing a "space tender" back on Earth. Dr. Whipple contended that if the ship followed von Braun's calculations it would be burned up when it struck the atmosphere. Yet he made it clear that he did not consider the landing problem insoluble.

II

In one point, the small fry are wrong—their space ships are driven by atomic power. Four teen-age members of the San Antonio Society for Space Travel were disillusioned as the scientists argued that the shielding needed to protect the crew from radiations would add too much weight, and that existing chemical fuels—alcohol and liquid oxygen, liquid hydrogen and liquid oxygen, or the hydrogen peroxide which has been used in submarines—would be more suitable for driving a space ship, within economic limits in the foreseeable future.

Estimates of the cost of a satellite ship are hazy, but all agree that the project would be tremendously expensive. Which brings up the question: what good is it? Von Braun

believes that such a satellite would provide a space platform for the launching of explosive missiles to any point on Earth with pin-point accuracy and that the nation which first builds such a platform will have an insuperable advantage over any other. Many military and non-military uses have been suggested. Among them: meteorologists could watch storm centers moving over the face of the earth and make far more accurate forecasts.

Visibility is better from space to Earth than vice versa, and observers with high-powered telescopes could track ships, expeditions, big planes, and troop movements—or watch big construction jobs. No change in the Earth's face would go undetected. One or more satellites could act as master relay stations for world-wide short-wave radio and possibly television coverage. Astronomers, with an observatory far beyond atmospheric disturbances, would get quicker answers to questions which have always baffled them. They would get data about cosmic rays, sun-spot disturbances, and solar X-rays which might be of great practical value. Physicists and chemists would have wide temperature ranges in the great pressureless, no-gravity laboratory of space which might enable them to get valuable information on the basic structure of matter.

Professor Hermann Oberth, the long-neglected Romanian schoolteacher who inspired the German rocket builders, has suggested that a great mirror, mounted on a satellite ship, could focus the sun's rays on selected parts of the Earth. Towns could get sunlight during evening hours; rain could be induced to fall on dry areas by focusing solar heat on lakes and seas, increasing evaporation, and driving clouds to places where rain is needed. And eventually the satellite would serve as a stepping stone for the exploration of other planets.

The big problems of ultra-high altitude and space flight are not mechanical but physiological. Engineers can put the craft up there, but how will the human body stand up in the strange new environment? How much acceleration can the body stand, and for how long? What danger is there from cosmic and ultraviolet rays beyond the Earth's atmosphere? How can man be protected against intense radiant heat in space? What happens to the body, and how soon, when a pressurized cabin springs a leak? How well will man adapt himself to weightlessness when he no longer feels the pull of gravity?

The uncanny effects of weightlessness in space tax the imagination. Earthbound man may experience "zero gravity" during the first split-second of a free fall, as in jumping into a pool feet-first, and pilots descending sharply from high altitudes may feel it for about thirty seconds. But the scientists, who can duplicate many other high-altitude effects on the ground, can't set up a zero-gravity laboratory without going into space itself.

We take it for granted, for instance, that hot air rises; but without gravity it is no lighter than cold air, and this little difference might cost the life of the unprepared space voyager. In a space cabin, the warm breath would not rise, and a sleeping man might wake up suffocating in his own exhaled carbon dioxide, which would form a layer around around his head.

Space physicians report that weightlessness would not interfere seriously with the chief internal bodily functions—such as blood circulation, air circulation, or peristalsis—but it would cause curious sensations. In zero gravity the balance mechanism of the inner ear would cease to work. We have a "spirit level" in the aural cavities composed of small, hard particles called otoliths (ear stones) which float freely in liquid surrounded by hair-like protuberances, communicating pressure to the nerves. Another balance indicator is the suspension of our organs in hammock-like membranes, which register changes in pressure when we are off-keel. In zero gravity, these gauges would be useless, and in addition crew members would feel a curious bodily lightness, as though they were going down a fast elevator twenty-four hours a day.

There will be many other zero gravity problems. Normally, a man reaching for something spends most of the energy in lifting his arm, which may weigh fifteen pounds or so, but in zero G the arm is weightless. A man raising his wrist to look at the time might overreach and punch himself in the jaw. Sweat would not run down the face, and if brushed off would remain in the air as globules until evaporated. Conventional eating utensils could not be used. If artificial gravity were produced by rotating the ship,

as in von Braun's proposed satellite craft, many of these zero-G problems would be solved, but there will be no such refinements in the early model-T craft.

Space-ship housekeeping will be complicated. Exhaled carbon dioxide can be chemically absorbed by known methods. Exhaled water vapor will be absorbed and condensed; otherwise the crew might drown in it. Since water will be at a premium, however, there will be no baths in space. Garbage will be periodically ejected through an air lock; with no oxygen or bacteria to decompose it, each consignment will circle the Earth as another satellite, so a little power will have to be used to shoot it out of the ship's orbit.

Today's high-altitude pilots bundle up for protection against the intense cold—at the ceiling established by Bridgeman, for instance, it was 67 below zero. But in outer space the rays of the sun create intense heat. Rocket flights have shown that at eighty miles aloft, temperature on the side of the craft facing the sun is almost as hot as boiling water, while on the shady side it is 100 below zero. Scientists calculate that beyond that, temperature increases to 4,000°F at a height of four hundred miles. A. M. Mayo, Group Engineer of Douglas Aircraft, has proposed a type of air-conditioning based on the right balance of black and white exterior painting —white to bounce off the sun's heat rays, black to absorb them. By a kind of Venetian blind arrangement, the balance could be changed at will to suit the crew's comfort.

Other bogymen of space are ultraviolet and short X-rays from the sun, which at forty miles aloft would sear the unprotected traveler with deep burns. Simple metal shielding should stop the X-rays, said Dr. Marcel Nicolet, visiting Belgian meteorologist, and window glass should stop the ultraviolet. To protect crewmen's eyes against constant dazzling sunlight, space ship windows might be no larger than portholes. A serious unknown factor is the effect of cosmic rays on the human body in space. These mysterious rays of undiscovered origin constantly bombard the Earth, causing no known harm, but tracks found on photographic plates sent up in plastic balloons show that at fifteen miles high they begin to come in larger and more dangerous sizes and quantities. Dr. H. J. Muller, famous geneticist and Nobel Prize winner, said he didn't think they would affect space fliers' progeny, but couldn't answer for their effect on the body. He thinks an electromagnetic device might be built into a space ship to deflect most of these rays from the crew.

"Explosive decompression," an effect like a tire blowout which occurs when a pressurized cabin springs a leak or is pierced by a missile, would be a major emergency in space. Scientists are testing its effects upon men and animals. They have found that it is no joke, but not quite so bad as predicted. Once it was believed that a major leak at 70,000 feet would cause the human body literally to explode. (This was based on the observation that deep sea fish, accustomed to heavy pressure, sometimes burst open when they came to the surface.) Then it was found that because of structural differences, men stand up better than expected under sudden pressure changes. After repeated tests in the Randolph Field laboratories, scientists are amazed at the punishment mammals will take.

Acting as his own subject, Dr. Ulrich Luft, who is in charge of the work, was locked in an airtight chamber while air was pumped out of a communicating room until he was in the situation of a pilot in a pressured cabin at 48,000 feet. Then a duct was thrown open between the chambers, and air rushed out as it would if his cabin had been pierced by a bullet. It did him no harm. Monkeys have been "taken up" to 75,000 feet and suddenly deprived of pressure, while their physical reactions were recorded by electrocardiograph and other instruments. One monkey survived twelve explosive decompressions within twenty-four hours. If the hull of a space ship were punctured by a bullet, says Dr. Heinz Haber, the crew would be in no worse predicament than that of a modern high-altitude airplane. In either craft, he states, the crew would have thirteen to fifteen seconds to stop the leak before blackout overcame them.

Even if space ships meet no enemy craft, there is some chance of their being penetrated by meteors. Dr. Fred L. Whipple of Harvard, with the aid of the U. S. Air Force and the U. S. Bureau of Naval Ordnance, has been analyzing the risk. There is no proved case of a person on Earth being struck by a meteorite, but in space the menace is some-

what greater. A "shooting star" which flashes across the summer sky is burned up by air friction before it hits the Earth, but outside the atmosphere it would penetrate the skin of an aircraft. It is a mathematical matter of meteor sizes and frequency. Up to sixty-two miles, says Dr. Whipple, or on short flights to higher levels, there is little or no danger. "For a satellite vessel," he concluded, "the chance of penetration is relatively great in a matter of months or years, but even in a long flight only a small hole will be made by any probable encounter. The danger of explosive decompression is negligible."

To guard against penetration by small bodies, Dr. Whipple proposes a "meteor bumper" composed of a very thin secondary skin, perhaps of aluminum, which would be stretched outside the main skin with a small space between. The small meteorite striking this bumper would explode into dust and vapor, greatly reducing penetrating power. He also suggests that space pilots avoid certain areas where meteors are known to be frequent; these can be charted like shoals at sea. The danger of disastrous collision, several scientists agreed, is considerably less than that faced by the American automobile driver.

No one will set a date for the departure of the first satellite, but within five or ten years the Air Force will be flying at heights now considered fantastic. Plans are under way to build rockets ten times as powerful as the V-2. Equipped with stubby wings, such craft could rise to perhaps 100,000 feet, shut off power and glide thousands of miles at incredible speed. They may be the intercontinental air liners of tomorrow. Many of the conditions of outer space, even temporary weightlessness, will be encountered in such flights. Already, with rockets manned and unmanned, we have pushed the vertical frontier into the wasteland that lies between our atmosphere and the interstellar silences. Space ships are already here.

NO GO, SPACE CADET!

John McPartland

Science today is an iceberg, with only a [illegible]—of its bulk now visible above the ocean of military security. But this iceberg of knowledge and power is growing at a high-order exponential curve of acceleration. The formula is the same as that for the surface of an expanding sphere: human knowledge is increasing in area as the square of the radial increase. We are acquiring as much new information each two years as we acquired in the total of human history up to now; within five years that two-year span will have decreased to one year; within ten years it will have diminished [illegible].

For hundreds of centuries man traveled at a speed measured by his walking and running (mark this on a chart as a long, flat line). He learned to use horses (mark a rising curve in the chart-line from about five miles an hour to fifteen). Five thousand years later he learned to use mechanical energy in steam engines (the curve reaches sixty.) Eighty years later he learned to move through the air (and the curve leaps sharply to one, two, four, fifteen hundred). The five years from 1945 to 1950 show an increase of at least one thousand miles per hour, twice as much as the top value of all the rest of the curve. Now put that line, with its proud rise toward the vertical, against the requirements and opportunities of travel in open space, which begin at a threshold of 25,000 miles per hour and lead to the speed of light, and the chart indicates that we have barely begun to crawl.

Yet we are in days of high adventure. In more ways than one it is a new Elizabethan age. Not since Good Queen Bess's time has there been quite this challenge of frightening unknowns to be crossed in peril to new shores of unimaginable wealth and power. Four centuries ago the shipwrights of Bristol and

Plymouth turned from their little tubs fit only to bob about in the Channel and began to build caravels to conquer the limitless Western Sea. Their navigators dared the tempest, serpents, and sorceries (which they believed existed, so their courage was valid).

Now the "astragators" talk of daring the Sea of Space, alive with meteors, tempests of radiation, and who can guess what alien and unanticipated perils. Now the men of Lockheed, North American, and the rest are losing interest in the flying busses, trucks, and tanks they have been building to puddle about in the turbid film of planetary air. Now some new Drake must be swaggering impatiently at White Sands or Banana River, watching the needle-slim rockets lift into space on a pillar of fire. Now some new Hawkins must be looking through a Schmidt lens, perhaps on Mount Palomar, to the waiting shores of the moon.

But probably it will be very different.

These are bright years for young men, but there is a good possibility that these hopes of theirs will be dashed. There is a limiting factor on extraterrestrial travel. The gallant Space Cadets, with their rocket ships of gleaming impervium and their proud insignia of flaming suns and solar systems, may never exist except on television screens and in comic books. *Man* will travel, in time, to the planets and the stars—but it seems unlikely now that *men* ever will.

WE'RE trying. In a laboratory near Chicago dogs float uneasily in baths of semimilky fluid, their lungs filled solid. Why? Well, the human animal is a bony frame encased in a fibrous jelly wrapped in living leather. Within are the organs, suspended, attached, or hanging loosely in the great cavities of the body. When we are moved suddenly, or stopped suddenly, these organs—brain, lungs, viscera—bounce around in bruising damage. If the body cavities could be filled with a liquid cushion, a liquid which would satisfactorily substitute for air in human breathing, then our fragility at spaceship speeds would not be so great. Is there such a liquid? There may be; we have all had experience with a comparable one—the amniotic fluid in which we lived before our birth.

So in the laboratories we are trying to synthesize an amniotic fluid, oxygen-bearing, capable of satisfying the lungs of land animals. If it can be perfected the space pilots would live immersed in a bath of this oxygen-juice, their bodies shock-proof solid. How successful has this solution seemed to be to date? That one is within the iceberg.

But we are trying. These are not speculative dreams, nor is this science fiction. Our government is desperately concerned with these matters and so, presumably, is the vast Aerodynamic Institute at Moscow. The inch-high rubber-stamped words, "Top Secret," though they possess powers of mystical incantation that would have delighted the ancient alchemists, have not hidden the fact that the armed services have operating departments of "space medicine," the calculated investigation of the obstacles to be encountered by human beings in the new unknown.

Psychologists are presently studying what happens to the mind when the body feels itself falling free forever in the never-never land of zero gravity. Biochemists work with the cloak-and-suit industry to design fabrics to wear in the eternal high noon of space, where a black sun-tan would come in microseconds of the blast of solar X-rays. Metallurgists work with zirconium and titanium, testing sheets of new dense-metal alloys against all the conceivable and some of the inconceivable stresses of space travel.

The bacteriologists talk of strange plagues. How do you quarantine a voyager just returned from Mars? Of all the possible patterns of protein linkages, which ones might be found on other planets? Would our space wanderers be destroyed in some jungle of fluorine plants living in an atmosphere of gaseous sulphur? Will there be floating spores on the Moon that will penetrate the joints of a space-suit and within minutes turn its wearer into a human mushroom cellar? Remembering the quiet gifts of measles and smallpox that the white man brought to the Americas four hundred years ago, the bacteriologists wonder with what quiet gifts the space travelers might return.

And, of course, the mathematicians have already figured the skew curves of the voyages, the short arc to the Moon, the sunward fall to Venus. They have calculated the fuel loads, the speeds, the exact second of freedom at escape velocity from the Earth's gravity—

that is, the moment of crossing the Great Threshold. Assuming always that our assumptions are correct, for what lies on the other side of the threshold in the way of impossible contradictions to everything we have heretofore believed no man can know. We can only mark down the insanity of the totally unexpected as another hazard to be anticipated.

"Galcit" is the magic name now—the Guggenheim Aeronautical Laboratories, California Institute of Technology. If any man can leaf through a calendar and circle a date—say September 17, 1952, or the first week in May 1954—saying, "That will be the day when we send a ship to the Moon," that man in all probability works today within the monolithic walls of Galcit.

If you were to talk to this imaginary engineer of man's dream of departure from the Earth, you would find him involved in considerations that are the opposite of imaginary or dreamlike. "The probabilities are," he might say, "that we'll send a little affair out and around the Moon in the near future. It will carry no pilot, nothing but instruments—similar to the 'telemetering' devices we now use in the rockets. These are gadgets that measure temperature, radiation, chemical make-up of the atmosphere, various field effects, and so on, then send out their measurements on ultra-high-frequency to ground observers.

"Needless to say, the abilities of the telemeters are vastly superior to human sensory perceptions. We can see only over a narrow band of light, from just above the infrared to just below the ultraviolet; the gadgets can 'see' much further into either extreme of wavelength. They are sensitive to cosmic rays and count them in obedient clicks. They can stand 'cold' down to a couple of hundred below zero and 'heat' up to a couple of thousand degrees. They can measure magnetic fields the way the birds may be able to do, and they can analyze the chemistry of their surroundings. It takes a human being several hours just to collate the information they can send in several seconds.

"So our little vessel we send on a scouting trip around the Moon won't have to come back. It will give us more knowledge about the Moon in one trip than man had about the Earth until twenty or thirty years ago."

The men who may have to prepare the budgets for the first space flights are talking today, not about their chances of being the first men on Mars, but about telemeters and servomotors.

Telemeters are machines that absorb and relay information. Servomotors are machines that do jobs. The device to which you say, "Turn on the heat in my house when the temperature in the living room goes below 68° and turn the heat off when it goes above 72°," is a primitive servomotor called a thermostat. Someday you may look back on it as the ancestor of the space travelers, for only the servomotors can perform economically and efficiently the jobs that will have to be done. Listen again to our hypothetical engineer:

"Let's imagine that the first few missiles report indications of high radioactivity under the Moon's surface. That's no place for human explorers, slogging around in spacesuits in a dark temperature about 250° below and a bright temperature about 200° above, flumphing into deadfalls of pumice dust finer than face powder and hundreds of feet deep, shielded against solar radiation that would cause cancers on a golf ball and cosmic rays that would bake out their brains. Not to mention the cost—the fuel expenditure of hauling a few hundred pounds of human beings, a few tons of oxygen for them to breathe, a ton or two of food and water, a few tons of radiation shielding to keep them from being fried in half a dozen different spectra, and a few tons of shock-absorbing equipment to avoid smearing them into jam in acceleration and deceleration. And mental values? We're not sure that a crew of explorers would stay on their trolley even during the first brief trip around the Moon, let alone land there!

"No, it won't be like that at all. We'd send a rocket designed to do what needs to be done. It would hit where we want it to—packed solid with usable stuff, no neuroses, no tummy aches, no weakness or indecision. It would unfold, like those old Japanese paper flower balls you put in water, and go to work. A servomotor bore would start down into the pumice dust and a telemeter would report its findings. If it struck ore rich enough to justify mining operations on the Moon we'd send other servomotors to do that job.

"All this time we human beings would be

safe and snug down here on Earth, watching the mining operations on television, sending directions by UHF to the machines, and clocking off the loaded rockets for the return trip. No space-madness. No big ships with rows of portholes, loaded down with compressed oxygen, food, water, medicines, sterilizers, entertainment, and the rest of the junk we have to have to get along. No human beings with their soft white bodies that can't even stand the light of their own sun filtered through a hundred miles of atmosphere. We're going to send out space ships with passengers that can travel anywhere, sense almost everything, do almost anything, and never worry about coming back."

MAN as an individual is the limiting factor. Double his span of youth and he still ages too soon for a voyage merely to Pluto; his race is lost in the dust of time before a journey to Alpha Centauri, the nearest star, could be completed. Breed him as a new species in nurseries on the Moon, give him a life of a thousand years or more, and he is still a May fly fluttering briefly against the inalterable realities of interstellar time and space.

Toughen him by replacing the carbon of his tissues with silicon so that his muscles can tear apart steel plates, fill in his body cavities with subtly chosen fluids so that acceleration will not whip his viscera like spaghetti in the firing chamber of a gun, cushion his brain and strengthen his emotional framework so that he will not go mad, wrap him in energy fields and dense-nuclei shielding so that he will not be destroyed by deadly radiation—do all these things and he is still too frail for even trans-solar travel, his generations of life too brief for the stars.

But the functions of a process can be extended to their limits. The functions of the process which will begin in our time with a tiny, electronic-sensing, zirconium bubble circling our Moon, extend logically to the farthest time-space, limited only by energy and avoidance of total catastrophe. (Among the planets of the hundred million observable suns of our galaxy, of the hundred million galaxies, how many total catastrophes have ended how many similar purposes?)

We are venturing now into achievements which will be measured by tens of thousands of years, which will span star systems, but these will be achievements of our collective consciousness, sensing through the filaments of telemeters, working through the distant strengths of servomotors. Perhaps this is a brief hint at our own purpose, but we are striving so gallantly, desperately, smugly, and blindly that it may be just as well that we continue to believe we strive only for May fly ambitions. Men are not likely to voyage space but the only limiting factors that restrain the function of *Man* and his evolutionary heirs are energy and the patience of God.

Today

BRIAN HOWARD

THE suicides will never cease
To sweep the peaks in fighter-planes;
Informers, or the rich, will keep
The valley for their patriot pains.

The epoch of the second-finest
Killing for the second-best
Hangs like a ticket round our journey—
A welcome, then, to unsuccess.

Madness-in-action on the height,
The spirit's death below—
There's only left the timber line
Where the pine meets the snow.

Where the last of Europe's eagles
Starve, and watch the mountain road
With the ibex for their sentry
And the wind for their abode.

The Myth of American Uniformity

Peter F. Drucker

"How can you Americans stand all this uniformity?" Every one of the dozens of visitors from all over Europe who, during these past few years, have discussed their American impressions with me, has asked this question in one form or another. Yet what makes every single one—business man, clergyman, or scientist; teacher, lawyer, or journalist; labor leader or civil servant—come to me for information is bewilderment, if not shock, at the incomprehensible and boundless diversity of this country.

"But *somebody* must lay out the standard curriculum for the liberal arts college. If the federal or the state governments do not do it, who does?"

"In what grade does the American high-school student start Latin? How many hours a week are given to it? And what works of Shakespeare are normally read in the American high schools?"

"It can't really be true that there is no one labor union policy on industrial engineering. I am told that some unions actually insist on a time and motion study of each job, some unions acquiesce in it, and others refuse to allow any industrial engineers. But surely no union movement could possibly operate pulling in opposite directions on a matter as important as this?"

"Please explain to us what American managements mean when they talk of 'decentralization.' Wouldn't this mean that different units of a company would do things differently, adopt different policies, follow different ideas? And how could any management allow that and still keep its authority and control?"

The going gets really rough when the talk turns to political institutions or to the churches. That it makes all the difference in the world what congressional committee a pending bill is assigned to, will upset even the urbane visitor—if indeed he believes it. And among the most frustrating hours of my life was the evening I spent with a Belgian Jesuit who insisted that there must be one simple principle that decides when and where agencies of the Catholic Church in this country work together with other faiths, and when not. The only comfort was that he obviously had got no more satisfaction from his American brethren in the order than from me.

Yet it is quite clearly not in diversity that the visitors see the essence of America. They are baffled by it, shocked by it, sometimes frightened by it. But they don't really believe in it. Their real convictions about this country come out in the inevitable question: "But don't you find it trying to live in so uniform a country?"

As a member of advisory committees set up to help visiting "productivity teams," and as a man to whom many people send European friends for counsel, Mr. Drucker has had exceptional chances to study foreign misapprehensions about America.

It is not only the casual visitor, spending a few weeks here, who believes in "American uniformity" despite all he sees and hears. The belief survives extended exposure to the realities of American life.

A few months ago a well-known English anthropologist, reviewing an exhibition of American paintings for a most respectable London Sunday paper, explained the "mediocrity of American painting" by a reference to "the uniformity of the American landscape—all prairie and desert." One might remind the reviewer that nothing is more startling to the immigrant who comes to America to live than the tremendous variety of the landscape and the violence of contrasts in the American climate, soils, geology, fauna, and flora. Or one might reduce the argument to its full absurdity by asking which of these sons of Kansas, for example, is the typically uniform prairie product—William Allen White, Earl Browder, or General Eisenhower? But the essential fact is not that the argument is nonsense. It is that Geoffrey Gorer, the anthropologist, knows this country well, and that the newspaper that printed his nonsense is unusually knowledgeable about things American on the whole. Yet though they know all about New England or Virginia or Minnesota or Oregon, though they probably also know about the artists who paint in the desert of Cape Cod—or is it a prairie?—they immediately think of "uniformity" when something American needs explanation.

Or take the case of the young Danish lawyer who came to see me just before sailing back home. He was going to stay just a few minutes as he had only one question to ask. In the end he stayed almost the whole day—yet left with it still unanswered. His question? In one plant of the American company where he worked for seven months as a trainee, he found that output standards for the workers were set by a joint management-union committee. In another plant of the same company, located just a few miles away and organized by the same local of the same union, output standards, he found, were considered strictly a "management prerogative," with union action confined to formal protests against management decisions. He was sure he must have been mistaken in his observation; at the least, management and union must both be eager to have a uniform policy, whereas both seemed perfectly happy with the existing "disorder." I could not convince him that this was a fairly common situation all over the country. He left, certain that our labor relations must be uniform, if not for the whole country then at least for an industry, let alone for one company or one union.

And the "productivity teams" that have come over from Europe to study American methods these past few years insist in their reports that one of the basic reasons for the greater productivity of American industry is the "standardization" of the individual manufacturer on a very small number of models or lines. Yet most of the productivity reports themselves contain figures which show the exact opposite to be true: the typical American automobile manufacturer (even the smaller one), the typical shoe manufacturer, or the typical foundry turns out more models than its European counterpart. The people who write these reports seem quite unconscious of the contradiction.

Clearly, "American uniformity" is an axiom for the European, before and beyond any experience. It is indeed the one thing the European *knows* he knows about this country. There are today plenty of people in Europe who know that not all Americans are millionaires—though there are still far too few who know from firsthand experience how high the standard of living of the American worker really is. There are even some Europeans who have come to suspect that race relations in this country are quite a bit more complex than in the books of Richard Wright. But it is a very rare European indeed—if he exists at all—who does not *know* that America is "uniform."

II

How is this dogma is be explained? The standard answer is that there is an outward sameness, a uniformity to all things material in this country. I have been skeptical of this answer ever since, a few years back, a magnificently accoutered cowboy, complete from white ten-gallon hat to woolly chaps and silver spurs, complained to me bitterly about the "uniformity" of the American costume, and contrasted it with the pic-

turesque leather pants, white knee stockings, and green suspenders of the Austrian students among whom he had spent a few months before the war. The "cowboy" was an earnest young social worker riding the range in the great cow center of Chicago. And he delivered himself of his plaint on the way from a lecture on psychology to one on urban community problems during a YMCA conference. His excuse for his dress—had he felt the need for any—would have been that he went folk- and square-dancing both in the morning, before the day's lectures, and in the evening. But the Austrian students—I did not have the heart to tell him—wear their leather pants because they possess at best one good suit and have to go easy on it.

Altogether there is as little diversity in Europe's outward material appearance as there is in this country. People all through Europe, right through the Iron Curtain, dress pretty much alike. And when they don't—surely even the quaintest Sunday costume of a Slovak maiden can hardly rival the colors of a Californian going out on the golf course, or the ties a Midwestern salesman wears on his rounds.

Our towns and cities, ugly maybe, are not as much uniform as they are nineteenth- and twentieth-century towns and cities. Even in Europe it is primarily the old cities which look different. At least I know nothing in this country to rival the bleak monotony of sooty brick and broken chimney pots of the railroad ride into London, or the pea-in-the-pod uniformity of the famous Dutch housing developments with their endless rows of identically neat bungalows. And even the sun-drenched limbo—frowzy palms and peeling stucco—of the middle-class sections of Los Angeles offers occasional variety and architectural surprise compared to the numbing grayness through which one drives from the airport into the city that to most Americans stands as the symbol of European diversity: Paris.

When it comes to manufactured goods there is actually more diversity in this country than Europe has ever known. The variety of goods carried by our stores is the first thing that impresses any visitor from abroad. Nor is this a postwar phenomenon. As far back as 1938 one of the leading department store chains in England studied the Sears Roebuck catalogue and concluded that in every single category of goods the American mail-order business, for all its "standardization," offered a wider range of goods in far more models than any European retailer could obtain from European manufacturers, let alone afford to carry.

But, you may say, when the European talks about "American uniformity" he is not thinking of the material and outward aspects of American life, but of American culture and society. And here the dogma of American uniformity becomes totally incomprehensible. For it is in the nonmaterial realms—in religion, political institutions, education, business life, even in entertainment—that the diversity of this country most deeply confuses the visitor from the other side.

Well-informed Europeans have heard that this country's political life is founded on pluralism and that our religious organization knows no rules—though they seldom seem to realize that these facts alone deny the legend of American uniformity. Most of them, however, believe that this country has uniformity in education. A hand-picked team of British educators, scientists, and industrialists who recently studied the relationship between industry and the universities in this country, obviously took uniformity for granted—though every single fact in their own report contradicted the assumption. Actually the diversity in politics and religion here is as nothing compared to the riot that prevails in education—the matrix of society.

There are colleges which look with distrust upon any book written later than 1300, are pained if they have to teach anything that is at all tainted with "usefulness," and occasionally even dream of going back to teaching in Latin. There are other colleges—giving the same B.A. and enjoying the same acceptance by the general public—in which a student can earn a degree through courses in night-club etiquette, horseback riding, and fashion drawing. And in at least one Southwestern university you can now get a Ph.D. in square and folk dancing; last summer I was shown with great pride the first accepted doctor's thesis, a formidable tome of 652 pages, mostly footnotes, on "the Left-Turn Hopsa Step in Lithuanian Polkas." Greater still is the diversity among different kinds and types of

colleges, and among private schools, church schools, and state schools, let alone such phenomena, totally incomprehensible to any visitor from abroad, as the half-private, half-state university, or the church-supported but non-sectarian college. Some of the larger "liberal arts" colleges have flourishing engineering schools of their own, and one large engineering school, Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh, also runs a first-rate art and music school. And how can one explain to a European, accustomed to a Ministry of Education, the role of the private foundations, such as Rockefeller or Carnegie, and their power?

It is scarcely possible to talk about trends in American higher education, so mixed are the currents. Many engineering schools for instance have lately broadened their curricula to include more and more of the arts and humanities; but Columbia University—itself preponderantly dedicated to the liberal arts—has just announced plans for the most highly specialized Engineering Center. The University of Chicago has for some years now been admitting freshmen after only two years of high school, with the avowed aim of making the undergraduate college an intermediate rather than a "higher" institution; whereas other well-known schools, in order to make "higher education" really "high," increasingly prefer men in their early twenties who have spent a few years at work after leaving high school.

Nor is the situation any more uniform in secondary schools. Within thirty miles of New York City there are public schools so progressive as to live up to the caricatures in the funny papers of the twenties, and others so conservative as to justify every word of the progressives' indictment of the traditional schools. I have taught college freshmen from public schools who had learned more mathematics than most college curricula offer, and others who had come from schools with an equal reputation where mathematics, beyond long division, was an "elective" and was taken only by children planning a career in science or medicine. There was one proper Bostonian who could remember only one American President, Benjamin Franklin; the main educational dish served at his very proper-Bostonian school had been a rich stew called "civics" which contained odd pieces of almost anything except the history of his own country. And I have taught other freshmen whom school had given a sound knowledge of historical facts and even the thrill of history. Yet every one of these high schools is unmistakably and characteristically "American."

Even less compatible with the myth of American uniformity is the reality of American literature—and if education is the matrix of society, literature is its truest reflection. How "uniform" for instance are the American writers who emerged in the literary explosion of the nineteen-twenties: Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway, Willa Cather, John Dos Passos, Wolfe, Faulkner, T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg? A more diverse lot, in style, mood, and subject matter, could hardly be imagined; and the diversity becomes the greater the more names are added: Sherwood Anderson, for instance, or Ellen Glasgow, Dashiell Hammett or H. L. Mencken, Scott Fitzgerald, Ezra Pound, Eugene O'Neill, or e.e. cummings. And just how "uniform" are the three magazine successes of the same decade, the *Reader's Digest*, *Time*, and the *New Yorker*? The educated European knows American literature and avidly reads our magazines; a good many American writers may indeed be better known in Europe than here. Yet if there is one thing he is sure of it is the "standardization" of the American mind.

Writers and journalists, it may be said, are noncomformists to begin with. Well, what about entertainment in America? Our radio stands perhaps first among the targets of the European critics of "American uniformity." If everything they are saying about it were true, it still would not account for the twenty-five to thirty-five stations—one in almost every major city—which offer "serious" music eight to twelve hours a day. None of the "serious" or "high-brow" programs of European radio systems draws enough of an audience to exist without heavy subsidies. But a great many of the two or three dozen "serious" radio stations in this country manage to operate at a profit, though they are supported only by advertisers who are unlikely to be interested in anything but a listening audience large enough to justify the investment.

One station, WABF in New York, is even running an entire Sunday of music without any advertising, financed solely by voluntary

contributions from its listening audience.

And how is one to explain that young people weaned on "Good Night, Irene," the "Hit Parade," and the "Lone Ranger" rush headlong into chamber music, as listeners and, increasingly, as players, as soon as they reach college? Walking across the campus on a fine spring evening one hears "long-haired" music, from Buxtehude to Bartok, streaming out of every other open window. Symphony orchestras are appearing in small towns as well as in large cities. And instead of being subsidized, these American orchestras are supported as they are formed, by voluntary community action; the *Wall Street Journal* reports that more money is spent on symphonies than on basketball.

But what should completely destroy the European's concept of American uniformity is the diversity existing in industry. The fact that in this country business and industry are part of the country's culture is to the European the most remarkable thing about the United States—to the point where he greatly overstates the extent to which America has become a "business society." The European business men and labor leaders who have been touring this country under the auspices of ECA these last four years all report as their central finding the experiments in new techniques, new products or processes, in accounting or in labor relations, in organization structure or in foreman training, carried on in almost every company they visit. No two, they find, do the same things. In the words of one of these teams, "Every American company feels that it has to do something different to stay in the race." Many teams feel that American competition is too "extreme"; and when pressed to explain why they use this term, they talk about the demands on managerial imagination and worker adaptability made by the need always to do something different and something new. The same sort of variety is found in our labor relations. In Europe relations between management and union tend to be rigidly and uniformly molded by a central association of industries negotiating with a central federation of trade unions; the individual employer or the individual union local pays dues but is otherwise inert. Not so here.

Some of the members of these teams even feel that we carry diversity too far to be efficient. "I have seen a dozen plans for management development in as many companies," one of the senior men in British industry told me. "Every one—Standard Oil, Ford, Johnson & Johnson, Du Pont, General Electric, the Telephone Company—has a plan of its own, a staff of its own, a philosophy of its own. That just makes no sense. Why don't you fellows get together, appoint a committee, and have them work out the *one best plan* which everybody could use and which could be run centrally by a few top-flight people?"

It is not even true that within the American plant there is more "standardization" than elsewhere, as we have all come to believe. The figures tell a different story. In this country of mass production a larger proportion of the workers in manufacturing industries are what the census calls "skilled workers and foremen" than in any other country on which we have data. And we have an even greater number of men, proportionately, in executive, technical, and managerial positions. In other words American productive strength lies in higher capital investment per worker and better management; better planning, better layout, better scheduling, better personnel relations, better marketing—all of which mean more skilled and more trained people rather than more unskilled repetitive work.

III

I am not discussing here the *quality* of American culture, whether it be crude, shallow, vulgar, commercialized, materialist, or, as the Marxists maintain, full of "bourgeois idealism." My concern here is solely with the prevailing European conviction of American uniformity. And that conviction is an obvious absurdity. Nor could it be anything else considering the pragmatic bent of the American people and their deeply engrained habit of voluntary and local community action and community organization.

Indeed any serious student of America has to raise the question whether there is not *too much* diversity in this country. There is the danger that diversity will degenerate into aimless multiplicity—difference for difference's sake. Jefferson, de Toqueville, and Henry Adams, as well as recent critics of American education such as Robert Hutchins,

have seen in this the major danger facing American society and culture.

There is actually more uniformity in European countries, both materially and culturally, than in the United States. It may no longer be true that the French Minister of Education knows at every hour exactly what line of what page of what book is being read in every French school. But still, in education, in religious life, in political life, in business as well as in its cultural ideals, European countries tend to have at most a few "types," a few molds in which everything is formed. What then can the European possibly mean when he talks of the "uniformity of America"?

He himself, as a visitor, unconsciously furnishes the answer in the way he sorts out his American experiences, in the questions he asks, in the answers he understands and those he doesn't. When he thinks of "diversity" he tends to think of the contrast between the ways in which social and economic classes live. He is used to seeing a definite and clear-cut upper-class civilization and culture dominating. And that indeed he does not find in this country. Therefore the bewildering differences in American life appear to him meaningless—mere oddities.

I still remember how the sage of our neighborhood in suburban Vienna, the wife of the market gardener across the street, explained the "Great War," the war of 1914-18, when I was a small boy of ten or eleven: "The war had to come because you couldn't tell maids from their ladies by their dress any more." Frau Kiner's explanation of history differed from that offered during the nineteen-twenties by Europe's learned sociologists, whether of the Right or of the Marxist persuasion, mainly by being brief and simple. They all assumed that there must be a distinct upper-class way of life, an upper-class architecture, upper-class dress, upper-class goods in an upper-class market—and contrasted with it the "folk culture" of the peasantry or the equally distinct ways of life of the middle class and working class. Indeed that eminently sane, that notoriously Americophile magazine, the London *Economist,* echoed Frau Kiner only a few months ago when it reported with apparent amazement that "to the best of their ability—and their ability is great—the [American] manufacturers make clothes for the lower-income groups that look just as smart as those they make for the more fortunate"—and explained this perverse attempt to make maids look like their ladies as the result of the "egalitarian obsession" of this country.

The class-given differentiation in Europe is even more pronounced in the nonmaterial, the cultural spheres. One example is the tremendous importance of the "right speech" in practically every European country; for the "right speech" is upper-class speech. Another example is the extent to which European educational systems are based on the education of a ruling class. The Renaissance Courtier, the Educated Man of the Humanists, the Christian Gentleman of nineteenth-century England—the ideal types which embodied the three basic educational concepts of modern Europe—were all in origin and intent ruling-class types. The rising middle class not only did not overthrow the class concept of education, it emphasized it as a symbol of its own emergence into the ruling group. Similarly, in Occupied Germany the working-class leaders—to the chagrin as well as the complete bewilderment of American educational advisers—have shown no enthusiasm for the plan to convert the traditional *"Gymnasium"* into an American high school. To deprive these schools of their ruling-class character would actually deprive them of social meaning for working-class children.

Europe has even succeeded in turning diversities and differences that were not social in their origin into class distinctions. One of the best examples of this is the way in which the "gentry" and its retainers became identified with the Church of England while the "tradesman" went to "Chapel"—a distinction that held till very recent times and is not quite gone yet.

Thus the European myth of American uniformity tells us less about America than about Europe. For it is based, in the last analysis, on Frau Kiner's belief that a class structure of society is the only genuine moral order.

That today the theme of "American uniformity" is played on above all by Communist propaganda is thus no accident. For the "proletariat" of Communist ideology is indeed a "master class." It is a reaffirmation of the European ruling-class concept and of its ruling-class way of life in an extreme form—only turned upside down. On this rests to a con-

siderable extent the attraction of Communism for European intellectuals. There is an old Slav peasant proverb: "There will always be barons for there must always be peasants." All Vishinsky would have to do to change it into an orthodox Soviet proverb would be to change "barons" to "proletarian commissars." And Frau Kiner's philosophy of history he would not have to change at all.

IV

But Frau Kiner's statement could never have been made in this country, not even by a sociology professor in a three-volume tome. Whether the United States really has no ruling class—and therefore no classes at all—or whether, as the Marxists assert, the classes are only camouflaged in this country, one thing is certain: this country knows no distinct upper-class or lower-class "way of life." It knows only different ways of making a living.

Indeed there has been only one genuine ruling-class way of life in this country since its beginning: that of the plantation aristocracy in the Old South between 1760 and 1860. When the *nouveaux riches* in the period between the Civil War and the first world war made the attempt to set themselves up as "Society" they failed miserably. They could not even develop an upper-class American architecture—and of all the arts architecture is the mirror of the way of life. The tycoons had to be contented with imitation French châteaux, Italian Renaissance palaces, and Tudor manors—the white elephants which their servantless grandchildren are now frantically turning over to monasteries, hospitals, or schools. (It is not entirely an accident, perhaps, that the people most eager to live today in the baronial halls of yesterday's capitalists seem to be Soviet delegates.) To find an upper-class way of life the tycoons had to gatecrash the Scottish grouse moors, the Cowes Regatta, or the Kaiser's maneuvers in Kiel. In this country it was difficult indeed to lead a ruling-class life.

The closest we come today in this country to anything that might be called an "upper-class way of life" is to be found in the top hierarchy of the big business corporations. The way people in some of these companies talk about the "twelfth floor" or the "front office" faintly echoes Frau Kiner's concept of the "ladies." At work the big business executive has indeed some of the trappings of a distinct style of living in the ceremonial of receptionist, secretary, and big office, in his expense account, in the autographed picture of the "big boss" on the wall, the unlisted telephone, and so forth. But only at work. As soon as he leaves the office the "big shot" becomes simply another business man, anonymous and indistinguishable from millions of others. And he is quite likely to live, like the president of our largest corporation, in an eight-room house in a pleasant and comfortable but not particularly swank suburb.

In fact, it does not even make too much sense to talk of this country as a "middle-class" society. A middle class has to have a class on either side to be in the middle. There is more than a grain of truth in the remark made jokingly by one of my European visitors, an Italian student of American literature: "If there were such a thing as a working-class literature, *Babbitt* and *Arrowsmith* would be its models."

V

Any European who has perchance read thus far, will growl that if Europe's mental picture of "American uniformity" is absurd, America's mental picture of "European class society" is absurder. And he is right. In fact, the one myth is the reverse of the other. To the American, for instance, "class society" means a society without social mobility. But Frau Kiner was anything but respectable lower-middle class knowing its place. She was a successful social climber who had fought her way up from a sharecropper's shanty and a job as scullery maid at fourteen—and had pushed her man up with herself. And in those years after the first world war she was capping her social triumph by marrying off her beautiful and well-dowered daughters to "gentlemen"—elderly and moth-eaten, but undeniably "gentlemen."

Nor is a society in which an Eliza Doolittle can jump from slum waif to "great lady" just by learning upper-class speech a society without social mobility. (Indeed there is no better sign of America's failure to understand Europe's "class society" than our tendency to play "Pygmalion" as a farce and as a take-off

on upper-class snobbery—whereas it is as much crusading pamphlet as comedy of manners, the only snobs in it being the class-conscious cockneys.) Altogether there has been tremendous social mobility in any Western or Central European country whenever there was great economic expansion: in Britain between the Napoleonic Wars and 1860, in Germany a generation later, in Bohemia—perhaps the most startling example—between 1870 and 1900. The central difference between America and Europe may well be in the *meaning* rather than in the *extent* of social mobility. When the boss's son is made a vice president in this country the publicity release is likely to stress that his first job was pushing a broom. But when a former broom-pusher, born in the Glasgow slums, gets to be managing director in a British company the official announcement is likely to hint gently at descent from Robert Bruce.

I must break off here. Another European visitor has just come in for a chat, a young French philosopher, fresh from a six-month tour of American universities. I anticipate a pleasant and informative afternoon; the letter with which he introduced himself was interesting and intelligent. "The thing that impressed me most," he wrote, "is that no university I visited tries to develop a 'school of philosophy.' On the contrary each tries to stress different views and different schools in its faculty—the exact opposite from what we would normally do." Yet I know that sooner or later in the course of the afternoon he will ask me, "Mr. Drucker, don't you find it very trying to live in so mechanically uniform a country?"

Cuffnotes for Candidates

I SAY we had best look our times and lands searchingly in the face, like a physician diagnosing some deep disease. Never was there, perhaps, more hollowness at heart than at present, and here in the United States. Genuine belief seems to have left us. The underlying principles of the States are not honestly believ'd in (for all this hectic glow, and these melodramatic screamings), nor is humanity itself believ'd in. . . . The spectacle is appalling. We live in an atmosphere of hypocrisy throughout. . . . An acute and candid person, in the revenue department in Washington, who is led by the course of his employment to regularly visit the cities, north, south, and west, to investigate frauds, has talked much with me about his discoveries. The depravity of the business classes of our country is not less than has been supposed, but infinitely greater. The official services of America, national, state, and municipal, in all their branches and departments, except the judiciary, are saturated in corruption, bribery, falsehood, maladministration; and the judiciary is tainted. The great cities reek with respectable as much as non-respectable robbery and scoundrelism. . . . I say that our New World democracy, however great a success in uplifting the masses out of their sloughs, in materialistic development, products, and in a certain highly deceptive superficial popular intellectuality, is, so far, an almost complete failure in its social aspects, and in really grand religious, moral, literary, and aesthetic results. In vain do we march with unprecedented strides to empire so colossal, outvying the antique, beyond Alexander's, beyond the proudest sway of Rome. . . . It is as if we were somehow being endow'd with a vast and more and more thoroughly appointed body, and then left with little or no soul.

—Walt Whitman, *Democratic Vistas*, September, 1870.

Beardsley Ruml and His Ideas

C. Hartley Grattan

Beardsley Ruml, a man of many ideas, suffers the odd fate of being widely known for but one idea: paying taxes as the income is earned. Influential as that idea has been—it has modified the fiscal habits of millions of individuals and several governments since 1943—it is something less than fair to use it as Ruml's sole claim to fame and influence. Here is a man who generates and distributes ideas as naturally as other men do what comes naturally to them.

It is as inevitable a part of his regimen as eating and sleeping. Not for him the laborious "sweating-it-out" that accompanies the birth of ideas in men of different constitution. Any morning, awakened before it is time to get up, he will lie in his bed and harvest from his subconscious mind a handful of intuitive perceptions and notions, ideas in embryo, some of which, before he has finished shaving, will be buffeted into shape for his special kind of use. This is a habit with him, not a calculated technique recommendable to others. The range of the ideas he generates is related to the range of his activities and interests, in business, government, academic affairs, public welfare, the arts, journalism, and a miscellany of incidentals. His mind, being exceedingly active, picks up items to think about all over these several lots, and since he shuttles among his interests, he inevitably cross-fertilizes: carries ideas native to one field of interest into another.

Indeed cross-fertilization, or the opening up of lines of communication between men ordinarily devoted to a special and somewhat isolated field of interest, is one of Ruml's great contributions. He not only rejects compartmentalization for himself; he erects his personal resistance into a general principle of action. As his thought is stimulated by a wide variety of interests, so he plants his ideas in a wide variety of fields.

Why, then, has not Ruml long ago established himself in the public mind as a man of many ideas? The answer is very simple. He makes no effort to see that his ideas retain the label of his name. It is accidental that the pay-as-you-go idea is identified with its parent. He liked it, he couldn't get anybody to take it up and put it over, so he stayed with it himself. Ruml's ordinary way with ideas is excellently stated by one of his friends:

> Beardsley Ruml is a great conversationalist, a great user of the method of throwing out ideas either because he believes in them or because he thinks they will stimulate other people to think. He is sphinxlike precisely because one never knows which of the two it is.

Since when have American society, government, and business valued a man for his ideas? The tradition is older than you may think, and an exotic example of a man so valued is the elusive B. Ruml, here portrayed in that light.

This insures that his ideas get into circulation and perhaps use. It does not insure that while circulating and when in use the ideas will carry the Ruml trade-mark. He doesn't mind missing the personal acclaim, not because he is pathologically modest, but because his chosen method of putting ideas into circulation risks loss of personal credit, and because an over-arching principle of his life is public service. Ruml has his own way of getting enough coin of the realm to live as he likes to live, which is very comfortably indeed.

II

Grandson of a Czech immigrant, son of a successful doctor, Ruml was born fifty-seven years ago in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. His mother was a nurse of Scotch-English stock from New England. Seeing Ruml today you would be sure the Czech inheritance predominated. He conforms not at all to anybody's idea of a New Englander. He is a big and burly man, talkative (but deliberately elusive and puzzlingly allusive, if you let him get away with it), brimming over with energy, though he disguises this with a somewhat loose and seemingly lazy manner. For one to whom the company of his fellows is so important and so constant, Ruml is surprisingly awkward in company. He tries hard for bonhomie and his efforts chiefly take the form of much boisterous laughter, a recurring touch of facetiousness, dogmatic generalizations about what shall be eaten and drunk (to prevent schizoid complications in the company, he says), and some assumptions of what James Truslow Adams once called the "mucker pose," meaning the effort of men of learning and refinement to disguise themselves, in their language and bearing, as very ordinary fellows. As a boy Ruml was no good at games and not much interested in them. His muscular co-ordination was second-rate. He met pleas that he take exercise with the reply that he was in training for a sedentary career. He has never broken training. His real interests have always been in books, music, and automobiles.

Cedar Rapids was a small city but, Ruml says, it was urban, cosmopolitan, and remarkably "civilized." It made Ruml a thoroughly urbanized person. Unlike many American public characters, Ruml was not and never became a "country boy," even for publicity purposes. He made a good school record but he was not, and never became, a student. His habit was to attack a job with crazy energy to get it over with; he did his jobs well, of course, in something like jig-time, as compared with the plodders, but he never developed the steady unflagging concentration that marks the student. Today he is a Ph.D. without being a scholar; he is a proponent of research without having the patience to grub away like a true researcher; and he values *expertise* while he contentedly remains a highly talented amateur. Part of his power is an unusual ability to detect what is valuable and useful in the work of scholars, researchers, and experts; he sees quickly how to apply in practical affairs what they know and can do.

Ruml was five months short of being twenty-one when he graduated B.S. from Dartmouth in 1915. Like so many men who graduate from college young, he was not sure in what direction he should steer for a career; and like so many men similarly circumstanced, he allowed himself to be steered toward the academic world. His professor of psychology, Walter V. Bingham, directed him to the University of Chicago and a fellowship that allowed him to take a Ph.D. in 1917. His dissertation subject was "The Reliability of Mental Tests in the Division of an Academic Group."

Although psychology played a role in his subsequent career, as we shall see, today it has a very subordinate place in his repertory of interests. He is not beyond scoffing at it and alleging that "people become interested in psychology because they are morbid, or they become morbid because they are interested in psychology." It is just possible that Ruml has developed a morbid fear of being morbid, of having his Slav gloominess come to the top—and that his outward and visible euphoria is a self-conscious reaction to this.

In August 1917 Ruml married Lois Treadwell, daughter of a professor of zo-ology at Vassar who was also an associate of the Carnegie Institution in Washington. They had three children, two sons and a daughter, all today in or approaching their thirties. Ruml describes his wife as modest and independent, a New Englander of the type that is always

just about to disappear but somehow never quite does. People who know her always find the word "charming" when speaking about her.

Accounting for the success of his children, Ruml always emphasises that they have a "smart" mother. By design, Mrs. Ruml has played no direct role in her husband's public career, nor has he played a part in hers. Today she is president of the Vocational Advisory Service and active in the League of Women Voters. Deliberately, Ruml did not build what is called a "close" family. He set out to father independent persons, not to shelter, pamper, or bind his children. There is a hint that he feels he went too far—at least he says it is very hard to strike a satisfactory balance between closeness and independence. The boys are now in business, one in Rochester and one in New York, and the girl is in business too. The boys are married but the girl is not and accordingly she is the only one frequently around home today. Ruml is the sort of public man whose private life is very successful but appears to have had small influence on his public one. He is attached to his family, but not immersed in it. He prefers to do all the serious business he can at his town home rather than at his office. Ruml is home-centered without being family-centered, it seems to me.

Married, Ruml went from Chicago to Carnegie Tech to teach psychology. But within a few months he was in Washington attached to the Adjutant-General's office, working with Walter Dill Scott on the matter of the occupational aptitudes of Army personnel. After the war was over, he went with Scott to Philadelphia, where they and others briefly attempted a commercial service of advising big concerns on personnel problems. This lasted about eighteen months. Scott went to Northwestern University as President and Ruml went to the Carnegie Corporation in New York City as assistant to its president, James Rowland Angell, whom he had known at Chicago. Angell very shortly went to Yale as President and Ruml was taken on by the Rockefellers. In 1922 at the age of twenty-six he became director of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial. He held the position for seven years, and put in two more as executive of the Spelman Fund of New York, a successor organization.

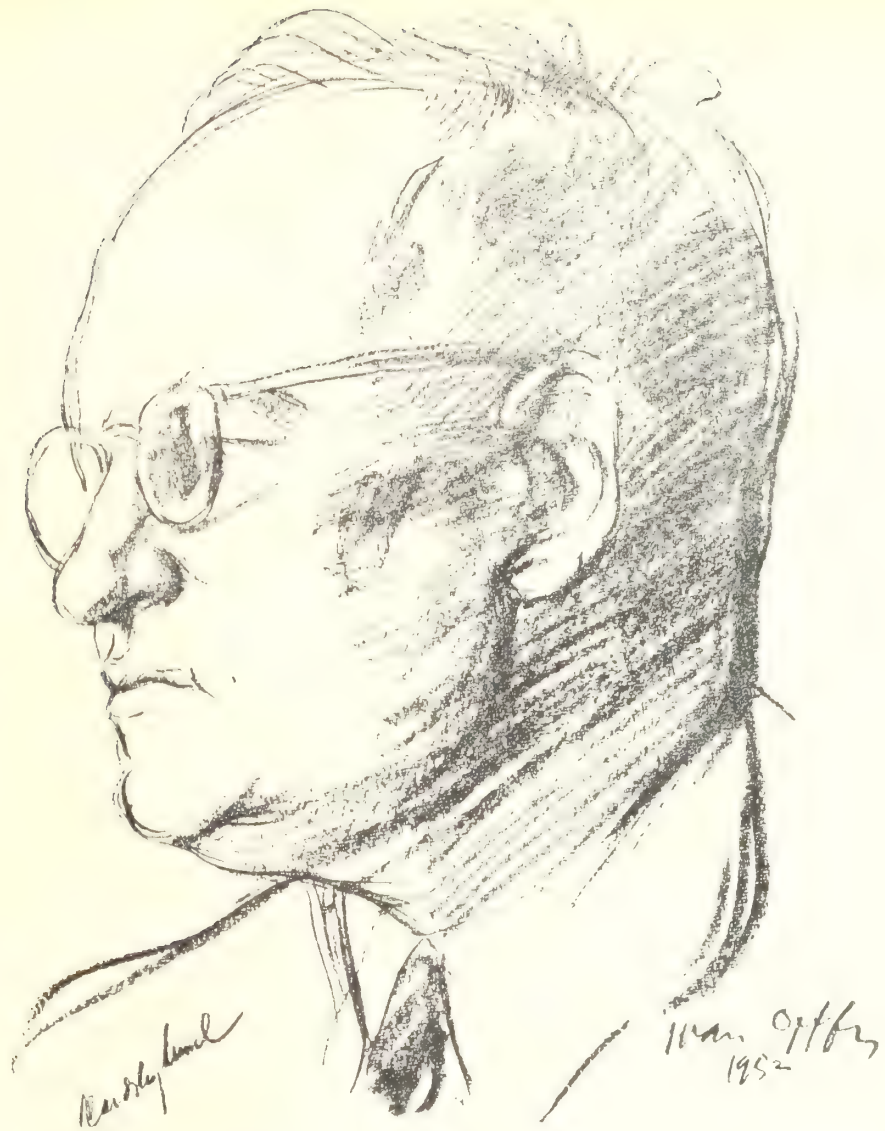
WHILE Ruml still had several moves to make before he found his present peculiar niche, it is important to pause over this experience. In the twenties there was in this country a tremendous upsurge of optimism about the possible role of the social sciences—economics, sociology, political science, psychology, anthropology, and history—in closing the gap between our scientific (and technological) development and our social understanding and institutions. It was felt that the social sciences were fated to provide the knowledge and technique to close the gap. This idea was in the air in the early twenties and hundreds of young men who were in American colleges and universities then were profoundly affected by it, as Ruml was. He used his position at the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial to give the social sciences in America a tremendous shot in the arm.

He was not naïve about the difficulties of acquiring valid social knowledge and understanding. In 1922 he wrote:

> . . . the subject matter of the social sciences is extraordinarily difficult to deal with. It cannot be brought into the laboratory for study; elemental phases are almost impossible to isolate; important forces cannot be controlled and experimented with, but must be observed if, when, and as operative.

Nevertheless Ruml saw clearly that the knowledge that could be gleaned was urgently needed by social welfare organizations, government, and business and industry. With enthusiasm he set out to create the conditions that would lead to the greater production of that knowledge, providing money for research, for improving the quality of the personnel in the several fields, for the dissemination of the knowledge, and for the direction and evaluation of what was to be done. He worked as a *sustainer* and a *stimulator*. Like any foundation executive with money to hand out, he could give and he could refuse his support, a power which allowed him to select among possible projects and therefore influence the direction in which development took place.

Retrospectively, it seems to me, we have here the basis for important generalizations about the Ruml of today: he is in large part a "social sciences" man, but he is not and never



has been an active worker in the field; rather he has always been a stimulator and user of findings and ideas, a relationship perhaps generated, perhaps merely confirmed, by his early experience as an "angel"; and, since he was even then Ruml, he also developed at this early time the habit of thinking up and planting ideas for other people to take up and work out in detail.*

Parenthetically is should be added here that Ruml feels today that academic social science has got off the rails and won't be put back on too easily. He thinks some of the best social scientists alive are to be found in business and government, not the universities, but their wisdom is mostly private wisdom and he appears to be wondering how it can be made a public possession. The current malaise in academic social science he attributes to (1) the predominance of introverted types on the faculties—he says a real social scientist must "wallow" in the common life, not retire from it; (2) the failure of the introverts to find opportunities to observe what really happens, and this in spite of the ever-increasing elaborateness of their research techniques—Ruml shares the common distaste for those academics who have made techniques (or "methods") the real content of their interests; and (3) "too much book reviewing"—or too much attention to the review, re-review, and re-re-review of what the other fellow has said, at the expense of new efforts at direct observation.

Ruml's next move was really a brief addendum to the Rockefeller experience. Robert Maynard Hutchins, whom he had met at the Rockefeller office—on one occasion he summarily rejected one of Hutchins' projects—took him to the University of Chicago to be

* How the historian of the Rockefeller enterprises views Ruml's contribution can be discovered from *The Story of the Rockefeller Foundation* by Raymond B. Fosdick (New York, 1952).

Dean of the Social Science Division and Professor of Education. But Ruml seems to have done little or no teaching. He seems rather to have devoted his time to tossing out ideas for his associates to work out; and he made at least one memorable friend, Charles E. Merriam, the political scientist, who directed Ruml's thinking to the problems of government and to whom Ruml tossed at least one idea, the project of writing a book on the real facts about political power, which Merriam actually executed. This episode lasted only two years, 1931-33. The next move Ruml made decisively reoriented his career. In 1934, at the invitation of Percy S. Straus, he became treasurer of R. H. Macy & Company, the great New York department store, a position he held for eleven years. Then he became Chairman of the Board of Macy's. Only in 1951 did his association with the store come to an end.

III

RUML'S shift into business was, of course, of fundamental importance to him as a man making a career but it has symbolic significance too. The injection of a man like Ruml into the business environment was definitely an experiment in social science. What else, in fact, did he have to offer but an agile mind and an outside point of view? While I doubt very much that he was self-conscious about it—he avoids being self-conscious about what he does—the fact of the matter is that he carried over into business his respect for academic learning (provided it met his tests of soundness and he could perceive a use for it), his sense of the importance of social research (directed, that is, toward usable conclusions), and his conviction that the expert is an important person in assuring success under modern conditions. In short, he became a transmitter to business of the idea that the social sciences have a lot to contribute to the successful operation of a modern society. (This is an interpretation of Ruml, not a statement of how Ruml views himself.)

He functioned as an idea-man. And, moreover, he did not drown himself in business but kept up his contacts with the academic world, with government, and, on the administrative side, the arts. While he was at Macy's he served on the Advisory Committee of the National Resources Planning Board, one of Roosevelt's more useful and constructive efforts to cross-fertilize academic research and government policy-making, and also was Chairman of the Board of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

This latter experience—he was Chairman from 1945 to 1949—seems to have been another turning point in Ruml's life and certainly it leads logically to the unique position he occupies today. When he went to the Federal Reserve he definitely began to "circulate"—to meet people who have made the subsequent developments in his life possible. To be sure, he was taken on the Board partly because he had circulated enough to meet Marriner Eccles; but now his peculiar talents were on display before an audience at once appreciative and able to do something with them and for him. "Circulation" is an extremely important factor in the careers of men of talent and much turns on where they circulate. Many talented men are frustrated because they do not understand this or are unable to get into circulation for one reason or another. Ruml had the great good fortune to circulate in a receptive environment at a strategic moment. It would seem logical to suppose, too, that his future career will be limited only if he draws too narrow a circle around the area in which he continues to circulate. Some friends are not without a suspicion that he has done so. They feel he should burst out of his presently too confined circle and define a larger one at a higher level in the national life.

BE THAT as it may, to most observers Ruml would seem to have a fairly adequate circle of operations as things stand. When he left Macy's he could well have set up as a business consultant. He certainly had the contacts and could have expanded them readily. Consulting is a service of business which has grown by leaps and bounds in recent years. It has many weird and improbable aspects, but that is another story. At any rate Ruml, for reasons he doesn't specify, decided against invading the field. Instead he divided his time—a year being the unit—three ways: he assigned so much time to earning a living, so much to borderline and nonpaying activities, and so much to

leisure. This done, he set up a target figure for income and divided the target by the number of days per year he proposed to devote to reaching it. But not every day could be an earning day. Some would have to be devoted to thought and preparation, perhaps one or two to every earning day. So far so good. But how were the earning days to be employed?

Here Ruml took a decidedly original turn. He decided he would advise businesses, but only such businesses as would put him on the board of directors and pay him well. His source of income would be director's fees. (Ruml argues that if he can't make or save a business many times his fee he shouldn't be kept on the board.) Incredibly, he pulled off this stunt and today is only a hand's span short of earning the yearly income he set down as a target in the first place. The target is a nice round six-digit figure.

Illustratively, though not exhaustively, here is how Ruml's definable activities line up today:

He is a director of these businesses:

Bulova Watch Company
General American Investors Company, Inc.
Robert Heller & Associates, Inc. (management engineers)
Enterprise Paint Mfg. Co.
Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc. (Junket)
Muzak Corporation

He is also director of:

Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc.
Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc.
Amun-Israeli Housing Corporation
American National Theater & Academy

He is trustee of:

National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools
Dartmouth College
Fisk University
Museum of Modern Art
National Bureau of Economic Research
Committee for Economic Development
National Planning Association (Chairman of Business Committee)

He is adviser to:

Government of Puerto Rico on economic affairs
Princeton University Department of Economics and Sociology
Industrial Surveys Company, Inc.

There is order in this apparent chaos. In business terms it separates into investment, management, and production. It includes a fine swatch of educational activities, a role in economic research at pretty important points, and a couple of assists to the arts in their institutional expression. (Ruml says he knows nothing about modern art but what he likes. He doesn't pass on pictures but watches finances.) In sum, the list more or less reflects Ruml's personal range of interests, though it does not quite do justice to his interest in government—particularly, in recent years, in fiscal policy and taxation. This seems best to come to the surface in *ad hoc* committees, like the Business Committee on Emergency Corporate Taxation. In the larger phases of public affairs he also resorts to the *ad hoc* committee. In 1946 he "sparked" the Great Island Conference to discuss "plans for an organization that might make a decisive contribution to the establishment of a just and durable peace."*

And of course it does not reflect his persistent playing of the role of stimulator at any odd time in any odd place where there is conversation, including directors' meetings, trustees' meetings, and a variety of formal and informal gatherings, conferences, and private social affairs. Ruml *circulates:* and so also do his ideas.

V

WHAT ideas has Ruml initiated, you may be asking in exasperation? That question can't be answered, for the reasons given earlier. But at least I can offer a list which gives some notion of his range.

(1) Pay-as-you-go income tax.

(2) A domestic allotment plan which appeared in a distorted fashion in the New Deal Agricultural Adjustment Act.

* Membership: James F. Brownless, Ross Cissel, John Sloan Dickey, Thomas K. Finletter, Leon Henderson, Isador Lubin, George Nebolsine, Elmo Roper, Harry J. Rudick, Beardsley Ruml.

(3) The idea of the Public Administration Clearing House at 1313 East 16th Street, Chicago, evolved in collaboration with Charles Merriam and Louis Brownlow. This institution provides a headquarters building and some joint services, like a library, for twenty-two organizations of state and municipal officials. Ruml insisted that the building be well located, well constructed, and well furnished to symbolize the importance of government in a democracy, and of administration to government.

(4) The cash-time system of installment credit used by R. H. Macy & Co.

(5) The idea—which became one cornerstone of the Committee for Economic Development's fiscal and tax policy—that federal tax rates should be set to balance the budget at high levels of employment.

(6) Various ideas, not readily specifiable, in the area where private and public finance interlock and influence one another, mostly aimed at making the government's needs understandable to business and those of business understandable to government.

(7) An indefinable assortment of ideas worked into legislation and policy before, during, and after the New Deal in the fields of work-relief, welfare legislation, fiscal administration, public planning, wartime finance, etc.

(8) The idea that big and small business alike should meet the 1951 situation—high profits and high tax rates—by diverting 5 per cent of their profits before taxes into foundations to support research, scholarships, and other beneficial activities, thus creating an enormous number of new points of growth for the spread of knowledge and well-being.

(9) The idea—not original with him, of course, but freshly put by him—of serving the arts by bringing business acumen to the management of the finances of their institutions.

(10) The idea—variously expressed—that the end of all men's activities, including business, is to promote life under the condition of freedom; and the closely related idea that men should be prepared for this kind of life by a liberal education as well as professional training.

I see that most of these are controlling rather than specific ideas. Ruml's ideas of a specific, detailed sort have a way of escaping observation and identification. But with regard to Point 9, for example, see his new pamphlet "Business Financial Co-operation with the Liberal Colleges," published late in 1951. This illustrates a cross-fertilization of business accounting and liberal college management. He invokes a four-part budget and a rule of twenty with brilliant effect. Every liberal college president and prospective donor should read it.

The general context of Ruml's thinking can, I think, be outlined with reasonable accuracy. He places business at the center. "A business," he writes, "consists of an organization of people with varied skills which use property or talents to produce something which can be sold to somebody for more than it costs." But, he goes on, "Business is only one of the forms of private government which exist in our society. It shares with the family, the trade union or professional guild, and the church its status as one of the private governments within whose pluralistic rule-making and rule-enforcement the individual must find his dignity and freedom." As *a rule-making private government* (perhaps this concept is the heart of Ruml's exposition of the nature of business), business governs stockholders, vendors or suppliers, customers, and employees. Ruml is endlessly interested in these relationships, sees them as shifting and changing all the time, particularly today, and frequently speculates on ideas for new and possibly more valid relationships. He particularly emphasizes the heavy responsibilities of management in an era when by the fragmentation of stock ownership, ownership is divorced from actual control.

Since the corporation, the characteristic legal form of business today, "derives its powers from the state, is regulated by federal and state law, and exercises its freedom of action within an orbit which public government has determined to be for the general welfare," what Ruml has to say applies to it with particular force. He says, ". . . in the relations of government and business, government should take positive measures to encourage initiative and skill in business for profit; but, recognizing the dangers of excesses, it must provide measures for protecting the pub

lic against them." With regard to profit, Ruml takes the view that profit is the *energizer*, but not the *end* of business. He can't think of a better energizer. Similarly, he feels that adequate compensation for business managers, the key people today, is essential—that high pay for people who are, in his words, problem-solvers, leaders, or artists, is socially necessary and highly justifiable, not only in business but in other areas of activity as well.

But while he believes in the indefinite continuance of private business for profit, and high compensation for its servants on the creative level, he is keenly aware of the perversions that are possible, of the danger of excessive power in the hands of business. He wishes to preserve a pluralistic society in which business is a major factor, but not the master. Therefore he emphasizes the role of the counter-balancing rule-making authorities, or private governments, and the role of the ultimate corrector of perversions and inequities, the public government. In business, Ruml writes, "Initiative becomes arrogance; resourcefulness, cunning; efficiency, greed; tenacity, obstinacy; and willingness to take authority, pride and lust for power." These must be corrected, in the last analysis, by the public government.

Over all the private rule-makers is the state, the ultimate rule-maker. If a conflict among the private rule-makers becomes socially dangerous, the state, from which they derive their existence under today's conditions, must somehow settle the matter. Ruml can envisage a situation in which the state might have to regulate, say, the trade unions and business, now obviously locked in what promises to be a prolonged struggle for private power, even more decisively than it has hitherto done. For the state, no matter how much it encourages—and should encourage—a pluralistic society of private rule-makers, cannot permit any to usurp, or endanger, its own ultimate rule-making authority. It must remain supreme and when its passive supremacy is challenged, or even appears to be challenged, it must actively assert its supremacy for the greater good of the whole society.

It can assert its supremacy variously, but Ruml's bias is strongly against the active, authoritarian approach, in favor of the passive exertion of power through the use of various automatic mechanisms. Thus, to shift the example, Ruml writes, "It seems evident . . . that government should foster competition in business not only for the sake of the buyer and the seller, but to preserve, as a useful and desirable institution, business itself as a private government." Government intervention, that is, should be of such a character as to free from perversion the private governments currently operating, never to supersede them.

The gist of Ruml's outlook is that business is a "useful and desirable" form of private government to accomplish indispensable ends, the production and distribution of goods and services. It exists in a context of private governments, under the aegis of public government. Profit is its energizer. But its end is social.

Beardsley Ruml is an articulate representative of that new breed of business men who recognize the social purposes and social responsibilities of business. He brings in scholarship, research, *expertise*, and his personal idea-dropping habit, not to displace the people who naturally and inevitably acquire decision-making posts and take leadership, or to overawe them, but to fortify their grasp of the problems they confront and give sounder substance to the decisions they make. For all the surface appearance of miscellaneity, Ruml's interests and activities hang together very well.

VI

Looking at the world today, where does Ruml think it is going—what is going to happen—what are the emerging possibilities and problems? Of course there is the cold war. Maybe there'll be another hot war. The need for defense, he suggests, is something men in older countries have always lived with. We in America are incredibly lucky to have escaped facing it so long as a part of peacetime life. We must learn to live with it. It is a charge for living in the world at all. But don't let us forget that it is, by any reasonable scale of values, a kind of (highly justifiable) waste. Let us therefore strive and hope for a world without this, or any other kind, of waste. A specific item: let us watch that in taxing for defense we don't destroy the

incentives of the creative members of our society. That this may easily happen is very much on Ruml's mind. He is thinking of the people who earn from $20,000 to $200,000 annually. He wants them preserved in a lively condition, not stultified, frustrated, defeated. On them he lays the burden of a creative future for the nation.

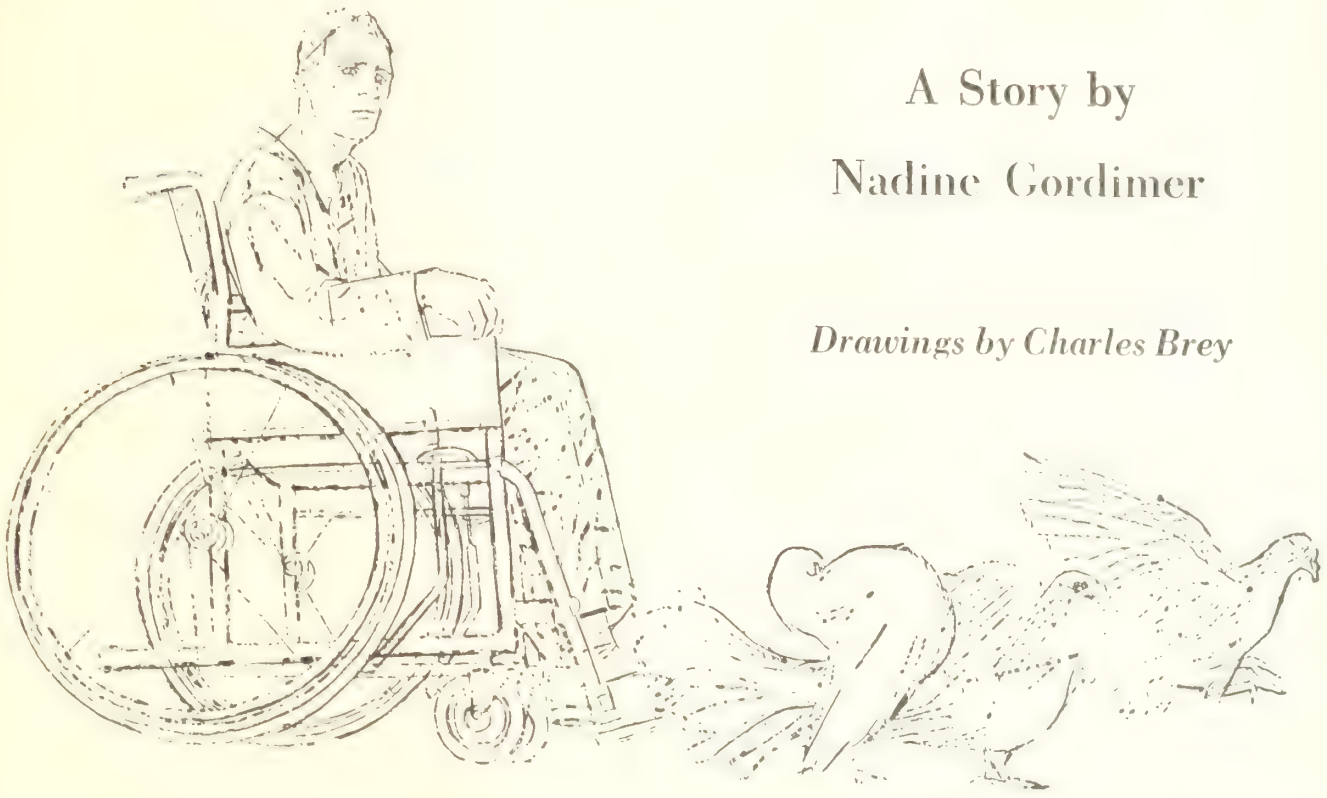
Beyond the period of waste he forecasts a time when all the powers and instrumentalities of production will be freed for creative use. He says that will pose a problem of how to distribute the vast production. It should be used to raise living standards, not of the rich, who are doing and will do all right, but of the numerous others who have plenty of room to maneuver without suffering a surfeit. This, he says, will pose tremendous problems. The next great area to which hard thought must be given is the successful distribution to the consumers of as much as we have today, plus what we will get from the sources now diverted to the serving of waste, plus the natural increment in productivity. It will be an overwhelming total. Solve the problem and the vast productive machine will go rolling along; fail to solve it and social hell will break loose. Ruml thinks it can be solved.

He thinks it can be done because he sees a new moral climate developing. This is a theme on which he touches gingerly, as though he were in mortal fear of sounding pretentious or foolish. Yet he firmly believes what he so guardedly says—that there is in prospect a "reaffirmation of the moral and spiritual values inherent in the American Republic," in spite of all the reactionary hollering and yelling of the moment. Although the fashionable gambit of the moment among the sophisticated is a reaffirmation of the reality of Evil, Ruml still sticks to the old-fashioned formulation of this problem and insists that in the long run Good always triumphs over Evil. He says his forecasted renaissance will come about because he knows of so many people who, feeling no need to domineer, and so well-endowed with the world's goods that they do not need to be "on the make," are working away quietly at doing the right thing and spreading the gospel of doing it to others. They are, he insists, the all-important leaven in the American lump; and Ruml firmly believes that the leaven is becoming powerful enough to promise to raise the lump to a new level of excellence fully consonant with the ideals formulated by the founding fathers.

The last time I saw Ruml we talked in a board room high in a building in Rockefeller Center, that portentous symbol of American material power. When we got well into our conversation, he stretched his bulky frame flat down on a red leather sofa and, puffing a long, thin cigar, gave a superb exhibition of his unusual capacity for intellectual fencing, until I hardly knew whether the points made were his or mine. But one point I am completely confident is his: that absolutely necessary as knowledge is, knowledge without a keen moral sense in its possessor is a menace, particularly if it is a kind of knowledge (as social science often is) that enables a man to manipulate and control his fellows of high and low degree. When Ruml had beaten all imaginable bushes and pursued each flushed item of game with unflagging zest, ribald humor, and incredible energy, he willingly came back to the simple proposition that the ultimate question is always ethical in nature. If it is not decided aright, all else is as dust and ashes. Ruml hasn't pondered Goethe's "Faust" for nothing.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the incredible B. Ruml.

The Soft Voice of the Serpent



A Story by

Nadine Gordimer

Drawings by Charles Brey

He was only twenty-six and very healthy and he was soon strong enough to be wheeled out into the garden. Like everyone else, he had great and curious faith in the garden: "Well, soon you'll be up and able to sit out in the garden," they said, looking at him fervently, with little understanding tilts of the head. Yes, he would be out . . . in the garden. It was a big garden enclosed in old, dark, sleek, pungent firs, and he could sit deep beneath their tiered fringes, down in the shade, far away. There was the feeling that there, in the garden, he would come to an understanding; that it would come easier, there. Perhaps there was something in this of the old Eden idea; the tender human adjusting himself to himself in the soothing impersonal presence of trees and grass and earth, before going out into the stare of the world.

The very first time it was so strange; his wife was wheeling him along the gravel path in the sun and the shade, and he felt exactly as he did when he was a little boy and he used to bend and hang, looking at the world upside down, through his ankles. Everything was vast and open, the sky, the wind blowing along through the swaying, trembling greens, the flowers shaking in vehement denial. Movement . . .

A first slight wind lifted again in the slack, furled sail of himself; he felt it belly gently, so gently he could just feel it, lifting inside him.

So she wheeled him along, pushing hard and not particularly well with her thin pretty arms—but he would not for anything complain of the way she did it or suggest that the nurse might do better, for he knew that would hurt her—and when they came to a spot that he liked, she put the brake on the chair and settled him there for the morning. That had been the first time and now he sat there every day.

He read a lot, but his attention was arrested sometimes, quite suddenly and compellingly,



by the sunken place under the rug where his leg used to be. There was his one leg, and next to it, the rug flapped loose. Then looking, he felt his leg not there; he felt it go, slowly, from the toe to the thigh. He felt that he had no leg. After a few minutes he went back to his book. He never let the realization quite reach him; he let himself realize it physically, but he never quite let it get at *him*. He felt it pressing up, coming, coming, dark, crushing, ready to burst—but he always turned away, just in time, back to his book. That was his system; that was the way he was going to do it. He would let it come near, irresistibly near, again and again, ready to catch him alone in the garden. And again and again he would turn it back, just in time. Slowly it would become a habit, with the reassuring strength of a habit. It would become such a habit never to get to the point of realizing it, *that he never would realize it*. And one day he would find that he had achieved what he wanted: *he would feel as if he had always been like that*.

Then the danger would be over, forever.

In a week or two he did not have to read all the time; he could let himself put down the book and look about him, watching the firs part silkily as a child's fine straight hair in the wind, watching the small birds tightroping the telephone wire, watching the fat old dove trotting after his refined patrician gray women, purring with lust. His wife came and sat beside him, doing her sewing, and sometimes they spoke, but often they sat for hours, a whole morning, her movements at work small and unobtrusive as the birds', he resting his head back and looking at a blur of sky through half-closed eyes. Now and then her eye, habitually looking inward, would catch the signal of some little happening, some point of color in the garden, and her laugh or exclamation drawing his attention to it would suddenly clear away the silence. At eleven o'clock she would get up and put down her sewing and go into the house to fetch their tea; crunching slowly away into the sun up the path, going easily, empowered by the sun rather than her own muscles. He watched her go, easily. . . . He was healing. In the static quality of his gaze, in the relaxed feeling of his mouth, in the upward-lying palm of his hand, there was annealment. . . .

One day a big locust whirred dryly past her head, and she jumped up with a cry, scattering her sewing things. He laughed at her as she bent about picking them up, shuddering. She went into the house to fetch the tea, and he began to read. But presently he put down the book and, yawning, noticed a spool of pink cotton thread that she had missed, lying in a rose bed.

He smiled, remembering her. And then he became conscious of a curious old-mannish little face, fixed upon him in a kind of hypnotic dread. There, absolutely stilled with fear beneath his glance, crouched a very big locust. What an amusing face the thing had! A lugubrious long face, that somehow suggested a bald head, and such a glum mouth. It looked like some little person out of a Disney cartoon. It moved slightly, still looking up fearfully at him. Strange body, encased in a sort of old-fashioned creaky armor. He had never realized before what ridiculous-looking insects locusts were! Well, naturally not; they occur to one collectively, as a pest—one doesn't go around looking at their faces.

The face was certainly curiously human and even expressive, but looking at the body, he decided that the body couldn't really be called a body at all. With the face, the creature's kinship with humans ended. The body was flimsy paper stretched over a frame of matchstick, like a small boy's homemade airplane. And those could not be thought of as legs—the great saw-toothed back ones were like the parts of an old crane, and the front

ones like—like one of her hairpins, bent in two. At that moment the creature slowly lifted up one of the front legs, and passed it tremblingly over its head, stroking the left antenna down. Just as a man might take out a handkerchief and pass it over his brow.

He began to feel enormously interested in the creature, and leaned over in his chair to see it more closely. It sensed him and beneath its stiff, plated sides, he was surprised to see the pulsations of a heart. How fast it was breathing. . . . He leaned away a little, to frighten it less.

Watching it carefully, and trying to keep himself effaced from its consciousness by not moving, he became aware of some struggle going on in the thing. It seemed to gather itself together in muscular concentration: this co-ordinated force then passed along its body in a kind of petering tremor, and ended in a stirring along the upward shaft of the great back legs. But the locust remained where it was. Several times this wave of effort currented through it and was spent, but the next time it ended surprisingly in a few hobbling, uneven steps, its undercarriage—airplanelike again—trailing along the earth.

Then the creature lay, fallen on its side, antennae turned stretched out toward him. It groped with its hands, feeling for a hold on the soft ground, bending its elbows and straining. With a heave, it righted itself, and as it did so, he saw—leaning forward again—what was the trouble. It was the same trouble. His own trouble. The creature had lost one leg. Only the long upward shaft of its left leg remained, with a neat round aperture where, no doubt, the other half of the leg had been jointed in.

Now as he watched the locust gather itself again and again in that concentration of muscle, spend itself again and again in a message that was so puzzlingly never obeyed, he knew exactly what the creature felt. Of course he knew that feeling! That absolute certainty that the leg was there: one had only to lift it. . . . The upward shaft of the locust's leg quivered, lifted; why then couldn't he walk? He tried again. The message came; it was going through, the leg was lifting, now it was ready—now! . . . The shaft sagged in the air, with nothing, nothing to hold it up.

He laughed and shook his head. He *knew* . . . Good Lord, *exactly* like—he called out to the house—"Come quickly! Come and see! You've got another patient!"

"What?" she shouted. "I'm getting tea."

"Come and look!" he called "Now!"

". . . What is it?" she said, approaching the locust distastefully.

"Your locust!" he said. She jumped away with a little shriek.

"Don't worry—it can't move. It's as harmless as I am. You must have knocked its leg off when you hit out at it!" He was laughing at her.

"Oh, I didn't!" she said reproachfully. She loathed it but she loathed to hurt, even more. "I never even touched it! All I hit was air. . . . I couldn't possibly have hit it. Not its leg off."

"All right then. It's another locust. But it's lost its leg, anyway. You should just see it. It doesn't know the leg isn't there. God. I know exactly how that feels. . . . I've been watching it, and honestly, it's uncanny. I can see it feels just as I do!"

She smiled at him, sideways; she seemed suddenly pleased at something. Then, recalling herself, she came forward, bent double, hands upon her hips.

"Well, if it can't move . . . ," she said, hanging over it.

"Don't be frightened," he laughed. "Touch it."

"Ah, the poor thing," she said, catching her breath in compassion. "It can't walk.

"Don't encourage it to self-pity," he teased her.

She looked up and laughed. "Oh you—" she parried, assuming a frown. The locust kept its solemn silly face turned to her. "Shame, isn't he a funny old man," she said. "But what will happen to him?"

"I don't know," he said, for being in the same boat absolved him from responsibility or pity. "Maybe he'll grow another one. Lizards grow new tails, if they lose them."

"Oh *lizards*," she said. "But not these. I'm afraid the cat'll get him.

"Get another little chair made for him and you can wheel him out here with me."

"Yes," she laughed. "Only for him it would have to be a kind of little cart, with wheels."

"Or maybe he could be taught to use crutches. I'm sure the farmers would like to

know that the fellow was being kept active."

"The poor old thing," she said, bending over the locust again. And reaching back somewhere into an inquisitive childhood she picked up a thin wand of twig and prodded the locust very gently.

"Funny thing is, it's even the same leg, the left one." She looked round at him and smiled.

"I know," he nodded, laughing. "The two of us . . ." And then he shook his head and, smiling, said it again: "The two of us."

She was laughing and just then she flicked the twig more sharply than she meant to and at the touch of it there was a sudden flurried papery whirr, and the locust flew away.

She stood there with the stick in her hand, half afraid of it again, and appealed, unnerved as a child, "What happened? What happened?"

There was a moment of silence.

"Don't be a fool," he said irritably.

They had forgotten that locusts can fly.



The All-American Act

David Cort

THERE is a class of radio program in which the performance of the main actor is rarely reviewed by the critics. This is a grievous omission, since the kind in question is often deplored but increasingly popular, and its central performer represents a major discovery by radio. He is the Average American, and the programs are Audience Participation Programs.

Real individuals valued for their own sake have been infiltrating radio for some time, but reality swept fiction completely off the air with the hearings of the Senate crime committee. Though it is true that these had the special attraction of exposing participants to the naked ruin of their lives, the Average American puts on a comparable performance day and night. The guests invited to the microphone by Groucho Marx, Gypsy Rose Lee, Joey Adams, or Art Linkletter have a reputation to lose, too. They are often more ruggedly cross-examined than Senator Kefauver's witnesses. On at least one program they may be asked to take off their clothes and allow themselves to be dropped in a tank of water.

The most reliable opening gambit used on the programs is the question, "How did you meet your wife [or husband]?" A more daring subsequent move might be, "What did you do on your honeymoon?" Thereafter the guest is on his own and no holds are barred. Most programs try to reduce him to a safe, workable helplessness in which he can spring no surprises. The masters of ceremonies seize on the most obvious clichés in the effort to flatten him into a standard, two-dimensional figure. But somehow the Average American eludes and resists this process. He will often, with a word, re-establish his three-dimensional (or even four-dimensional) reality. As a result, the audience-participation program has been developed into a remarkably flexible device for baring souls on a casual, rough-and-tumble level.

Of course, not everybody gets on the air. The programs sift candidates with some care, and also transcribe the proceedings, lest reality get out of hand. Shy or especially dignified citizens eliminate themselves simply by not volunteering; those who do volunteer know they have asked for it. But once in the spotlight, the average American rarely recoils, rarely shows signs of standing guard on his own privacy. He does not clothe himself in drama. *Sans peur et sans reproche,* or at least without legally actionable reproach, he opens the book of his life.

This attitude is most striking if you compare it to its counterparts in other countries. To the average European, for example, large areas of his private life are his own business and could not possibly interest an audience of strangers. His sense of uniqueness would be disturbed by having to answer the question whether his wife snores or how often he helps with the dishes. But the American does not feel that his individuality is at stake.

One night a European visitor was listening to the program in which Gypsy Rose Lee asked her guests, "What makes you tick?" Gypsy cheerfully asked a young sailor to explain in what ways he thought himself superior to other people. "No ways," he replied. "I'm just average, like everybody else."

At these words, the European turned in surprise. "That could only be an American," he said. "You people may not realize it, but that kind of remark has no precedent in history."

"Come on," an American objected. "He's just being modest."

"Perhaps so," was the reply, "in the first part of the statement. But only an American could have added 'like everybody else.' That's a large claim—that everyone else is average, like oneself. A European, and even more an Asiatic, knows he has a definite, circumscribed place in his world. He knows he isn't like everybody else. He doesn't even want to be. The American is the exception."

If you listen to these unseen Americans year after year, you come to see a fairly consistent pattern. The unpredictable variety of the performers is restrained by certain unspoken rules. These are mostly in the nature of taboos, indicating the dimly-sensed outlines of an American social code. Some of the most obvious ones are these:

(1) *The men are not aggressively male.* (Immediate exception must be taken for any youthful member of the armed forces, who is expected by everybody to pretend he is a Don Juan.) The married man usually says his wife proposed to him and that he had a terrible time on the honeymoon. He is loyal to his wife; he sounds affectionate if sometimes exasperated; but he is never sentimental. If he is boss at home, however, he does not make any great point of it. He prefers not to admit that he ever kissed another girl before he married. It is very rare for the American male to admit that he loves or hates anybody, or ever has.

(2) *The women are not very female.* A frequently-employed antidote to seeming feminine is to laugh immoderately on any program where the m.c. is supposed to be funny. The American woman never, never indicates out loud that she rates herself especially pretty or desirable. If the master of ceremonies suggests that she is a knockout, as Groucho Marx and Arthur Godfrey constantly do, she collapses with laughter. The women say their husbands proposed to them but usually took several years to get around to it. For the American woman, too, the honeymoon was miserable; the groom, for example, spent most of it playing baseball.

(3) *The American does not brag about his job.* He does not volunteer information about his technical skills or other accomplishments (even if he is a champion with professional standing). He rarely admits that the biggest thing in life is his job, but he will hasten to add, for obvious reasons, that he works for a fine company. If he works for a bakery, he will tell Groucho (as one guest did) that his company's cakes are better than his wife's, but it is plain that he expects her to understand that the company needs the advertising more than she does. He will describe, if he is asked, his own particular part of the operation and he will be surprised when the m.c. is interested. (The occasional exception here is a professional man or successful business man. These try to brush off jokes about their professions, apparently not so much for their own sake as for the good name of the profession.)

(4) *The rule in public is modesty about everything.* The routine resounding boast, in the tradition of Davy Crockett, rarely rings out over the American air today. If it does, it is usually intended to be a gag.

(5) *The American is reluctant to assert his personal rights as an individual.* The audience-participation program is itself an imposition on his right of privacy, even though he has volunteered. Yet it is almost unheard-of for the guest to bridle at the m.c.'s amiable suggestion that he or she has a ridiculous name or is lying about his or her age. The guests seldom express any emphatic, personal opinion about anything.

(6) *On the other hand, the American is quick to defend his rights as a member of a group.* He will take no nonsense about this, whether the reference is to trade unions or veterans or Southerners, to Protestants or Catholics or Jews, or to an ethnic group, or farmers, or the unemployed. Indeed, groups as such are virtually forbidden subjects on radio and television. This taboo is in force not only because its violation would antagonize numbers of listeners but because the average guest has been discovered to react violently. Even a comedian's cliché gibe at a Southern accent may make the sparks fly. The only one brash enough to take the risk is Groucho Marx.

(7) *The American does not violate the group rights of others in public.* Whatever his private prejudices may be, the guest honors the taboo even more carefully than the m.c. It may be added that such universal tact in a nation swarming with minority groups and, hence, inevitable prejudices, is re-

markable in a world alive with bitter feuds.

(8) *The American rarely tries to be the star, or the life of the party.* The guest virtually never "fights" the m.c., or tries to engage in a contest of wits. He accepts the rule that it is the m.c.'s show.

(9) *His over-all attitude may perhaps be described as observantly neutral.* The radio guest is neither obsequious nor hostile; he avoids both sentiment and criticism. He is friendly and receptive to new experiences and at the same time self-reliant, a mixture of qualities that gives a curious impression of loneliness. In the long run, what is impressive on these programs is the absence of emotional expression. Perhaps the ideal that the guest is striving toward can be experimentally defined as a state of being relaxed, matter-of-fact, and friendly.

It is worth noting that the social code behind these taboos is perfectly suited to a team operation, or to the highest degree of industrialization the world has witnessed. We do not often think about ourselves as such but we are more completely members of a team in an industrialized society than we would be in any other kind.

The average American's part in the team is traditionally symbolized by the cans and cartons in his larder, his radio, vacuum cleaner, automobile, and the rest of his living equipment. He calls on the team when he flicks a light switch or turns on the electric toaster or steps on his car's self-starter. The team comes through for him if he has obeyed the rules. He takes these things for granted, but they are the tools he lives by and his relationship to them is unique. They are usually much too complicated for him to understand. He does not learn to "love" his radio or refrigerator but, after a few years, turns them in for new models. When they get out of order, he calls in a technician.

Unlike the old-time carpenter or leather worker or brass worker who felt affection for his chisels or awls, the American feels very little emotion for the much more complicated "tools" he lives with. He knows that as a worker he is mentally and physically interchangeable with millions of other workers, and that he can learn to use a great variety of these specialized tools. At the same time he tacitly agrees with masses of other people to have a common appetite for the same uniform can of beans, produced and distributed in quantity by the whole team.

The average American would not dream of saying that he will take only one kind of job or eat only one kind of beans. In fact, to allow the American system to work at all, he must be willing to be average, or de-specialized, in certain areas of his tastes and habits.

IT CANNOT be proved scientifically that the American has developed his special code to accommodate awareness of his place in a team operation. Such connections are hard to sense and still harder to demonstrate to other people's satisfaction. One man will say it is so obvious it is not worth mentioning; another will say it is highfalutin nonsense.

But if you imagine the American functioning as part of a total industrial operation, you may feel a little closer to the American on the radio. If he is a strange contrast to the rest of the world's average men and women, he appears so for very practical reasons. His modesty and tact become something a great deal more dignified than the hypocrisy of a nonentity trying to be "regular." Perhaps it is clear in this context why he deliberately chooses to present himself as unemotional and objective, average and unspecialized: a thinking free man instead of a slave to a specialized and circumscribed destiny.

For, as at least philosophers will agree, a man becomes free when he has freed himself from specialization. And it is here that a great mistake about Americans is made. The Russians and Chinese and Hindus think of the American as a specialist. But actually he is the least specialized of all men. The specialist is the Hindu brass worker and the Russian collective farm worker, tied to his specialty until death.

This complete, and even dangerous, misunderstanding about the American has not been corrected by all our propaganda about democracy and free institutions. The American is still widely regarded by the rest of the world as a mechanical specialist with his robot gaze riveted on a machine, tense and self-centered, lazy and arrogant toward peoples so unfortunate as not to possess machines of their own. We are reminded that there may be something wrong in this picture by the relaxed, matter-of-fact, and friendly voices on the radio each night.



"Avez-vous des Souris?"

Lloyd Frankenberg

Drawings by Jon Nielson

IN ALL our stay in Paris—we made a Paris sandwich of the trip; two weeks at the beginning, two at the end—we were insulted once. Insulted is putting it too strongly; it was a sharp and, as I realized at once, well-deserved tongue-lashing. My wife, although it was she who had put me up to it, got off with a mere glare. Loren doesn't *try* to speak French.

We had come to Paris armed with a piece of misinformation. The French, we had been told, resented all foreigners and took it out especially in pretending to misunderstand them. This we never found to be true. If we asked directions in a little *patisserie,* the proprietress would leave her customers and her cash register and rush out into the street to point the way. Gendarmes would let traffic pile up around them, or hurtle past, while they patiently traced routes for us in our *Plan de Paris.* Once, three blocks farther on, as we started to turn left, a shrill whistling made us look back. There was the gendarme flailing his arm. *"A droite! A droite!"*

Their solicitude was unbounded and we were never once cheated—even Loren, who when shopping alone would spread out her salad of notes and let them pick. Their consideration for her lack of tongue was extraordinary. They would communicate with gestures—the French clarity and *logique* are not confined to words—or look up meanings in her pocket dictionary, or even, sometimes, try to speak English themselves—those that didn't, I mean.

As the alleged linguist of the family, it might have been expected that I would meet a different fate. After all, if you don't *pretend* to speak their language, they can't very well be angry at your misuse of it. But I had to pretend I was speaking it most of the time. And it was, at least nine-tenths of the time, bluff.

I AM rather peculiarly handicapped. Of four or five years of high school and college French, many years ago, I retain the haziest memory of grammar and a rudimentary vocabulary. I have to look up every word, rehearse my phrases ahead of time, and put everything in the present tense like a Gertrude Stein novel.

My one advantage is that I can pronounce *"la rue."* Somehow that first French teacher (Alsatian, I believe, at that; a Mrs. Schreiber; Dr. Perry, the Welsh head of department, used sometimes to correct *her* accent) so thoroughly trained us in pursing our lips for *oo* and, instead, whistling *ee* through them that the French *u* has never been any trouble. The back-of-the-tongue *r* (*not* rolled, as in Italian) came harder. It still sometimes gets away from me; but I can hit it often enough to get by. After that the French accent, if you can remember to keep it crisp, is apple pie.

But I could scarcely hope to endear myself to Parisians by saying "street" over and over again, or by rushing fluently through the alphabet—the two ways I have had, during the intervening years, of keeping up my accent. I didn't like to memorize little phrases, "most commonly used expressions." For one thing my memory is so uncertain that if it works at all it is inclined to be inflexible. I should find myself saying *"Voulez-vous fermer la fenêtre?"* when I really wanted the window *open*. And I admire the attitude of Pierre Seghers, the French publisher, when we complimented him on his excellent English.

"Oh yes," he said, "I speak it well enough to use it as a spoon. But to *express* anything? No."

It was from this predicament that I worked out my formula.

Whenever I knew that I was going to have to say more than two or three speeches that could safely be prepared in advance, I prefaced everything with: *"Pardonnez-moi. Je n'ai que trois ou quatre mots de francais."*

This, it turned out, was the perfect approach. It disarms and forestalls at once. Although containing not a single *u*-sound, it fairly bristles with *r*'s—particularly the tongue-twisting *"trois"*—and the construction *"n'ai que"* ("not have but") is a cut above a simple negative. Of course, instead of "three or four words of French." I might have had only "one or two" (*"je n'ai qu'une ou deux"*) and thus introduced the *u* as well. But then gender, always so important to the French, rears its lovely head. Is a "word" really feminine? Just in time I remembered *"bon mot"*; obviously masculine.

"Qu'un ou deux mots" never sounded quite right, no matter how often I practiced it. Besides I had a deep suspicion that the French would not approve of it. In our relaxed grammar it is quite all right to speak of "one or two words." But the French, I suspected, might be finicky enough to insist on "one word or two words." Or they might not. Far safer to move on a digit or two. It would never do to appear over-modest; the *"mot juste,"* you know. (Isn't *"juste"* feminine? There we go again.)

DESPITE these misgivings, the success of my formula astonished, delighted, and finally almost shamed me. Invariably it drew the response, *"Mais vous parlez très bien, monsieur,"* followed by a torrent of French in which I splashed about. My intake of French is, if anything, rather feebler than my output. The speed overpowers me. Words I know quite well, when *I* am using them, become unrecognizable. But all this mattered nothing; the *entente cordiale* had been established, and all my subsequent flounderings were forgiven.

It really did seem a little like cheating.



For this reason the success did not go to my head. But it did rather go to Loren's. She was convinced that I could cope with any and all situations; even in stores, where I am by nature, in any country, recessive.

Take the matter of the soap dish. At the apartment of a French friend, Loren enormously admired a shell (*coquille?*) soap dish. She was assured by our host that it was a very common object and could be found in any hardware store. I memorized its name; at least, I thought I had; it is now part of my total unrecall. Every time we passed a store that looked vaguely like hardware, I would find myself being firmly propelled inward. Paving the way with my preamble, I would inquire after this beautiful but mythical object.

With the greatest patience in the world, the proprietors would bring out for our inspection decorated shells, tortoise-shell combs, sunglasses, and various other crustaceous by-products. Never a soap dish; though I distinctly recall a frequent reiteration, on my part, of the word "*savon.*" I am still under the impression that this means "soap." ("Dish" or "tray," of course, is completely beyond me; though I may have had the word then. I rather doubt it.)

The more I said *"savon,"* the more agonized the storekeepers became. It was not that they doubted me, or my accent, or even my vocabulary. They doubted their own senses. A soap made of shell? Little by little they had to concede their profound ignorance, not only of their own language, but of their native products. The last ten or fifteen minutes of our stay in any shop had to be devoted to trying to restore their self-esteem. Undoubtedly, it was a very rare object indeed that we were seeking. (After returning from the south of France I could add the convincing and authoritative phrase, *"unique-au-monde"*: everything there that you wanted to buy was "the only one of its kind in the world.")

THE events that led up to my undoing, like most of the workings of fate, were simple and devious. In the course of our delighted wanderings we find ourselves *(nous nous trouvons)* in the Luxembourg Gardens. It is a day perfect. In the little stone pond the children make sail their little sailboats. A man in a blue business suit makes sail *his* little sailboat. Nobody regards him. Interminable and good-natured games, three ways between tennis, lacrosse, and football, play themselves in the adjacent playing fields.

We march ourselves happily about the walks, pausing to inspect the toys and poisonously-colored candies of the kiosks. A particularly deadly specimen attracts itself to Loren; an intensely synthetic-rubber-looking, supposedly edible mouse. Of this specimen it is demanded of me that I purchase several. (For some reason I can never disentangle the verbs "*vendre*" and "*acheter*"; consequently I continually find myself suggesting to French merchants that they buy their own wares, a suggestion from which they rather too hastily recoil.)

It comes about that these mice create a sensation in Paris. Even for Loren, the penny-candy addict *unique-au-monde,* they do not recommend themselves to the palate. But as objects of beauty they are admired and coveted by *tout le monde.* At the surrealist restaurant, *Au Catalan,* the proprietor suspends one of them on the wall next to a Picasso. The supply of the little field-gray creatures diminishes itself.

To replenish ourselves, is it that we revisit the kiosks of the Luxembourg Gardens? *Naturellement, non.* Instead we find ourselves on the Ile Saint-Louis, the aristocratic old heart of Paris. A candy store of a certain elegance presents itself.

"They must have them here," says Loren, urging me in.

"I don't see any in the window," I demur.

"Let's ask them."

"But I don't know the right word."

"It will come to you," says Loren confidently.

I find myself in face of what seems to be a thoroughly pleasant middle-aged proprietress. Struggling to capture *le mot juste,* I neglect the usual precaution of the preliminary sentence.

"Avez-vous des souris?" I demand at once.

SHE does not pretend to misunderstand me; no, my accent is all too good. Her face darkens, her breath comes heavily. Leaning across the counter, she fairly hisses at me. In the withering blast of her remarks

I make out enough to gather the drift; how dare Monsieur insinuate such a thing; let Monsieur inspect the premises for himself; this is a *clean* store, one does not find mice *here*.



In the instant of realizing my mistake, I am confronted with a dilemma. The word for "candy" eludes me. I think despairingly of *"joujoux."* (Looking back, I can see this saving the day; at least it considerably mollifies her, though she points out the obvious fact that unlike its American cousins, the shop contains no toys.) But I am intent on accuracy. Perhaps I can get around it with *logique*.

"We do not," I say, "desire mice that—" and here I make a gesture that tries to convey scampering across the floor. *"Mais pour manger,"* I conclude rather triumphantly.

At this, her eyes widen themselves with horror. *Eat mice?* The French may have an open mind about horsemeat, I glean from her next tirade, but never, *never,* during the lowest ebb of the occupation, have they descended to—

Hastily I try to amend matters. *"Pas pour manger,"* I interpose soothingly, *"seulement pour regarder."*

Surely so direct an appeal to the French aesthetic sense cannot be taken amiss. But now a frightened glint comes into her eyes. Words fail her; she regards us warily. Clearly we are cases for psychiatry. Mice to look at?

At this moment, perversely, my mind furnishes me the word *"bonbon."* I utter it softly, meekly, in conjunction with the taboo *"souris."* A dawn of comprehension breaks across her face. Still, however, she is by no means completely appeased. By what right do we come into this shop, one of the most refined in Paris, and ask for those disagreeable synthetic confections? Everything here, she has us know, is of the purest quality. Have we ever *tasted* one of those mice?

With many apologies we make our way out. But it is not until several days later, telling a French friend of the incident, that we realize its full enormity.

For a moment our friend regards us speechlessly. I am reminded of the story of the inexcusable phrase, written on a slip of paper, that loses its innocent possessor every friend in the world. Then she pulls herself together.

"Figurez-vous," she says, "the effect on that woman of such a series of requests. *She* thinks, when you ask for *'souris,'* that you have the argot meaning in mind. 'Mice' indeed! At the very least, a peep-show. . . . *Et avec ta femme, aussi!"*

Envoi

A Paris
on n'a pas rit,
ni même sourit,
quand j'ai demandé
des souris.

Parce qu'en France
est-ce qu'on pense
que je suis de la Décade Mauve
et désire des souris-chauves,
des houris?

The French are not affable,
don't think it laughable
if you inquire for a mouse.

This dear little gray thing,
to you but a plaything,
to them is a slur on the house.

After Hours

Liking

It is a peculiarity of the writing profession that an author emerges into intense sociability only at that moment when his book has just been published. His publisher drags him out of hiding and sets him on a round of parties. For a few weeks, if you happen to number editors and publishers among your friends, you keep seeing him. After a brief but intensive whirl, he goes back to work (or to trying to work). For reasons which are not quite clear to me I have been asked to an inordinate number of parties for authors this winter, and I have been puzzled by this routine method of treating a writer like a debutante and by his reactions to it. I have also wondered why the author expects everyone he meets to have read his book.

I have discovered that it is not his fault. His publisher's publicity department has seen to it that he has been interviewed on several radio programs. He has helped Mary Margaret McBride sell groceries on WJZ; he has lunched at Sardi's (WOR) and breakfasted on WCBS with Margaret Arlen. He has also been seen on a couple of television shows, and he knows that he has been heard and seen by millions of people in the space of a very short time, and he cannot help feeling that his name and the oft-repeated title of his book are household words. This gives him an illusion of prominence for which he can hardly be blamed.

I don't know how many of the other people he meets at the parties given in his honor have read his book. I suspect not very many have, but you would never know it. I have found, just by keeping my ears open, that there are techniques for discussing an author's book with him, whether you have read it or not, and though I am reticent about practicing them myself, I am glad to pass them along to anyone who has the aplomb to try them out on the next author he meets.

Let's assume that you have *not* read the book in question, and the problem is how to talk with the author about it in such a way that he will be pleased. It is helpful, of course, to know whether the book you are discussing is fiction or non-fiction, though there are ways around that. Titles can be awfully misleading in this respect, and you are very likely to think that a book called *Wait for the Wagon* is not a novel but a treatise on alcoholism or that *The Iron Mistress* is somehow a publisher's twist on a political cliché.

If they are not sure whether the book in question is fiction or non-fiction, the best practitioners of the art of talking about books they haven't read, find that it pays to stick to the problem of style. A simple but effective way of praising any writer is to talk about his "*uncluttered prose.*"* It sounds good and it will mean to him whatever he wants it to mean. Another stylistic gambit is this: "You make a peculiarly *happy marriage of form and substance.*" And the following (with variations) is one which I have seen bring a smile to the eyes of many authors: "I do enjoy the *apparent effortlessness of your style.*"

There is no author I have ever met who isn't subject to the most arrant flattery where his skill with words is concerned, and I have heard experts use even so simple a statement as, "You have such a lovely *sense of the language,*" with marked success. Also this one: "It is remarkable how you can *endow old words with new vitality and meaning.*" A somewhat more subtle approach that indicates that you have enjoyed the book so much that you read passages of it aloud to your wife can be successfully made by: "Your sentences are *as satisfying to the ear as they are to the eye,*" or, "Your prose has a *special music of its own.*"

The expert who can establish through ques-

* For the convenience of the reader I have italicized the key words.

ioning whether the book he is discussing is ction or non-fiction obviously has an adantage. I have never heard a question (short f a direct one) that is foolproof in eliciting his information. "How's the book going?" vill sometimes bring an answer such as: "It's eally too soon to tell, but the political comnentators seem to like it." That establishes t as non-fiction, of course. If you say: "What lo you think is the special audience for your book?" and the answer comes back, "Everybody," you are probably talking to Rachel Carson. If, however, the answer is: "It's written for the layman," then it's non-fiction; if it is "the sensitive reader," the chances are that it is a first novel.

If the book in question has been established as fiction then the conversation can be turned to characters and plot. Of the former there are two reliable and widely used statements to be made and they can be used in rapid succession. The first is: "It's extraordinary the way you make your characters *come alive*," and, "I do admire the *inevitability of the way your characters behave.*" I have also heard this one used with success: "Your characters are *truly three-dimensional.*" It's a little fancy, though, for general purposes. So far as the plot is concerned, it is not necessary to know anything about it to say: "None of the *carpentry of your plot* shows; it just seems to happen," or, "You have such a remarkable *sense of situation.*"

The most accomplished experts can get away with talking about *"overtones"* and *"levels"* and *"moods,"* but I do not recommend them to beginners. Let me give a few examples just to show what I mean: "I do admire the way you keep the *overtones* of your book in *their proper perspective.*" Or, "The various *levels* on which you have written are so *skillfully integrated.*" There are only two things to do with a "mood"—establish it and maintain it, *viz.*: "You have *established the mood* so surely and *sustained it* from first to last."

There are, to be sure, an endless number of clichés of this sort that one hears at a literary cocktail party, and in the late stages you are even likely to hear someone mutter: "You write such a *satisfyingly allusive* style," or: "For all its *narrative drive* your book has *much subtlety.*" At this point I try to sneak away, but if I get caught and have to say something to the author, I fall back on the only single statement that I know will please him: "I like your book."

Dames and Death

PUBLISHING circles, during the second week in March, were slightly stirred by the rumor (which turned out to be garbled) that Mr. Mickey Spillane was about to desert his vocation. Mr. Spillane is a writer of detective stories, the occupant of a house near Newburgh, New York, which he and a friend built with their own hands, and a member of Jehovah's Witnesses. It was understood at first that his convictions were compelling him to renounce the writing of books which rely heavily on a mixture of sex and sadism, on the grounds that they might have led the present generation further into sin and crime than it would otherwise have progressed. Mr. Spillane's later statement clarified the matter. He would go on writing novels with the same protagonist—Michael Hammer, private detective—but they would contain "other ingredients" than lust and murder. Dutton will publish his next, called *Kiss Me Deadly,* in June; New American Library will reprint his latest, *Long Wait,* in May. Initial printing: two and one half million copies.

In order to report fairly on this matter, I have read within the past five days the completed works of Spillane to date—Signet books numbers 699, 791, 852, 888, and 915. It would not be difficult for you to do the same, inasmuch as nearly twelve million copies of them are in existence. They have been reprinted twenty times in the past three years. Number 915, *The Big Kill,* enjoyed the largest initial printing of any book ever published in America—2½ million, 350,000 more within the month. Mr. Spillane receives more fan mail than any other Signet author, his closest competitor being Erskine Caldwell. When a booth was set up by the company at a meeting of the Modern Language Association, it was later reported that more often than not the professors came by to compliment their publishing of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey,* then ask: "Do you have a Mickey Spillane I could read on the train?"

Such success can be had only at a price. Mr. Spillane has had to pay it by being the

object of sociological piety, since it is quite apparent that an author whose works sell by the million is more than a little in tune with the temper of his times. That "sex and sadism" (the pairing is compulsory when writing on this subject) should attract readers in such numbers is argued to be an indication of a general moral slackness, part of a pattern (according to one critic) with the sailor in Brooklyn whose habit it was to knock down women on lonely streets and snitch their handbags. The author, on this basis, is made to look like some sort of sex maniac who is responsible by implication for any crime that happens to resemble one he has described. Of course this is ridiculous, and Mr. Spillane quite properly takes his role much less seriously than his critics do. "If Thomas Wolfe sold," he has been quoted as saying, "I'd write like Thomas Wolfe." He appears to conceive himself merely as an author of entertainments, in the long tradition of murder mysteries that blissfully disentangle the nerve ends through a series of shocks vicariously experienced.

If there is any lesson in sociology here for the professors, it lies less in Mr. Spillane's view than in his critics'. The tendency to form moral judgments where none are called for is just as rampant today as its obverse, and the attempt to blame these books for "sex and sadism" in general causes more misunderstanding than it corrects. In the first place it is not adequate to literary criticism, since it does not report the content of the novels accurately and helps perpetuate the scale of judgment on which the two ingredients are given equal value. It is true that Mr. Spillane's books contain sexy and sadistic elements, at least it is true in the sense that a martini cocktail truly contains both vermouth and gin. Sex, in these novels, is lush but abortive and unresolved. Sadism is explicit, fully realized, minutely described. Mr. Spillane is undeniably the first author in the Hammett-Chandler, or spicy-detective, lineage to put quite so *much* sex into the murder story, but he has not departed from the formula laid down years ago in the pulps and caricatured for all time by S. J. Perelman: "Somewhere a roscoe went 'ker-chow!' She slumped in my arms deader than last night's newspaper." But why has no Food and Drug Administration for the Arts labeled this innocent little product for what it is? The pattern is simplicity itself—boy meets girl, boy is seduced by girl, boy kills girl. From that, multiplied by twelve million, you can draw your own conclusions.

OF THE comments on Mr. Spillane's work I have read, only Malcolm Cowley's in the *New Republic* even suggests the manner in which hatred of women has been made to serve as its chief motive force. This has nothing to do with Mr. Spillane's character, or with the fortuitous violence of the underworld which any trigger-mechanism may set off. The fact is that in his books the element of sex is secondary and is fulfilled only through violence, no other way. I should gather from the author's choice of adjectives that he appreciates the virtue of sensuousness in the female, but this is the man who writes what people want to read. He knows that his audience has not been conditioned to identify itself with the resolution of love on the printed page but that, ever since Poe stuffed a corpse up the chimney in the Rue Morgue, it has saturated itself in murder. And he knows, as his publishers know, that his audience is not the reservoir of potential delinquents but the millions of Americans, the vast majority being altogether exemplary citizens, who want something to read on the train.

What is it they want? Well, here is a rough tabulation of what happens to the dozen or so young ladies in the five books with whom the hero, Michael Hammer, becomes involved. It is his burden that women fall all over him, but their promiscuous offers are invariably followed by the wages of sin. Two of the novels open with Mr. Hammer's chance meeting with a woman who dies immediately —one by murder, one by suicide. Of the seven with whom he has casual but intimate encounters, six are murdered (three shootings, one strangulation, one drowning, and one slit throat). Of the three in whom he takes a deeper interest, he himself shoots two of them in the abdomen, one having turned out to be a man, and the third has her head shot off accidentally by a child just as she is about to kill Mr. Hammer. There are only three other significant female characters. One he beats with his own belt; she is simultaneously shot in the shoulder (though not killed) by someone else. Another is his secretary, for whom he maintains a constant but furiously

restrained affection. In the only book in which he treats her at all tenderly, she is kidnapped by Communists, stripped, hung up by her wrists, and beaten with a knotted rope. Mr. Hammer is sufficiently moved by watching this scene to machine-gun an entire roomful of people; three paragraphs describe the physical consequences in some detail. That leaves only one woman whose attractiveness to Mr. Hammer does not cause violence to take place. Perhaps the reader is intended to understand that she has already achieved violence in her own fashion, as she is the only genuine nymphomaniac in the lot.

"Whatever its reason," wrote G. Legman two years ago in a book called *Love & Death*, "through this technique of persistent sexual negation, every detail of ravishing female nudity, lascivious temperament, etc., can be gone into at any desired length . . . as long as the whole is purified and anticepticized by the detective-hero's frigid rejection." Love, no; death, yes. "Murder is a crime. Describing murder is not. Sex is not a crime. Describing sex *is*. Why?" Mr. Legman traced this anomaly to the censorship of sex in Anglo-Saxon literature which began around 1700 and produced the literary violence that Mr. Spillane has finally brought to its present mass-producible perfection. Yet Mr. Legman does not suppose that everything would be solved merely by giving incitement to love and incitement to mayhem equal treatment under the law. "The American censorship of sex is internalized. The men and women in the street carry it around with them in their heads. *They* are the censor, and to the degree that the law mirrors their wonted censorship, the law can be enforced and will be obeyed."

On March 19, shortly after Mr. Spillane made it clear that he would continue to produce Michael Hammer stories, three men were arrested in New York City and "tons of pornographic literature, obscene films, indecent photographs, and manufactured erotic objects" were seized by the police in two raids based on the wire-tapping of suspects. They were booked for the possession, sale, and distribution of "indecent articles and pornographic literature." Assuming that these objects are comparable in artistic merit to Mr. Spillane's books, one must observe that writing about sex leads to the hoosegow at the same moment that writing about sadism leads to dizzy eminence. I draw no moral from this curious state of affairs but wonder if the Modern Language Association might like to make it the subject of a scholarly symposium on the "light, entertaining" reading from which literate society seems to have withdrawn all sense of judgment.

Open Letter

DEAR REUNION CHAIRMAN:

Long time no see. Got your letter about the big shebang on June 13, 14, 15, 16. Wouldn't miss it for love nor money. Sounds super. Count on me as a salesman; I'll round up as many members of the old gang as I can hogtie. Gotta make this one the biggest ever.

Boy, are we going to lay them in the aisles (no wisecracks, now) in those kilts in the good old college colors. It's the skirts, the natty Scotch caps (with ribbons?), and that twenty piece bagpipe and drum band to march behind to the ball game that will live in the sacred memories of all of us down through the years. And, man, are you right about that costume you say I'll be able to "wear at the Country Club Fancy Dress Dance for years to come"! Glad to have that problem solved from now on. That's always been a toughie.

And what a whale of a job you fellows on the committee have done to get the price down to just "forty-seven inflated bucks." Don't see how you did it, especially considering what you give us: "lodging, beer, hard drinks, soft drinks, soft ball, food, entertainment, exercise, air-conditioned costume, fellowship." I like that crack about, "Try taking your wife or a casual acquaintance on a three-day weekend and see what it will cost you." Plenty, I'll bet.

You say you hope I'll be with you "in full body and spirit." Well, on second thought, you know that suggestion about taking my wife *or* a casual acquaintance on a three-day week end has its points. Maybe I *could* do it for forty-seven bucks. June thirteenth through sixteenth sounds like as good a time as any. I'll be with you in spirit, sort of, but I think I'll take my body where I'm going. And it won't be me who'll wear the skirts.

Have a bang-up time. See you in '62.

—*Mr. Harper*

NEW BOOKS

Architects, Decorators, Soothsayers

Charles Poore

NOVELISTS may be divided into two classes: the architects and the decorators. The architects make the grand and sometimes strange designs that house all sorts of people and dramas and ideas for generations. The decorators swarm all over the place, working smoothly within the limits the architects have set, rearranging and replacing the furniture and draperies and such, telling wonderfully competent stories that are all the more pleasing to us, perhaps, because we have liked them before. A good decorator can always soothe the eye. A good architect can sometimes shake the heart.

Naturally the architects are better represented than the decorators in ***Literary America*** (Dodd, Mead, $5), an excellent prelude to further adventures in reading, done mainly in pictures, by David E. Scherman and Rosemarie Redlich. We see Melville's Nantucket light, Hawthorne's old manse, Henry James' Washington Square, Willa Cather's wide prairie, a preposterous Maggie with gas-burner hair for Stephen Crane, Hemingway's unexpectedly valid Horton's Bay in Michigan, and the Confederate monument before the courthouse in Faulkner's Mississippi. Among the decorators of distinction, James Branch Cabell has been sent down to St. Augustine, but John Marquand's Wickford Point people still live on their side of the tracks at Curzon's Mill.

The book is full of expertly allusive photography. It often answers the first half of the critical question: where did the artist get his material? The second half—what did he do with it?—is left to the artist, in quotations from works these scenes inspired. Yet the whole method has its limitations. The leafy tunnel of the Old Natchez Trace symbolizes the landscape of Eudora Welty's ballad-like stories. But to me it also looks remarkably like the abandoned road in Sage's Ravine at the Massachusetts-Connecticut line on the Appalachian Trail. Or take Mr. Scherman's and Miss Redlich's admirable camera studies of America's most famously obscure pond (for Thoreau's *Walden*), of the Bantam River near Litchfield (for Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Poganuc People*), of Big Moose Lake in the Adirondacks (for Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*). Couldn't an impious hand have shuffled them and substituted any one for either of the other two? It is the individual architect, or decorator, who makes a scene his own. A photograph may also contain, as Tallulah Bankhead said of Maeterlinck's plays, less than meets the eye.

Cooke's Tour of America

IT DEPENDS on the beholder. The month's new books show many ways of looking at the United States. As we shall presently see, Senator Vandenberg's does not necessarily agree with Samuel Lubell's, nor Chester Wilmot's with those of Joseph Wood Krutch and John Kieran. First, however, consider ***One Man's America*** (Knopf, $3.50), by Alistair Cooke, a collection of meticulously casual BBC talks the *Manchester Guardian's* man here has been pouring brilliantly into the taxed wireless sets of Britain. Mr. Cooke is aware of what he calls "the solid tradition of reporting back to England only what is corrupt or eccentric or

NEW BOOKS

lous" about the Americans. the rest of the field at his disposal, he makes shrewd it—by no means letting the have all the good reportorial

Cooke has gathered a fine d of natural history notes the Coca-Colans for the in- tion and delight of the distant Islanders. In a tone of voice pitched between satire and on, he discourses on our folk ls, migrations, mating calls, g and living habits, heroes eroines, myths, faiths, rocks, woods, and templed hills. No s. Having been on trial in ica for a generation, he is al- puzzled by the Little Eng- rs' forlorn fondness for believ- at the United States is a sort nyon-raucous paradise.

clears their minds. He also ours, as his words, spoken for ff and Liverpool and London lasgow and Yorkshire, return circle, felicitously, to people may now see, in these pages, hey have some odd regional ac- and ways of their own. "We ivided by a common language," ton Churchill said. But not y, I trust, ever. *One Man's ica* shows how effectively and essly we can be explained to another without treacly senti- s or fustian gestures.

s Boswell Marches On

ESE travelers' tales have always een ordered well in England, all. ***Boswell in Holland, 1763-*** (McGraw-Hill, $5), edited by erick A. Pottle, takes us to an- land in another century in a different mood. But, again, it ves through miraculously good electively candid writing. That ard theatrical enchantress sa, who did so much to inflame scholarly interest year before *Boswell's London Journal, 1762-*), has left the scene. Enter, to her place, the loveliest of Bos- an bluestockings, Zélide. I hope ill be possible to maintain the in succeeding volumes of the Edition of the Boswell Papers. r a time, the choices may nar- naturally, since Boswell lived 795.

The Second Volume—A Memorable Era

THE MEMOIRS OF

Herbert Hoover

Vol. II: ***The Cabinet and the Presidency: 1920-1933***

Covering the vital years 1920-1933, Herbert Hoover *continues* the story of a remarkable career. These are the "political years," the years which cover the problems following World War I — feeding Europe, establishing the peace, disarmament and reconstruction.

Mr. Hoover discusses his work as Secretary of Commerce, his election to the Presidency, his program for eliminating industrial waste, promoting foreign trade, conserving the country's resources, child welfare, better housing, and improving agriculture. *Don't miss this important volume in the story of a great American.* $5.00

A major work of biography...

HENRY IRVING

by Laurence Irving

Sir Henry Irving, the great Victorian actor, lives again in one of the finest biographies of an actor ever written. The peculiar richness of this biography lies not only in its history of Irving's professional and private life, but also in its background of theatrical and social history. Fully illustrated with 48 pages of photographs, line drawings. Boxed. $10.00

FAR CORNER

A Personal View of the Pacific Northwest

***by* Stewart H. Holbrook**

Where else would you find 400 John Johnsons in one town? Where else do people eat elk steak for breakfast? With his genius for reporting picturesque aspects of the American scene, Stewart Holbrook has a field day with the people, history and legends of the great Pacific Northwest. $3.75

NECESSARY EVIL *by* Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson

The definitive biography of Jane Welsh Carlyle and the fascinating story of two brilliant and perverse people who loved and tortured one another. Here is the complete intimate account of the marriage of Jane and Thomas Carlyle — much of which is based on letters long out-of-print or unpublished. $5.00

At all bookstores · THE MACMILLAN COMPANY



REINHOLD NIEBUHR

his new book

THE IRONY OF AMERICAN HISTORY

by the author of
The Nature and Destiny of Man

Any book by Reinhold Niebuhr is an important event. THE IRONY OF AMERICAN HISTORY is even more so than usual, for it comes at a time when Americans must face cold facts rather than the cozy illusions nurtured by our past.

Dr. Niebuhr punctures some of our most cherished assumptions about prosperity and virtue; he contrasts devastatingly our present role as a world power and our self-portrait of innocence. But above all he gives us a forceful restatement of man's place in God's universe.

$2.50 at all bookstores

SCRIBNERS

Anyway, so far, so good. Here, Boswell is in his finest form, prancing around Holland wearing his heart on his sleeve, his thirst to be a celebrity glittering in his eyes. This part of what must be the longest-running serial in all literature could not very well be called a journal. The journal of these months has been lost. Or, rather, I should say, it has not yet been found. For hardly anyone would be surprised to hear, one of these fine days, that Colonel Isham's intrepid paper-chasers had just discovered the missing pages in a tattered tea cosy stored in a battered gold sedan chair in a piratical smugglers' cave near Penzance. Meantime, the present volume is made up from a multitude of scribblings, essays, letters, and so on that Boswell, history's most industrious wastrel, wrote by day and by night while he was improving himself in Holland.

"Boswell kept his good resolutions by writing them down, and redressed his backslidings by copying them out," Geoffrey Scott, who used some love letters in this book for his incomparable *Portrait of Zélide,* once observed. Y-e-e-e-s, says Mr. Pottle. But not so much during the voyage to Holland, when, by spectacular effort (and force of circumstances), he often lapsed into modesty, frugality, chastity, and studiousness—"and almost went out of his mind." What the effort cost is frequently reflected in Boswell's endlessly articulate interior monologues: "In vain I call up my virtue and bravely face all the rigors of my fate; my weaknesses and passions speak louder still." It is a point of view that does little to discourage readers. The worst that can be said of him, or by him, probably has a fair measure of truth in it. But, considering that he turned out to be the greatest of biographers, the best is really none too good for James Boswell.

How Vandenberg Changed

IN CHOOSING our candidates for political office these days we are overlooking, I'm afraid, one crucial consideration. It is not enough, I submit, to find out where a man stands on the union shop and Chiang Kai-shek—the two considerations that are on the mind of everyone who says he "still wants know" about a candidate he's planning to vote for anyway, co hell or high water. We should deeper, and ask: What kind diarist will he make? Will he able to reveal things lucidly wh the time comes, as come it will, publication? I say this out of miration for ***The Private Papers Senator Vandenberg*** (Hough Mifflin, $5), edited by his s Arthur H. Vandenberg, Jr. and Alex Morris. Even in the Age Political Diaries we are livi through, these papers stand out their vigor and their candor. W we have here is a most searchi revelation of a mind big enough change with the changing challen to the United States of America.

It wasn't a quick change, by a means. It was slow. It was gropi It veered with the veering winds our destiny—and the bumping mands of practical politics. M seldom alter their fundamen opinions as completely as interest observers may want to believe, a way. And few have any hea desire to open themselves to dreary choruses of the I-told-you- brigades. At no time did Senat Vandenberg relish being inform that he used to be a rabid isolatio ist and that now he was a wild-ey internationalist. But, as this bo demonstrates, in public and in p vate, in letters and talks and dia notations (and revisions; some su plied posthumously), he traveled long way between 1939, when he w fighting for the arms embargo, a his death last year, not long after had written General Marshall th "these times call for everything th any of us can do with an eye to t next generation rather than the ne election."

Ringing Doorbells for History

WHEN Presidential elections a inevitable, why not relax a enjoy them? That seemed to Will Rogers' attitude as set forth ***How We Elect Our Presiden*** (Little, Brown, $2.75), a bolt of best barbed-wire political hom spun, selected by Donald Da "They tell me that in quite a fe places around the country there is scattering of Republican campfires

gers said some years ago. "They coming out of their caves and lden valleys, director's meetings, l coupon clipping rooms and are rpening their campaign speeches try and get back into the old pees and post offices."

That was in the chilly springtime the New Deal. There has been a litical revolution in this country ce then, Samuel Lubell proves in *he Future of American Politics* (Harper, $3.50). This is a trenchant, ol-headed, myth-destroying analy- of the new political forces that at e moment are uniting this coun- y more closely than ever before—at nother, ripping it apart or letting it ift into stalemates. Mr. Lubell got s facts about politics where politics art: by going out and ringing door- lls and talking to people. He anted to know why all the experts d been so wrong about recent ections. Over the course of the last cade he has traveled from the ouglas fir country of Oregon to ew England, to the Lutheran orth and the Dixiecratic South, nalyzing election returns, tracing he march of the minorities that be- me majorities in time.

Among other things, Mr. Lubell rings Will Rogers down to date. To solidify itself permanently in merican life the New Deal needs at east one Republican victory," he uggests with deadly logic. "As long s the Republicans remain out of ffice it is possible for politicians on oth sides to stir deceptive fears that he whole New Deal is at stake. Once in office the Republicans will utomatically endorse much of the New Deal, through the simple de- ice of leaving things untouched. Extreme right-wing Republicans, who talk as if they would repeal very law passed in the last twenty ears, would find they had to accept nuch of the New Deal under Re- ublican administrators. The more rdent Roosevelt followers would find that most of what is loosely called the Welfare State is here to stay." Why can't more of our po- litical economists write as clearly and pungently as that? The next President should appoint Mr. Lu- bell to keep his journal. As Secretary of the Diary he would put down the inner and outer meaning of things as they happened, North, South, East, and West. Then we wouldn't have to depend on the hindsights that come out of books of personal revelations.

On Cosmic Monday Mornings

If you want to see hindsight oper- ating on a global scale, read Chester Wilmot's ***The Struggle for Europe*** (Harper, $5), a massive and absorbing review of what we won, what we lost. The campaign ribbon of the European Theater of Opera- tions might be awarded automati- cally to everyone who goes through this volume, expertly based on Mr. Wilmot's own experiences as a BBC correspondent and every book and document from every side he could lay his hands on. The major theme of this Guntherian symphony (in the brasses) is that we were horn- swoggled by the Russians; the minor theme (in the strings) is that the headstrong Americans weren't as kind and considerate to Field Mar- shal the Viscount Bernard Law Montgomery of Alamein as they might have been. Both are per- suasively set forth. The book is won- derful reading as an epic of great battles in the field and around the green baize tables. Another superior work of second-guessing in another theater is ***Main Fleet to Singapore*** (Macmillan, $3.75) by Captain Rus- sell Grenfell of the Royal Navy. You will remember Captain Gren- fell as the author of *The Bismarck Episode*. Only Samuel Eliot Mori- son surpasses him in writing about the war at sea. In this book he shows what lamentable shenanigans led to the sinking of the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*. He fights by remote control at the Coral Sea and Midway. Then he turns his guns and pours salvos into Winston Churchill and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, leaving them both very former naval persons indeed. Heady, headstrong stuff.

The Varieties of Travel

Well, when you notice in such a book as Bruce Catton's ***Glory Road*** (Doubleday, $4.50), a fiery narrative of the Union Army at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, that the generalship and statesmanship of the Civil War

THE
Private Papers
OF


© Harris & Ewing

Senator Vandenberg

Edited by
ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG, JR.
with the collaboration of
JOE ALEX MORRIS

This book is Senator Vandenberg's own frank and informal record of the great years of his career. Most of it is in the form of a diary, pounded out night after night on his portable typewriter. The story begins with that turning point in history, the passage in September 1939 of the Lend-Lease Bill, and continues to the Senator's death in 1951.

"This is a fascinating and important book. From no other source can the citizen obtain so clear-cut and authoritative an understanding of the evolution of the 'unpartisan' approach to international affairs. The editors have fashioned with superior skill a dramatic and, in many instances, deeply moving record of a man who was certainly one of the most resourceful and farsighted defenders of the nation in our history."
HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

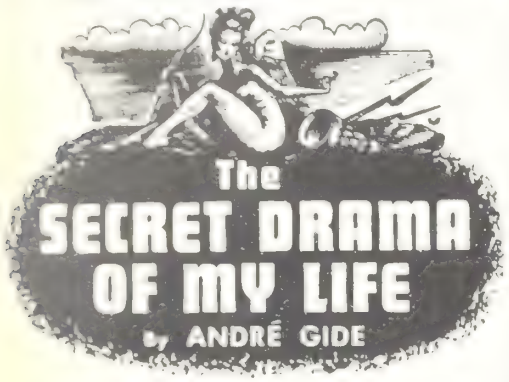
$5.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

The Strangest of all Honeymoons

CONFESSED IN ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING BOOKS OF OUR TIME

...et nunc...manet in te



"FROM beyond the grave, André Gide still [illegible] disturber of a moral universe. When yet alive in 1947, he had prepared with professional foresight a posthumous confession which seems to seek—as do all his books, according to one Roman Catholic critic—public absolution. He had printed in Switzerland thirteen personal copies of 'Et nunc manet in te, suivi de Journal Intime,' which has just been made available in a commercial edition.

"The opening pages of this 120-page volume exposes with startling detail what Gide calls 'the secret drama of my life,' namely, the story of his marriage to Madeleine, his first cousin (referred to as Emmanuéle in his Journal). It was written immediately after her death in 1938 and serves as a long preface for the section titled, 'Journal Intime,' which contains passages concerning her previously withheld from the Journal, an omission, Gide admits, that 'blinded' current editions of that life-long essay in self-understanding.

"In what some here call shocking taste and others a non-restraint necessary for one trying to make literate the whole of his inverted life, Gide relates the fantastic tale of his honeymoon in Italy, where he often abandoned his bride for local *ragazzi*, and his adventures on a train to Algiers, which provoked from his wife the remark, 'You had the air of a criminal or a madman.' And when, he recounts, twenty-two years later he went off on a similar adventure to England and Madeleine burnt all his letters to her, he wept for eight days—not, he is careful to make clear, because of what he had slowly made of his wife, but because of such a precious loss to his writing.

"Ordinarily one might render unto Gide the privacy of his private life, if it weren't he himself who made it part of the public domain. Moreover Gide's chronicling of his life is by far his essential legacy."

From *Paris Letter* by Joseph A. Barry in the *N. Y. Times Book Review*

The Supply Is Limited—Imported from France
ONLY $2.98
English Translation

BOOK LEADS: Dept. H-2
307 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

[illegible]

☐ Send C.O.D.

NEW BOOKS

are still under debate, you know that the World War II leaders needn't expect more lenient treatment nearly a century later. That's one of the fundamentals of war and its aftermaths that don't alter. Not much, anyway. Nor do such details as life on the ships taking soldiers to distant fields. Read Kate Holliday's ***Troopship*** (Doubleday, $3.50), the unadorned story of a thousand and more young Americans packed between decks on their way to Korea. It would be a good book, incidentally, to slip into the deck chair of a passenger on a transatlantic luxury liner complaining about the accommodations on board, this summer.

IF YOU are thinking of staying at home—around New York and New England, say—get the new incarnation of John Kieran's ***Footnotes on Nature*** (Doubleday, $3), a book about "a few men and many walks" endorsed by Clifton Fadiman, the incompletely reformed reviewer, and Brooks Atkinson, the Thoreau of the fifth row on the aisle. Or enjoy a vicarious sabbatical in Arizona with Joseph Wood Krutch, whose normal beat is Broadway, from the theatrical district to Columbia University on Morningside Heights, ***The Desert Year*** (Sloane Associates, $3.75). There's only one thing better than Getting Away from It All, Mr. Kieran and Mr. Krutch remind us, and that is coming back and telling the rest of us All About It. When this is done vocally, of course, our eyes are apt to get the glazed look that comes from gazing at faces varnished with sunlight from the Florida Tan, the Desert Tan, the Afterdeck Bar Tan, the Lido Tan, and the Ski-Fiend Sunburn.

Bemelmania Incognita

WHETHER you are going to France this summer or not is immaterial. In any case, read Ludwig Bemelmans' cheerful and irresponsible new book, ***How to Travel Incognito*** (Little, Brown, $3), an incontinent chronicle of Continental adventures illustrated by the author in drawings that should be inscribed on the Vendome Column the next time the Parisians pull it down. In

What



IS COLLEGE WORTH TO YOU:

... in social prestige?

... in actual income?

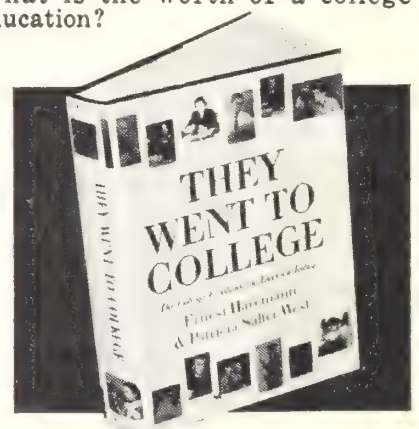
... in getting and holding a job?

... in the stability of marriage?

What difference does a college education make in terms of every measurable, vital factor in adult life? How does it affect your personal happiness and your political beliefs, your church attendance and your chances of advancement, the place you live in and how well you live there?

For the first time since a college education ceased to be the privilege of the few, every college graduate, every student, every parent considering college for his children has available a completely documented, factual report on what "higher" education actually has meant—both for good and ill—to a representative cross-section of the 6,000,000 college graduates now living in this country.

They Went to College is based on a four-year survey conducted by TIME magazine in cooperation with the Columbia University Bureau of Applied Social Research. From the wealth of material amassed by this survey, *They Went to College* presents a fascinating and informative answer to the perennial question: What is the worth of a college education?



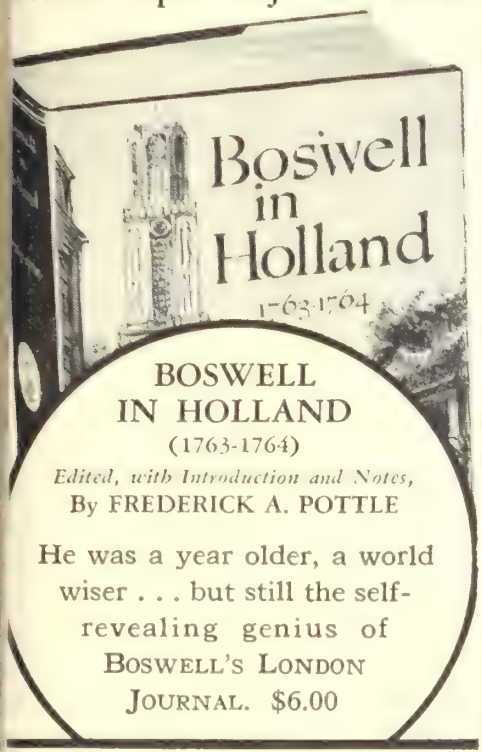
THEY WENT TO COLLEGE

By ERNEST HAVEMANN and PATRICIA SALTER WEST

Get it at your local bookstore
$4.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

Announcing
The *new* volume of the
Private Papers of James Boswell



BOSWELL
IN HOLLAND
(1763-1764)
Edited, with Introduction and Notes,
By FREDERICK A. POTTLE

He was a year older, a world wiser . . . but still the self-revealing genius of BOSWELL'S LONDON JOURNAL. $6.00

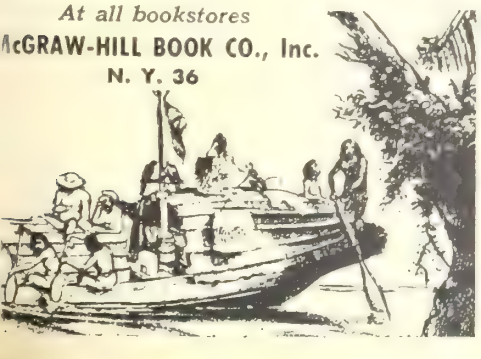
The Law of Larion

PETER FREUCHEN, one of the greatest living authorities on the arctic region and author of the best-selling *Arctic Adventure,* tells a fascinating tale based on the true story of Larion, the last great chieftain of the Yukon . . . who lived and fought by the stern code—"Endure or die that your honor may live."
April 29. $3.75

EXPLORATION OF THE
Valley of the Amazon

WILLIAM LEWIS HERNDON'S remarkable and entertaining travel record. Edited, and with an Introduction, by HAMILTON BASSO. Originally published by the Government in 1854, Herndon's account created tremendous interest and even caused Mark Twain to dream of seeking his fortune in South America. $3.75

At all bookstores
McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., Inc.
N. Y. 36



BOOKS IN BRIEF

this ramshackle saga Mr. Bemelmans has invented a character called the Count of St. Cucuface, a beachcomber of blue blood from the Blue Coast, who helpfully utters all the criticisms of France and the French that Mr. Bemelmans is too tactful to mention. Not content with that, he accepts from St. C. a sobriquet of his own, the Prince de Bavière, that opens many a door on many a meal and story. There is also a sort of Call-Me-Madame l'Ambassadrice, who speaks "with the pronunciation one learns out of small guide books," as they float "in the bilious tide of after-dinner conversation." And the story of a marriage "arranged by both sets of parents," in the French way, that would have been perfect "had they not unfortunately fallen deeply in love with each other." The Bemelmans touch.

All trails the American traveler takes wear American blazes. The resplendently incognito Count de Bavière decides that the road below Nîmes "might have been in Bedford Village, N. Y., it resembled the stretch that leads from the church there, out toward Danbury. At the left there was the selfsame pale green water, the soft rolling hills." That may tell us why some of the architects and decorators of the novel we saw in the conducted-garden-tour of *Literary America* did their best work so far away, Henry James in England, Edith Wharton in France, Hemingway in Spain. On the other hand, how would that explain the fact that one of the greatest of American novels, *Moby Dick,* is about life in the blue-green waters of traditional escape literature, the South Seas?

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

This Crooked Way, by Elizabeth Spencer.
This novel is about a hill man in Mississippi in the early years of the century, who believed himself specially watched over by God; left the hills and won himself some rich Delta land; married a daughter of the rich landed Morgan family;

The book that shakes accepted traditions of history as his
WORLDS IN COLLISION
rocked the scientific world!...

Velikovsky

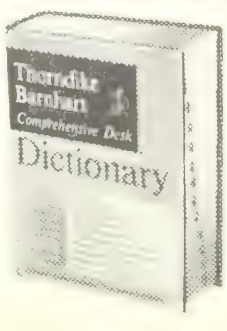
AGES IN CHAOS

Here is startling new light on the historical accuracy of the Old Testament . . . "His conclusions are amazing, unheard of, revolutionary, sensational. If his findings are accepted by historians, all present histories for the period before Alexander the Great must be discarded, and completely rewritten. If Dr. Velikovsky is right, this volume is the greatest contribution to the investigation of ancient times ever written."
—DR. ROBERT H. PFEIFFER,
Head of the Department of Semitic Languages and History, Harvard University

$4.50 at all booksellers DOUBLEDAY

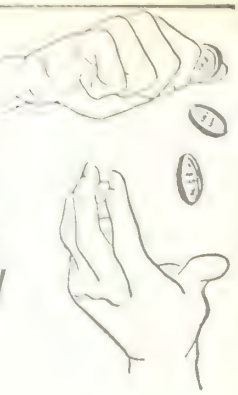
ONE YEAR OLD . . . OVER 350,000 SOLD!

"The best desk dictionary in print!"
—N.Y. World Tel. & Sun



The revolutionary, low-priced dictionary featured in *Life, Time,* and *Reader's Digest.* Over 80,000 entries, 700 illustrations, 896 pages. $2.95 standard; $3.50 thumb indexed; $3.95 flexible, thumb indexed.
DOUBLEDAY

AT LAST—
Economics for people who never understood it before



Man, Money, and Goods

By JOHN S. GAMBS

Just published, $3.75
At your bookseller
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Publishers of The Columbia Encyclopedia

SPANISH ✓ FRENCH ✓ GERMAN ✓ ITALIAN ✓

Start to Speak a Foreign Language Correctly IN ONLY 7 DAYS!

Now you can learn Spanish, French, German or Italian easily, inexpensively and in an amazingly short time.
Funk & Wagnalls' **Language Phone Method** with brand-new R.C.A. high-fidelity phonograph recordings, brings you the actual voices of expert teachers speaking in their native tongues.
The phonograph method of learning a foreign language is the amazing new method you have heard about and been reading about in national publications. With this method you [illegible] your own home. your teacher is always there to instruct you, your manuals always there to help you. You learn as fast as you wish, repeat lessons as often as you need.
Send today for the FREE booklet that explains this remarkable new way to learn a foreign language. Let us tell you how you can try out the Funk & Wagnalls' **Language Phone Method** for a whole week right in your own home and without obligation of any kind.



MAIL THIS COUPON

Funk & Wagnalls Company
Department HH-16, Foreign Languages
153 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.
[illegible] FREE descriptive booklet telling how I can [illegible] Spanish [illegible] Italian at [illegible] obtain a complete Language Phone Kit for seven days' free trial.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....

BOOKS IN BRIEF

made a great deal of money; brought up children to take care of his estate; and then found God and fate taking over his plans in earnest. It is a powerful story of self-discovery told to the reader indirectly through four different narrators with the inescapable build-up and force of a summer thunderstorm. The approach is slow and some readers may not be convinced that the dramatic downpour is coming. But the scattered clouds head up, the wind of passion rises quietly but surely. Miss Spencer illuminates the darkening story for the reader with flashes of occasional bright revelation that mystify at first with glimpses of things half seen. Then, when the storm finally breaks, come great lightnings of perception and one understands it all. A remarkable style, a story beautifully handled. Dodd, Mead, $3

Naked to Mine Enemies, by Susan Yorke.
While admiring the skill with which Miss Yorke's previous book, *The Widow,* was written, I disliked it intensely for its lack of any sympathetic characters. The slices of life that Miss Yorke chooses to portray in this one are anything but endearing—adolescence in a penny-pinching middle class American home, a love affair in the international set in Buenos Aires, a sordid marriage also in Buenos Aires. Her main character is a handsome, talented weakling as boy and man, moved by mysterious, tortured, and undisciplined drives. But her treatment of him and of the three women who tell his story (sister, mistress, wife) is touched with enough compassion to make his fate a matter of concern to the reader. And the writing is as crisp as ever.
Harcourt, $3

Air Bridge, by Hammond Innes.
A fabulously exciting story of intrigue on the airlift. It starts with a crash and a man hunt and ends in anything but a whimper. Like a circus, it's all in superlatives: excellent story, splendidly assorted characters, hair-raising suspense, wonderful descriptions of a deserted airdrome in England and of airlift life in Germany. Some pretty flamboyant situations, but Mr. Innes makes them credible. A fine evening's entertainment. Knopf, $3.50

Will the Dixiecrat revolt drive a permanent wedge into the solid south?

A LIVELY analysis of a question which will be top news in 1952 and succeeding national elections. Here are up-to-date facts and figures on current political trends in the South, the difficulties which stand in the way of a Dixiecrat-Republican alliance; the character of the Southern Republican party; the rising power of the Negro; the underlying economic and social changes that are remaking the South today. A young political scientist of broad background digs deeply at the roots of a vital issue — and comes up with some provocative conclusions on the political potentialities of the 1950's. Tables and charts. $4.75

A Two-Party South?
BY ALEXANDER HEARD

Chapel Hill
At all booksellers
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS
supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.
(We also supply all current books at retail store prices —Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of Harper's Magazine.*)*
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 19, N. Y.
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE
Literary Agent, established 35 years. Manuscripts criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.
AGNES M. REEVE,
Dept. B, FRANKLIN, O.

Stories, Articles, Novels, Books
Fiction, Non-fiction, Sold. Highly recommended for publication. Successes include Best-Seller, Literary "Discovery," Book-of-the-Month Recommendation' Recognized sales, editorial aid for new authors. Unestablished authors assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts.
LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT,
35 West 42d St., NEW YORK 18.

ATHEIST BOOKS
32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO.
38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

BOOKS!
Rare, unusual, out-of-print, firsts, press:—any book on any subject supplied or located promptly.
PARAMOUNT BOOK SERVICE, 39 Hopedale Street,
ALLSTON 34, BOSTON, MASS.

These 3 books EACH A LEADER IN ITS FIELD!

THE AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
A Social History of Musical Taste
By John H. Mueller

Olin Downes praises "the finest book of its kind I have ever read . . . fascinating information . . . profound analysis in English that is a delight." It tells for the first time the complete story of our American orchestras now recognized as foremost in the world. A separate section is devoted to each of the 16 top orchestras. Illustrated. $6.00

LAND FOR TOMORROW
By L. Dudley Stamp

Startling evidence that the truly underdeveloped lands are *not* tropical or uninhabited, but the middle-latitude areas of the United States, Canada, Australia and the Argentine. The noted English geographer backs up his important thesis with facts and figures, charts, maps and diagrams. $4.00

COMPENSATION AND INCENTIVES FOR INDUSTRIAL EXECUTIVES
By R. B. Fetter and Donald C. Johnson

Every business executive will welcome this stimulating answer to the problem of maintaining executive incentive in the face of progressively diminishing personal reward. Here are hard-hitting facts, tables, interviews, salary analyses that will go far in guiding business leaders for their own and the nation's benefit. $5.00

At all bookstores, or
INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Bloomington, Indiana

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Trial by Terror, by Paul Gallico. In a modernized, popularized version of *Darkness at Noon*, Mr. Gallico deals with one of the mysteries of our times. He shows once more the dreadful methods (not physical violence) which the Russians use to make their innocent victims confess to any crimes they like. It is the story of a powerful, breezy, young American reporter on the staff of the Paris edition of the Chicago *Sentinel*. He is not satisfied with what the government, reporters, and Americans in general are doing about the case of a certain American, Frobisher (substitute Vogeler?), who has been captured by the Hungarians, has confessed to being a spy, and has been sentenced. The reporter doesn't believe that a real he-man can be made to confess to something he hasn't done. So he goes to Hungary to investigate. It is a very exciting cops-and-robbers story with a very improbable and elaborate denouement. But it's a story that every healthy, arrogant American who doesn't believe he could be broken by the Russians should read. And it's wonderful reading besides. Knopf, $3

Ghost and Flesh, by William Goyen. Mr. Goyen has named his book well. For the people that he writes about in his decaying Southern towns are indeed ghosts in terms of coping with the modern world and only become flesh in the poetic but credible dream world which he creates. The book is a series of sketches about the lost and lonely with echoes of truth and understanding that haunt one long after the book is put away. For me "The Letter in the Cedar Chest" and "The White Rooster" were particularly moving. Random, $2.75

NONFICTION

The Geography of Hunger, by Josué de Castro. In an impressive answer to the neo-Malthusians Dr. de Castro tells not only the facts he has collected about hunger in the countries of the world, but what he thinks can be done about it. The idea that the more we feed the starved peoples the more people we have is nonsense, he says. The reverse is true. He points to India

Are you interested in movies—seriously?

If so, you are eligible for membership in the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures

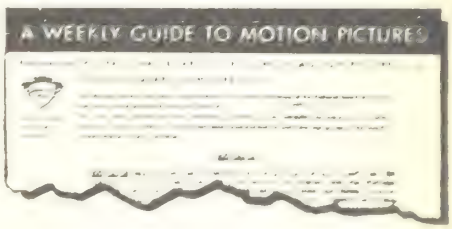
Be part of this independent, non-profit organization founded in 1909 to promote the public understanding of movies as entertainment, as education, as art, as a factor in social progress.



Your dues entitle you to

Films In Review

the only U.S. monthly dealing authoritatively with every aspect of the motion picture.



Your dues also entitle you to

A Weekly Guide To Motion Pictures

which each week brings you intelligent, incorruptible reviews of the better films.

FREE! [illegible] coupon with $5.00 and [illegible] receive FREE the Guide and [illegible] issues of *Films in Review*, each of which contains 25 "stills" from [illegible] pictures.

NATIONAL BOARD OF REVIEW H-5
31 Union Square West,
New York 3, N. Y.

I want to [illegible] membership [illegible] and your gift [illegible]

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



FOR—
sheer reading pleasure and permanent reference

STANDARD DICTIONARY of

FOLKLORE, Mythology, and Legend

Edited by Maria Leach



These two volumes gather together in one major, overall survey the folklore, mythology and legend of the world. In one alphabetical arrangement of 8,000 entries are the gods, heroes, tales, motifs, customs, songs, dances, games, guardian spirits and demons of all the cultures. Includes original signed articles by 33 of the world's leading folklorists and anthropologists.

TWO VOLUMES, BOXED **$20.**

At Your Bookstore or Direct From

FUNK & WAGNALLS

153 E. 24 St. • New York 10, N. Y.

Get the BEST! Get

FUNK & WAGNALLS DICTIONARIES

New College Standard Dictionary EM'-PHA-TYPE Edition

Most complete college-size edition —145,000 definitions—at-a-glance pronunciation.

$5.50 plain $6.00 thumb-indexed

New Desk Standard Dictionary EM'-PHA-TYPE Edition

Perfect for home and office use. 100,000 definitions—synonyms, antonyms, secretarial practice, charts, tables, etc., etc.

$3.75 plain $4.25 thumb-indexed

New Standard Dictionary Unabridged Edition

Accepted all over the world as unquestioned authority. 2,927 pages; 7,000 illustrations.

$30.00 Buckram binding
$35.00 Sheepskin binding

At Your Bookstore or Direct From

FUNK & WAGNALLS

153 E. 24 St. New York 10, N. Y.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

and other ill-fed countries with phenomenal birthrates, and to experiments with animals.) Indeed he argues persuasively that there is plenty of land to feed all peoples well if the nations—especially Russia and the United States—could lay aside political differences long enough to plan it. This from a famous Brazilian scientist and geographer, executive chairman of the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organization, is well worth listening to. Little, Brown, $4.50

I Live Again, by Ileana, Princess of Romania.

Princess Ileana, daughter of Queen Marie and great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, writes the story of her country and her own experiences as a nurse during the last war, of the coming of the Communists and her own subsequent exile. The story of her flight, like so many others, is full of terror and hairbreadth escapes. Bringing with her a sapphire and diamond tiara wrapped in blankets, she managed to pawn it for enough to start life again for herself and her five children in a New England suburb. She calls herself a New England housewife, but she is known to many American audiences as an interesting and charming lecturer. Rinehart, $4

When Doctors Are Patients, edited by Max Pinner, M.D., and Benjamin F. Miller, M.D.

In this book thirty doctors write of their own sensations at being victims of as many diseases. The diseases include, among others, alcoholism, cancer, heart diseases, nervous breakdowns, allergies, tuberculosis. The literary styles are various, as are the temperaments of the sufferers. But all of the doctors are articulate, and all, in their courage at facing the facts of serious and sometimes fatal illness with no comfortable cushion of ignorance to fall back on, are helpful, indeed inspiring to the layman. *Harper's* readers will recognize "Illness from the Inside" by Dr. Ian Stevenson which appeared in our March issue. Norton, $3.95

FORECAST

Ready for the Cuckoo

With the thermometer still hovering

Awarded the 1951 PARENTS' MAGAZINE Book Medal



BROTHERS AND SISTERS

By EDITH G. NEISSER

• "Why does Brother resent Sister? Why do they quarrel so often? Mothers and fathers beset with problems like these will find some constructive advice in this book. In easy-to-read prose the author describes some of the sources of conflict between brothers and sisters and suggests ways of dealing with these conflicts... *Brothers and Sisters* is a book that any family of more than one child should welcome with enthusiasm and read with profit. It will be equally valuable to teachers and study group leaders."

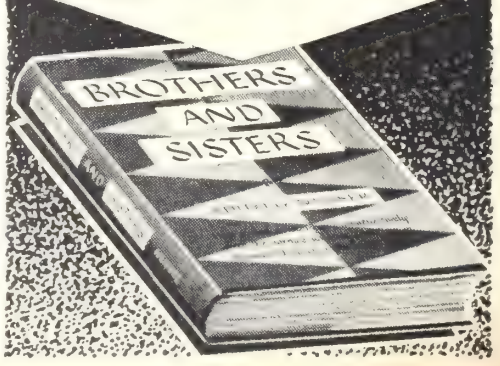
—National Parent-Teacher Magazine

"An exceptional book . . . The reasons for family squabbles are made clear, and the psychological background of jealousy is discussed with understanding." *—Cincinnati Enquirer*

• *Index; appendices telling where to find qualified help for disturbed children, reading references for parents, and fiction dealing with brothers and sisters.*

At all bookstores • $3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS



BOOKS IN BRIEF

ll below fifty it is hard to think
ut the time is coming when we
ll be looking for summer reading.
t the publishers are ready, and
g before the first hammock can
slung out of doors the books will
on the counters to tempt you.
mmer reading is conventionally
ght," so let's start with the novels.
. On May 20 John Day is publish-
g ***Pearl Buck's*** newest, *The Hid-
n Flower,* about a Japanese war
ide who comes to this country to
e. A new turn on Madame But-
fly. On May 21 Lippincott brings
t *Windon's Way,* ***Ramsey Ull-
an's*** new novel, which will be the
terary Guild choice for June. (Mr.
lman is the author of *The White
wer* and *River of the Sun.*) The
ly choice of the Literary Guild is
he Shining Tides, a first novel by
in Brooks. It is about people in
small village on Cape Cod and
orrow will publish it on June 25.
. Other June novels are *Love Is a
e* by ***Maude Hutchins,*** from New
irections Press, *The Fancy Dress
rty* by ***Alberto Moravia,*** from Far-
r, Straus & Young; and *Lament of
ur Virgins* by ***Lael Tucker,*** from
andom House. This last will be
particular interest to *Harper's*
aders as it is based on "The Kiss,
e Tree, and the Bullet," a short
ory we published a couple of years
go.

or Varied Interests.

ot fiction, but almost stranger
an, is *The Glitter and the Gold,*
e autobiography of the American
irl, ***Consuelo Vanderbilt,*** who in
896 at the age of eighteen became
e Duchess of Marlborough, and
ter a famous continental hostess
her name is now Madame Jacques
alsan). It deals with life in a social
orld that is almost extinct in
merica and only slightly less so in
ngland and Europe, and she pre-
nts it as no more and no less
lamorous that it was. From Har-
er in May. . . . In July from Wil-
iam Sloane comes the story of an-
ther fabulous world, *Britain's
oyal Family,* by ***Alan Michie.*** . . .
And also in July a familiar voice
ells "the story of his life and loves,"
cross a Crowded World, by ***Ezio
inza.*** Is further identification
ecessary? The book will be pub-
ished by Doubleday.

the new book almanac

Literally hundreds of books are published *every single week.* In this flood of print that sums up so much learning and so much wit, many a fine book goes unreviewed . . . almost unannounced. Some are privately printed, others too special for the literary column. Many more are missed simply because there are so many new books that critics can find time and space for only a few with broad appeal. The New Book Almanac is planned as a reference place where publishers can call to the attention of Harper's readers, who are bookhounds of a specially eager breed, good books, reviewed or unreviewed, which they may have missed.

PHILOSOPHY

MAN AND HIS GODS By Homer W. Smith. Foreword by Albert Einstein. This important book by a prominent scientist and Professor of Physiology at the New York University College of Medicine is a history of man's ideas about his place in nature and his relation to the unknown, the sources of these ideas and their effects upon his pattern of living. Little, Brown & Co. $5.00

CULTURAL SCIENCES: Their Origin and Development, by Florian Znaniecki. How the physical, natural, and cultural sciences relate and how they are unique, as shown in a penetrating, lucid account of accomplishments and potentialities of each. For scientists in every field, and laymen interested in the question: what is knowledge? "A landmark in sociological literature."—P. Sorokin. Univ. of Illinois Press $6.00

THE GREAT IDEAS OF PLATO By Eugene Freeman and David Appel. The ideas of Plato are presented in extracts from several of his books followed by the editors' commentaries, designed to help the reader develop his own understanding and appreciation of the selections and their relation to life today. Now anybody can understand and appreciate the basic thoughts that support our modern life. Lantern Press $3.00

POLITICS

THE FARMER TAKES A HAND, by Marquis Childs. A history of the Rural Electrification Administration—and of the bloodless revolution which has taken place in rural America because of the increased availability of electric power. An exciting record of achievement, which must be taken into account in every fair-minded evaluation of government policy since 1934. Doubleday. Illus., $3.50

STALIN'S SATELLITES IN EUROPE: Operation Plunder by Ygael Sluckstein. An amazing picture of Russia plundering her own neighbors—a documented narrative drawn almost entirely from official sources, packed with facts and written without passion. Moreover, this detailed study of her satellites provides one of the best views available of conditions in Russia herself. Beacon Press.... $4.50

ASSASSINS AT LARGE. By Hugo Dewar. Here is the first fully document account—hitherto unpublished—of the man politicals executions, kidnappings and abductions committed by Soviet agents in the countries of the West. It is a terrifying record of that legion of the lost ones who dared to oppose Stalin, hunted down relentlessly by Russian secret police. Beacon Press $3.00

SIDE PORCH DEMOCRACY, By Wilbur Clarke Benton. Portrays the middle class at its best, with liberal, optimistic, democratic views. A remarkable narrative of people exemplifying political, scientific and educational views during the rapidly changing decade, 1940—1950. Written with both good humor and good sense. ..... DORRANCE $2.50

STALIN'S SLAVE CAMPS: An Indictment of Modern Slavery. By Charles A. Orr. A handbook of evidence—consisting of testimony of former prisoners of Stalin's slave camps, statements of witnesses and Russian documents themselves—showing the existence of an elaborate network of hundreds of slave camps. A powerful indictment against the most important barrier to the abolition of human slavery. Beacon Press. Paper $.75 Cloth $1.75.

LITERATURE

THE ART OF BOOK READING By Stella Center. A guide for the intelligent reader who seeks in books better understanding and greater enjoyment. It shows how to build a reading vocabulary and increase reading speed, how to respond creatively to the stimulus of an awakened imagination and to the challenge of new ideas. Scribners..... $3.50

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY. *Papers and Addresses of Learned Hand.* Introduction and notes by Irving Dilliard. Liberal, incisive, and humane writings, covering a span of fifty-eight years, on such subjects as justice, tolerance, democracy, liberty; on such men as Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo, Hughes. A book of profound and enduring significance. Knopf. $3.50

THE REAL TRIPITAKA, And Other Pieces, by Arthur Waley, tells what we actually know of Tripitaka—7th century Chinese Buddhist monk—and his unforgettable adventures in search of the Way and the Truth. Included are 8 Chinese stories, 2 Japanese, and 8 Waley stories in "the Chinese style." Macmillan $4.50

WEST AFRICAN EXPLORERS edited by C. Howard, introduction by J. H. Plumb. Adventure, excitement and fascinating lore combined, in an anthology selected from the writings of great explorers. Here, in their own words, are the stories of the first men and women who risked their lives to travel among cannibal tribes, to follow unexplored rivers, and to penetrate the jungles of West Africa. Oxford $2.00

MYSTERY

THE IVORY GRIN, by John Ross Macdonald. Looking for a mystery that's *really* on a par with Hammett, Chandler, Ambler? Here it is—a book for all those weary of gin-mill mysteries punctuated with automatic bumps on the head—a book that refutes the charge that the detective has passed his peak in American fiction. Knopf..... $2.50

SCIENCE

WORLDS IN THE SKY. By Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton. A simple, exciting, up-to-date book about astronomy that "offers a fundamental introduction to the 'why' of all heavenly bodies, including the earth."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* Especially written for boys and girls, but fascinating for aspiring astronomers of all ages. Beautiful illustrations. The John Day Co. $2.50

HISTORY

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION, by Sven Waxell. Lost for two centuries in Russia, this Ms. is the only existing eye-witness account of the second Bering expedition and the founding of Russian America. An incredible tale of hardship at sea, starvation, disease, and violent death. Macmillan $3.00

THEATRE

EDWARDIAN THEATRE by A. E. Wilson. Fondly convinced that the Edwardian period represents the Golden Age of the theatre in England, A. E. Wilson writes here of what he believes was beyond question one of the most important, interesting and momentous eras of all theatrical history. Macmillan. $4.50

THE DIAGHILEV BALLET IN LONDON, Third Edition, by Cyril W. Beaumont, recaptures the brilliance of Diaghilev Ballet from 1912 until its close, describes some of its famous dancers and the roles they made famous. 24 beautiful photos, a full-color frontispiece. Macmillan $5.00

EDUCATION

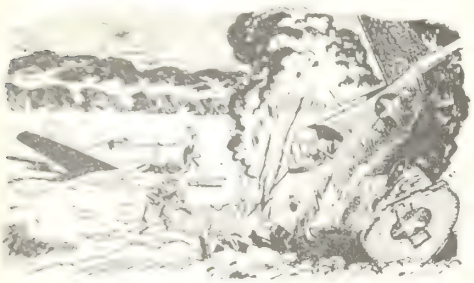
HANDBOOK OF PRIVATE SCHOOLS, 33rd edition, 992 pp. A completely revised edition of the standard annual Directory. Critically describes and classifies private schools—Primary, Secondary, Specialized, Boarding and Day Schools and Junior Colleges. Many new features have been added. Porter Sargent, 11 Beacon, Boston..... $8.00

PSYCHOLOGY

THE HOMOSEXUAL IN AMERICA by Donald Webster Cory. The first frank discussion of the life and problems of homosexuals in the U.S. told subjectively by one who is himself an invert. Says Max Lerner: "Long-needed to break the tabus on homosexuals." Clara Thompson, M.D. says "A sincere and worthwhile book. The homosexual should gain reassurance and self-respect from its pages." Greenberg $4.00

Order any of these books from your own bookseller. Or write directly to the publisher.

IT WAS A BRIGHT EARLY DECEMBER DAY and Lieutenant Hudner was flying a Korean combat mission alongside another plane piloted by Ensign Jesse Brown. A burst of flak



caught the ensign's plane and he went spinning down, aflame. Lieutenant Hudner then deliberately crash landed near his flame-trapped shipmate. He radioed for help, after which he fought to keep the fire away from the fatally injured ensign until a rescue helicopter arrived. Today Lieutenant Hudner says:

"Maybe if America had been strong enough to discourage aggression two years ago, my friend, Jesse Brown, might be alive right now. So might thousands more of our Korea dead.

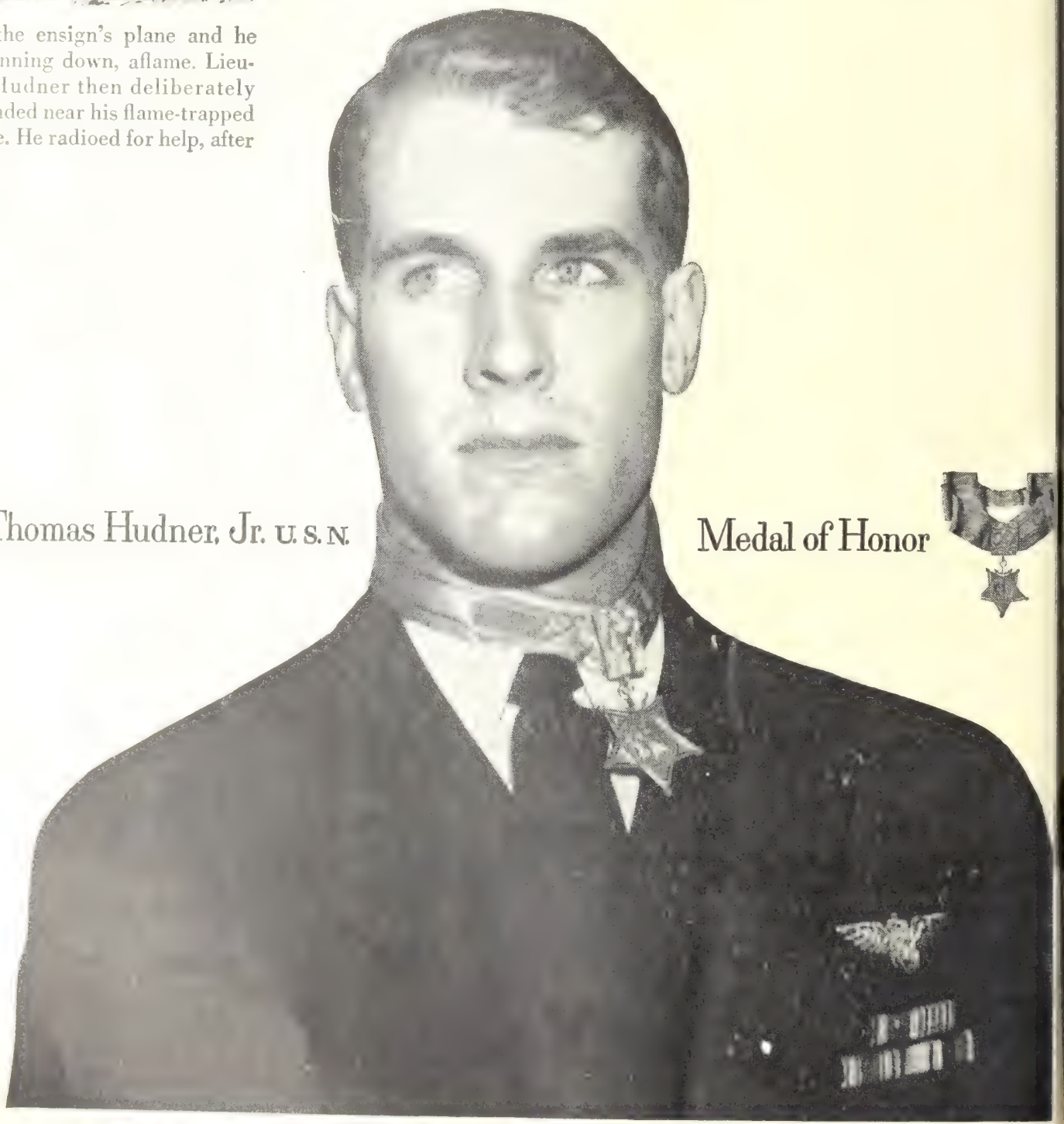
"For it's only too sadly true—today, in our world, weakness invites attack. And *peace is only for the strong.*

"Our present armed forces *are* strong—and growing stronger. But don't turn back the clock! Do your part toward *keeping* America's guard up by buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense Bonds *now!* Back us up. And *together* we'll build the strong peace that all Americans desire!"

★ ★ ★

Remember that when you're buying bonds for defense, you're also building a personal reserve of savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan or the Bond-A-Month Plan. Buy United States Defense Bonds now!

Peace is for the strong...
Buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!



Lt.(jg) Thomas Hudner, Jr. U. S. N.

Medal of Honor

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of Americ



TONI FRISSELL

Kings, warriors, poets rest here

*"We went to The Tower. We went to the Zoo. We saw every flower in the gardens at Kew."** But when you step inside Westminster Abbey the gay, light-hearted quotation deserts you, muffled by the hush of centuries. Here is the treasure house of British history . . . the reflected glory of ages. Look up and see, above you, the saddle, shield and battle-eased helmet of Henry V, hero of Agincourt. Stand before the tomb which Queen Elizabeth shares with her tempestuous sister, Mary Tudor. Pay homage, too, to the immortals who rest in Poet's Corner. To many, the solemn grandeur of the Abbey is the golden moment of their trip to Britain. Others may tell you that striding the battlements of an ancient castle in Wales was the most thrilling adventure of all. Some say that time spent in the Scottish Highlands gave them the keenest delight they had ever known. But after all, Britain is many things to many people. To all visitors, Britain is the most *romantic* land on the face of the earth! Why not see your Travel Agent—and COME TO BRITAIN NOW!

*©1949, The White Cliffs. For information and literature, see your Travel Agent or write British Travel Association, Box 59, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17



Enjoying a midmorning snack on a "Santa" cruise

Cruises TO THE CARIBBEAN AND SOUTH AMERICA

12 TO 18 DAYS OR LONGER...SAILINGS EVERY FRIDAY

Grace "Santas" are especially designed for tropical cruising
all rooms outside, each with private bath
light airy dining rooms on promenade decks
outdoor tiled swimming pools. See your travel agent or

GRACE LINE

10 Hanover Square, New York

Agents and offices in all principal cities

Harper's MAGAZINE

FIFTY CENTS

The Unsystematic American System..
Frederick Lewis Allen

Warren of California .....
Gordon Harrison

The Automatic Heart .....
Leonard Engel

How to Drive a Car .....
Lincoln Dryden

Also: *Elmer Davis, Joyce Cary, Van Wyck Brooks, Bernard DeVoto, J. C. Furnas, Louis H. Bean, etc.*

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

The Medal SCOTCH *of the World*

Famed are the clans of Scotland . . . their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!



Traditional Tart
of Clan MacInt

for distinguished service



White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Wh

Schenley Import Corp., N. Y

IMPORTE
by Schenl



She's dialing California from Englewood, N. J.

An entirely new kind of Long Distance service is now being tried in Englewood, New Jersey.

Ten thousand telephone customers in that city now dial their own calls to certain distant points.

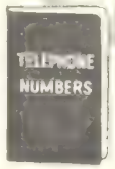
It's easy to do and faster. Just by dialing two or three more digits than on a local call, they can reach any one of eleven million telephones in and around twelve cities from coast to coast.

This new way of putting through Long Distance calls is another example of the way Bell System people are constantly planning and building to provide you with better telephone service.

First comes the idea. Next the inventing, manufacturing and trial in actual use. Then, as soon as possible, the extension of the improved service to more and more people.

HELPFUL HINT — *Keep a list of Long Distance numbers handy beside your telephone. Out-of-town calls go through faster when you Call By Number.*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Water with a Southern Accent

Chances are, the pion who discovered it did realize that he had fo the best-tasting water America. Or that this wa would play a great role making whiskey.

But the pure, clear spr water of Kentucky a southern Indiana is n famous for the fine flavo lends to whiskey during tilling.

You'll find many Schen distilleries in the regi where this water with "southern accent" flows c and clear. In fact, ever sin Schenley began maki whiskey, it has located distilleries near pure, dee delicious springs.

Not only the water, b everything that goes in the making of Schenl whiskies must be the fine A complete network quality controls guards t whiskies from the time t grain is grown till the whi key is in your glass.

This is Schenley's way making certain that you g the utmost enjoyment every drop of every drin *Schenley Distillers, Inc New York, N. Y.*



Nature's
unhurried goodness

S — S

Schenley's
unmatched skill



The best-tasting
whiskies in ages

SCHENLEY

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
Editor in Chief

RUSSELL LYNES
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON
ERIC LARRABEE
CATHARINE MEYER
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD
Editors

JOHN A. KOUWENHOVEN
JOHN FISCHER
RICHARD H. ROVERE
Contributing Editors

JOHN JAY HUGHES
Assistant to the Publisher, Circulation Director

WALDO W. SELLEW
Advertising Director

HARPER & BROTHERS
PUBLISHERS

CASS CANFIELD
Chairman of the Board

FRANK S. MACGREGOR
President

RAYMOND S. HARWOOD
Executive Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN
WILLIAM H. ROSE, JR.
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.
Vice Presidents

rper's Magazine, issue for June
2. Vol. 204. Serial No. 1225. Copy-
ht 1952 in the United States and Great
tain by Harper & Brothers. All rights,
luding translation into other languages,
erved by Publisher in the United
tes. Great Britain, Mexico, and all
ıntries participating in the interna-
nal Copyright Convention and the
n-American Copyright Convention.
blished monthly by Harper & Brothers,
East 33d Street, New York 16, New
rk.
mposed and printed in the U.S.A. by
ion labor at the Williams Press, 99-129
rth Broadway, Albany, New York. En-
ed as second-class matter at the post
ce at Albany, N. Y., under the Act of
ırch 3, 1879.
bscription Rates: 50¢ per copy; $5.00
e year; $8.00 two years; $10 three years.
reign postage—except Canada and Pan
ıerica—$1.50 per year additional.
ange of Address: Four weeks' ad-
ıce notice, and old address as well as
w, are necessary. Address all corre-
ondence relating to subscriptions to:
bscription Dept., 49 E. 33d St., New
rk 16, N. Y.

Harper's MAGAZINE

Vol. 204 JUNE 1952 No. 1225

PERSONAL & OTHERWISE 4

LETTERS 14

THE UNSYSTEMATIC AMERICAN SYSTEM
Frederick Lewis Allen 21

A LECTURER AT LARGE—*Verses*
Ogden Nash 26

WARREN OF CALIFORNIA
Gordon Harrison 27

THE ACCESSION OF A QUEEN
John Strachey 33

GLORY IN BRIDGEVILLE—*A Story*
William Wise 40

LEWIS MUMFORD: AMERICAN PROPHET
Van Wyck Brooks 46

WE FETCHED OURSELVES A MEDICAL CENTER
J. C. Furnas 54

THE EASY CHAIR—*Next to Reading Matter*
Bernard DeVoto 61

STEVENSON & THE INDEPENDENT CAT 65

VOX POPULI AND FOREIGN POLICY
Elmer Davis 66

SUCCESS STORY—*A Story*
Joyce Cary 74

WHO WILL WIN IN '52?
Louis H. Bean 77

HOW TO DRIVE A CAR
Lincoln Dryden 82

THE AUTOMATIC HEART
Leonard Engel 90

TOURISM—*A Poem*
Claire Nicolas 92

"OLD MEN FOR COUNCIL, YOUNG MEN FOR WAR . . ."
Richard L. Neuberger 93

AFTER HOURS
Mr. Harper 94

NEW BOOKS
Charles Poore 98

BOOKS IN BRIEF
Katherine Gauss Jackson 104

Personal & Otherwise

Unless you are unusually lucky, the commencement address you just heard (or are about to hear), or the one you just gave (or are committed to give), was well-intentioned, hortatory, and rather dull. In its stead we offer you some excerpts from the dissenting opinion of Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas in the case of the so-called Feinberg law.

New York State's Feinberg law, which the Court upheld recently by a vote of 6 to 3, was designed to provide for "the disqualification and removal" of teachers and other school employees who advocate the overthrow of the government by unlawful means *or* who belong (or have belonged) to organizations which are listed as "subversive." Justice Minton, who wrote the majority opinion, argued that the law does not abridge the constitutional right of schoolteachers and employees to assemble, speak, think, and believe what they will because, if "such persons" do not choose to work under the terms laid down by the law, "they are at liberty to retain their beliefs and associations and go elsewhere." ("Let 'em eat cake," again.)

Justice Douglas' dissent, in which he was joined by Justice Black, included the following paragraphs which—in P & O's judgment—are more important than the legalistic contortions which the majority opinion records:

> The Constitution guarantees freedom of thought and expression to everyone in our society. All are entitled to it; and none needs it more than the teacher. . . .
>
> The present law proceeds on a principle repugnant to our society—guilt by association. A teacher is disqualified because of her membership in an organization found to be "subversive." The finding as to the "subversive" character of the organization is made in a proceeding to which the teacher is not a party and in which it is not clear that she may even be heard. . . .
>
> The very threat of such a procedure is certain to raise havoc with academic freedom. Youthful indiscretions, mistaken causes, misguided enthusiasms—all long forgotten—become the ghosts of a harrowing present. . . . Fearing condemnation, the teacher will tend to shrink from any association that stirs controversy. In that manner freedom of expression will be stifled.
>
> But that is only part of it. . . . The law inevitably turns the school system into a spying project. Regular loyalty reports on the teachers must be made out. The principals become detectives; the students, the parents, the community become informers. Ears are cocked for telltale signs of disloyalty.
>
> The prejudices of the community come into play in searching out the disloyal. This is not the usual type of supervision which checks a teacher's competency; it is a system which searches for hidden meanings in a teacher's utterances. . . .
>
> There can be no real academic freedom in that environment. . . . Supineness and dogmatism take the place of inquiry. A "party line"—as dangerous as the "party line" of the Communists—lays hold. It is the "party line" of the orthodox view, of the conventional thought, of the accepted approach.
>
> A problem can no longer be pursued with impunity to its edges. Fear stalks the classroom. The teacher is no longer a stimulant to adventurous thinking; she becomes a pipeline for safe and sound information.
>
> A deadening dogma takes the place of free inquiry. Instruction tends to become sterile. Pursuit of knowledge is discouraged; discussion often leaves off where it should begin. . . .
>
> A system which directly or inevitably has that effect is alien to our system and should be struck down. Its survival is a real threat to our way of life. We need to be adventurous in our thinking to survive. . . .
>
> The framers [of the Constitution] knew the danger of dogmatism; they also knew the strength that comes when the mind is

free, when ideas may be pursued wherever they lead. We forget these teachings of the First Amendment when we sustain this law.

What's Going on Here?

A good many *Harper's* readers have undoubtedly had a chance, in their own communities, to take sides in the battle between those who believe our schools and colleges should encourage free inquiry and those who want them to adhere to what Justice Douglas calls "the 'party line' of the orthodox view." If so, they know that the attitudes symbolized by the Feinberg law are the products of a kind of fear which is sometimes pathetic, often despicable, and always wasteful.

The wastefulness of such fear is, in a sense, the underlying meaning of ***Frederick Lewis Allen's*** article in this issue on "The Unsystematic American System" (p. 21). For in this article, which attempts to describe what is actually going on in the American economic and social system, as distinct from what has been generally assumed to be going on, Mr. Allen disposes of the notion that the direction of change in American life has been, or is, toward either socialism or communism and that change must therefore be resisted. This notion, as he says, is "a stultifying force in our life. It causes well-meaning people to imagine that anyone with unorthodox ideas must be suspected of subversive intent. . . . We would do better to put it out of our minds, and to realize that our sobering position of leadership in the world is founded upon the fact that we have not stood still."

Out of habit, chiefly, many Americans go on talking as if the history of the past fifty years in this country were the history of the gradual laming and mangling by government of a once-flourishing "capitalist" or "free-enterprise" economy. What has really happened, as Mr. Allen makes clear, is that a haphazard, unplanned, and frequently ill-natured collaboration between business, government, and popular pressure has long since licked the problems to which nineteenth-century communism and socialism offered cures. And in the process we have unwittingly created an economic and social system to which Marx is as irrelevant as Ricardo.

P & O does not intend to minimize the danger of the so-called Communists. But it seems to us that, if we accept the evidence in Mr. Allen's article, we must dismiss our fears of the Communists' "revolutionary" social and economic theory, which is moribund, and simply keep them under normal police observation as possible trouble-makers (like juvenile delinquents and other socially maladjusted groups) and under regular FBI observation as possible spies. Beyond that, for heaven's sake let's not stew and fret about them any longer; it's a waste of energy we should be devoting to our own continuing American revolution.

That revolution is the product of what Mr. Allen calls "The Great American Discovery": the discovery that just as an individual business runs best when part of the profits are plowed back into improvements, so the economic system as a whole runs better when we plow some of the profits into improving the income and status of the lower-income groups. And this discovery has a corollary: that those whose income and status are improved will rise to their increased opportunities and obligations.

The changes which this discovery has brought about are clearly and eloquently summarized in Mr. Allen's piece, and the evidence is so overwhelming (and, in a sense, so familiar) that one wonders why so many of us have failed to notice it.

The answer, in part at least, seems to be that during most of our history we have been in the habit of seeing ourselves as others see us, rather than as we are. From De Tocqueville to Lord Bryce, and down to Geoffrey Gorer and Lin Yutang, we have been accustomed to having outsiders tell us what we were up to. And in a nation which was so diverse, so unarticulated, and so helter-skelter as ours has traditionally been, these outside views were naturally welcome. To us, living right spang in the midst of the disorderly mess, it was comforting to have some ordered, logical, systematic explanation of what America was all about. If the resulting picture didn't jibe at all points with what we saw about us, we preferred to think our individual case was exceptional. The over-all view must be correct—it was so comfortingly self-consistent and free from the troublesome loose ends which life itself seemed to have.

Ex Libris:

MERRILL LYNCH



FICTION fans beware! Literature labelled Merrill Lynch is based on fact . . . makes fascinating reading —for investors only!

Take *"How to Invest"* prepared by our Research Department. It's a twenty-six page look at the whole problem of investing, points out the basic principles any beginner should know—and experienced investors should review.

It starts by showing you how to chart your financial position so that you can decide whether you *should* invest.

It defines different kinds of securities and the part each plays in reaching investment objectives of growth, income or safety . . . explains in detail what diversification is and why it's important . . . covers market trends and their effect on investments . . . contrasts various methods for managing a portfolio.

It lists the questions you should ask before investing in *any* industry, company, or security . . . suggests sensible ways to get the answers, and does intimate that Merrill Lynch is a pretty sound source of information, itself!

Why not ask for a copy of *"How to Invest"* at our nearest office. Or, if you *can't* come in, simply write—

[illegible] SB-54

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 99 Cities

The result has been that when an American has, from time to time, tried to record what he saw about him, his view has been more often tested against some current outside view than against actuality. It is noteworthy, for example, that the most admired book about America by an American is probably Henry James's *The American Scene* (1907) in which James recorded his impressions during a visit to this country after twenty-five years' self-exile in Europe—a carefully-wrought picture which the author's brother William (who knew the actualities at first hand) thought was compounded wholly out of "impalpable materials, air, and the prismatic interferences of light, ingeniously focused by mirrors upon empty space."

THIS does not mean that Americans have not written books about America which have had a firm grasp on what was really happening. They have; but the books have tended to be unconventional and people haven't paid much attention to them. In Mr. Allen's own field, for example, Henry C. Carey wrote a book almost a hundred years ago in which he described the American economic system as quite unlike that of England or the Continent and "the only one ever devised the tendency of which is that of *elevating* and *equalizing* the condition of man throughout the world." But the London *Times* denounced Carey's "ignorance and imbecility," and American economists and business men decided Ricardo and Mill must be right and Carey wrong.

Or take another example, of more recent date: Edward A. Filene's *The Way Out: A Forecast of Coming Changes in American Business and Industry,* which was published in 1924. Filene was a self-educated merchant who learned that "any job, however prosaic by the conventional standards of judgment, is a good enough point of departure for a liberal and useful education." His book is a direct, unsentimental analysis of what was happening in American business and what would probably happen in the future.

Filene's observations of the political, social, and industrial forces at work in America and in Europe forced him in the early twenties to two convictions about the future of business and industry. These convictions were:

> First, that business and industry, in order to be financially profitable to employers and employees and socially serviceable to the public at large during the next ten or twenty years, will have to turn more and more to mass production and mass distribution. Second, that business and industry, in order to insure a permanently peaceful and profitable future, will have to be more and more democratically organized.

The real revolutionists of the ne twenty-five years, Filene insiste "will not be the Bolsheviks but t business men," and he described pr cisely how that would be true. Ar Mr. Allen's article, twenty-eig years later, gives the proof that was right. Perhaps the rediscovere of America, whom we described this column last month, will deci that Filene's book is entitled to least as much attention as Hen James's. But if it is reprinted (as should be) let's not have the intr duction written by a self-exiled E ropean who has come to live in America which never existed outsi of books written by people who pr ferred a vision of order to the u systematic reality in which, for be ter or worse, Americans have stur bled toward their destiny.

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, of cours is the editor in chief of *Harpe* and the author of several boo which have kept a close eye on co temporary America. The prese article is one of two that his co leagues have extracted from him the course of his work on a ne book which will deal with the forc which have brought about the ec nomic, social, and political chang of the past fifty years. This artic plus one called "The Spirit of t Times" which we will publis shortly, will be a part, with vario additions and subtractions, of h book, *The Big Change,* when it a pears next fall.

Speaking of Prophets

THOSE of us who were young whe *The Golden Day* and *The Brow Decades* came out are unlikely t

:ver how much of our awareness
f he American past we owe to
is Mumford. To him, and to
h author of *America's Coming of*
g, we owed a curiosity about our
u ble past" which easily overcame
h sterile and genteel antiquarian
f which had overlooked such ro-
figures as the Roeblings and
rge P. Marsh and which had
e its best to embalm Emerson,
ville, Hawthorne and the other
ssics" as decorous and harmless
nmies. We might later rebel
inst both Mumford and *Van*
ck Brooks, partly because they
e wrong (for us) and partly be-
se we only thought so, but we
ht never have discovered what
true (for us) if they had not
nched us on our own voyages of
overy.

t may seem to some readers, as
loes to P & O, that both Brooks
Mumford are limited by a lack
firsthand acquaintance with, and
l understanding of, the dynamic
nacular forces of American in-
trial society. Both men, in their
tinctive ways, weight the scales
heavily, it seems to me, in favor
the enduring relevance of antiq-
y and of man's need for rooted-
s and tradition. But of all the
lts which Americans can have,
s is surely the most understand-
le and lovable, and its by-products
n both Mumford and Brooks—
ve been so admirable that they are
most as good as virtues.

To P & O, therefore, as to many
ers, the conjunction of these two
at American figures in Van Wyck
ooks's article on "Lewis Mum-
d: American Prophet" (p. 46) is
occasion of great interest, and an
asion for re-assessing our in-
btedness to both men. It is clearly
great debt, worthy of enduring
atitude.

Mr. Brooks tells us that his arti-
about Mumford is to be a part
a book on *The Writer in America*
hich he hopes to finish this sum-
er. His most recent book was *The*
nfident Years: 1885-1915, the final
lume in his literary history of
merica called *Makers and Finders*.

hrough the Looking Glass

VERYONE who drives a car will have his own additions and

Enjoy a delightful
DUDE RANCH Vacation
in the "Union Pacific West"



A Dude Ranch vacation means fun for all the family.

For a lazy, leisurely do-as-you please vacation, there's nothing like a dude ranch. But which one? For the answer we offer you a "Dude Ranch" booklet, liberally illustrated, which describes more than 100 dude ranches in the Union Pacific West.

And when you've made your choice, ask your ticket or travel agent to route you by Union Pacific. We'll take you there in smooth-riding comfort . . . serve you wonderful dining-car meals. Just mail the coupon for your free booklet.

It's such comfortable and convenient to go by train. You rest as you ride.

Send for this Full Color Booklet···
It's FREE!



UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Room 555, Omaha 2, Nebr.

Please send my free booklet "Dude Ranches Out West."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone ___ State _____

How to send a 7-year-old boy through Oxford

Holiday's editor recently had lunch with Joyce Cary, at the novelist's home in Oxford. The discussion turned toward contemporary standards at Oxford, whether or not today's students did as well as those of other days.

"Generally, yes," said Mr. Cary. "There probably are more failures today, not because the level of intelligence is down, but because the habit of reading was not established early in life. Where books have been in the home, available to the child at a fairly early age—where reading has been possible—the student acquires a power of understanding and expression which is vital to success in any study or profession. It is by reading that children learn the words for their own ideas."

Exposure to good writing at an early age is a help through life as well as through Oxford. In the United States today, some of the best writing is appearing in magazines, some of the very best in Holiday. And Holiday, because it is a combination of prose and pictures, provides a particularly happy way of weaning youngsters from the dangerous mental undernourishment of the comic book, onto an invigorating diet of the English language, beautifully prepared and served.

A succulent sample is the June issue, now on the stands. In it you'll find such writers as Ludwig Bemelmans, S. J. Perelman, Philip Van Doren Stern, Phil Stong and Joe McCarthy.

corrections for ***Lincoln Dryden's*** article on "How to Drive a Car" (p. 82). But Mr. Dryden certainly ought to know what he is talking about. He is professor of geology at Bryn Mawr College, and it is his interest in seeing the geology he tells his students about which has led him to take twelve 10,000-mile automobile trips. He has driven in all states except Michigan and North Dakota, and in Canada and Mexico. After one six-mile trip in the plateau and canyon country of the Southwest, which took the whole of a Sunday morning, he was told by a local inhabitant that the road had been washed out two years before. He likes the road sign he saw in southwest Kansas: "Danger—Strong Air Currents," and the one at the beginning of a steep down-grade in Utah: "Danger—Unwinding Road." This is Mr. Dryden's first appearance in a general magazine, though he has had many articles in technical journals.

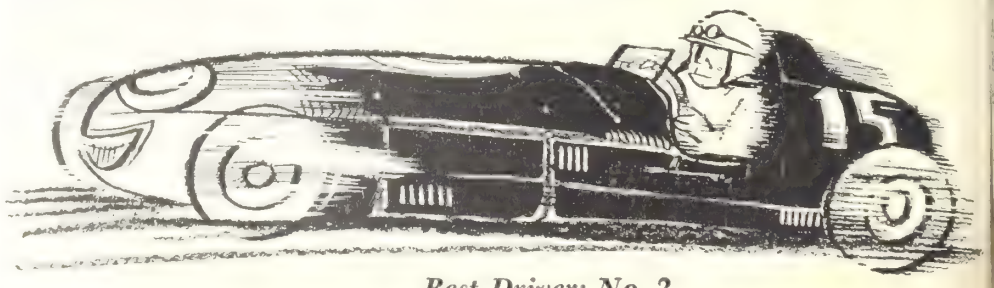
Being case-hardened drivers ourselves, you and P & O obviously know more about driving than Mr. Dryden. We know, for instance, that those statistics about the low accident rates of women-drivers merely prove that when men-drivers see a woman at the wheel they are prepared for anything. As the taxi-driver said, the only thing you know for sure when a woman-driver sticks out her hand to signal is that the window is open. Our own rule for safe driving is: assume that every car you can see, and every car that could conceivably turn up anywhere, has a woman driver at the wheel. The trouble is, if men really assumed that, they wouldn't drive at all. Then all the drivers on the road would be women and driving would be even more hazardous than it now is. So perhaps we had better forget the whole thing and follow Mr. Dryden's advice after all.

Robert Osborn is the artist who made the pictures for "How to Drive a Car." We might better say Robert Osborn is an artist and let it go at that. Then we can ask you to understand his reaction to Professor Dryden's text—expressed not only in his fulgurant pictures but in the fulminant note which accompanied the originals. Here it is:

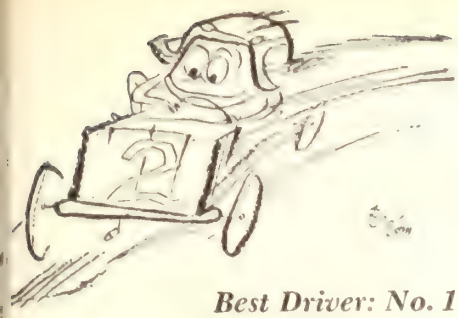
> I think the two best drivers in the U.S.A. are the kids in the soap boxes and the pro-racers. Personally, I've turned over on one side, or on top, or all the way to the third side (once), and all the way back to the original position—six times in all.
>
> I slowly became a timid driver and the death of Sam Cobean has put the fear of God into me. I'm scared. All it takes is a Cadillac passing me on my way up a hill to leave me a trembling wreck at the wheel, honking angrily. A train is a far better vehicle. You can sleep, draw, or read. Two hundred people pay for one driver; that makes sense. The hurrying kind of automobile driver never stops to enjoy the one virtue of the car: the top down and the slow pace so that you can actually look at the landscape at your own tempo.

Runners and Readers

•••The editors of *Harper's* have been feeding the public interest, not gambling on political chances, in presenting their 1952 pre-Convention series of articles (by several hands) on potential Presidential candidates. The latest of the group is "Warren of California" (p. 27) by ***Gordon Harrison***, who also contributed the first, "Can Eisenhower Save the GOP?" in the January issue. Between these two end pieces, there have been four other analytical studies: Truman and Taft by Richard H. Rovere, Stevenson by Bernard DeVoto, and Eisenhower by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. It is doubtful whether candidates who



Best Driver: No. 2



Best Driver: No. 1

will have time to read, but we we have given the delegates to cago something to think about, in due season.

n all of these articles, the authors e expressed their judgments ly, and P & O has refrained from proving or disapproving. We intain our disinterested aplomb n at the twelfth hour, but we to include in our own political mer one bit of advice uttered by vernor Warren to fellow-Repubns gathered in New York this ing: "Don't let the political bug you or it will kill you." This s for candidates, of course, but for political writers, for delees to conventions, for readers of gazines, and for editors.

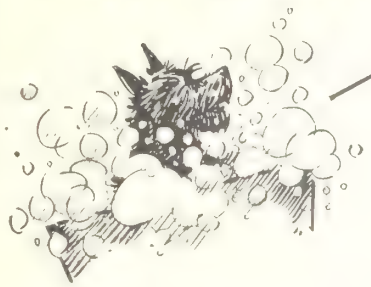
Mr. Harrison is the author of *oss-Channel Attack,* an official ay history of the Normandy invan. During the war he was a com- historian with General Patton's ny, and afterward he studied for d received a Ph.D. degree from rvard. He has just gone to Deit as an editorial writer on the troit *News,* and is continuing rk also on a history of conservae politics in America.

Oscar Berger, who has drawn caricures of the last four Presidents the United States (part of an dless gallery of celebrities), has etched Governor Warren a numr of times and says that he has "a ppy disposition and a nearly permnent radiant grin." The drawing this issue is characteristic. The est of Mr. Berger's books is *My ctims,* which was published in pril by Harper & Brothers. Mr. rger says in his book that it is sy to caricature.

•Last month we commented here the fact that a new Elizabethan e is beginning, with a rediscovery the New World as one of its most gaging occupations. This month



Pardon Our Pride!



"WE'VE A REPUTATION TO BE PROUD OF, WHITEY!"



"YES, BLACKIE, AND THAT OUTSTANDING REPUTATION IS DUE TO THE FACT THAT THE QUALITY AND CHARACTER OF BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY NEVER CHANGE."

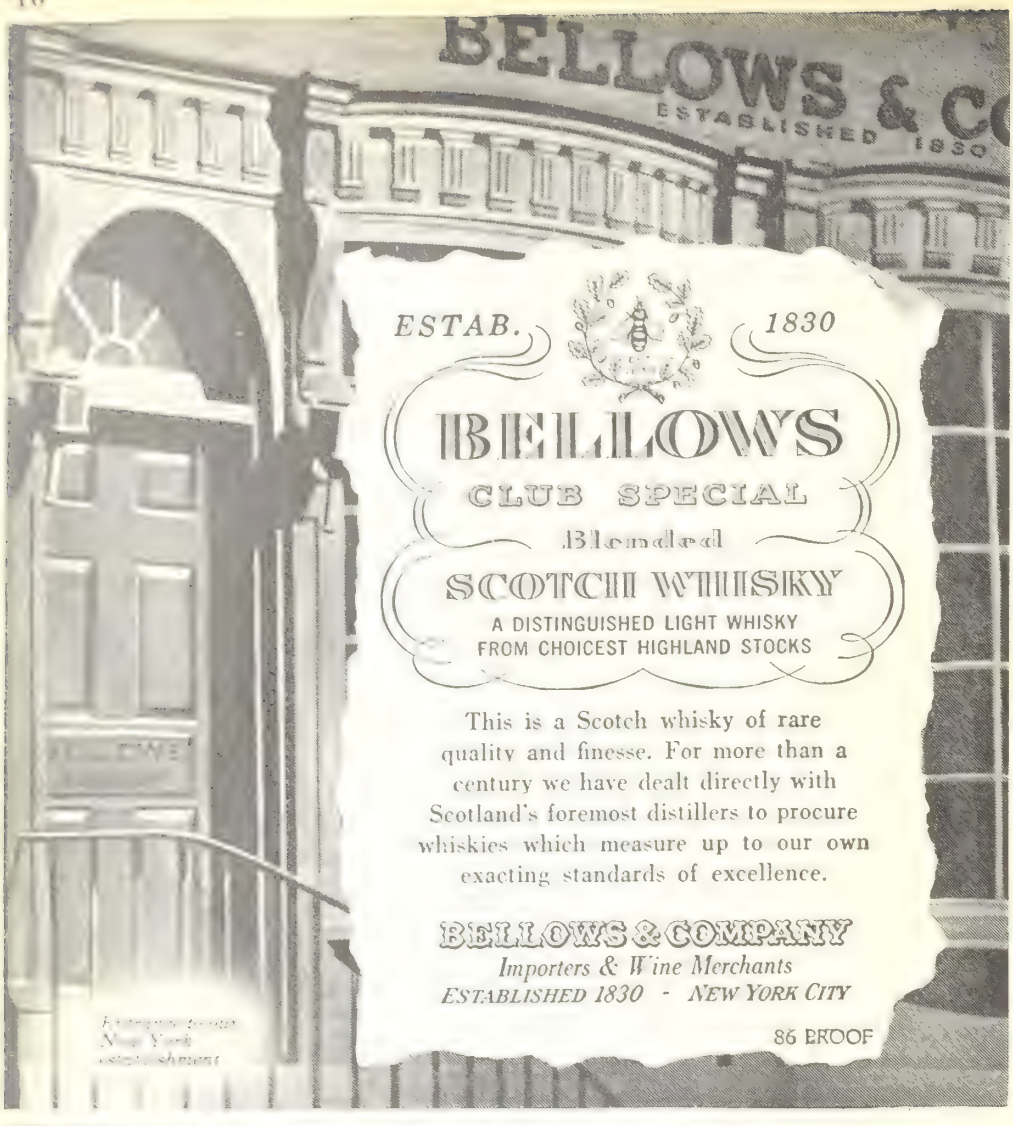


"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS







we are happy to publish an e witness report of "The Accession a Queen" (p. 33) by the Right H orable ***John Strachey***, a Labor M who has held a number of imp tant cabinet posts including th of Minister of Food and Secret of State for War. He is the autl of several books well known on b sides of the Atlantic, notably *T Coming Struggle for Power* (19 *The Menace of Fascism* (1933), a *A Faith to Fight For* (1940). *H per's* published another of his a cles, "The Incident in James Stree in May 1941.

•••***William Wise*** makes his fi appearance in *Harper's* with "Gl in Bridgeville" (p. 40). Mr. W has lived most of his life in a around New York, except for th years in the Army, where he serv as personnel clerk and serge major, "with certain untidy dut in between." He was stationed England, France, and Germany, a time when peace was wonderfu He returned to Yale, began to wr under the Scholars of the Hou Program, and was an editor on t *Yale Literary Magazine*. Since gra uation he has written film strips a stories (published in the *Virgi Quarterly* and the *Yale Revie* He is now working on short stor and a novel—and thinking of "h green the grass must be up at t Stadium." That's where the Yanke play.

As to his interest in baseball, M Wise wrote us:

> My downfall began at the age of seven, when my father first took me up to 161st Street and River Avenue to see the Yankees play. Babe Ruth came to bat with the famous number 3 on his uniform and hit a home run over the bleacher screen —I've been a hopeless baseball addict ever since. A few friends who have borne with my condition through the years, know they can always find me on summer afternoons by searching the upper deck at the Stadium for a gaunt, red-eyed man with a hoarse voice, who will be muttering to himself, "Get a hit, you bum, get a hit."

Charles Geer, whose pictures lustrate "Glory in Bridgeville," also a newcomer in *Harper's*, al

inhabitant of New York and its irons. But he did his wartime ice in the Navy and is a Detroit ers fan. He had started his col- training at Dartmouth before war, thought it over in the Nvy, and on his return went to the tt Institute and studied art. His er colors have been displayed the National Academy, and he been free-lancing in illustration ce 1947.

•"We Fetched Ourselves a Medi- Center" (p. 54), the story of a narkable community effort, is d from life by ***J. C. Furnas,*** a ident for twelve years of Hunter- n County, New Jersey, where the nts happened. Mr. Furnas is well own as the author of a completely ferent narrative, *Voyage to Wind- rd: The Life of Robert Louis venson,* which came out last year d delighted its readers and the tics. He also wrote *Anatomy of radise,* a round-up book on the ith Pacific, which in 1948 won Anisfield-Wolf award for non- ion promoting better interracial ations.

Mr. Furnas was born in Indian- olis and is a Harvard graduate. has written a number of books, first of which was *The Prophet's amber* (1937).

Sigman-Ward's drawing of the ojected Hunterdon County med- l center was made from a photo- iph of a model.

•***Governor Adlai E. Stevenson*** Illinois, who appeared earlier this ing in *Harper's* as the subject of Easy Chair by Bernard DeVoto, pears again this month as the thor of a veto message (p. 65) hich deserves to be better known. e have given it air and light and e benefit of a garland of decora- n by ***Sam Norkin.*** Mr. Norkin s appeared often in *Harper's* with ricatures on a variety of subjects: was his thin and fat rats for an ticle on obesity two years ago hich made the editors choose him draw Governor Stevenson's fauna. e does various kinds of work for rious kinds of publications—draw- gs about the theater for the New ork *Herald Tribune* and other wspapers, advertisements and post- s, cover designs for long-playing

sun, surf and scenery

in Canada's PROVINCES BY THE SEA



ONE OF CANADA'S 10 TOP MAPLE LEAF VACATIONS

Here's a world that's different . . . The forests, the rivers and verdant valleys of New Brunswick. The cliffs and coves and fishing ports of Nova Scotia. The beaches and dunes of garden-like Prince Edward Island. The rough-hewn charm of sea-girt Newfoundland. Plan now. Ask your nearest Canadian National Office* or Travel Agent about this or the other Top Vacations listed. "We'll tell you where and take you there."

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

SERVING ALL 10 PROVINCES OF CANADA

Choose from this rich variety. Here are Canada's 10 Top Maple Leaf Vacations

1. **Across Canada**—the Scenic Route to California or the Pacific Northwest, to New York or anywhere East.
2. **Alaska Cruise** — ten days, 2 000 miles of sheltered coastal sailing.
3. **British Columbia** —Vancouver, Victoria, Prince Rupert. A magnificent marine and mountain playground.
4. **Eastern Cities and Laurentians**— history-book places, mountain lakes, brilliant autumn colours.
5. **Hudson Bay** — "Down North" to romantic frontiers, via Winnipeg.
6. **Jasper in the Canadian Rockies** — play, relax in mountain grandeur.
7. **Minaki (Lake of the Woods)** — swimming, motor-boating, golf in a northwoods setting. Wonderful fishing!
8. **Ontario Highlands**—land of lakes and streams; fishing; camping. Fine hotels, resorts.
9. **Provinces by the Sea** — beaches, bays, fishing ports, historic old cities.
10. **Romantic French Canada** (Gaspé and the Saguenay) — like taking a trip abroad.

*Canadian National Railways offices in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Flint, Mich., Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, D.C. In Canada, 360 McGill Street, Montreal, Que.

Ever Need To
COPY ANYTHING?
. . . then you need
Contoura®

Portable PHOTO-COPIER
Copies anything, anywhere! The Photo-Copier you can carry in a briefcase. The ONLY one that copies curved text near binding of heavy volumes. Ideal for professional, business and industrial use. Eliminates longhand-copying and proof-reading notes. Accurate. Guaranteed! As low as $39.00, complete.
Write for literature now!
F.G. Ludwig ASSOCIATES
103 Pease Rd. Woodbridge, Conn.

FOR MORE VACATION FUN
Get The GIMLET
THE MAGAZINE OF RESORT-VACATION TRAVEL
24 YEARS TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELER'S GUIDE

CANADA thru FLORIDA, THE SOUTH, and Enroute, Nassau, Bermuda, Cuba, West Indies. 200 PAGES Illus. Hotels, Restaurants, Prices. Hiway Data, Cruises. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS: Silver Springs, Fla. Florida's Underwater Fairyland, Bellington Gardens Charm Spot of Deep South, Mobile, Ala., Monkey Jungle, Goulds, Fla, 50¢; Doubledays, Brentanos or send 75¢ for postpaid copy or $1.25 year's subscription (2 issues) to The Gimlet, Dept. 70, 551 Fifth Ave., New York 17.
Typical Hotels Recommended & Described
SHERATON PLAZA — Boston, Mass.
Bretton Woods, N. H. — MT. WASHINGTON
RANGELEY LAKES
BARCLAY
SHERATON-BELVEDERE
FT. SUMTER HOTEL
GEORGE WASHINGTON
SHERATON PLAZA
GEORGE WASHINGTON
Miami, Fla. — THE COLUMBUS TOWERS
Miami Beach, Fla. — ISLE DE CAPRI
Ft. Myers, Fla. — FRANKLIN ARMS
Sarasota, Fla. — ORANGE BLOSSOM
St. Petersburg, Fla. — GULF WINDS, VILLAS & APTS., TIDES
FLORIDAN
Mexico — HOTEL CLUB DE PESCA
MONTE CASSINO
Jamaica, B. W. I. — MYRTLE BANK, TOWER ISLE
RECOMMENDED HOTELS & FISHING CAMPS IN THE BAHAMAS
Described in Detail
FT. MONTAGU BEACH
BRITISH COLONIAL
ROYAL VICTORIA
PRINCE GEORGE
CARLTON HOUSE
WINDSOR
BUENA VISTA
Bimini, Bahamas — ANCHOR'S AWEIGH (Fishing)
Andros Island — FRENCH LEAVE, CAMP BANG BANG

record albums, and, recently, covers for the *Saturday Review*.

If anyone should think the subject of cats is a frivolity, we refer him to a dignified article in this dignified magazine (September 1938) by the dignified writer, Elmer Davis. To the question often asked by the inexpert, "Do you keep a cat?" (Mr. Davis pointed out) the proper answer is "No, a cat keeps me." Any animal that keeps Elmer Davis, we aver, is a proper subject for editorial house-room, if not (says Governor Stevenson) a fit subject for legislation.

•••We stopped by on the way home recently to pick up some shirts from our Chinese-American laundryman, Jim, and discovered him listening, while he packed bundles, to a WNYC broadcast of current United Nations proceedings. Jim's agreeable young countenance did not change when we entered, but he quickly switched off the radio, over which Russia's Mr. Malik had just begun to reiterate charges about poisoned pork being dropped behind North Korean lines by UN planes. "Plopaganda," said Jim pleasantly, as he handed us the package.

We brooded over this remark on the way home, but neither the complexities of our wonderment nor the details of our ensuing conversation with Jim need be reported here. The significance of the scene came back, however, when we read Elmer Davis's "Vox Populi and Foreign Policy" (p. 66) in this issue. "I suppose that public opinion, in the Almost Perfect State," Mr. Davis says, "could be defined as the judgment of the majority of the people, after they have had ample information, and time to sort it out (if they can) from the misinformation that accompanies it." Jim's immediate and succinct judgment on Mr. Malik (allowing always for the possibility that Jim was giving out with plopaganda of his own for our benefit) leads us to think that a radio in a laundry shop and the peace and alertness of mind that may accompany the action of ironing shirts are really basic training for popular diplomacy.

Mr. Davis began to write this article when he prepared a discourse for the National War College la fall; since then he has overhaule the original piece and checked carefully with an earlier article c his ("What Are Wars For?" i *Harper's*, January 1949), and wit the events of the past three and half years which have influenced h views in the meantime (includin Russia's possession of the A-bomb

Mr. Davis is news analyst for th American Broadcasting Compan was wartime director of the Offi of War Information, and is th author of a number of books an essays and of fiction. Since 1924 h has been a frequent contributor t *Harper's* and has accounted in sul stantial part for the magazine reputation for good sense and goo humor.

•••Anyone who read ***Joyce Cary*** sharp little story, "A Special Occ sion," in our last September's issu will be keen to take in this ne one, equally short and perhaps eve sharper, "Success Story" (p. 74 How much you like it may depen more on how much of life you ca bear, rather than on any differenc in the artistry of the two sketches.

Mr. Cary, you know, is the Britis author of *The Horse's Mouth* an a quantity of other novels on a bi range of subjects which have onl begun to be published in the Unite States in the past six years, thoug his first, *Aissa Saved*, appeared i England in 1930. The most r cently published here is *Miste Johnson*, which came out last yea a new novel, just completed, will b published by Harper & Brothe next fall—called *Prisoner of Grac* Mr. Cary has written essays an books on political theory and literar criticism. His essay on "The Ma Mind: Our Favorite Folly," whic came out in our April issue, e pressed his optimistic view of moder man and modern times. During th past winter he spoke over the BB and delivered three public lecture at Oxford University on "The Nov As Truth."

William Binzen, Jr., who mad the drawing for "Success Story," a veteran of World War II. He fle with the 15th Air Force in Ital and, when he came home, studie at the Art Students League. H work has appeared in *Town an*

ountry, Theatre Arts, the *Reporter,* ıd elsewhere.

••The man who single-handed ıtsmarted the pollsters in '48 is ***ouis H. Bean,*** the Department of griculture economist whose for-ulas for election forecasting have orked uncannily well in the past ecade. Mr. Bean gave away his ·crets in a book, *How to Predict lections* (Knopf, 1948), and in pril two years ago, he stuck his eck out in *Harper's* with "Fore-asting the 1950 Election." Now this ıonth we present "Who Will Win ı '52?" (p. 77) with some startlingly ecific suggestions as to what—bar-ng miracles—may happen next No-ember.

From a position with the Roches-r (N. Y.) Clothier's Exchange, Mr. ean moved in 1923 to a job as conomist on the staff of the Bureau f Agricultural Economics in the)epartment of Agriculture, and he as remained in government service, pecializing in analysis in agricul-ural-industrial relations, ballot be-avior, technology and weather and rop yields, industrialization and er capita income, and other pon-erables.

•••***Leonard Engel's*** lucid and au-horitative articles on science and echnology have made their own eputation in *Harper's.* We asked im to tell us how he came upon the tory of "The Automatic Heart" p. 90)—aside from his normal busi-ess practice of keeping up with ignificant advances in medicine. He got onto the subject of cardio-ulmonary machines, he said, hrough the strong interest he has ıad for some time in the whole ield of cardiovascular disease. Then ıe commented as follows:

> Until a few years ago, very little in the way of research money was available for study of this kind of disease.
>
> This was a pity, not only since diseases of the heart and circulatory system are responsible for about half of all deaths in the U. S., but because the possibilities for important advances in treating them have been very good—there have been lots of leads that looked good, many more, for example, than in such diseases as cancer.
>
> Sizable sums are now being spent, at long last, in following up these leads and real results are beginning to come. The meeting of the American Heart Association in Cleveland this April, for example, heard reports of three new groups of drugs that are pretty close to practical treatment for high blood pressure. Similarly, as my article observes, the last few years have seen very impressive advances in dealing with congenital heart defects.
>
> Aside from the fact that he is a wonderful person, I enjoyed meeting and talking with Dr. Gibbon because of the feeling I got that here is another area in which scientific research is about to crash through with something that will save a lot of lives—which, after all, is the object of medicine.

Sages and Poets

•••Anyone who can tell us the precise source of the saying, "Old Men for Council, Young Men for War" (p. 93), will get P & O's laurel wreath for June. Our own privy council and counselors have gone into the matter too extensively to mention, and they are willing to toss the ball to the reader.

Richard L. Neuberger, who concocted the problem and lined up the evidence on the oldies in Washington is a State Senator in Oregon—the youngest one there, being thirty-nine. He and his wife (who serves as a Representative) are doing their combined best to bring down the age level of American public officials, and they are among the few couples ever to sit simultaneously in a state legislature. Mr. Neuberger was a captain in the Army during the war and is Northwest reporter for the *New York Times.* His first piece in *Harper's* (January 1946) was about the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

•••"A Lecturer at Large" (p. 26) is ***Ogden Nash,*** author of *Versus* and many other witty volumes and a frequent contributor to the *New Yorker* and other magazines.

Along with Queen Elizabeth, ***Claire Nicolas*** represents the women in this issue. "Tourism" (p. 92) is her third poem in *Harper's.* She is Mrs. Robert Winthrop White in home life and has a son and daughter.



LETTERS

Independent Voters—

To the Editors:

My personal favorites to succeed Mr. Truman as President are, in the following order: (1) Bernard DeVoto, (2) Adlai Stevenson, (3) Richard B. Russell, (4) J. William Fulbright; so you see the Democrats can retain my vote if they go about it in the right way.

However, if you can spare Mr. DeVoto an extra page, I wish you would suggest that he expatiate on his enthusiasm for a foreign policy which, while fervidly insisting that a Certain Great Power is not neutral, nevertheless makes no objection to an arrangement whereby that Certain Great Power sends its representatives to sit in New York City and veto the strategy of our military experts.

Some explanation for this anomaly had better be offered soon, and it had better be good. To the busy people in Washington it may be only one of several flies in the ointment, but from where I sit it looks like a tsetse.

K. A. WOOLSEY
Chico, Cal.

To the Editors:

Bernard DeVoto in the April *Harper's* echoes almost the same adulatory terms used by *Time* and the *Atlantic Monthly* about Governor Adlai Stevenson. . . . These articles have all the earmarks of a press agent's handouts, for not one mention is made of the evidence, all recently in the news, all discreditable to the Governor and some of it even nauseating, and known to [illegible] readers in Illinois.

When Stevenson campaigned for Governor in 1948 he made it a cardinal tenet that the executive is responsible for any wrongdoing on the part of his appointees and charged Governor Green with responsibility for the Centralia mine disaster. But . . . Governor Stevenson's mine inspectors failed to insist upon adequate safety measures with the result that only a few weeks ago 119 miners lost their lives at West Frankfurt, Illinois. . . .

No mention is made of the fantastic race-track profits made by Stevenson's close political associates in his official family and by his party members of the state legislature.

The greatest financial scandal in the history of Illinois, the defrauding of the State treasury of over $13 million through counterfeit cigarette stamps over a period of two years *after* Stevenson had been notified of the fraud, is treated by your Mr. DeVoto thus: "a nice touch for dramatic composition solved the mystery of the counterfeiting of tax stamps." . . .

More scandals involving more money and more State officials have been uncovered during Stevenson's administration than in the whole previous history of Illinois. . . .

Governor Stevenson is unquestionably above the corrupt machine politicians who supported him, but he never repudiated the corrupt elements in his party or protested against the condition in his strongest district, the 24th ward in Chicago, where in at least seven precincts he received 200 votes more than were registered in each of those precincts, over and above the normal vote. . . .

PHILIP R. DAVIS
Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors:

Bernard DeVoto's article, "Stevenson and the Independent Voter," is the wisest and most penetrating I have read on the current political scene. You would be doing a public service to have it reprinted in leaflet form.

F. O. KEEFER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editors:

Regarding DeVoto's article in the April *Harper's*, "Stevenson and the Independent Voter," Mr. DeVoto has brought up a very important point when he describes the extremely conservative leadership which a Republican majority would impose upon the 83rd Congress. He does not, however, state the most important conclusion.

The privilege of organizing the Senate goes to the party electing the most Senators. The privilege of organizing the House goes to the party with the most Representatives.

If the independent voter is terrified by Mr. DeVoto's picture (as I am), it will do him no good merely to vote against a Republican Presidential candidate. It is his vote for Senators and Congressmen that will determine who gets the committee chairmanships.

A. H. ROSENFELD
Chicago, Ill.

Mother Molecules—

To the Editors:

The article entitled "The Mother Molecules of Life" by George W. Gray in your April issue was one of the most thrilling and informative articles I have ever read. It was written in such a way that a person with a reasonable background in the sciences could very easily follow the material step by step. I want to thank *Harper's* for publishing material of this type. . . . Your magazine is one of the best ways I know to aid a busy person in keeping abreast of the world we live in.

MRS. R. M. JONES
Toledo, Ohio

To the Editors:

You have to be congratulated on the excellent article by George W. Gray in the April issue. It was a real pleasure both from the scientific and from the aesthetic point of view to read and reread this pleasant description of "The Mother Molecules of Life."

I wish many of our students of medicine and medical men would have an opportunity to enjoy this article.

GUSTAV ERLANGER, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

LETTERS

Et Tu Taft—

To the Editors:

Referring to your article "What's Happened to Taft?" [April], we should like to know, What's happened to Rovere?

In the second paragraph of page 13 he referred to Brutus' feelings toward Caesar saying:

"His contempt for a man he looked upon as a weak and unaware but nevertheless dangerous agent of tyranny led him to join an assassination plot."

While later on in the paragraph he contradicted this by saying: 'Taft . . . normally bears as much affection for the truth as Brutus bore for Caesar."

He also quoted Brutus as saying: 'Ye Gods, it does amaze me a man of such feeble temper should so get the start of the majestic world and bear the palm above."

We have just finished reading the play "Julius Caesar" by Shakespeare. It was our interpretation that Brutus had a great love for Caesar and only joined the conspiracy because he loved Rome more. Also Brutus did not say the quotation, but instead Cassius. Are we not correct in this?

SOPHOMORE CLASS
Calaveras Union High School
San Andreas, Calif.

(*You are. We blush.*—The Editors)

Dostoevsky in Russia—

To the Editors:

It was with great interest that I read Michel Gordey's article, "What You Can Read in Russia," in your April issue. Since I am both a teacher and student of Russian language and literature, it was certainly interesting to read an article about Soviet culture by a Westerner who has been to Russia as late as 1950.

However I was very surprised to find the statement that "during the past fifteen or twenty years Dostoevsky's novels have not been reprinted." I have in my library Dostoevsky's works in one large volume, printed by OGIZ (State Publishing Company, Belles-Lettres Section) in Moscow in October 1946, circulation 110,000. The volume contains: *Crime and Punishment, The Poor Folk, White Nights, The Meek One, The Village, Stepanchiko*

fly "regally" in Europe

BEA Europe's Leading Airline



Introduces the new ELIZABETHAN

the only aircraft in the world with *all* these features:

- fully pressurized
- high wing all-passenger view
- 250 miles per hour
- delicious hot meals

more Americans fly B.E.A. than any other European airline.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

Consult your Travel Agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation, General Sales Agents.

From the cool limestone caves of historic Cresta Blanca Winery . . .



CRESTA BLANCA

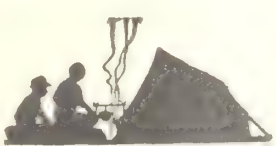
Wine of Sheer Delight

CALIFORNIA TRIPLE CREAM SHERRY



Enjoy this rich, sweet and mellow wine with the smooth, creamy body of a fine liqueur. Like other precious things, Cresta Blanca Triple Cream Sherry is not plentiful, but is richly rewarding when you find it.

CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.



This Summer—
Send your youngster
to camp while you enjoy your Vacation

DO NOT DELAY the selection of a summer camp for your boy or girl. Hasty decisions are likely to be regretted later. You will find suggestions among the announcements contained in this issue. We shall be glad to furnish additional information and send you booklets. Address

Camp Information Bureau
HARPER'S MAGAZINE 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

advice on SCHOOL *and* COLLEGE *problems*

If you want catalogs of one or more schools or colleges advertised in this issue, HARPER'S will have them sent to you, and save your making a number of individual inquiries.

If you want catalogs of any schools not advertised in this issue but have heard about otherwise, we'll gladly have them sent also for your study and guidance.

If you need authoritative and impartial suggestions about schools or colleges, we can assist you as we have thousands of parents, guardians, etc., *for over 50 years.*

The coupon below is for your convenience. There are no fees involved.

Address **Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,**
Director of Educational Guidance

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y.

Please send me catalogs of the following schools and colleges:

.....

.....

.....

I would be glad to have you suggest schools or colleges. (Check)

Boys ☐ *Girls* ☐ *Coed* ☐

Age ☐

Location preferred .....

Other requirements .....

Name .....

Address .....

6-54

and Its Inhabitants, Myzhik Marey, The Dream of the Funny Man. It is well illustrated by artists F. Constantinov and M. Dobuzhinsky. If I am not mistaken, M. Dobuzhinsky is the famous pre-Revolutionary artist (his stage scenery for the Moscow Art Theater is famous) who chose to leave Russia after the Revolution and has never been keen on returning there!

When studying Russian literature of the 19th century at an Eastern university in 1945, I was told that *nothing* of Dostoevsky's works was published in the USSR during the last five to ten years. I found otherwise.

LEONID S. POLEVOY
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah

Why Not Retire?—

To the Editors:

As one who feels that only since her retirement has she really savored life, I am deeply agitated by the implications of "Why Retire at Sixty-Five?" by Henry S. Curtis (April).

In his concluding paragraph Mr. Curtis says, "Compulsory retirement is a cruel wrong to the worker, to industry, and to society." All of the retired people with whom I have talked have said that, after a short period of adjustment, they have realized that they were just beginning to live. All (or most) people long for a few years of rest and quiet and time to do the things they have dreamed of doing before they pass on. . . .

BESSIE GLADDING
Gasport, N. Y.

To the Editors:

When I was reading the article by Henry Curtis, "Why Retire at Sixty-Five?", I was surprised to read the statement on page 93: "These payments [for Federal Old Age benefits] by both employer and employee can be deducted from taxable income."

Just to be sure I hadn't been making out my income tax return incorrectly, I checked the current government pamphlet, "How to Prepare Your U. S. Income Tax Return," and find on page 14 under item headed, "You Cannot Deduct," one of the items is Federal Social Security Taxes.

F. W. CHAPMAN
Toledo, Ohio

(Mr. Chapman is right. The 1½ per cent paid by the employer, as an ordinary business expense, reduces the amount of his taxable income; but the 1½ per cent paid by the employee may not be deducted for tax purposes.

Mr. Curtis said in addition that "these payments by both employer and employee . . . are added to the price of the product, and thus paid by the purchaser." Only the payment by the employer can be said to find its way into the price of the product.—The Editors.)

The Mundel Case—

To the Editors:

Your article on the Luella Mundel case [April] contains a statement regarding a meeting at the Fairmont Hotel, in West Virginia, that is at variance with the facts.

Mr. Manchester declares that the meeting was addressed by "several imported ex-Communists."

I happened to be one of the speakers invited by the local Legion post to discuss the dangers of Soviet infiltration in American institutions.

I hereby swear that I am not and never have been a Communist party member.

VICTOR LASKY
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

After a careful review of the facts, I am obliged to disagree with Mr. Victor Lasky's judgment that I am at variance with them. According to testimony at the trial, the meeting was addressed by a panel of speakers, some of whom were identified as former Communists. . . . The presence of ex-Communists would not, of course, mean that other speakers, such as Mr. Lasky and Legionnaires sponsoring the meeting, were or ever had been members of the party.

WILLIAM MANCHESTER
Baltimore, Md.

(Apologies to Mr. Lasky anyhow. We regret that even by remote implication a passage in this magazine might have seemed to do what we abominate anybody's doing—calling somebody a Communist, or ex-Communist, for that matter, who isn't one.—The Editors.)

Outstanding Books On Education

- **PRACTICAL GUIDANCE METHODS FOR PRINCIPALS AND TEACHERS**
  By GLYN MORRIS.
  Foreword by RUTH STRANG. $3.75

- **THE USE OF RESOURCES IN EDUCATION**
  A Publication of the John Dewey Society
  By ELSIE RIPLEY CLAPP.
  Foreword by JOHN DEWEY. $4.00

- **WILLIAM HEARD KILPATRICK:**
  Trail Blazer in Education
  By SAMUEL TENENBAUM, Ph.D. $4.00

- **RELIGIOUS VALUES IN EDUCATION**
  By WARD MADDEN. $3.00

- **HOW GOOD IS YOUR SCHOOL?**
  A Handbook to Help Parents
  By WILBUR A. YAUCH. $2.75

- **WHY THE PRIVATE SCHOOL?**
  By ALLAN V. HEELY. $3.00

- **EDUCATION IN THE HUMANE COMMUNITY**
  A Publication of the John Dewey Society
  By JOSEPH K. HART. $3.00

- **CREATIVE EDUCATION IN THE HUMANITIES**
  By ARNOLD DIDIER GRAEFFE. $3.00

From "one of our major prophets"*

comes this "profound diagnosis of the evils of our unstable urban civilization, powerful attack upon impersonal, anonymous mass-education, and practical guide to educational reconstruction . . ."**

THE COLLEGE AND THE COMMUNITY

A CRITICAL STUDY OF HIGHER EDUCATION

By BAKER BROWNELL, author of "The Human Community." Outspoken in its criticism of the cleavage between the college and its community, this book is undoubtedly the most devastating appraisal of higher education to come from any responsible source in recent years. $3.50

*Granville Hicks
**Melvin Rader, Professor of Philosophy, University of Washington

UNDERSTANDING FEAR

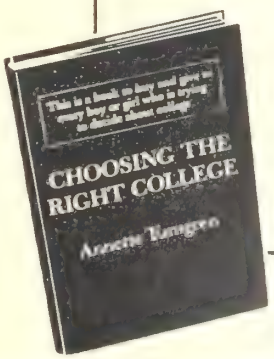
IN OURSELVES AND OTHERS

By BONARO W. OVERSTREET. "The finest book of its kind that I know . . . It is revealing, to the point, and it makes the uninitiated reader, the troubled person of our day, understand the reasons for being what he is . . . I honestly think that it is one of the finest examples of distillation of the essential findings of contemporary psychological science of our day."
—ASHLEY MONTAGU. $3.00

DELINQUENTS IN THE MAKING

By SHELDON and ELEANOR GLUECK, Harvard Law School. "A fresh, vigorous, and lively presentation of scientific data on how youngsters get that way . . . it should be read by and serve as a handbook for parents, teachers, social workers, the clergy and all who work in close association with young people."—LEONARD W. MAYO, Vice President, Child Welfare League of America. $3.00

CHOOSING THE RIGHT COLLEGE



By ANNETTE TURNGREN. Practical answers to questions asked by every teen-ager who wants to make up his own mind about college. "Should I go to college?," rating and getting admitted to college, how to finance a college career, deciding upon location and size of a college, the pros and cons of fraternities and sororities — all are covered in this guide for students and all who advise them. $2.50

At your bookstore or from • **HARPER & BROTHERS** • **49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.**

SUMMER SCHOOLS

syracuse university • school of art

pine brook

SUMMER SCHOOL OF PAINTING

syracuse university, syracuse, n. y.

ULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS

OAK HALL SCHOOL & CAMP

GALLON, PA

CAMPS

GIRLS CAMPS

CAMP INAWENDAWIN,
ONTARIO, CANADA.

BOYS CAMPS



PASSUMPIC

SUSQUEHANNA

TRAVEL CAMP

WANAWETA ON CAPE COD

All This . . .

and Security, Too

It is true that better *education* is the simple, uncomplicated reason why most parents decide on a private school for their children. In a community where public schools are held back by the crowding child population, the pressure of costs, or a slower acceptance of modern educational progress, parents with high educational standards like to be free to choose the best possible teaching, without the restraints of local geography.

But even the best teaching is not enough. We are beginning to understand more fully today the importance of security. We know more about the impact of insecurity in childhood on a grown man's happiness. We know that a home disturbed by sudden change . . . a restlessness stirred by too much awareness of world tragedy . . . a sensitiveness ruffled by neighborhood differences of temperament or background can disturb a child's sense of security. Love is easy for most parents to give; security is sometimes harder.

The most loving parents can't offer close friendship with other children . . . when there are no children of similar age and interests nearby. The safest home can't feel secure if father is called to Washington, assigned to Germany or moved about on the map precisely because he *is* important. And the home that is part of a world community too often lets in this troubled world—to minds too young to cope with its uncertainties.

It is not that the world of school . . . in the best schools . . . loses touch with reality. But it offers such fullness of living . . . so much friendship . . . so steady and unchanging a climate of living . . . so much sense of achievement that there is no room or time for insecurity.

Security is not separable from good education; it is part of it. It is not a single reason (except in exceptional cases) for choosing private over public schools. But it is one of the rightful objectives of schooling, as of home. And it is one of the standards to look for, one of the clear goals of a good school.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

MASSACHUSETTS

NICHOLS JUNIOR COLLEGE FOR MEN
Dudley, Mass.
James L. Conrad, Pres.

Business Administration and Executive Training

Personalized Individual Analysis Plan. An Investment in Education. Degree granting. International clientele. Small classes. Unexcelled location. 200-acre campus. Modern dormitories. All sports. *Opportunity for Military Training with E.R.C. unit on campus.*

CUSHING ACADEMY

Endowed. Moderate rate. Excellent equipment. Small classes. High standards of preparation for college and life. Special opportunities in secretarial studies, science, music, art, dramatics, printing, journalism. Coeducational. *For catalog, address:*
CLARENCE M. QUIMBY, *Headmaster,*
Box 27, ASHBURNHAM, MASS.

STONELEIGH-PROSPECT HILL

For Girls. Thorough college preparatory; 7th-12th gr. General courses. Small classes. Art, music, dramatics. All sports. Modern bldg. 150 acres. Professional instruction in riding, skiing. Mensendieck system for posture.
MISS GEORGE WALDO EMERSON,
Box E, GREENFIELD, MASS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

HOLDERNESS

Thorough college preparation. Emphasis on straight thinking. Grade 9-12. Limited to 100 boys. Team sports. Excellent skiing, hunting, fishing in beautiful White Mts. Glee Club, debating, arts, crafts. Self-help program. Founded 1879. Episcopal
DONALD C. HAGERMAN, Box 50, PLYMOUTH, N. H.

MAINE

OAK GROVE A Friends' School for Girls—Emphasizes Preparation for College and Gracious, Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Grades 7-12 and P.G. for H.S. Graduate reading, intensive review before College. Riding included. Beautiful new fireproof Quadrangle.
MR. and MRS. ROBERT OWEN, Box 120, VASSALBORO, MAINE

RHODE ISLAND

HATCH PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Time-saving program since 1926. Classes—1 to 4 boys. Progress geared to individual abilities and ambition. College candidates save a year. Three school years begin Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 1. Summer term in Dexter, Maine. Conference prerequisite to acceptance.
LLOYD HARVEY HATCH, Headmaster, NEWPORT, R. I.

LINCOLN SCHOOL OF PROVIDENCE

For girls. 68th year. Exceptional record for college preparation. Modern equipment and sports program. Conservative costs. Auspices of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends.
MARION S. COLE, Headmistress,
Box M, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

NEW YORK

EDGEWOOD PARK

For young women. Accredited college preparatory. Advanced courses in cultural and practical arts, fine arts, secretarial science, medical asst., home ec., dramatics, costume design, interior decoration, merchandising. Kindergarten. All sports, riding, pool. Moderate rates. Catalog.
Box H-10, BRIARCLIFF MANOR, N. Y.

OAKWOOD

A Quaker coed school. Intercultural. Grades 8-12. Fully accredited College prep, general courses. Counseling. Work program. Sports. 136th year. Also Summer Work Camp (ages 14-17). Catalog. W. M. CLARK, Prin.
OAKWOOD SCHOOL, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

RIVERDALE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

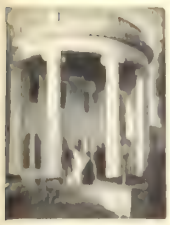
Founded 1907

JOHN H. JONES, Headmaster,
Box M, RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y. C.

Schools and Colleges

THE schools and colleges whose announcements appear in this section all will send catalogs or further information on request. If you wish counsel on an individual problem, Harper's School Bureau will be glad to advise you from an informed and impartial viewpoint. Address: The Harper's Bureau of Educational Guidance, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.

NEW JERSEY



EDUCATIONAL TROUBLE SHOOTERS

INDIVIDUALIZED PLAN—EACH STUDENT A CLASS

For those with educational problems — successful college preparation and general education. **Our tests discover causes of difficulties** and we (1) devise individualized program to overcome difficulties, (2) make up lost time; (3) instill confidence, (4) teach effectively the art of concentration and the science of study.

Faculty 12; Enrollment 30; 46 years' experience

Write Edward R. Knight, Ph.D., Headmaster

OXFORD ACADEMY

Box H-95, Pleasantville, N. J.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY

BORDENTOWN MILITARY

DE VITTE MILITARY ACADEMY

PEDDIE

An endowed school. Boys thoroughly prepared for college and for life. Fully accredited. Large faculty. Small classes. Modern equipment. Every boy participates in athletics. Junior School, Grades 5 to 8. Summer session. For catalog and view book, address Dr. Edward C. Hopkinson, Jr., Headmaster, Box 1, Hightstown, N. J.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST SCHOOL

PENNSYLVANIA

ELLIS COUNTRY SCHOOL

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY COLLEGE

WYOMING SEMINARY

VIRGINIA

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

★ **Our ONE SUBJECT PLAN of Study**

★ Upper Schools has increased number of Honor Roll students by 50%. Develops capacity to concentrate. Fully accredited. ROTC highest rating. 200 acres. 10 modern buildings. Beautiful, spacious grounds provide ideal environment and fine health record. Equip to lead. Junior School for ages 9 to 14. Upper school grades 9 to 12. Enter school 12 months. Separate dormitories, dining halls and housemothers. All athletics, bands, glee club. For ONE SUBJECT PLAN booklet and catalog write:



★ **Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 806, Fork Union, Va.**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WASHINGTON, D. C.

LANDON SCHOOL

MARYLAND



SEVERN SCHOOL

SOUTH CAROLINA

CONVERSE COLLEGE

A college for Women. Nationally accredited. B.A. and B.Mus. degrees.

NORTH CAROLINA

BLUE RIDGE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

FLORIDA

FLORIDA SOUTHERN COLLEGE

RANSOM SCHOOL

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

PERKINS SCHOOL

ILLINOIS

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

INDIANA

ULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

WISCONSIN

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

MINNESOTA

SHATTUCK SCHOOL

ARIZONA

SOUTHERN ARIZONA SCHOOL

WYOMING

IVINSON HALL FOR GIRLS

CALIFORNIA

ANNA HEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

CANADA

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE



20 ways meat packers reduce costs from farm to table

Only about 50% of a meat animal is *meat*. But by saving "everything but the squeal" from *the other half*, meat packing companies are able to "can-[illegible] of the cost of processing [illegible]

Parts of the animal that once were destroyed or thrown away now are the source of hundreds of valuable by-products. Some of them have many uses. Choose one of them to avoid to make a help book every item on this page. How many can you recognize?

1. Bone for bone china.
2. Horn and bone handles for cutlery, etc.
3. Hides and skins for leather goods.
4. Rennet for cheese making.
5. Gelatin for marshmallows, photographic film, printers' rollers.
6. Stearin for making chewing gum and candies.
7. Glycerin for explosives used in mining and blasting.
8. Lanolin for cosmetics.
9. Chemicals for tires that run cooler.
10. Binders for asphalt paving.
11. Medicines such as various hormones and glandular extracts, insulin, pepsin, epinephrine, ACTH, cortisone . . . and surgical sutures.
12. Drumheads and violin strings.
13. Animal fats for soap.
14. Wool for clothing.
15. Camel's-hair (actually from cattle ears) for artists' brushes.
16. Cutting oils and other special industrial lubricants.
17. Bone charcoal for high-grade steel, such as ball bearings.
18. Special glues for marine plywoods, paper, matches, window shades.
19. Curled hair for upholstery. Leather for covering fine furniture.
20. High-protein livestock feeds.

Money from sale of by-products frequently makes it possible for the packer to sell the beef from a steer for less than was paid for the animal on the hoof.

Every hour one or more by-products of the meat packing industry is used to make your life more enjoyable . . . to help produce something you need . . . to make America a better place to live in.

Harper's MAGAZINE

The Unsystematic American System

Frederick Lewis Allen

For the March 4, 1951, issue of *This Week*, a magazine that goes as a supplement to over ten million readers of Sunday newspapers, the editor, William I. Nichols, wrote an article (later reprinted in the *Reader's Digest*) called "Wanted: A New Name for 'Capitalism.'" Arguing that the word is no longer the right one to fit our present American system, because in too many people's minds, especially in other parts of the world, "it stands for the primitive economic system of the ninteenth century," Mr. Nichols asked: "How shall we describe this system—imperfect, but always improving, and always capable of further improvement—where men move forward together, working together, building together, producing always more and more, and sharing together the rewards of their increased production?" He said he had heard various suggestions, such as "the new capitalism," "democratic capitalism," "economic democracy," "industrial democracy," "distributism," "mutualism," and "productivism," but wondered if there might not be a better term. And he invited readers to write in their own suggestions in a coupon printed in the magazine.

Fifteen thousand coupons came back with suggestions. "Never in my whole editorial experience," said Mr. Nichols afterward, "have I touched so live a nerve."

Perhaps one reason for this extraordinary response was that the idea of asking readers to do something simple and easy about an idea thrown at them—"as if it were a box-top contest," as Mr. Nichols said—was an apt journalistic stroke. But surely it also suggested the existence in the United States of a very widespread feeling that we've got something here—something working reasonably well and at any rate going full tilt—that defies all the old labels.

And I suspect that one reason why so many people feel this way is that here in the United States we have not been constructing a system as such, but tinkering with and repairing and rebuilding, piece by piece, an old system to make it run better; and that accordingly we have arrived at a transformed product which might be likened to an automobile contin-

After completing a book, due for publication next fall, on the changes in American life between 1900 and 1950, Mr. Allen, who is editor in chief of Harper's, *has set down some of the conclusions at which he arrived.*

nally repaired, while running, by means of [illegible] which seemed to suit the immediate purpose of the repairers, with the result that in the end it is hard to say whether what we have is a Buick or a Cadillac or a Ford.

This patchwork process has been going on for a long time. In the nineteenth century we had in the United States a combination of federal and state and local governments—the federal component being small and very limited in its duties—which left business to operate pretty much as it pleased. But these governments permitted business men to organize corporations which were given special rights and privileges, and while these rights and privileges worked wonderfully in providing incentives for men to build up lively and inventive businesses, they had other unforeseen effects. They made the lone workman, whose income was determined by the Iron Law of Wages, pretty nearly helpless before his employer; they gave an enormous share of the fruits of the enterprise to this employer; and they also gave huge power to the men who controlled the supplies of money without which the employers found it difficult to operate. At the turn of the century America seemed in danger of becoming a land in which the millionaires had more and more and the rest had less and less, and where a few financiers had a strangle hold, not only on the country's economic apparatus, but on its political apparatus too.

This outraged the democratic spirit of the country, the national sense of fair play. So we went to work to change things—not by revolution but by a series of experimental revisions of the system. The reform movement in the early years of this century—that revolt of the American conscience which was kindled by Theodore Roosevelt, the elder LaFollette, and Woodrow Wilson—did not propose to scrap the nation's economic and political machine and build another but rather by a series of adjustments and improvements to make it run better, without skipping a beat. [illegible] machine broke down badly after 1929, the repair work was resumed. Some of the reconstruction undertaken then was pretty drastic, and some was undoubtedly foolish, but the underlying principle of unrevolutionary and unsystematic and experimental change prevailed. After years of this, there was considerable uncertainty whether the engine would ever run again without wheezing and knocking; but when World War II came along, we discovered that if Washington jammed the accelerator right down to the floor boards the engine began to run smoothly and fast. And when the war was over, and Washington released the accelerator, it still hummed. What had happened to bring about this astonishing result?

The answer, in brief, is that through a combination of patchwork revisions of the system—tax laws, minimum wage laws, subsidies and guarantees and regulations of various sorts, plus labor union pressures and new management attitudes—we had repealed the Iron Law of Wages. We had brought about an automatic redistribution of income from the well-to-do to the less well-to-do. And this did not stall the machine but actually stepped up its power. Just as an individual business seemed to run best when it plowed part of its profits into improvements, so the business system as a whole seemed to run better if we plowed some of the national income into improvements in the income and status of the lower income groups, enabling them to buy more goods and thus to expand the market for everybody. We had discovered a new frontier to open up: the purchasing power of the poor.

That, it seems to me, is the essence of the Great American Discovery. And it has its corollary: that if you thus bring advantages to a great lot of previously underprivileged people, they will rise to their opportunities and, by and large, will become responsible citizens.

II

At present we have a very large and powerful central government. It continues to expand as if in response to some irresistible law of growth—not only because of the obligations which war and cold war have imposed upon it, but because of our increasing interdependence as a more and more urbanized people with more and more complex institutions. The government regulates business in innumerable ways. It constantly interferes with the operations of the once almighty economic law of supply and demand, the law of the market place. It provides all sorts of subsidies and guarantees to groups

who have convinced it, rightly or wrongly, that they need such help. And furthermore it acknowledges two great responsibilities, the recognition of which was forced upon us during the miserable years of the Great Depression. One of these is a responsibility for seeing that people in an economic jam are helped to their feet—if not by their relatives and friends, or by local relief, or by state relief, then by federal relief if necessary. And the other is a responsibility for seeing that the economic system as a whole does not break down.

The government therefore maintains certain control powers over the national economy *as a whole;* and in a time of emergency like that which has followed the onset of the Korean war, these powers are extended. But it does not try to run our individual businesses (with certain exceptions such as the atomic power industry, which for security purposes is an island of socialism in a sea of private management). For we recognize that our businesses are better run if they remain in private hands. The past dozen years or so have offered a triumphant demonstration of the validity of this belief. For they have seen privately managed American business not only do a brilliant job of huge-scale war production, but also foster a startling variety of advances in technology.

Nor, for that matter, does the federal government take over the power of our state and local governments, though it subsidizes them to do many things which they cannot adequately do unaided. So there is a wide distribution of governmental powers. Our road system, for instance, is part local, part state, and only in minor degree federal. Our university and college system is partly state-run, partly independent. And our school system is mostly locally run (by local public authority), partly church-run, partly independent.

Furthermore we have an extraordinarily wide and proliferating assortment of voluntary institutions, associations, and societies which in their manifold ways contribute to the public good. Not only universities, schools, churches, hospitals, museums, libraries, and social agencies in great variety, but also societies for the protection or promotion of practically everything; if you want to feed European children, or protect our wild ducks, or promote zoning systems, or agitate for more freedom for corporations, or extend church work, or make boys into Boy Scouts, or save the redwoods, you will find a private organization dedicated to this purpose, and sometimes there will be several of them. There are also the foundations, offspring of idealism and the estate tax. And an endless range of trade associations, professional associations, alumni and alumnae associations, service clubs, and lodges. As a people we are great joiners, campaigners, and voluntary group helpers and savers and reformers and improvers and promoters. Get together half-a-dozen like-minded Americans and pretty soon you'll have an association, an executive secretary, a national program, and a fund-raising campaign.

Nor is it easy to draw a sharp line between the voluntary organizations on the one hand and either business or the government on the other. When a good part of the money contributed in a Community Chest campaign comes from local corporations, and a mighty foundation draws its resources from an automobile company, and the private airlines fly on airways maintained by the federal government, and a university may be partly state-supported and partly privately supported (and in addition may be subsidized for certain research work by the federal government), the lines are blurred indeed. And people from all kinds of outfits may work hand-in-glove. To offer a single instance of the sort of interlocking work that is constantly being done, I have before me a report of a conference on aviation health problems. It was conducted by the Harvard School of Public Health (a private institution), and it brought together a variety of professors from various institutions, representatives of the Navy, Air Force, and U. S. Public Health Service, and representatives of airlines, manufacturing companies, and insurance companies. That sort of collaboration goes on every day the country over.

Under such circumstances it is fair to say that the moral and intellectual strength of the United States is based in considerable degree upon private organizations which are as consecrated to the idea of public duty as governmental ones could be, and in part perform services almost indistinguishable from governmental ones, but provide at the same time vastly more diversity and flexibility of ap-

financial collapse at some time in the future—a panic resulting from the inability, not of private financiers, but of public financiers, to maintain the values they have undertaken to guarantee. We think we know a great deal more about economics than we did a generation ago, but we cannot be surer that we are living in a New Era than were the moguls of Wall Street who cherished that innocent faith in 1929.

And in addition, we don't know at exactly what point a policy of aid to disadvantaged men and women degenerates into a demoralizing policy of handouts to people who would rather accept federal bounties than extend themselves. Some are sure we have already crossed this line; others are sure we haven't.

So it is just as well that every time we tinker with this experimental system there should be energetic and protracted debate.

But the fury of our political campaigns, and the angry disputes over this or that congressional bill, detract our attention from a remarkable fact: that despite the purple language which is tossed about, very few Americans seriously propose any *really wholesale* change in our evolving American system. (And at that, our stormiest debates in recent years have not been over domestic policy but over foreign policy, or over the supposed influence of American Communists and their friends and alleged friends over foreign policy.) There is a large amount of antipathy to the Administration in power in Washington. There are numerous people who would like to curb federal power, repeal various laws now on the books, pare down the bureaucracy, minimize relief. There are others who want the government to take on new labors and new powers, like that of running a great medical insurance program. Yet the vast majority of Americans agree that the government should continue to accept an over-all responsibility for the satisfactory operation of the national economy; that it should continue to accept responsibility for relief when necessary; that it should supervise and regulate business to *some* extent—but that it should keep its intervention limited, and should let the great bulk of business remain under private management. The seething debate is over how much of this and how much of that we need, but the area of virtual agreement is very wide; and this includes allowing

private business to remain in private hands.

For we believe we have demonstrated that business can be far more resourcefully and ingeniously run by private managers; and furthermore that these private managers can run most if not all of it with such consideration for the general public welfare that they can achieve for us all that government ownership would bring, plus the efficiency, flexibility, and adventurousness which government ownership would jeopardize—and without the danger of tyranny that government ownership might invite.

In short, there is subconscious agreement among the vast majority of Americans that the United States is not evolving *toward* socialism, but *past* socialism.

III

I SAY subconscious agreement because in our conscious thought most of us still seem to be the victims of an old idea that has become a delusion. This is the idea that there is in the world a sort of inevitable trend of progress toward socialism; that people who want the government to do more than it is doing are therefore liberal (if they are polite about it) or radical (if they are aggressive about it); and that people who want the management of business to remain in private hands are therefore conservative (if polite) or reactionary (if aggressive).

Historically there has been ample warrant for this picture of the political spectrum. During the past century or so the principal political changes have been in the direction of getting the government to do more and more for what was thought to be the common weal; and the people who didn't want the government to act, who wanted to dig their heels in and stop it from acting, were rightly known as conservatives. By contrast the people who went whole hog for government intervention, to the point of wanting the government to take over virtually everything, by violent revolution if necessary, in short the Communists, were rightly known as extreme radicals. But now the United States has been demonstrating pretty convincingly that the system that works best of all, combining most of the genuine advantages of governmental responsibility and of private initiative, and avoiding the disadvantages of each, is one in which governmental intervention is limited and private industry and private associations have a great degree of freedom; and also that one of the mightiest advantages of this system is the way in which it diffuses very widely the decision-making power and the opportunities that go with it. In short, that the direction of progress is now different from what people had supposed it was.

Yet the delusion persists that the trend of the times is toward socialism, and perhaps even toward communism. Though our production, our wealth, our standard of living are the wonder of the world; though Britain under Socialist leadership had to come to us for financial aid; though, as Isabel Lundberg wrote in 1947, we are in a position to offer tangible goods and expert technological services to nations to whom the Russians, for all their loud talk of material benefits, could not offer so much as a shoelace; though our evolved and unsystematic system is potentially the most revolutionary force on earth, nevertheless so fixed in our minds is this delusion that when we face foreign problems we instinctively consider ourselves the natural allies of conservatism, and we tend to behave as if we wanted to stifle the natural hopes of mankind for a decenter way of life. Instinctively we set our faces against change. And preposterously many of us think of Soviet Russia—which has submerged the historic Communist aim of a better life for the masses of people in an aim of national aggrandizement through barbaric means—as if it and its allied zealots and dupes represented radicalism, represented a disposition of things toward which we ourselves might drift if we did not hold fast against change; as if Soviet Russia were something other than a despotic medievalism which has developed out of a revolutionary attempt to meet the problems of the nineteenth century—problems which we ourselves have long since surmounted.

It is time we rid ourselves of this notion about Russia. It is time we realize that when we battle against communism, we are battling against the past, not against the future. It is time, too, we rid ourselves of the notion that the direction of change at home is toward socialism or communism, and that therefore loyal Americans must stand pat. This notion is a stultifying force in our life. It causes well-meaning people to imagine that anyone with

ideas must be suspect of subversion. It tends to cramp men's imagination and stifle originality. It tends to constrict our generous impulses as a people. Combined with the fear of large-scale war, and especially of atomic war, it eats away at our bold confidence in ourselves and our future.

We would do better to put it out of our minds, and to realize that our sobering position of leadership in the world is founded upon the fact that we have not stood still. The story of the changes in the contours of American life that we have hammered out in the first half of this twentieth century is a triumphant story, however harsh may have been some of our experiences in the interim and however obscure may be the shape of the future. We would do well to think of our accomplishment thus far as but the preface to what we may accomplish in the second half of the century if we can continue to invent, improve, and change—and can keep a good heart. The courageous nation, like the courageous man, is not unhappy at the thought of dangers beside the road ahead, but welcomes them as challenges to be faced and overwhelmed along an adventurous course.

Another article by Mr. Allen, "The Spirit of the Times," *will appear next month.*
—The Editors.

A Lecturer at Large

OGDEN NASH

The Club Car

Come, child, while rambling through the nation
Let's practice our pronunciation.
The liquid confluence here we see
Of r-i-b and a-l-d.
When first potato chips he nibbled,
That gentleman was merely ribald.
But now that he is four-rye-highballed,
We may properly pronounce him ribald.

Reflection on the Vernacular

In cooking *petits pois,* or lesser peas,
Some use receipts and some use recipes.
In spite of opposition warm,
I choose to use the former form.
In fact, though you may think me gossipy,
I plan to settle near Lake Ossipee
When my arrangements are complete
To change its name to Lake Osseipt.

Maybe You Can't Take It With You, but, Look What Happens When You Leave It Behind

As American towns and cities I wander through,
One landmark is constant everywhere I roam:
The house that the banker built in nineteen-two,
Dim neon tells me is now a funeral home.

Warren of California

Gordon Harrison

THE importance of Governor Earl Warren lies not so much in the slender possibility that he might be the next President of the United States as in his special quality as a political personage. Warren is a rarity among successful politicians—an easy-going, reasonable man. He has made a career of soothing violent partisanship, of seeking the middle way, of being scrupulously fair to all points of view and to all legitimate suitors for government aid, of avoiding a fight whenever his ends could be more peacefully attained. In almost thirty years of public life in California he has made reasonableness politically profitable. He has persuaded Californians that good, solid, efficient government is more palatable than pie in the sky. Rousing no passion in the electorate, he has promised only what he could perform and usually he has been able to perform. Two years ago he became the first California governor ever to be re-elected for a third term. A Republican in a nominally Democratic state, he won by a majority of well over a million votes. That is strong magic. It has made a lot of politicians take Warren's improbable technique seriously.

As I write, Warren is running well back in the pack of Presidential candidates. On the whole that is as good a position as a reasonable man could find. Carefully avoiding the jostling, the crowding to the rail, and the hazards of premature exhaustion of the front runners, he conserves his strength, maneuvering only to head the field so that he may win if the leaders knock each other out. At the moment Warren's calmness and disinclination to take sides are a clear strength. If he leans more to the Eisenhower faction, he has up to this moment not said so himself. And he has not roused the bitterness of the Taft organization. His personal relations with Taft, while not intimate, are friendly. He has been sniped at by the party reactionaries and he can expect a harder fight if his nomination ever becomes a probability. Yet as a possible compromise candidate he gains immeasurably from staying so long out of the direct line of fire. And he gains still more by his willingness to play the game without the intensity of consuming ambition. Win or lose he will never be an angry man.

WHILE Warren's political character makes him pre-eminently available as a compromise candidate, from two points of view it constitutes a handicap to his selection. First he is tagged with the 1948 defeat which, it is argued, proved the folly of the mild-mannered, me-too approach to campaigning. The proof is at best dubious. As concerns Warren, it should be said that since people do not ordinarily vote for the Vice-Presidential half of the ticket, the defeat was really Dewey's, not Warren's. The fact that the Republicans lost California even though

No native of California has ever been President, and only two Presidents (both of them alive today) have come from states beyond the Mississippi. Is there a chance that the politicians and the voters will pick a far Westerner this year?

Warren's popularity in his own state has steadily increased before and after 1948 can [illegible]. A larger doubt rises against the whole proposition that so-called me-tooism has proved a failure at the polls. With me-tooism (essentially connoting a [illegible] of liberal practices) Wendell Willkie in 1940 pulled his party dramatically out of the slump of 1936. He jumped the GOP electoral vote from 8 to 82, its popular vote from 40 per cent of the total to 45 per cent. In the two succeeding elections Dewey's popular vote remained between 45 per cent and 46 per cent of the total cast; his electoral vote rose to 99 in 1944 and to 189 in 1948. This may be less than victory but it is far from a clear case of failure.

The fact is that the perspective on 1948 has long been askew. Because the Republicans that year were convinced that they could not lose, they were obliged afterward to try to explain their bungling. But the real error may have been made earlier. Too few have thought to ask whether the expectation of victory was ever justified. What happened, in short, may have been no more than a failure of prior intelligence, not a boner at tactics. Viewed in that light the steady gain in Republican electoral strength over the past twelve years becomes far more significant than the fact that Truman captured the Presidency in 1948. It may mean that me-tooism, far from being a political morass, is actually the right road back to popularity. It should hardly surprise Republicans who can still remember the nineteen-twenties that the road has proved long.



The misreading of 1948, however, remains persuasive and the smear on Warren is not easily removed, especially since it may be combined with a more serious charge that his campaign style and a personality without emotional fire cannot move fast enough. Warren's voter appeal has been abundantly evidenced in California, but the Governor has steadfastly (and, in some of his friends' eyes, foolishly) refused to leave his job to get himself better known throughout the country. Wherever he goes and wherever he takes his charming family he makes friends, usually politically loyal friends. But without a wide popular reputation, without a dynamic public presence, and committed to a program that is sound rather than flashy, Warren is a slow politician who endears himself to the voters by a warm grin and a handshake, backed up by an air and a record of absolute integrity. That takes time. Would he have, as the Republican nominee, time enough?

As I write, the question is remote. It may remain so. Not remote, however, regardless of the Eisenhower and Taft bandwagons, is the significance of Warren as a political figure and symbol of a conceivably better Republican leadership. Warren is significant because as a Republican he has practiced a true conservative faith.

II

CONSERVATISM is never easy to define. Warren calls himself a middle-of-the-roader and urges his party to steer between the extremes. But the road is wide and all but a handful of Americans at least have the illusion that they walk down the middle.

Warren's position can be marked out more precisely by the facts of his record.

He started his public life at thirty-three as district attorney of Alameda County. Although he did a good workmanlike job of cleaning out graft and corruption no one then would have picked him as a man of destiny, or even as a man likely to succeed. He stayed at the job for fourteen years. His modest ambition to try for the office of state attorney general he kept to himself for the better part of a decade. Warren always knew how to wait. He waited then for the incumbent, U. S. Webb, a fixture since 1902, to retire. Characteristically he told Webb of his ambition. "Let me know," he is reported to have said to Webb, "when you are ready to step down." Webb was charmed and in 1938 at last informed Warren that the field was his. Warren promptly won the office with the nominations of both parties.

Four years under Democratic Governor Cuthbert Olsen seem to have produced for Warren little more than a series of frustrations. Again he watched his chance and found it in the rapidly developing unpopularity and disharmony of Olsen's partisan administration. He would run for governor.

Then fifty-one years old, Warren had a lot of friends but little money, a record that was honorable but without glamor. To the Republicans with money he seemed a poor bet, but he figured the odds differently. Carrying his belief in the possibility of efficient, progressive, non-partisan government to the electorate on a stumping tour of the state, he made a lot more friends. He made enough to win the governorship. Thereafter he embarked on a demonstration that economical, honest administration dedicated to the sound and the possible could win increasing support from all classes.

Warren began in 1943, his first year, by balancing the state budget. In the nine succeeding years he not only kept it balanced but during the war prosperity reduced taxes, paid off the state bonded indebtedness, and piled up a surplus of nearly half a billion dollars. That money was set aside and is now being spent slowly on public works. Although in 1948-49 state expenditures topped those of New York and although they have risen each year since, income from revenues has kept pace and taxes have not been raised. The current budget is calculated to produce another year-end surplus, perhaps of 70 million dollars.

There is no wizardry in Warren finance. Warren has presided over a state which for the past ten years or more has been enjoying something like a frontier boom. The population of California has increased since 1940 by more than three and a half million, a gain of 53 per cent, compared to a nation-wide increase of 14.5 per cent. Much of this gain has reflected increasing industrialization. Between 1929 and 1947 factory output in the state was up 196 per cent as compared to 143 per cent in the nation; state retail sales climbed 251 per cent while national sales rose 170 per cent. California now ranks second among the states in the number of its manufacturing establishments and seventh in the number of employees in industry.

CALIFORNIA'S prosperity and exuberant growth make it a special case. It would be naïve to look there for the Midas touch that could automatically solve the imbalance of the federal budget. What is remarkable is not the economics of the Warren regime but the politics. Against constant temptations and special pressures, Warren has persisted in his conservative handling of the California boom, conserving the resources of prosperity while channeling the potentially explosive forces of extreme wealth beside extreme poverty and mass immigration into slow, consistent, and solvent social progress.

While keeping the budget in balance, the Warren administrations have expanded all kinds of social services, increasing old-age and unemployment benefits and state aid to schools, undertaking systematic scientific conservation programs, building new highways for California's more than four million automobiles, providing money for new hospitals, mental institutions, and medical research. These programs, largely self-supporting and locally administered, are practical demonstrations that the state may successfully sponsor measures of social welfare without sponsoring socialism. None of them has been imposed from above. Nearly all have been heartily endorsed by conservative business men as well as by labor. Warren has taken representatives of all classes and groups into his confidence and for himself he has assumed only the re-

sponsibility of guiding what he regards as the legitimate demand of the people that their government serve as an agency for all.

That does not mean raiding the public treasury for the special fattening of either the few or the many. Warren has kept a twin check, fiscal and administrative. What the people want in service they must pay for as they buy and so far as possible administer it themselves close to home. The state thus remains solvent—the total California debt now consists of about one-third of a 250-million-dollar school bond issue—and it resists the twin cancers of bureaucracy and over-centralization. At the same time Warren has made it a cardinal principle to ride herd on all expenditures to keep the purchasing value of each state dollar as high as possible.

Economists might quarrel with his flat dictum: "No matter what other virtues government might have, if it is not solvent, it cannot be good government," when by solvent is meant free from public debt. But what Warren actually means is something larger: that the first if not the highest political value is stability. He has proved that he cares about more than mere fiscal stability and he has created more.

With the solid record of having doubled old-age pensions within a sound financial structure, for instance, Warren was strong enough in 1949 to beat down the radical and highly organized McLain pension plan. In a land friendly to promotional utopias, conservatism has a special need to stand squarely for progress. But the moral is not exclusively Californian. Any democratic government that does not move forward of its own will is sure one day to be pushed flat on its face.

WARREN'S record has necessarily been built on domestic policies. In foreign policy he is by unequivocal conviction an internationalist. He has never wavered in his support of the United Nations, his endorsement of the European-aid programs, the North Atlantic Treaty, and—in general—the policy of containing communism by building the strength of all free nations. He was a leader in securing Republican endorsement of the bipartisan policy of the late Senator Vandenberg in 1948. As far as one can tell there is no significant difference between his stand and the aspirations symbolized by General Eisenhower. Warren, however, is an amateur in foreign affairs. To ask how that affects his fitness for the Presidency is to throw into relief a central question of the campaign: What kind of leadership do we need?

In any times of danger or confusion there rises in the nation an emotional hunger for a strong man, strong in his habits of command, strong in his association with the great and his far removal from the political humdrum, strong in his self-confidence and his air of self-confidence, strong above all in the eyes of others since we reluctantly trust our own judgment. The hunger gnaws bitterly just now. Weariness and frustration have made our troubles—all our troubles but especially those of the cold war—seem a lot more desperate than they probably are. Lack of confidence in the Administration, together with the irresponsibility of the opposition, have exacerbated the mood of frustration while effectively stifling thought. Yet out of all the charges and countercharges only one consistent criticism appears. It is not the policy that is at fault but the way it has been carried out. The change needed is a change of men. Even Senator Taft, though he has often stood in opposition on matters of policy, no longer asks major revisions.

If that analysis is correct, then our foreign policy in its broad outlines represents the self-evident and almost universally accepted reaction to our national needs. The real issues concern methods, not grand strategy, and they lie chiefly at the level of the State Department expert. The primary task of any President would be the reorganization of the State Department, not to clear out non-existent Communists, but to tighten up what has become a very loose-jointed and often ineffective machine. What is now demanded of a President, accordingly, is to bring policy making and operations closer together, to restore the badly shattered *esprit de corps* and the equally badly shattered public confidence in the Department.

We make, perhaps, too hard a distinction between foreign and domestic affairs, and thus mistake the nature of democratic leadership. As one problem rises to overshadow all others, we tend to look about us for the one man who offers in his training and character the one best answer to that one problem.

If his other answers are less satisfactory, we brush them aside, for the other difficulties may not arise. A general looks like a good leader in a world at war; a liberal seems less relevant. By this reasoning Warren comes out second best not only because he offers less than certain victory in November but because with domestic issues dormant he seems not to be the man of the hour.

Yet, however valid emotionally this cry for expert personal leadership may be, it rings falsely against the history and traditions of our democracy. Our great Presidents have not been leaders in the sense that they have planned and led the nation along a course of their deliberate choosing. They have not shouldered the problems of the nation, found the answers that no one else could find, resolved the confusion by asserting their own wills, worked out national policies like a general planning a campaign. Their outstanding characteristic has been an intuitive immersion in and complete acceptance of the stream of history. (It is an intuition, incidentally, which Truman has shared, though chiefly at moments of crisis.) The word complete needs to be emphasized. Our leaders have not been experts in finance, or diplomacy, or welfare, or war, or even in administration. Their quality has not been divisible. They have not been in tune with the people on foreign affairs, out of tune on domestic affairs. Their greatness has never consisted of any special proficiency, but rather in seeing more clearly and more steadily what the majority of the people saw and in being determined and able to push aside the obstacles in the way of that vision.

On the record, the successful President has been the leader of a successful party. He has built his fortunes on those of the party and in the eyes of the electorate made them seem synonymous. If the long shot comes home and Warren falls heir to the Republican nomination, the vital question will be not the competence of the man alone but the competence of the party under his guidance to rise to the responsibilities of power.

III

It has often been remarked that the danger of any Republican administration, whoever heads it, lies in the Taft men—the Capeharts, Jenners, Malones, McCarthys—who would be loud if not dominant in the councils of the party. If they could not make policy, they could do much to obstruct it. If they could not turn back the clock or change the nation's course, they could go far toward undermining confidence in the government here and abroad. The dangers can be exaggerated but they ought not to be ignored. There is another: that the present split in the Republican party might continue and widen under the continuing and hostile leadership of Senator Taft in Congress.

The liberal independent cannot but view any Republican victory with some uneasiness. Yet in the balance must be weighed the vital importance of somehow rehabilitating the GOP. Rehabilitation cannot proceed without the responsibility of power. Along with that responsibility will go some political education. In judging the risk of returning the Republicans to power the question seems crucial of what their education may be.

An Eisenhower victory could teach that the people no longer want old-fashioned continental Americanism. This is a good and important lesson, though limited. But will it be learned? The recurrent suggestions that Taft bow out in favor of General MacArthur indicate a readiness in some quarters to believe that victory can be bought by any well-known hero. It was that lesson that the Whigs in the eighteen-forties took to heart and that ultimately proved their undoing. For it was a lesson that provided no political education; it gave the party not a new face but a new mask. No party can afford to hold on to principles repudiated by the majority of the people by hiding them under the cloak of a popular leader. Such schizophrenia fatally weakens both party responsibility and party integrity. Convictions then become the bonds of private conspiracy while in public empty men play the buffoon. And in the end to no avail, for there is at some time governing to be done as the people want it.

At best the lesson of an Eisenhower victory would be incomplete. While it is true that domestic issues as such are not now significant and are not likely to be so long as the Russian threat persists, it is not true that basic attitudes in the government toward such continuing problems as labor relations, corporate monopoly, social welfare, and taxation are

[illegible] Nor does any Republican think [illegible] It is the independent liberal who seems anxious to close his eyes.

As Warren has said: "Our difficulties with Communist Russia . . . may last for years or even a generation. During these years we must maintain normal American life. Children must grow up in freedom and with opportunity. We must continue to improve the social order." That does not mean that Warren would plunge into a new Fair Deal of his own. No President now could, nor does Warren want to. He is much more concerned at the moment with financial soundness, economy, and honesty in administration—the things he has always put first in California. They are first now in the nation, but they are not all. Social progress, as Warren has indicated, cannot be halted by crisis except at the sacrifice of freedom. The demands of persons and groups on the government for service or favor continue. They must be answered one way or another; and the sum of the answers jogs us ahead or turns us back. Domestic policy in times like these is made by [illegible]

Alone among Republicans in prospect for the Presidency, Earl Warren has made a consistent effort to get behind the platitudes of "free enterprise" and "socialism" that might mask a policy of reaction. He yields to no one in his hatred of socialism and paternalism or in his devotion to decentralized, minimum government. He can use Republican language and mean it, for he has drawn distinctions that too many of his brethren blur, between socialism and social welfare, between free enterprise and free hunting. He not only speaks the language, he has practiced the philosophy in such a way that only the extreme right and left have [illegible]

Probably it is hopeless to dream of whitening the blackest Republicans now in Congress. Yet Warren's record shows that he has generated political strength in the most unlikely places simply because he is open-minded and in sympathy with the currents of opinion around him. In the first six years of Warren's governorship, the California legislature passed over 90 per cent of his program and overrode his veto only once.

In part this success is accounted for by the unique Californian brand of nonpartisanship, inherited from the Progressive days of Hiram Johnson. A law permitting candidates to file for both Republican and Democratic nominations has produced a legislature more than half of whose members wear two labels. Warren's leadership therefore has been personal rather than partisan. But for all that he is, within the limits of the local scene, a good party man who has served in the ranks and at the top of local political organizations. He believes in the party system and in the mission of his own party. Much of his peacemaking has been directed at seeking a common ground on which to unite Republicans. He sees this as the primary task in national politics. If there is a common ground, it is a good bet that Warren might find it.

But converting individuals in Congress is less significant than educating the party as a party. A Republican administration that even occasionally was able to prove that it had at heart the interests of all the people could gradually, through showing the profit in votes, begin to woo the party away from its business bias and restore its roots among the people. Without that kind of education the Republicans are sure one day to go the way of all minority factions whose ears are deafened and sensitivities numbed by the very loud cries of the self-righteous few.

The time to begin this education is now. It would be folly for the party to believe that it may safely be postponed for some distant postwar world. The big issue before all voters in November will be neither wartime leadership nor mere change. It will be the desperate need to restore the vigor of two-party democracy by insisting that both parties give proof that they can and will represent in their different ways the needs of the whole people.

Victory for the Republicans in November, however achieved, will certainly postpone their dissolution as a party, perhaps for a long time. Even another defeat now might not be fatal. But in the long run there is no political substitute in a democracy for popular approval. Warren, waiting now in the background, offers the Republicans a chance to win and to deserve that approval. He looks at the moment like the best chance there is.

The Accession of a Queen

John Strachey

THE Labor Members of Parliament were holding a meeting that morning. One of the less orthodox of us was speaking when Mr. Attlee, who is always in the chair, was called out of the room. A few minutes later he came in again looking stricken.

He said, "I must interrupt. The King died this morning in his sleep. I want to say that I experienced nothing but kindness from him. The meeting is suspended."

One realized how much closer is the relationship of a Prime Minister to the King than that of any other Minister. Mr. Attlee had just heard of the death, not only of his King, but of a man with whom he had worked closely for the whole six years of his Premiership. He had a deep personal regard for King George, based above all, I think, upon gratitude for the King's treatment of the first Prime Minister of a majority Labor Government. As Mr. Attlee put it, in his quiet way, in an article which he published in the *Observer* that Sunday:

> He [the King] was broad-minded and tolerant. It cannot, I think, have been easy for him to have had a Government returned to power with a majority pledged to make sweeping changes, but he accepted the position. I never knew him to depart from strict constitutional propriety. He had studied economic and social questions, and, whether or not he agreed with the policy of the Labor government, he understood very well the reasons for it.

In all the tributes to King George and in all the accounts of the events of his reign, this aspect has not, perhaps, received adequate attention. It was in the reign of King George VI that it was finally proved by experience that there was no incompatibility between the monarchy and a Labor Britain. And the historians may conclude that his reign was in this respect one of particular significance in the history of the monarchy.

During the day (Wednesday, February 6) I got this telegram:

> ACCESSION COUNCIL WILL BE HELD AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE ON WEDNESDAY 6TH INSTANT 5 P.M. ENTRANCE IN AMBASSADORS COURT ORDINARY CLOTHES VISITING CARD SHOULD BE HANDED TO MESSENGER ON ENTERING.—F. J. FERNAU CLERK OF THE COUNCIL.

Such telegrams had been sent not only to all members of the Privy Council, but to "the Lords spiritual and temporal of this realm"; and similar summonses had gone to "representatives of other members of the Commonwealth, with other Principal Gentlemen of Quality, and to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London."

This firsthand account of historic ceremonies, with its reverence for the monarchy, gains in interest from the fact that the author, a Cabinet member in the recent Labor Government and a Labor MP, is widely considered in America to be radical.

About four o'clock I came across Alf Robens, the ex-Minister of Labor in our Government. We were both reading in the Library of the House of Commons. It turned out that he had his car, so I asked him for a lift over to St. James's Palace.

Coming along the Mall we fell in behind what I recognized as the big Rolls of the High Commissioner for India, Krishna Menon. We walked up the Palace stairs with Menon, on his way, surely, to a strange destiny. He was going to help proclaim a Queen of Britain and of the Commonwealth. His own country was a republic and so would not recognize her as Queen of India. But yet India was a member of the Commonwealth, and so he, as India's representative, had the right to take his part in proclaiming her. The British spirit of limitless compromise, combined with Indian subtlety, has here created a piece of politico-metaphysics which, however fine drawn, may yet be of high practical significance for the world.

By now a somber, silent body of a hundred and ninety men (and two women) was streaming up the Palace Stairs and into one of the larger rooms of the Palace.

We were the Witenagemot. Or so the *Times* informed us the next morning. An Accession Council, it turns out, is the lineal descendant of the Anglo-Saxon Witenagemot, or council of the realm, through which many of the Saxon Kings governed. It was a deep-rooted institution, for though Norman William gave it Latin names, *Magnum Concilium* or *Curia Regis*, he made haste to summon it and get it to proclaim him. Till that had been done he was merely a conquering usurper: from then on he was King of England. This Great Council—to leave Anglo-Saxon and Latin for plain English—is by far the oldest of our national institutions. It outdates Parliament by almost as many centuries as Parliament has existed. It is so old that its proper composition is uncertain.

For example, who precisely had a right to be summoned at five o'clock on that Wednesday afternoon? According to the latest authority, Sir Berriedale Keith (*The Constitution of England from Queen Victoria to George VI*, 1940), "The proclamation of the new Sovereign is made by a gathering of Privy Counselors with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London and other persons of distinction, among whom modern usage includes the High Commissioners for the Dominions [we don't use that word now] as representing the peoples overseas. This gathering is a representative of the Anglo-Saxon Witan or the Norman *Magnum Concilium,* meeting to choose and proclaim the King."

Yes, but who settles who is "a person of distinction" or "a principal gentleman of quality"? Who settles *which* of the eight million "citizens of London" are to come? After all we were being summoned for a not inconsiderable purpose, namely, "to choose and proclaim" our Sovereign. I went into this matter after the meeting of the Council. Apparently "citizens of London," other than the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, are in practice no longer asked. And the "other principal gentlemen of quality" turn out to be senior civil servants of the Privy Council Office, the Home Office, and the Ministry of Commonwealth Relations! These officials attend the Council because their services are needed. But they sign the Proclamation, and so attend as Members of the Council, and not as mere organizers and recorders of its proceedings in the way that, for instance, they attend Cabinets. Well, those sober men, our British civil servants, may not be precisely the kind of people who spring to the mind in that fine feudal phrase, "other principal gentlemen of quality." But they have a lot to do with governing the country, and it is just as well that they have come to be represented at the Accession Council.

But it really is queer that no one quite knows who has a right to attend. Today, of course, the Accession Council is the merest formality. Elizabeth the Second was our unchallenged queen from the moment of her father's death. But that has not always been so: such Councils have sometimes been anything but formalities. They have been of crucial importance, and that much more recently than in Anglo-Saxon times. As late as the eighteenth century they have determined the succession.

When Queen Anne died in 1714 Jacobitish Tories under Bolingbroke were in power. Bolingbroke's whole future, and perhaps his

life, hung on his being able to bring back the Stuarts and prevent the accession of Hanoverian George I. The issue was decided at the Councils just before and just after the Queen's death.

II

I was thinking about that as I walked up the Palace stairs. A loud spluttering voice, the voice of Sir Henry Marten, best of all teachers of history, was echoing in my ears:

"And then, gentlemen—then, gentlemen"—he called his audiences that, were they school boys or eminent scholars—"two Whig Dukes stalked into the Council uninvited. Bolingbroke was confounded. Anne's dying hand passed the Treasurer's white staff to Shrewsbury—the Hanoverian succession was secured. The Tories were out. Bolingbroke fled. The Whigs had won."

Henry Marten used to make it all live to the rows of Eton boys whom he faced as he paced up and down, literally acting out the scenes of history that had permanently set light to his imagination.

I could not help wondering whether our new Queen, at that moment airborne over Africa, on the first stage of her journey back to us, was too plunged in grief to be hearing that voice. For Marten had taught her history also. And, as I had occasions to know, she had felt the same wonderful glow of the past come out of the old man as I had. (Apparently he used even to call her and her sister, "Gentlemen, gentlemen," when he got really worked up!)

Certainly Henry Marten must have acted out for her his account of those events of 1714, in which, for the last time, the Privy Council really decided something. Did she, over Africa, hear the old man's excited voice as the voice of the rushing river of history itself, summoning her from the grief of a daughter to the duty of a Queen?

It should be recorded that Henry Marten was *not* of the school of so-called "scientific" historians. If the scene lived, if the story was good—well, out it came to serve its purpose of firing the imagination of his pupils, let the authorities say what they would. (The authorities now call that story of the Whig Dukes only "a contemporary rumor," for example.) He was supremely the historian for whom the play was the thing. He was well to the right in his own political opinions, and the most simple-minded of nationalists. But for the sake of a *story*, he would even dwell (as here) on a Whig triumph or a French victory. A great man.

By this time I had got to the top of the stairs. Of course I had not got a visiting card. But that did not matter; I wrote down my name for them on a bit of paper, and in we went.

Our task was to proclaim the Queen.

> . . . We do now hereby with one voice and consent of tongue and heart publish and proclaim that the High and Mighty Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary is now, by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory, become Queen Elizabeth the Second. . . .

Thus we proclaimed her. Then we signed the great parchment role of the proclamation. We had done so, obedient to tradition, at a few hours' notice, so as to forestall pretenders, usurpers, potential Perkin Warbecks, or what have yous.

If the Queen had been in the country all Privy Counselors would now have withdrawn into another room and she would have come in to us there and then. But since she was still over Africa that could not be until she stood on English soil again. On the next day but one, that is on the morning of Friday, February 8, all Privy Counselors, but this time no one else, were summoned once more to St. James's. This time we knew that the Queen would come. This was the moment which corresponded to that on which the last young Queen to ascend our throne, Victoria, in 1837 met her first Council at Kensington Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain had wakened Victoria in the middle of that night to tell her she was Queen. Then at half past eleven her Council assembled. Lytton Strachey describes the scene.

> The great assembly of Lords and notables, bishops, generals, and Ministers of State, saw the doors thrown open and a very short slim girl in deep plain mourn-

> ing come into the room alone and move forward to her seat with extraordinary dignity and grace: they saw a countenance not beautiful, but prepossessing—fair hair, blue prominent eyes, a small curved nose, an open mouth revealing the upper teeth, a tiny chin, a clear complexion, and over all, the strangely mingled signs of innocence, of gravity, of youth, and of composure; they heard a high unwavering voice reading aloud with perfect clarity; and then, the ceremony over, they saw the small figure rise and, with the same consummate grace, the same amazing dignity, pass out from among them as she had come in, alone.

This time the impression was overwhelmingly sorrowful. There came in to us a lady who had just lost her father. And the grief of that is, I suppose, the same in Windsor as in Bethnal Green. Victoria had lost only an uncle whom she had never seen very frequently. Moreover Queen Elizabeth was then twenty-five years old instead of eighteen. She is a wife and a mother. If she has suffered a far greater grief in the death of her father, she has the great advantage of coming to the throne already happily married. But for the rest, some of the description of the entrance of her great great grandmother would stand. The same small figure: the same plain black, the same complete composure, the same grace, a greater natural beauty, the same quiet clear voice. And then she, too, with a slow inclination of her head, went out through the opened doors, to fulfill her destiny as a twentieth-century Queen.

III

That was Friday, the eighth. On Monday the House met in order to pass loyal addresses. Mr. Churchill spoke. I personally preferred the simple words which he used in the House to the somewhat rotund periods of the broadcast which he had made to the nation. But perhaps I am prejudiced, for the broadcast was much admired. Mr. Attlee spoke for our side of the House, saying with perfect aptness much what he had written in the article in the *Observer*. Then after a recess, we reassembled to walk in procession to Westminster Hall where the Lying-in-State was to begin.

We filed into the Hall two by two, paired off Conservative and Labor. We had some time to wait. But there is a lot to be said for just standing and looking at Westminster Hall. In fact it is the only part of our whole great, intricate Parliament building which is really worth looking at. Barry's vast, hundred-year-old pile is itself a copy: true its Victorian pseudo-Gothic is just becoming an acceptable period piece: but the new Chamber which we have built is a copy of a copy; and it looks it.

Westminster Hall is the real thing. The walls are the original walls built by Red William in the twelfth century. But the Hall as we know it, the great, bare, empty, austere hall, with above it the dark, oaken richness of the roof, is late fourteenth century.

I happened to be standing immediately behind Mr. Churchill. It has been said before, but it does strike one again from time to time, and each time afresh, what a very *unusual* man he is! Whatever we with our prejudices, or history with its perspectives, may have to say about him as a statesman, there is no doubt about his particularity.

Everybody else there looked prim and official. We were all in our overcoats because the Hall is now quite unheated. (In the middle ages they used to light an immense fire in the middle and let the smoke out through a hole in the roof. The hole in the roof is still there but the Victorians glazed it over and the last time any smoke came out of it was on the night of May 10, 1941, when the Common's Chamber was destroyed and the roof of the Hall began to burn under the German fire bombs. There is a photograph showing the flames spurting out of the lantern, which now covers the hole. As a matter of fact the Hall was only saved by a Privy Counselor, Walter Elliott, who broke down the great north doors with an axe and let the firemen in.)

Now the Hall is only too fireless; we stood there waiting, two somber lines of black-clad men, Commons down the east side, Peers down the west. Mr. Churchill kept turning his coat collar up and huddling it round his chin. This made him move that extraordinary half old-gentleman's, half child's face of his to and fro. His great loose orator's mouth and chin, a certain informality about the whole stance of the man, his complete indifference

to any attempt to conceal his discomfort at the cold—in short, everything about him made him far more *natural* than anybody else. In some ways he was more like an artist—which he is—a distinguished painter, architect, or sculptor come in to see the ceremony, than a statesman.

Perhaps he was thinking about the Hall, which he has known all through his long Parliamentary life. We are all exceptionally well up in its history at the moment, because our late Librarian at the Commons, Hilary St. George Saunders, published just before he died a delightful book about it.

In a way the history of Westminster Hall is little less than the history of England itself. For here has been the fulcrum of many of the greatest of its events. Here were held, for instance, those Norman Great Councils, of which the Accession Council was the ghost. Out of the Norman Great Councils came the four Law Courts of the realm, each sitting simultaneously in one of the four corners of the Hall. Out of the clamor of the stormy Great Councils of Henry III's reign had been born Parliament itself. And the early Parliaments of Edward I for the most part seem to have sat in the Hall.

That was while the Hall was still as William Rufus built it. The twelfth century was quite unable to span its great width; so the roof was originally supported on at least two rows of pillars. It must have been a dark, encumbered, early medieval sort of place in those first three hundred years of its existence.

A place like that did not do at all for Richard II, the aesthete King of the late fourteenth century. Richard determined to reconstruct the Hall in the very latest style. Unlike us of the twentieth century he made no timid copy of the old. He had great artist-craftsmen to make a brand new job of it. Henry Yevele, the mason, and Hugh Herland the carpenter, were what we should call his architects—and Herland above all was an engineer. For it was he who devised the hammer-beam roof which for exactly five and a half centuries has spanned the Hall. On that Monday it floated above our heads, an intricately carved, strutted, keyed, pinioned mass of oak. It was, and is, highly scientific with its cunning dispersion of the enormous side-thrust of its suspended weight. It is one of the great technical triumphs of medieval Europe.

The end of each hammer-beam itself is carved by Robert Grassington into a long wooden angel—there was one just above Mr. Churchill's head—so that row upon row of them stretch out horizontally toward the middle of the Hall. But it was Yevele who gave the Hall its greatest beauty—space. The Hall is 67 feet, 6 inches wide by 239 feet, 6 inches long and almost completely bare beneath the roof. Every time you walk across it to the members' entrance to the House of Commons you see that empty space is perhaps the greatest architectural feature of all.

The bare space of the Hall tells above all in such solemn uses as it was put to that Monday. (Not that its uses have always been solemn. On the contrary Henry VIII used it as his tennis court. And sure enough when they were repairing the roof recently they found a Tudor tennis ball stuck behind one of the hammer-beams. So apparently His Majesty skied one now and then.)

At length we heard the cortege approaching. The North doors swung open. Eight Grenadiers bore the heavy coffin into the Hall and set it down on the catafalque. The coffin was followed by the three Queens, veiled in black to the waist, the Queen herself in front, her mother and grandmother behind her and to the right. The three Queens stood silently upon the great tract of stone which is the floor of the Hall; their black was vivid against the gray stone.

The stone floor upon which the three Queens stood mourning is impregnated with the passions, and the blood, of half of the most tragic events of our history. Some of the best and some of the worst of men have come in at the north door to stand trial for their lives facing the great south window. More and Fisher; Somerset and Wyatt; Guy Fawkes and Digby, as the sixteenth-century purges swung back and forth between Protestant and Catholic. In the next century Strafford and Charles. In the next Lovat and Hastings. This great cube of enclosed space is still not big enough to hold the reverberations of everything that has happened there.

We walked back into our Chamber. And then for three days and nights three hundred thousand of his subjects filed through the Hall and passed King George's coffin.

IV

The funeral was on the following Friday, the fifteenth. It was all winter and London. The hot breath of the police horses, the coach horses, the Life Guards' horses stuck in the thick air. I saw the procession first in the life as it started out from Palace Yard and then on the House of Commons television set as it came to Hyde Park Corner. It was stately and impressive and all that a royal funeral should be.

About one o'clock I was talking to one of gentlemen in Palace Yard. "Good thing it's kept fine, sir—everybody's got home nice and dry." He paused. "Not that the crowds were so very big as a matter of fact."

We glanced at each other. From about this time on one became conscious of a quiet countercurrent of opinion. Possibly ten days of royal obsequies is a due period. At all events this was when people began to feel that there might be a danger of overdoing it. There was not the slightest doubt about the sincerity and strength of the nation's feelings of grief, affection, and respect for the late King. Everybody felt that here was a man who had served the nation to the very limits of his strength—and beyond those limits, so that he had overworked himself into an early death. Still less was there any qualification in people's unlimited good wishes and good will toward the young Queen. But that did not prevent criticism being voiced of the way in which those in authority had treated the whole matter. This criticism found an early spokesman in Monseigneur Heenen, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Leeds, who, as the representative of an institution still older and still more assured than the British monarchy, perhaps felt qualified to speak. The Monseigneur's, and other people's, criticism centered for the most part upon the treatment provided by the BBC and the press. The BBC, it was widely felt, had in particular overdone it a good deal. Nor was it really clear that it was wise to abandon almost whole space of the newspapers to this one subject day after day.

The truth is that the radio, television, the —the whole gamut of contemporary instruments for the projection of public events are so powerful that they must be used with the greatest discretion. A relatively sophisticated public, such as the contemporary British, may be provoked into a sharp reaction if they feel that things are "being laid on too thick." And what a healthy thing that is—in fact if people were *not* capable of reacting *against* what they were told in the press and on the radio, the prospects for the maintenance of democracy would be poor indeed!

But it is difficult not to feel sympathy with those who controlled the BBC and the British press during the ten days of national mourning. Ham-fisted and unsubtle they may have been: on the other hand what trouble they would have run into if it had been possible to accuse them of not having dealt adequately with the ceremonies! Very considerable sensitivity is demanded in those who have to find the moment at which any further emphasis upon the national rites may produce exactly the opposite reaction to that intended. The psychology of funerals must be a rich but obscure branch of the science: and the psychology of royal funerals a still more esoteric subdivision.

Be all that as it may, there was noticeable on or about the weekend of February 16 a feeling that it was time to turn back to life. A good man and a good King had died: but that was mortal in him. True, he had died sadly young by modern standards, and we all felt profound sympathy with the three mourning Queens who had lost a son, a husband, and a father respectively. Yet every man must die, and it really did not do to suggest that the nation had suffered some irreparable catastrophe from which it would scarcely recover. Apart from anything else to strike that note was not fair to our new Queen herself, who, according to the rough lot of royalty, must master her grief to take her place as Sovereign, and who bids fair to do it extemely well.

V

And so it goes on. Monarchy is about continuity. Monarchy is based upon the simple and, if you will, primitive principle of hereditary succession. The hereditary principle, by providing a solution to the perennial problem of the succession, secures the continuity of society. In its original form of providing a man or a woman who must *rule* the country, simply because his or her father ruled it, the hereditary principle has

been unacceptable to the British people for some three centuries. But in the subtle modern form of providing a man or a woman who shall *reign,* while democratically elected, and democratically dismissed, persons *rule;* in this revised form of constitutional monarchy, the hereditary principle seems to us to have advantages.

Monarchy is the flywheel of the British social mechanism. It does not provide the power; it is not the engine; it does not choose the direction; it is not the steering wheel. But it does provide stability and momentum. And those of us who, like myself and my colleagues of the Labor party, desire to make important modifications in the nature of our social mechanism, and in the direction of its progress, should be, and in fact are, appreciative of such an institution. It is a great national advantage to possess an institution which can help to provide a sense of public stability sufficient to allow of the smooth enactment of changes as considerable as those which we made in the last six years. For the great difficulty about comparatively rapid social change is that it is only too apt to cause undue public anxiety, even when it is indispensable. In such times monarchy is a great comfort to people.

In this connection I doubt if the fact has been sufficiently noticed that the five European countries which are now more or less welfare states, and which contain dominant or very powerful Social Democratic parties, are all monarchies—Britain, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Denmark. Moreover they are five out of the six remaining European monarchies. Belgium is the exception.

It is difficult to believe that so close a connection can be mere coincidence. This is not to say that monarchy consciously or unconsciously fosters social democracy or the welfare state! (Although George VI, before he came to the throne, was the founder of the Industrial Welfare Society.) To suggest any such thing would, I am sure, shock many royal circles profoundly—and, incidentally, serve to deepen still more the republicanism of the more conservative circles in America, France, and the other major republics of the world!

Nevertheless, there may be a real connection between monarchy and Social Democracy, in the sense that they may both be products of the same thing. Those same qualities which enable a country to modify drastically its distribution of income and its property relations, without provoking overt class conflict, may enable it also to preserve its monarchy, if it so desires.

Not every nation will so desire. It is difficult to imagine anything less suited to the American ethos, for instance. But monarchy seems to suit us: and so it goes on. It does not go on, as some people suppose, *in spite of* the fairly drastic social changes which we make from time to time in the British polity. It goes on just *because* we can make those changes.

And then again, our monarchy serves as a sort of landmark amidst the oddly protean character of British institutions. It goes on while Witenagemot becomes Great Council; while Great Council divides upon the floor of Westminster Hall into Parliament, Law Courts, and Privy Council: it goes on while Privy Council turns into Cabinet, which sprouts the *Conciliabulum* or Inner Cabinet, which in turn dissolves, in Professor Temperley's words, into "that secret and political committee in its modern and familiar form of an unauthorized Council of Chief Ministers": it goes on while the ghost of Witenagemot turns up again as an Accession Council with an undetermined membership.

The fact is that our British polity, in spite of the pomp, is flexible to the point almost of intangibility. I am afraid that Americans, accustomed to the well-defined institutions of the great republic, might find it all deplorably casual.

And that again may be why we find it best for us to have a monarchy, for monarchy *feels* so solid and substantial; it prevents things getting too ill-defined, too liquid, too inchoate.

There is a basic paradox hidden somewhere under all this. Monarchy is about continuity. Continuity is about history. But history is about change. Perhaps the continuity which monarchy is about is the continuity of change.

Glory in Bridgeville

A Story by William Wise

Drawings by Charles Geer

It was a tall, silver-haired man who drove into town, parked carefully by one of the meters on the main street, and then locked up his car. As he put a nickel into the meter he looked at the two boys in front of the drugstore and saw they were staring at him.

Inside the drugstore he sat at the counter and ordered a cream cheese sandwich and a cup of coffee. While he ate, he could see in the mirror hanging over the Silex jars that the crowd on the corner had grown to six or seven, and they were all staring inside.

"Would you give me some water?" he asked the man behind the counter, and when the man did, he took out a tin of Bisodols and swallowed one.

"I guess you're back out here to sign up Billy Slater," the counterman said. "Somebody told us who you were—Ted Shane, the one who used to play for the Pirates. I must have seen you once in Pittsburgh, the time I was there for my Uncle's funeral."

"Yes, that's right, I guess you did."

"Well, we think our Billy's quite a ball player," the counterman told him. "Yes sir, around here we certainly do. The town's gone crazy about it, more excitement than I've seen since the firehouse burned down; let's see, twelve years was it, no, must have been thirteen years ago. Thirteen years, come September."

"Sure, Billy's quite a ball player," Shane said.

"And I'll tell you something else," the counterman went on. "It kind of gets you, that's what I mean, it gets you when a boy like that, a boy you've been watching all your life gets a chance to go up and play in the majors. It's really something."

"Sure, it's one in a thousand," Shane said. "Here, will you let me have some change?"

Once inside the phone booth he placed a long-distance call and reversed the charges. When his call came through, he said, "Hello, Harry, this is Shane. I'm in a booth out here in Bridgeville."

"Hello, Ted, what's going on? You got the boy there signed yet?"

"No. No, I haven't even been out to the house, Harry. I just had a hunch . . . I think something might go wrong."

"You think it will?"

"I don't know, there's something about the old man I just don't like. He's a shifty little devil. I don't know, I can't put my finger on it."

"Well there's nothing *I* can do about that," Harry said.

"I know. What I called about was the price. I want to go higher. I saw the kid pitch yesterday . . . and I think Graves made him a better deal."

"Graves was there?"

"Sure. He was there at the game with a couple of others."

There was a pause at the other end, which meant that Harry Welkin was thinking about money—what else ever kept Harry quiet for as long as that?

"How high do you want to go?" he said at last.

"I think Graves must have gone to forty. We'd better be ready to go to forty-five ourselves, maybe even fifty."

There was another pause. A longer one.

Finally Harry said, "God that's steep. Now listen, Ted, are you sure the kid's as good as that? Is he really worth it?"

"He's a beauty," Shane told him. "He's a real beauty. When he gets a better curve to go with his fast one, he's going to be something to see. Harry, he's got control already, yesterday he struck out eighteen and only walked two. That's what really got me, every pitch around the corners, and the other day . . ."

"All right, all right, I'll take your word. That's what we're paying you for, so what the hell. As long as *you* say he's worth it, he's worth it. Only try to keep it down. Make sure Graves offered forty, otherwise try to close it out for thirty-five. Okay?"

"Okay," Shane said. "I'll keep it as low as I can."

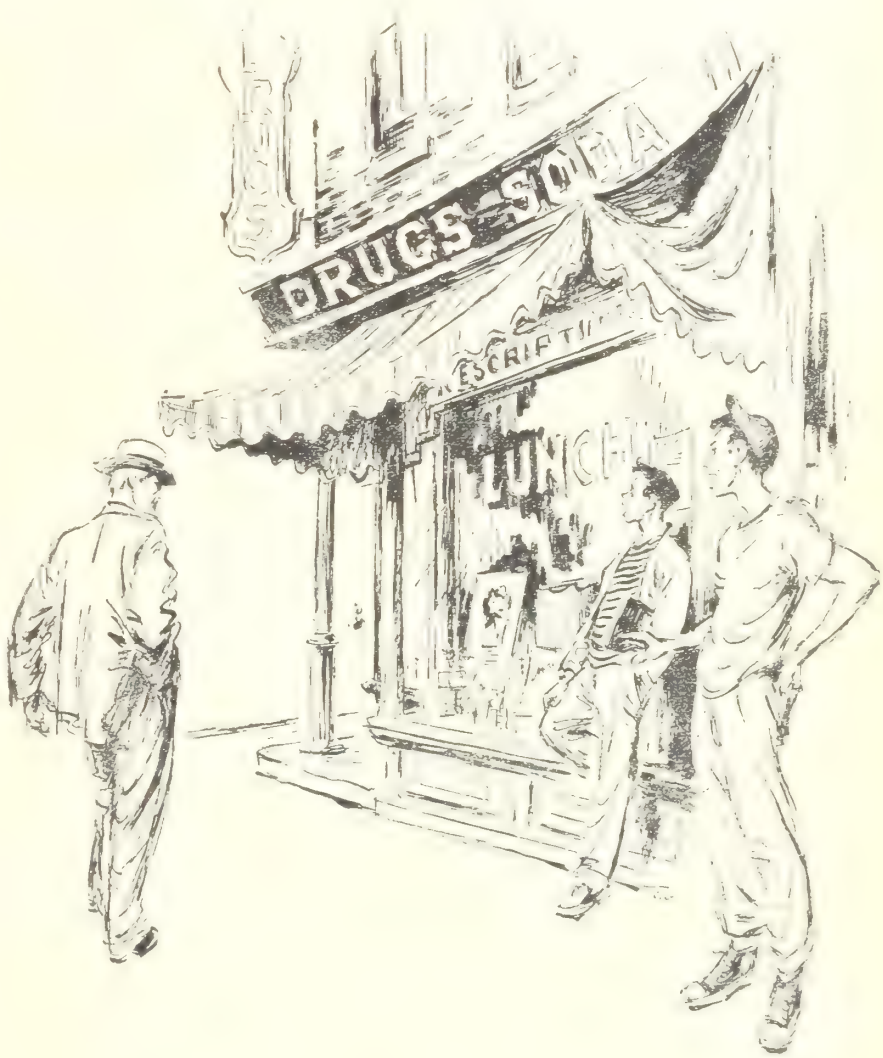
"So long," the other said and hung up.

Ted Shane came out of the drugstore a moment afterward, through the circle of boys on the sidewalk, and drove his car around the block to the house on Willow Street. It was a small frame house where Billy Slater and his mother and his stepfather, Mr. Corwin, lived, the paint a flaking gray, the wooden porch steps beginning to warp and crack, but the curtains inside a brisk white, and the windows themselves shining.

Still, he took a moment before leaving his car to go up the steps. This was the unpleasant part, this signing of papers, outbidding men like Graves, sometimes hedging a little to smooth a corner and close the sale; and when you had an ugly pair to handle, when you had to slip in something extra for the old man and the old lady, slip a little into their own pockets to hurry them up . . . tricks of the trade, that's what you called them.

And yet, in the old days, nobody ever used to practice them. In the old days you stopped at the outskirts of a town like Bridgeville, on a warm afternoon in early summer, exactly where you never knew for sure, you'd see a boy take his cut at the ball, you'd watch him turn first and head around the bases, see the way he carried himself along, and right there, without any warning, you knew you'd discovered exactly what you had traveled a hundred or even a thousand miles to find. There was never any publicity with it, nobody else to outbid, and whatever it was you saw, it was something that only you could see. So you talked to the boy a little, found out his name, maybe you'd stick a few dollars into his pocket if you liked his way of talking, you gave him a ticket to your nearest camp . . . and two or three years later you had a Pie Traynor or a Jimmy Dykes, and that was what you were paid for. That was all, the only reward you ever really wanted for doing it. . . .

Well, now for Billy Slater, he thought at last, and taking out his briefcase, left the car and went up the porch steps to ring the bell.



Almost at once Mrs. Corwin came to the door. She was a thin, dark-haired woman with a sallow face, and he had never seen her smile when he had been there before to talk with her husband, nor was she smiling now.

"I'm Mr. Shane," he said; "it's nice to see you again. Nice to see you, Mrs. Corwin."



"Yes. I remember," she said. "Won't you please come in?"

He waited for her in the parlor while she closed the door, noting again the old lamps, the rug with its worn fringes, the picture of Billy Slater in his Sunday suit . . . not in his baseball uniform, that was important to remember. It always made a difference if the boy's father was a fan, then you went at him one way; but if the father was against it, then you went another.

"Is Mr. Corwin in?" he said, when she came back to the parlor.

"Yes, he's in the kitchen with Billy. I think they're waiting for you there."

"The graduation went all right?"

"Oh yes. Yes, Billy's got his diploma now. Here, let me take your hat."

He waited while she hung his hat away, and thought, well, Billy was out of high school now, and now it was legal to talk to him about the facts of life, instead of talking about them alone with Billy's father, with the boy out of earshot in the next room, pretending he didn't know they were talking about *him*.

"I'll take you to the kitchen," Mrs. Corwin finally said, and he followed her into the back of the house.

Both of them were there, sitting around the kitchen table which stood in the center of the room. They both stood up, and he shook hands, first with Mr. Corwin and then with Billy.

"Nice to see you again," he said to the father.

"Mr. Shane, please sit down."

Billy had brought him over one of the wooden chairs and he said to the boy, "Well, it's nice to be able to talk with both of you now. How does it feel to get out of school?"

"It feels pretty good," Billy said, "it feels pretty good."

He was a blond, square boy, about six feet tall, with a good pair of shoulders and arms that were long and hard. . . . Shane looked at his large right hand and thought of what those fingers would be doing in a year or two, how they would make a ball jump past your eyes or curl right off beyond the swing of your bat. . . .

"Would you like some coffee?" Mrs. Corwin asked him.

"No, no thanks. I just had a bite."

"Well I know you're a busy man," Mr. Corwin said, "so I guess . . . we'd better get this settled . . . as soon as we can." He spoke in this hesitant, anxious way, the little thin-faced man across the table. "We don't want to hold you up . . . any more than we have to."

Billy said nothing, and Mrs. Corwin, wordless too, sat at the fourth side of the table and made herself a partner to the conference, a bowl on the table and a bag of fresh peas in her lap. She began to shell them without looking up.

"Not as busy as all that," Shane said. "Not when it comes to a boy like yours. After all, that's my business." He turned to Billy. "I

saw you pitch yesterday, that was some game."

The boy smiled and said, "They weren't much. You should have seen 'em last year when they had some hitters."

"Well," Shane continued after a moment, "how do things stand now, what do you think of our offer? You know we want Billy, and you know what we're willing to go to have him. We think he's good, and someday we think he's going to be more than that. I have the contract with me, unless of course. . . ."

Something made Shane pause, while he looked over at Billy's father, something about the nervous little man on the other side of the table told him that their last meeting, their last, unwritten agreement, was not to be the final one.

"I want to put our cards on the table," Mr. Corwin said. "I know you've been fair with Billy, Mr. Shane . . . and we want to be fair with you. Now the truth is. . . ."

"You've had another offer," Shane stepped in. "This morning, Graves made you another offer, isn't that right?"

"Forty thousand dollars," Mr. Corwin said. "Yes, he offered Billy that much this morning."

Shane looked at Billy's father—and would have sworn that the whole thing was lost there and then.

"You didn't *sign?*"

"Oh no, of course we didn't. I explained to Mr. Graves that we were dealing with you, we liked everything you said, and Billy's . . . always wanted to play with the team you represent. But I've told you all that before. Now what I'd like to say is. . . ."

"Look," Shane interrupted, "you know what I said before, Mr. Corwin. I said if there's a better offer, hold off and give us a chance to match it, that's what I said. Well, I had a hunch that Graves would go to forty, so I called the office, and we're not only going to match it, we're going to do better than that, I'll tell you exactly the best we can do. We're willing to go to fifty thousand dollars, and that, I think, is a very fair price."

Now according to what Shane knew, this should have settled the matter on the spot. A boy like Billy usually opened his eyes a little wider, the father smiled a glittering little smile, a mother like Mrs. Corwin suddenly found her feelings too unsettling and began to snuffle and reach for a handkerchief.

But not now. Not the three of them around this kitchen table. Mrs. Corwin went on shelling her peas, Billy looked at his father, and Mr. Corwin rubbed and twisted his hands together in a perfect fever of anxiety.

"That's a fine offer," he said at last. "But what I want to say is . . . I've been thinking . . . and Billy here. . . ."

Shane said, "You've seen somebody else, is that it?"

"Oh no." Mr. Corwin shook his head.

"Well, what is it then?"

He looked at Mrs. Corwin and then back at her husband. "Is it about Billy, the way he'll be taken care of? As I said the other day. . . ."

Mr. Corwin shook his head again. "It's got nothing to do with that. It's . . . the money, that's all."

"Well now," Shane said, "I think we've been pretty fair all around. I could have told you forty-five, first, but I didn't, I wanted you to see exactly how things stood."

"It's a very fair offer," Mr. Corwin agreed. "But Billy and I have been talking it over, since you were here the last time . . . and what I mean is. . . ."

"Why don't you let *me* do the talking?" Billy said.

Shane looked around at the boy. He thought a moment, and then he said, "Sure, I wish you would. Tell me what's on your mind."

"I don't think it's much of an offer," Billy said. "That's all."

"But listen," Mr. Corwin told him, "listen, Billy. Fifty thousand's a lot of money, and Mr. Shane's being as fair as he can. They're willing to give you that, just for signing. . . ."

"Sure it's just for signing," Billy said. "But maybe I want a little more. And if *they* won't give me what I want, then maybe there's someone else who will."

"Well, what do you really think you're worth?" Shane said.

"I think I'm worth sixty. Anyway sixty."

Shane looked at the boy, and for all the times he'd watched him on the field, it seemed that he had never caught a picture

of him before. He stared at Billy's flat blue eyes, and then he shook his head. "I can't give you that. Fifty's as high as we can go."

"Okay, then maybe I'd better talk to someone else."

"But listen," Mr. Corwin told him, "only listen now. Fifty thousand dollars is a mighty generous offer. That's an awful lot of money, isn't it, Mr. Shane?"

"Why ask *him?*" Billy said. "Do you think he'd say it wasn't?"

"Your father's right. It is a lot of money."

"My *step*father doesn't know everything. He told me thirty-five was pretty good, till someone said forty."

"I wish you'd take it," Mr. Corwin said. "I only wish . . . just once . . . you'd listen to what I'm saying."

Billy shook his head. "First I want to know how much they'll really give me." And then he turned to Shane. "You think I don't know what it's all about, don't you? Listen, I see the papers, I know how much you gave some of them last year for signing up. I just want what's coming to me, that's all. I want every cent. . . ."

"But Billy . . . "Mr. Corwin said.

The boy didn't look at his father. "Do you think I want to live like this, in a rotten house like this, spend the rest of my life in a little one-tank town where all they got's a movie and a couple of lousy diners? Oh no, I know what I want, and I'm going to get it."

"You shouldn't talk like that," Mr. Corwin said. "Billy . . . you shouldn't talk. . . ."

Shane looked at the boy's father, and then he looked at Mrs. Corwin; she was sitting at the end of the table, still shelling her peas, and whatever she was thinking found no expression on her face.

"That's my best offer," Shane said at last. "Fifty thousand, you can take it or leave it."

"Mr. Graves might go to fifty-five," Billy said.

"He won't. You're not worth it. You're worth exactly fifty thousand dollars, and not a single penny more," Shane said.

"You'd better take it," Mr. Corwin said. "Honest, Billy, you'd better take it."

Billy clenched his hands and looked at Shane, and then he looked down at the table.

"All right," he said at last. "Where's the papers? I guess I'll sign with you. I'll sign for fifty."

Then Shane brought out the contracts and gave them to Billy, who signed them first, and then he handed them to Mr. Corwin, who signed them too, as Billy's legal guardian. When it was over, Shane shook hands with Billy, and then followed his mother and Mr. Corwin out to the porch.

"I want to thank you," Mr. Corwin said. "You've been very fair . . . and his mother and I. . . ."

"He'll be all right," Shane said.

"I don't want you to think . . . Billy was only excited, that's all. He didn't mean half those things, it's only the excitement."

"Sure, I know," Shane said, and shook the other's hand.

But when he turned to Billy's mother, he was startled to see a new expression on her face. His hand slowly dropped to his side.

"I won't apologize for Billy," she said.

"Apologize?"

"You know what I mean," Mrs. Corwin



said. "The things he said in there, do you think I like to hear my own son talk like that? Do you think I like to listen to him talk like a common hoodlum?"

"I'm sorry," Shane said.

"That doesn't make it any better. You're sorry. After you turn him into something like that, you're sorry. Where do you think he learned such things . . . not in *my* house, he didn't learn such things from me.

"It's men like you, Mr. Shane, men who come around with all that money, giving it to boys like Billy, bribing them with it, turning their heads. It's men like you, Mr. Shane . . .," but she couldn't go on.

"I only do my job," Shane said. "I'm paid to get players . . . it isn't *my* money, Mrs. Corwin."



"We're all a little excited," her husband said. "You know how it is . . . nothing like this has ever happened to us before."

SHANE nodded, and then, because there wasn't any more to say, he left the couple on the porch and drove his car to the end of Willow Street. Then he turned and came back to the drugstore.

Once inside, he went to the counter and ordered a cup of coffee.

"Have you been around to see Billy?" the counterman said. "I guess you've got him all signed up by now."

"Yes, he's signed," Shane told him.

"Well, he's really quite a boy," the counterman went on. "Yes sir, we think our Billy's quite a boy."

"I guess he is."

"Listen, he's got the stuff, that's what *I've* always said. And the kids, the kids around here are crazy about him."

"Glad to hear it. Will you let me have some water?"

When the counterman brought him a glass, Shane took out a Bisodol and swallowed it. Then he looked at the counterman, and the counterman looked back at him.

"You know, I've been thinking, Mr. Shane, I've been thinking ever since you came in here this afternoon." And he cocked his head and leaned on the counter, with his other hand on his hip. "You must lead a pretty good life, that's what I've been thinking."

"How do you figure?" said Shane.

"Well, traveling around the country, finding these kids, giving them a boost like that. When you find them they're just kids, and a couple of years later they're big-league ball players. You sort of come along and tap 'em on the shoulder, and the next thing you know they're famous. I should think that sort of thing would give you a lot of satisfaction."

And the counterman nodded his head. "A lot of satisfaction."

"Sometimes it does," Shane told him. "Sometimes it doesn't—and sometimes it does."

And without mentioning any names, he wiped the taste of coffee from his lips, picked up his hat from the counter, and went outside. He started the coupé and drove away without looking down at the house on Willow Street, and he was out of Bridgeville that afternoon before it was dark.

Lewis Mumford: American Prophet

Van Wyck Brooks

THERE are not many, in our nightmare world, who feel with the Dutch historian Huizinga that we have no choice "but to go forward." That there is a way back, and that we ought to follow this, millions, on the other hand, believe and feel. There are many who preach some sort of return to the medieval synthesis, while others invoke a wise passivity, the kind of submissiveness one finds in Santayana, which they regard as yielding to the will of God. For minds of all these types "the future is not important any more," as Gertrude Stein said a few years ago, and the *fin de siècle* mood of the nineties, a mood of mere literary fashion once, has become the settled mood of serious thinkers. Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* have discouraged many other minds from looking forward, and even Albert Schweitzer says that "faith in the spiritual progress of man has already become almost impossible for us."

That our civilization is in danger of collapsing Lewis Mumford also knows, and he has said that not since the century of the Black Death has the outlook for humanity been so dismal. He has felt all the nightmares of our time, he has heard all the prophets of doom from Burkhardt to Spengler and Henry Adams, and he knows there can be no flight if the last wrath comes. He cannot share the old liberal belief that education will save the world because he is aware of the evils that elude education, the animal loyalties, the emotional drives, the outrageous irrational surges that the first world war brought into action. These tendencies, which were long ignored, have nullified for Mumford the immature wishful utopianism of less conscious ages, and he has attacked the pragmatic liberal's "incurable optimism," that "wrinkled smile" left over from a sanguine past. Subscribing to the tragic view of life "in which the ultimate certainty of death counts at every moment in one's actions and plans for living," skeptical of all fair-weather philosophies, Lewis Mumford speaks, nevertheless—no one speaks more, in fact—of the "promise of our age.'

For our world, "endangered by its paranoia," is still, he says in *The Conduct of Life,* potentially exuberant, full, whole, and balanced, and the most generous dreams of the past, practical necessaries now, are only awaiting, to be realized, the "recovery of purpose." Years ago Mumford wrote, "It is better to face chaos courageously than to cherish the dream of returning to an outworn synthesis," and he had his word in *The Condition of*

The man whose Makers and Finders *has chronicled the literary history of America in intensely personal and judicious terms turns in this appraisal to a great contemporary whose works contain a deep faith in the "human potential."*

Man for the existentialists, for whom the world is meaningless, absurd, and empty. "The true answer to a meaningless existence," he said, "is to conceive a pattern of life that possesses meaning and purpose"; and one who has read him from first to last becomes aware that the word "renewal" is the key word in all his thinking. Unwilling, like Schweitzer, to admit defeat, although reason may say that the game is up, Mumford repeats that "the renewal of life" is "the burden and challenge of our time," a theme about which, in his various books, he has a thousand things to say that are wise, provocative, concrete, relevant, and stirring. He is possessed by a vital sense of the impetus that flows through nature and man, insurgent, forever expectant and forward-moving, and in terms of our moment he carries on, like no one else living in America today, the tradition of Emerson, Whitman, and William James.

II

MUMFORD first became widely known as a critic in the field of architecture—a field in which he continues to be eminent and active—although it was evident from the beginning that all his ideas and activities sprang from a central philosophy, root, and purpose. What this was could have been divined in *The Story of Utopias,* his earliest book, published in 1922, a book that was derived from what might be called the Anglo-American prophetic tradition of which Mumford remains a prime representative today. This book discussed the various Utopias of which Anatole France said that, without them, "man would still live in caves, miserable and naked"—since they are experimental forecasts of a better future; and Mumford distinguished between the "aimless Utopia of escape" and the "purposive Utopia of reconstruction." Concerned already with the recovery of purpose and the renewal of life, he showed that, while "nowhere may be an imaginary country . . . news from nowhere is real news"; and he answered the common objection to Utopia, that it exists on paper only, by observing that the same can be said of an architect's plans. As houses are none the worse for these, so is society none the worse for having its rational possibilities outlined in advance, and thirty years ago he said what he repeated in *The Conduct of Life.* "All challenges to animal lethargy . . . begin in a dream."

He might have added that everyone dreams of a life that is better than the one he knows, and that his own critics have their daydreams too, but that, with Eliot or with Henry Adams, their dreams are nostalgic and concerned with the past, a *terminus a quo* instead of a *terminus ad quem.* And in what respect is Henry Adams's thirteenth century or Eliot's medieval Umbria, in which priests were never gross, any less unrealistic than William Morris's vision of a world of sanity, good will, tolerance, grace, and beauty? Mumford has preferred the kind of dream that acts as an incentive to the kind that rather puts the will to sleep, but he is no less aware than his critics of the evil that exists in men, nor has he ever been more materialistic. That "real life is . . . dogged forever by radical evil" and that evil has a positive role to play in life, he was to explain at length in *Faith for Living,* and no one has ever had more contempt for the "cog-and-wheel" Utopias that have coupled the salvation of men with the improvement of the machine. With no more respect than Dickens had for "Mudfog" associations "for the advancement of everything," he detests "our sterile mechanistic culture," and his notion of a reconstructed world implied already in his first book a "new set of habits" and a "fresh scale of values."

Mumford's developing ideas have followed a consistent line from the outward to the inward aspects of civilization: first the city and the machine, to which he has devoted two large books, the physical body of society; then the soul. Meanwhile, *Technics and Civilization* and *The Culture of Cities* were accompanied by *City Development, Sticks and Stones,* and other studies of architecture and urban planning, in all of which he pursued the prophetic tradition of Morris and Ruskin and the great town-planner, Sir Patrick Geddes. A professed disciple of the versatile Geddes and his "Outlook Tower" in Edinburgh, Mumford shared Ruskin's view that architecture has a social and ethical as well as a technical side, regarding it as more than a matter of construction, or even of beautiful construction, and as touching on all the major human interests. Beginning with the individual building, it led one on

to the community design, while all that really mattered in it was that which "avails for life," a phrase in which Ruskin anticipated Mumford. For Mumford this explained the fact that there is so much beauty, as he said in *Sticks and Stones,* in an old New England village, and so little in our modern towns, beyond mere picturesqueness, because our modern architecture is so largely based on false ideas, Veblen's "conspicuous waste," or the "pillage of the past." Following Louis Sullivan's belief that "form follows function"—in the words of the old Boston sculptor Horatio Greenough—Mumford scorned the rank materialism of duplicating old forms because they please the eye. That these forms are necessarily empty without the life that filled them once, that there can be no such thing as a modern Tudor dwelling, Mumford regarded as only a part of the larger fact that "people, manners, feelings, and architectural forms all go together." As "the aim of every generation must be to remodel" the "inner" and the "outer world" at once, what could be said for the contemporary taste for "twentieth-century kitchens, eighteenth-century dining-rooms, and sixteenth-century studies"? An active taste "must show its respect for the past by leaving it where it belongs," he remarked in the brilliant essay *American Taste,* in which he declared once more his preference for the new architecture that is "clean . . . human . . . friendly . . . adapted to every human need."

In his architectural essays and studies, Mumford has paid eloquent homage to the builders who have grappled with the realities of the American scene, endeavoring to humanize, while fully accepting, the forces of their place and time and turning them, raw as they were, to aesthetic ends. He has presented H. H. Richardson, Louis Sullivan, and Frank Lloyd Wright as creators of new cultural forms in a world of adapters, a world in which plagiarism was, in fact, an emblem of reputability. They drew lessons from the world about them. They saw that factories and railway stations, office buildings and waterworks, previously turned over to contractors and engineers who had no concern for art or beauty (important elements of the modern scene), afforded, as Mumford put it, the starting point for a new architecture. This would belong to its own day, growing out of current needs, like all the valuable architectural examples of the past, and it was Richardson's vision of this that made him the first, Mumford said, to face the totality of modern living. Confronted with the problem of small-town libraries and suburban railway stations, he devised for them entirely new types of structure, analyzing the unprecedented functions to be fulfilled by them and creating forms with a corresponding logic and shape. "It was in the design, indeed, of new types of building that Richardson discovered his own sources of original design," Mumford wrote in *The South in Architecture.*

Some of Mumford's finest expository writing is to be found in this series of lectures and in other studies of architectural subjects, the superb account, for one example, of Thomas Jefferson as an architect, with passages on the work of Richardson and Frank Lloyd Wright. One is not likely to forget Mumford's description of the shingled houses that Richardson made parts of the New England landscape with his sage greens, weathered browns, and autumnal reds, resuming in the colors he introduced the theme of the sumac and the red oak, the butternut, the lichened rock, the sweet fern, and the pine tree. Rare are the critics of any sort who could have the imagination to see how far Richardson's country houses belonged to the summer landscape of their region, as the white farmhouse belonged to the snowy winter scene, or who could appreciate the genius of Wright in evolving architectural forms that identify his houses with the settings of their various regions. For the rest, in *The Brown Decades* Mumford relates how three Chicago architects widened and modified the tradition that Richardson began until it became one of the main pillars of modern architecture throughout the world.

In the course of these essays Lewis Mumford naturalized in many minds whole categories of American artists who had been forgotten or whom people had never previously thought of as artists, John Roebling and his son, for instance, the creators of the Brooklyn Bridge, a work of engineering that was also a delight to the eye. Mumford called this a "poem of granite and steel . . . one of those grand native works of

art that Whitman had demanded of the sayers and delvers," a work that had been recognized earlier in the same degree only by the admirable critic Montgomery Schuyler. Another man whom Mumford called "one of the great artists of the nineteenth century" was Frederick Law Olmsted, not forgotten, but scarcely signalized before in quite this way, and then there was Eads of the St. Louis bridge, and Schuyler whose *American Architecture* Mumford brought forward again as a neglected landmark. Another of these men was George P. Marsh, the old Vermont conservationist, the first to see how Americans were destroying their landscape, befouling and bedeviling the earth they lived on, while he outlined a course of action for saving the land; but most of all Mumford brought into common discourse the names of the eminent architects of whom Americans knew little. He taught his readers for the first time to look at their churches and public buildings, their banks, dams, factories, and jails as works of art, or to ask why they could not be so described. For it had seldom occurred to Americans that building in America was connected with art, as everyone knew it had been in European countries. American building was a joke among educated people in this country, who spoke of the "Victorian Cathartic" or the "Cataleptic" style, and Mumford established in countless minds the names not only of the great builders but of the distinguished buildings which they had created. He showed how John Root's Monadnock Building in Chicago had influenced some of the new German architects, and he made Richardson's Marshall Field Building and Louis Sullivan's Auditorium as familiar names in the history of American art as Ryder's "Jonah and the Whale" or Whistler's "White Girl." He even pointed out the merits of the vernacular brick tradition of which excellent examples were to be found all over the South, a tradition that he said had never been appraised or examined, though its ornamentation was often conspicuously good, and he noted the beautiful High Bridge on the outskirts of New York that had carried the Croton water into the city. In these ways he widened the whole popular conception of what art is, on native grounds, together with the range and the nature of American artists.

In all this Mumford was playing his part in a widespread movement of the time, the recovery of the American past and its forgotten treasures, especially the work of the two generations immediately behind his own of which so many traces had been lost already. Through all the dun colors of the "brown decades"—the theme and the title of one of his books—the creative minds gleamed for his imagination, vivid, complex, harmonious, whether enriching or contradicting the sober prevalent colors that were so well known. He was a pioneer explorer of this obscure formative period in architecture, engineering, landscape design, and painting, the age of Eakins, Homer, and Ryder, as of Richardson, Olmsted, Roebling, and Root, during which Herman Melville lived, obscurest of them all. Mumford was a pioneer in exploring the mind of Melville, too, before this became the subject of a five-foot shelf.

Thus Mumford shared in the effort of others to awaken our sense of the country's achievements. But he had for this a special and personal reason—his faith in social as well as individual "renewal." He was deeply concerned for what he called, in *Faith for Living*, a "loving awareness of one's environment"—which involved an awareness of its resources, in architecture, painting, literature, thought—and a feeling that we "must concentrate our loyalties before we can expand them." Detesting what he called the "insolent fictions" of national sovereignty and isolation in a world in which "nothing less than the earth itself" is a "big enough place for any community to live in," he was nevertheless convinced that patriotism was a "universal attribute of normal people . . . an indelible reality . . . grounded in space and time." Made up of common experiences and sights, places, ways, and tools, it was founded on the actual soil and landscape of a region; and the region—or the land—with the family and the self were the three areas in which Mumford looked for his renewal.

He said these three areas, which had always been life-sustaining, must always be central in plans for a new order. The renewal of the family was the theme of many of his essays; the renewal of the self was the theme of *The Conduct of Life*. Meanwhile, his concern for the renewal of the region was marked

in his studies of city planning, his reports on London, Honolulu, and the Northwest, in which urban and regional renewal were considered together, all of them based on the understanding that metropolitanism itself had already ceased to stand for progress. While Mumford always had at heart the development of his own native city, with a special feeling for characters connected with New York—Walt Whitman, Herman Melville, Alfred Stieglitz—he felt that great cities were "feral" rather than humane, like the wilderness which they had only imperfectly replaced, and the reader of his *Green Memories* knows how deeply planted his roots are in a region that is not too remote from Thoreau's Concord. That Americans are still the "nation of villagers" which Bernard Shaw ridiculed once is a fact that Lewis Mumford peculiarly delights in, and he looks to a "nation of neighbors and families" to "displace the economy of paper profits, paper joys, and paper wealth."

III

When one speaks of the Concord of a century ago, one strikes a note that Mumford recalls in his writings and personality again and again, for he has as much in common with Thoreau and Emerson as he has with Ruskin, Morris, and Patrick Geddes. He is clearly a prophet, in other words, of the line they represented, in one fashion or another, alike in America and England, and naturally he has been misunderstood in an age of pressure groups in which critics are so largely given to hunting in packs. A solitary thinker where others are gregarious, with "one taproot that goes down deep," like Willa Cather's old farmer Neighbor Rosicky, vaguely "big" in the popular mind but unplaceable and troublesome, he has gone his own stubborn, intractable, thorny way. Too much alone with his own thoughts to be easily approachable, he admires Thoreau's Spartan austerity and taste for hardship, for the "pains, abstentions, renunciations" that are perhaps as essential for human development, he says, as more positive nurture. With what contempt he speaks of a civilization whose ultimate blessings are comfort and the postponement of death—along with the "ottomans, ranged with pillows to meet each cushion of flesh with a softer cushion," that have so largely characterized modern living.

In book after book he has castigated the self-indulgence of American ways, the attempt to live by the pleasure principle that marked the state of mind of the nineteen-twenties, when sexual facility and relaxation became an imaginary panacea, as he said in *The Condition of Man,* for the ills of life. At that time all the by-products and sublimations of sex, he adds—devotion, loyalty, aesthetic transfiguration—were stigmatized as futile escapes from life, so that heroism and love were alike disparaged; and he has insisted that the restoration of rational inhibitions and sacrifices is now one of the conditions of human survival. With all the scorn of the author of *Walden* for bodily safety and ease—convinced as he is that hard and tragic days are in store for all the world for at least a generation—he shares Emerson's feeling for domestic life and Emerson's faith in the will, his profound belief that men are of "tunable metal." He combines with this the moral force of William Lloyd Garrison's motto, "I am in earnest and I will be heard." For Mumford has the moral force and the savage indignation of the prophets of the Old Testament, as of England and New England, a force that is no longer recognized in a day of pragmatic acceptance when the cheapest sophistication has been regarded as a value. This is the force that made him a great pamphleteer in his fiery attack on fascism, *Men Must Act.*

In consequence of all these traits, Mumford is an anachronism; that is, he belongs to one of the forgotten types, though this happens to be one of the great classic literary types that inevitably recur with changes in the literary weather. At the moment the public mind has been conditioned against this type, so that people do not know how to classify Mumford, and more shallow nonsense has been written about him—while more perceptive things have been left unsaid—than about any other important living writer. Readers boggle at his difficulty while they swallow the work of poets who do not even wish to be understood; yet Mumford is one of the few Americans who are now helping to think for Europe as so many Europeans formerly thought for us. His writings are honored in

several countries where cities have been wrecked and there is an eager welcome for his plans for renewal, and his name has been called a household word in England.

It is true that Mumford seems to be at odds with the *Zeitgeist,* for he disagrees with all the great parties of the time, the pragmatists and the orthodox religious along with the Marxists; while, unassisted by any clique, he has the exuberance and the productivity that are suspect in contemporary critical circles. He is too strong meat for minds, accustomed to preciosity, that are inured to the fatalism of our sad time, minds of low vitality that resent this passion of affirmation, this faith in the creative instinct and the world that is emerging. No doubt they resent as well the positive tone of the prophet, in spite of Mumford's own belief that "the kingdom of absolutes is not of this world" and that "life knows only partial or momentary fulfillments." But there are many already for whom his powerful masculine mind has struck the rock, like Aaron, in our desert of stone and brought forth a stream of living water, somewhat as Emerson struck this rock five generations ago at a time when Americans were prepared for the conception of renewal. Our own might seem an unlikely time to suggest that "advance on chaos and the dark" which aroused so many minds in the eighteen-forties, minds that knew nothing of the paralyzing pessimism of the present. But who knows at what hour a new season may begin in our thinking? Our civilization, as Mumford observes, has not said its last word, and it may be prepared at any moment to enter upon the new world culture of the future.

For Mumford, man is "ready to depart on new missions," and he is himself in a strong position as a prophet of this world culture because he is aware of the logs that block the path. He is not one of the bright young men who had never heard of sin until they discovered it in Reinhold Niebuhr's writings; he has always known that the old-fashioned theologian, just because of his sense of sin, is more realistic than many supposedly enlightened moderns. The first world war unveiled for him the "whole nature of man," as it used to be called, in distinction from the rational side that had been taken for the whole; and he knew it included corruption, evil, the irrational desires that pragmatic liberals had never been disposed to admit. Even while princes were deposed, the demonic will-to-power remained, as craft remained when priestcraft was abolished. If Mumford stands by the liberal faith, it is not because he does not know how the pragmatic liberals have traduced it, unable as they have been to see the "internal obstacles to external improvement" that he has so well described in *Values for Survival.* Like the sundial, the pragmatic liberals, Mumford said in *Faith for Living,* "cannot tell time on a stormy day" because in their notion of living there is nothing but sunshine; and so they could never understand why the nineteenth "century of progress" gave place to a half-century of savage regression. He long since relinquished the optimism that belonged to a constructive and expanding age—though this had been a healthy reaction against a moldering past—together with the notion of progress itself that grew out of an adolescent pride in the scientific conquest of nature and the invention of machines. For did not the rise of fascism prove that social movement in a direction contrary to the direction of world civilization was not in the least unthinkable? Mumford has never had any use for the nineteenth-century dream of a liberation of mankind by mechanical invention, for the values that count for him are inner values; and he well knows that the planet on which we live may become an extermination camp at any moment. On the subject of the atom bomb he has written with the verve that he brought to the subject of fascism in earlier essays. Detesting Spengler's vulture-like mind, "gloating over the dead food" of culture cycles, he knows that our civilization has been disintegrating.

None of the pessimists, in short, is more aware than Mumford of all the negations of our time, and all the *buts*—the qualifications that hedge modern affirmation. And yet he has never for a moment lost that faith in the human potential which has marked all the major American leaders and thinkers.

This is the animating faith that has made his great tetralogy one of the imposing literary structures of the time: *Technics and Civilization, The Culture of Cities, The Condition of Man, The Conduct of Life,*

which project a new "open synthesis" or de-[illegible]. As Mumford says in one of these books, "If society is paralyzed today, it is not for lack of means but for lack of purpose—the kind of purpose that his own mind has been maturing steadily since he wrote *The Story of Utopias* thirty years ago. Dealing in turn with the machine, the city, the group, and the personal life, he has carried [illegible] building castles in the air and then placing foundations under them. For, first projecting new purposes and goals, he has explored the chances of creating form and order in a civilization in which we ascribe to our thoughts and feelings a lower kind of reality than we ascribe to external and physical objects. The only actual goods for him are the "good states of mind" that Clive Bell characterizes in one of his essays, and the mark of the machine age has been the dehumanization of man and the notion that economic values should dominate all others. And what can be said for extending the range of machines without any regard for plans of social control? Or for the habit of producing goods whether they are needed or not, and utilizing inventions whether or not they are useful? The object of Mumford's own study of technics has been to distinguish and define the properties through which they can serve life, as well as the powers that should be curtailed when they defeat this end or exist merely to support an economic system.

For the rest, as with all important books, there are many ways of reading these, and *Technics and Civilization* and *The Culture of Cities* abound with brilliant annotations on history, cultural and social. One recalls the discussion, for instance, of the manner in which the invention of the clock changed the general direction of human interest from heaven to the world in which we live; for time-keeping passed into time-attending and time-accounting and the rationing of time, and as this took place Eternity ceased gradually to serve as the measure and the focus of human actions. One recalls too the discussion of the way in which toys have fostered inventions—the helicopter and the gyroscope first existed as toys—and the part that glass has played in our social and spiritual history alike, modifying the inner world and the outer together. For the glass that made possible the telescope and the microscope, along with mirrors, spectacles, and windows, seriously affected, as Descartes bore witness, all sides of humanity's outlook on life and the world as conceived by the scientist, the philosopher, and the artist. With all his own concern for the future, Mumford is entirely just to the past, to the charms and perfections, for instance, of the thirteenth-century city, so greatly superior in certain ways to those "junk heaps of discarded styles," the fruits of "cultural ragpicking," modern cities. For these styles are cut off completely from the culture that had given them a rational meaning, while the thirteenth-century city was all of a piece. For Mumford, history is a reservoir of the discoveries of mankind to be constantly tapped and re-examined. And he has traced, incidentally, the origins and growth of the machine civilization that we know at present.

IV

THAT the age of the machine is passing, however, Mumford is convinced, and he says we are witnessing the last great crisis of a power civilization that is based on a wholesale denial of human needs and values. This civilization has been heading for the virtual extinction of man in a kind of sophisticated barbarism without soul or purpose. But, while the age threatens world-wide catastrophe, it holds forth also, Mumford thinks, an unexampled promise and the chance of a fresh life-drama. A new world has already come into existence, as yet in fragments only, a new culture emerging from our chaos of ideologies and creeds, but this requires a rebirth of the positive values of life, for the inner world of man has withered and shriveled. The twentieth century, as Mumford puts it, inherited a morality that was the unearned increment, in reality, of religion, so that, like most rentiers, men are now unable to support themselves by their own independent efforts in the sphere of morals. The main task of our time is therefore to restore the value of personality, debased by a sordid debunking, in order to turn the helpless puppets of a deterministic world —in Mumford's phrase—"into wakeful and willing creators." This calls for a culture of the personality, a larger field for imaginative design than the building of a skyscraper, bridge, or ship.

In short, in the new age the person must have the pre-eminent place, reversing the dehumanization that marked the machine age, so that ethics and the arts will dominate politics and technics; and this is the theme of *The Conduct of Life,* in which Mumford sets forth the conditions that are requisite, as he sees it, for moral renewal. Multitudes have evidently lost that sense of the difference between right and wrong, between good and evil, that is necessary first for survival before it becomes a condition of renewal as well. When, under the guise of scientific neutrality, Freud's unexamined devaluations and unexamined values are projected on patients, is it not time to revive the art of conduct? Without this, immature personalities, irrational or demoralized personalities, are as inevitable as weeds in an untended garden; and the relativism of our day, insisting that all goods are of equal value, expressing ephemeral impulses and local tastes, denies the possibility of principles and universal standards. Mumford makes many suggestions that one can take or leave—the idea, for example, of withdrawal and rejection before one returns to society reconditioned, the ideas of detachment for self-examination, thinning one's activities, slowing one's responses, extending the depths of life by contracting its surface. He makes much also of the culture of the family—in which life becomes precious again —suggesting the keeping of family journals, psychological records and the like, recalling the Concord practice of the Bronson Alcotts.

All these counsels are germane at a moment that requires a moral tightening of the bit when the watchword, no longer revolution, is integration, when the time has come, in other words, to reverse Blake's axiom and say, "Bless braces and damn relaxes." It is by no means a cloistered virtue that Mumford has in mind, the goodness that displaces all other values; for he regards it as the aim of ethics not to promote good conduct merely but to further a more significant and abundant existence. For him, life is a dramatic struggle, with a constant clash of impulses, a perpetual conflict of forces both without and within, in which evil has a role to play, and comfort and safety, not absolute goods, are as capable of defeating life as uncertainty and hardship. Nor, although he does not associate it with authority or historic institutions, is Mumford unmindful of the *mysterium tremendum* of religion. For him the ultimate lesson of democracy is that each must take upon himself the burden that was once transferred to messiahs and dictators, and that man's business is not so much the mere contemplation as the active creation of the divine.

At this point Mumford brings to mind the vision of William Ellery Channing, who looked upon human nature as a godhead in the making, while at a dozen other points, recalling Jefferson, Emerson, Thoreau, he continues the classical American humanistic tradition. He revives this also in his faith in the creative powers of men, their capacity to do again what they have done, to change, remold, improve all their creations, the confidence in the native impulses of men that characterized the Enlightenment from which the American tradition directly sprang. That history has justified this confidence, Mumford suggests in *The Condition of Man,* observing, for instance, that the permanent gains in political government have arisen in states that respected the intelligence and will of their people.

Appearing in the age of revolutions, this faith delivered emancipated minds from the tired worldly wisdom that condoned inertia and injustice. In a word, it released the actions that vindicate it; and this is the historic American faith that Mumford restates in terms of his own in a day of small hedonisms and small regressions.

We Fetched Ourselves a Medical Center

J. C. Furnas

The anti-horsethief association of Pittstown, New Jersey, recently disbanded, obsolete but solvent. The local Boy Scouts got some of the treasury balance, but the bulk of it—seven hundred dollars—went to the Hunterdon Medical Center.

A Currier & Ives print of a cyclotron would have been about as anomalous. For the anti-horsethief association was founded in the days when armored ships were still news, whereas Hunterdon County's new Medical Center will be a highly "modern" structure containing electronic gadgets and a unique teaching-clinical-research approach to rural medicine, guided by New York University–Bellevue's new Medical Center.

But Hunterdon County sees no anomaly in such a contrast. It is used to doing things of special import. Its Flemington Auction Market pioneered in the co-operative marketing of produce. Its artificial insemination project led the nation in improving cattle breeds without broadening the social life of a given sire. Told that public health people are excited about the Medical Center even before it opens, the County is not unduly surprised: for it expects that schemes to which it

[illegible]

At the same, the success of the people of a rural county in launching such an ambitious enterprise has been something of an achievement. Ground was broken for the Center on Armistice Day 1951. The first concrete was poured on February 19 last. With luck, the opening should take place in the late summer of 1953. At that ceremony—attended by the Governor, assorted brass from New York and Washington, and hordes of Hunterdonites seeing where all that money went—the man who should especially be present is Alexis de Tocqueville, who in 1835 wrote about the American proclivity for getting such things done:

> When a private individual meditates an undertaking, however directly it may be connected with the welfare of society . . . he publishes his plan, offers to execute it, courts the assistance of other individuals, and struggles manfully against all obstacles. . . . If an American were condemned to confine his activities to his own affairs, he would feel robbed of half his existence.

The private individuals who put over this particular scheme certainly struggled manfully "against all obstacles." They didn't want just another hospital: they wanted something special. They renounced professional fund-raisers. They discounted the prevalent and well-grounded opinion of local business men that they were biting off more than they could conceivably chew. There is considerably more chewing still to be done, for that matter: the job isn't finished yet. But already they have scored a triumph for spontaneously constructive wrong-headedness.

II

No two communities are alike. Hunterdon County is a real original. It abuts on commuter-ridden northeast Jersey but it is stimulated, not narcotized, by the effluvia of New York. Eggs, milk, and corn are its principal concerns, farmland predominates. This is not the flat, frowzy Jersey visible from the Pennsylvania Railroad. Hunterdon has hills and plateaus, productive valleys, and bright, busy streams.

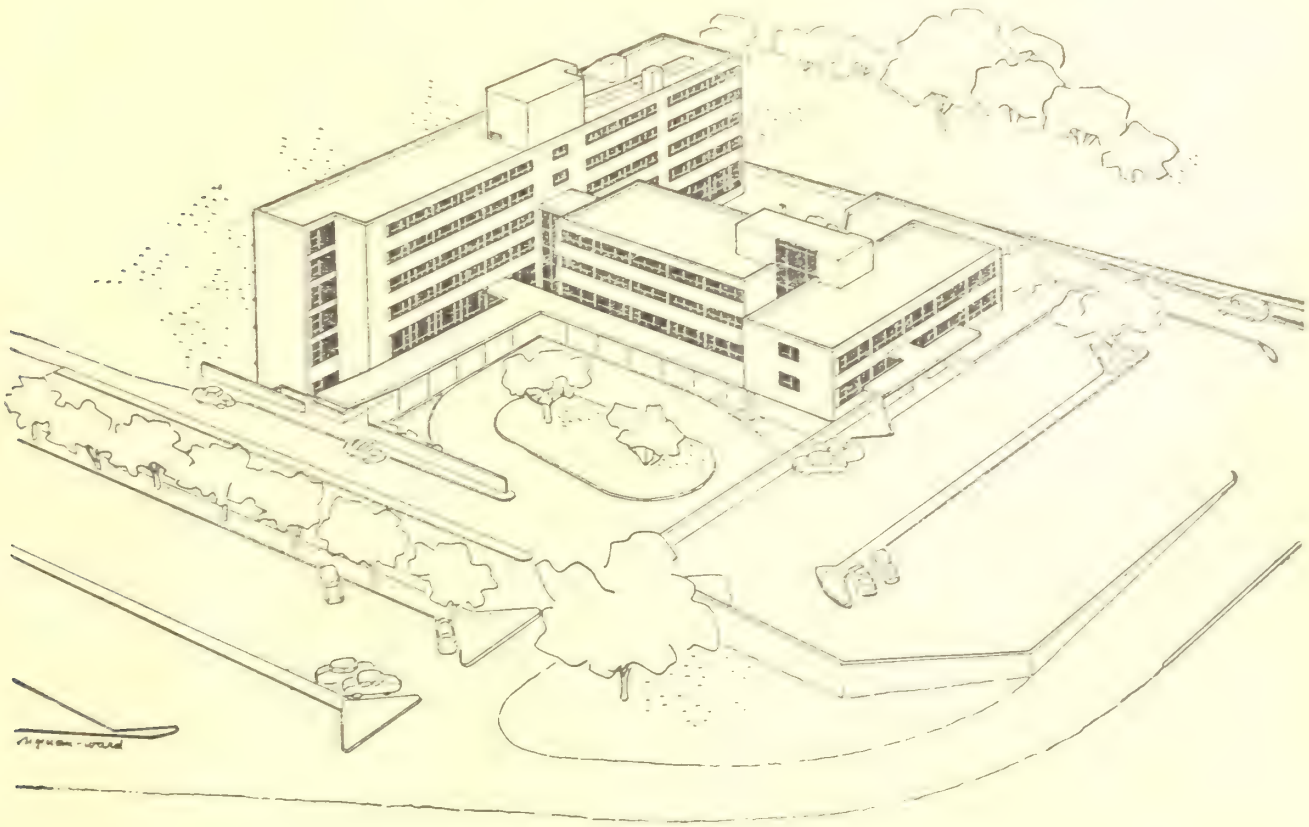
New York is only fifty miles away. Some city people—industrialists, Wall Streeters, advertising men, publishers, writers—have bought old places to remodel. The County calls them the "Outsiders" not so much invidiously as in technical distinction, since they and their incomes, often upper-bracket, are of non-County origin. But the area is practically innocent of white fences, no Connecticutish colony is discernible, two-door sedans far outnumber station wagons. It takes time to get acquainted but, if you don't work at it, it happens.

This background pervades the Medical Center's special history of effective counterpoint between Outsiders' initiative and know-how and County pride in tackling the unusual. One Outsider close to the Center says that this mutual relationship is the best aspect of the whole affair.

It began in the nineteen thirties when Mrs. Rose Z. Angell, the plucky and vastly respected Outsider director of County welfare, grew troubled about an irksome situation. The County had no hospital, had never contemplated having one. Its surgical cases went, at private or public expense, to hospitals fringing the County, and always had. As Blue Cross plans and a growing population sent more patients to the hospital, as the nation felt the results of the Depression lag in new construction, Mrs. Angell was hard pressed to find beds for the needy whom it was her duty to place. She began to wonder out loud why this community of 37,000 souls —the only Jersey county without a hospital— should continue to be a parasite on Trenton and Somerville, Plainfield and Easton.

World War II came and went before she drew first blood—an editorial in the weekly Hunterdon *Republican* saying that the fact four thousand Hunterdonites each year were going to non-County hospitals probably meant that the County needed and might swing a hospital of its own.

Mrs. Angell took a clipping to Mrs. William F. Leicester, an Outsider experienced in public relations and married to a New York



executive. One was fire, the other tow. Mrs. Leicester's glow on the subject grew so rapidly [illegible] she appeared, at Mrs. Angell's instance, as tactful advocate of the general idea before the County Board of Agriculture.

This is the state's local representative body, elected under state auspices from a membership that includes most farmers and citizens ancillary to farming; it consistently consults with community-minded figures whether formally on the Board or not. The first reaction to the notion of a hospital was hardly enthusiastic. But undercurrents, with a special assist from the Farmers' Union man on the Board, kept the issue alive until President Clifford F. Snyder, a progressive farmer of national renown, appointed a committee to look into it, and made Mrs. Leicester a member.

Its chairman was the other supercatalyst—Lloyd B. Wescott, eminent Guernsey-breeder, [illegible] presence on the Board labels him officially accepted and valuable Outsider. So far he had agreed with harder heads who thought it was about as feasible to build a county hospital as to convert the South Branch of the Raritan into a duplicate Grand Canyon. But Mrs. Leicester's knowledgeable prodding gradually brought him around and, once converted, he was all over the situation like a man coopering a barrel. Much the same happened as soon or sooner to Snyder, [illegible] became the indispensable non-Outsider member of the team.

Playing the first ace from her inexhaustible sleeve, Mrs. Leicester called on an old friend, the late Dr. J. A. Miller, past president of the New York Academy of Medicine, a born Jerseyman who knew the County. She asked for briefing on the creation of hospitals. Enthusiastically he sent her to the right people: Dr. E. H. L. Corwin of the New York Academy, specialist in such things; and, for informal advice, to the staff of the Commonwealth Fund, the Harkness-endowed foundation with special interest in health advancement. Soon she began to realize that nowadays the word "hospital" offers a particular challenge to intelligence.

She also went to Dr. Emil Frankel of the state Department of Institutions and Agencies —still another of the many who, once doubting [illegible] could bring it off, are now beamingly delighted to have been wrong. He suggested a look at Sussex County—in Jersey's northwest corner—where a community not unlike Hunterdon had developed a small, deficit-free hospital by hauling on its own bootstraps. When visited, Sussexites proved not only glad they had done it but inclined to say go thou and do likewise. Hunterdon's realistic county agent helped Mrs. Leicester work up comparisons of population and resources between Hunterdon and Sussex that made the idea almost plausible. The Board of Agriculture officially recognized a local "need for better hospital facilities."

Then the passage of the Hill-Burton Act supercharged the situation. Briefly, this federal law offered hospital-deficient localities a federal dollar for every two dollars raised locally for hospital construction if the plans met federal and state standards. (Though modified for flexibility, the Act remains much the same; so far $450,000,000 of its funds have developed 81,000 new hospital beds and 300 local health centers.) Suppose the County, dreaming away in the person of Mrs. Leicester, wanted 100 beds at some $12,000 per bed, that would come to $1,200,000, yet it would have to raise only $800,000. But who ever said it had that kind of money loose?

To reach the public the Board gave an expanding series of dinners attended by heads of small local industries, doctors, bankers, editors, politicos. Wescott and Snyder got up and dreamed in public. Nobody smiled—the County is a bit dead-pan. After them outside speakers started the procession of state and national experts, secured through Mrs. Leicester's contacts, who sought to educate Hunterdonites in what they ought to want to have.

The County, though polite about this interest in its behalf, remained reserved. It did not yet know the character of the ferment among the Board of Agriculture, now voting its own meager funds for an expert survey of needs and means. The yeast really began to bubble when, infected with Dr. Miller's enthusiasm and professional curiosity too (he had never before tackled rural hospital issues), Dr. Corwin was brought informally before the Board.

He told them that "just another medical hotel" would be nice but dull. Why not raise the sights and envisage a project such as he

and others had long yearned for—a rural hospital incorporating a public health center and so tied in with a big city medical center that it could have a real diagnostic clinic and the intern and resident staff that most small hospitals cannot attract?

A visionary who obviously knows what he is talking about is often effective. Having chewed over these new issues, the Board invited Dr. Corwin to do their survey with some such objective in mind. He gave his vacation to the job. Time and money were well spent.

Duly cleared with the County medical society, the summary of the final report, made public, used plain language: the County had "practically *no* health protective services worthy of the name" and less than half the number of visiting nurses proper to its population. "*Only five* of the thirty-two physicians have hospital appointments in adjacent counties. *None of these five* is a surgeon or other kind of specialist." Since doctors without hospital connection naturally tend not to hospitalize patients, many Hunterdonites were obviously getting small benefit from modern hospital facilities. Nine out of ten who did get hospitalized were operative cases—whereas good medicine demands at least 50 per cent non-surgical admissions. . . .

There was more on other aspects of the situation, all to the same effect—the County was medically underprivileged. A properly affiliated local Medical Center could greatly help. Dr. Corwin also indicated that he had approached a fine big city outfit (it proved to be NYU-Bellevue) and found it willing to consider taking into its family a rural project including the salient aspects of the Corwin prescription.

The County's ears flapped. This was Hunterdon-style talk. Several local leaders tell me that it was this report, showing both that the County was neglected and that a hospital could mean something advanced and special, that brought them down out of their trees. It was no stampede. Of 3,027 key residents receiving the summary, only 403—with a strong representation of ministers, nurses, doctors, realtors—evinced positive interest. But that interest consisted of their saying, we're in, what do we do next?

Next was learning not to shy at big, brutal figures. To meet federal requirements, the Board passed the torch to a legally incorporated Hunterdon Medical Center. The state granted it top priority on Hill-Burton aid, meaning subsidy on one-third of building costs. But twist it as you might, the Corwin package still demanded $1,200,000 of the County.

A million sounds small nowadays in some places, but not in Hunterdon. Adding an extra two hundred thousand just increased the absurdity. The County has no large industries to shake down, only one resident of notably large wealth. Asking for what averaged out to $114 per family was patently absurd.

A well-informed local banker said they couldn't get $300,000. Two others disagreed whether $600,000 or $650,000 was all that even the rosiest optimist could dream of. I find only a few leading citizens of the County—except the double-play combination of Leicester, Wescott, and Snyder—who can claim to ever having thought even a million conceivable. Later many such skeptics were among the very people who worked hardest to make liars of themselves. One Outsider, more and more involved till he was spinning fast as anybody, told me:

"I'm still only half sold. But I couldn't see all that effort go to waste without everybody's going to work on the levee."

III

The 1949 campaign for building funds broke all rules. A decision to do without professional fund raisers paid off—eventual costs came to only 4 per cent of money raised. The campaigners were battling for a dream—they had no blueprints to publicize, no site selected, only ironclad promises to give each individual contributor back every cent if the objective proved impractical. One way or another, the ensuing antics probably made all the mistakes usual in such efforts and invented several new ones.

For all that, this was the biggest thing to strike the County since Bruno Hauptmann went on trial at the Flemington courthouse. The girls at Clinton Farms—Jersey's penal institution for women located in the County—gave a show which netted the Center $650.

The local Council of Churches also went into show business with an amateur revue touring local auditoriums. Receipts from the annual picnic of the Hunterdon County Tavern Association went into the pot. Two small boys earned the Center $200 by shoe-shining. Older children gave their vacation earnings on farms. Outsider writers, including Glenway Wescott, Martha Albrand, Richard de Rochemont, went on display in a dinner-and-discussion benefit presided over by Outsider Walter Dorwin Teague, industrial designer. Inez Robb, an Outsider participant, wrote in her national column that, in view of the quality of a Stanton Grange turkey dinner, it was fair enough to rate dinner at two dollars, authors at one—but was it sound to add a twenty-cent federal tax on the theory that writers in person constituted entertainment?

The hullabaloo culminated in a "Health and Happiness" beauty-talent contest on the opening day of the Flemington Fair that doubled the usual attendance. John Gambling of radio fame was m.c.; the judges were John Robert Powers, Kitty Carlisle, Moss Hart. Outsider Paul Whiteman crowned the queen. Appropriately she was a lissome County student of medical technology at the New Jersey College for Women, with a fine previous 4-H record to keep the rural touch.

Or maybe the auction—a combination rummage sale, grab bag, and museum—was the peak. Herbert van Pelt, the nonpareil local auctioneer who, as member of the Board of Agriculture, had first moved that it do a survey, pronounced this "the greatest conglomeration of stuff ever seen in the County." By midnight $8,500 was in the till, van Pelt and crew were hoarse as crows, but still they hadn't sold all the manure spreaders, sidebar buggies, whale-oil lamps, offers of free legal, dental, and lubrication services, poodle pups, jalopies, and thousands of other items, some of which only van Pelt could identify. Cleaning out the leftovers brought $2,500 more a month later.

Howard Moreau, publisher of the Hunterdon County *Democrat,* must have run three or four issues' worth of publicity about it all. Skeptical at first, sold by the Corwin report, he is now heading a Center-sparked health committee. Public relations were further expedited by the donated services of Outsider experts from New York agencies or big corporations. Yet the backbone of the campaign, like the infantry in war, was the 600 volunteers who combed the County township by township, crossroads by crossroads. Franklin township, steered by Frank Dalrymple, who runs the Pittstown store, made its quota early. Other places, as always happens, showed plenty of missed tricks. It was like turning a whole village loose to mow a meadow with more regard to zeal than to skill. Some of the crop got trampled, some areas looked pretty jagged. One ballyhoo meeting in a certain town on the Delaware shore of the County saw six speakers and two brass bands present —and only six souls in the audience.

But these amateur solicitors got in an astonishing amount of hay too. By mid-July they had confounded the wise with $750,000 in cash and pledges, gathered the hard way. The highest industrial gift was $50,000. Only three individual pledges reached five figures, only sixty-two were over $1,000. The rest came hundred by hundred, sawbuck by sawbuck. But they missed their million. When momentum died out in the fall, they were $50,000 short of that, $250,000 below quota.

The state loyally protected the Center's priority by exercising its option to increase federal participation, reducing the local requirement to $1,080,000. Local banks underwrote the balance against private collateral put up largely by prosperous Outsiders. The ship lurched into the wind again and the crew returned to edging toward the reduced goal with sales, benefits, stunts, and dinners. And as the shape of things sharpened, Wescott, Leicester, and Snyder spun faster than ever.

A COMMITTEE headed by Sam Bodine, the County's outstanding contribution to the State Senate, tackled the thorny problem of choosing a site, and settled on the old Butler place up the highway from the Fair Grounds. The County's one rich man paid for it, and the scheme finally had a place to sit down, marked with a chastely sanguine signboard: "Site of Hunterdon Medical Center." The building-design competition, conducted along lines publicly admired by the director of design at the Princeton Architectural School, attracted over forty eminent firms. The winning plan is unabashedly functional, not a white pillar or cupola to bless

itself with. The County took it in stride, being amply assured that this effect as of a glorified outsize poultry house gets the most—and most efficient—building for the money.

The Center's expert well-wishers—by now a *Who's Who* of the hospital and public-health world—were asked to name candidates for the post of administrator, to help build the scheme the way a naval officer participates in construction of a ship he is to command. A large corporation lent a personnel expert to sift applicants. The sifting came up with Dr. Ray E. Trussell, then Professor of Preventive Medicine at Albany Medical College, a youngish but mighty man in the field eager to head so potentially fertile a project.

But such things take time. As months passed and the County saw only that skinny sign off Route 30, it got restive. Footsore women volunteers trying to extract stray quarters from visitors to the 1950 Flemington Fair heard again and again:

"Lady, I'm not giving another plugged nickel till they start digging up that cornfield over there."

True, the hand on the big propaganda clock by the courthouse had at last edged past a million. (It would have got there sooner if anything had come of the Irish Sweepstakes ticket contributed by one sporting character). Already 7,393 families out of an estimated 10,000 had pledged or given outright. The vast majority readily signed new pledges negotiable for funds as needed. Breakage on pledges has been under 5 per cent, whereas something nearer 10 per cent is usual. The Commonwealth Fund, increasingly interested in the broader potentialities of the scheme, had given funds for pre-opening technical consultation on research and planning. But an ancient Roman could have told all concerned that something was brewing. Just as the 1950 Health and Happiness queen was being proclaimed, up came the summer's worst thunderstorm. And, when the bids on the building contract came in, the import of that rumbling, growling omen was plain.

Too much time had passed. Inflation had been steadily flawing the purchasing power of pledged dollars. The best bid adequate to the full Corwin package left the County a shocking $900,000 short. It had shown it could raise an impossible million. But this was impossible in spades.

The Center called a meeting of the community councils already elected by contributors to give a democratic basis. The issues were clearly put: Quit and return the money? Or cut down to size, abandon the health center idea, lose the NYU-Bellevue affiliation? Or some way, somehow, stick to the original scheme?

Frustration counseled the first answer, caution the second. But by now the County was massively infected with the Leicester-Snyder-Wescott point of view. This assemblage of normally sane, conservative community leaders voted 118 to 2 to damn the torpedoes.

This decision presented the trustees with a first-class emergency. The Hill-Burton priority could not be held much longer without a showing of full and solid financing.

The Commonwealth Fund gallantly made a radical exception to its usual policies and saved part of the day by a bricks-and-mortar grant of $250,000, contingent on the balance being raised. Outsiders and Insiders pulled every wire they could think of with insurance companies, banks, private fortunes. Telephones leaped and jangled, cars driven by muttering trustees dashed hither and yon. It was like Wall Street in 1907—only there was no J. P. Morgan to get all the boys in one room and knock their heads together.

The Center treasurer—an Outsider refugee from Wall Street—three times postponed a vacation to concoct another scheme. Three times it came unstuck. Not until the final week did his and everybody's else's agony eventuate in a highly ingenious financial house of cards of interdependent bank commitments-to-lend—each contingent on all being in—involving a big New York bank, a sizable neighboring bank, and all the County banks.

The effect was like trying for a clean start in a harness race. Each time the line-up passed the stand a different horse was out of place and all had to be called back again. At one black moment a local bank, willing to play, couldn't muster a quorum of directors. But late on the deadline night the County had another miracle to gape at. Everybody had signed everything. Wescott brought champagne to the Center's Flemington headquarters and a handful of weary, trembly people popped the corks and knew they could break ground—some $650,000 in hock.

This spring they are going after the dead spots and the obviously underpledged [illegible] in the hope of bringing in $200,000 [illegible] to start reducing the bank commitments. Winthrop Rockefeller, describing the Center as "the model pilot plant for rural medical service," has personally put $25,000 toward that end.

The long pull should ease daily as a tangible structure rises on the place where the Butler cornfield used to be. Some people aren't at all sure the Center won't open gloriously in the clear. That's optimism. But their reputation for accurate dreaming and their faith in the de Tocqueville school of civic action are not unjustified.

IV

To set up that built-in Health Center—an integrated County-wide health service to use the Medical Center's offices and know-how—requires elaborate petitions from each township followed by successful referenda in each. The County Medical Association has endorsed it and a question on this fall's ballot will probably strike that iron while hot. Apathy might defeat it. But apathy has not been conspicuous in the County [illegible].

The Center is already using a special Commonwealth grant of $60,000 for a County-wide health survey to match. This fits well with the Administrator's preventive medicine background. Questionnaires for every family, thousands of families interviewed, thousands of individuals examined at the Center, will show just what ails a wide cross-section of a representative rural population. It should give the Health Center a fine identification of targets and imbed the Medical Center more deeply in community consciousness. Commonwealth's contribution shows again how well it pays to attempt the unusual and so attract outside interest on general grounds.

The NYU-Bellevue arrangement is another major example. Continuing the education of practicing doctors is the objective of the Regional Hospital Plan of which the Center is a [illegible]. Interns and residents from NYU-Bellevue will be rotated to the Center to transplant there the atmosphere of a great technical hospital—ward-rounds, pathological conferences, special consultations, and all the other devices that help keep the big-city doctor with hospital connections always learning.

All County doctors in good professional standing will be offered Center privileges: referring patients to the Center's salaried specialists, making rounds, getting refreshers both at the Center and in New York, and—a thing now denied most of them—retaining responsibility for their hospitalized patients. The Center's medical board will be 50 per cent local doctors. Center specialists will make house calls only at local practitioners' behests and an ingenious system of fee-pooling—surplus above salaries used only for general professional purposes—will prevent any appearance of the Center's competing with the local men.

What the County at large will get is the benefit of hand-picked, round-the-clock resident and specialist staffs such as few small hospitals can dream of, and continuing stimulus for County doctors such as few country doctors ever experience. Such facilities are bound to attract bright young physicians disinclined to the big city rat-race and wanting country life for their families without the risk of professional stagnation for themselves. There's room. The County now has only half the number of physicians that its population theoretically calls for.

Not until the Center has opened will the County meet the issue, painfully familiar to so many hospitals, of paying the piper. The Kress Foundation, another philanthropic agency aware of the Center, has guaranteed specialists' salaries on a descending scale over five years to a total of $150,000. Five years ago it was estimated that Hunterdonites yearly paid $400,000 for out-of-County hospital services. The population being several thousand greater now, the figure should be higher. Maybe that will do it. If not, the standard annual hospital drive may have to become a County tradition.

That will be irksome, not hazardous. By then the County will know intimately what the Center can mean. If it raised a million in the teeth of all likelihood, it can support its own *fait accompli*. M. de Tocqueville can rest assured of that.

The Easy Chair

Next to Reading Matter

Bernard DeVoto

I HAVE just said, "The hell with it," and yanked page 4 of an Easy Chair out of the typewriter. Being a thrifty worker, I will come back to it in a couple of months and finish it, for it is a lovely thing, full of profound thoughts and deft turns of phrase. Or it would be if I weren't too tired and off my feed to bear up under the thoughts, which are heavy as well as profound. I've used up my second wind—I have been to St. Louis and back this week and a couple of days from now I start for San Francisco. So, instead of my publisher, you get to read some publicity stuff I have been preparing, about a book I have written. The ethical justification for running it here is this: in the last seventeen years I have devoted so many Easy Chairs to books by other people that I am entitled, or claim I am, to devote one to a book of mine. The pragmatic justification is a principle I never lose sight of: nobody is required by law or custom to read the Easy Chair. A few pages farther along you will find Mr. Harper, who is so young that he has never learned what second wind is and can be deft about any weight of thought without disturbing the part in his hair.

Personal & Otherwise has already remarked that rumor said my book was about Lewis and Clark and how come the Spanish got into it? Over the years it looked as if Lewis and Clark would not make the grade, and in the outcome they didn't till page 475. I have browbeaten *Harper's* into promising to print a section which comes about a hundred pages farther along, so that if you live virtuously you will be able to read some of the book a few months from now. If you are elderly and a confirmed reader of *Harper's,* in fact, you have probably read some of it, or anyway some pieces based on it, for it has been, as we say, "in preparation" for quite a while. My publishers first announced that it was in preparation in 1937 and were telling the truth, though prematurely. Since then I have finished it. This publicity matter does not say why or even how, but only illuminates the repulsive process of literary genetics.

In the fall of 1940 I was, augustly, editing the *Saturday Review of Literature.* Somebody failed to deliver the article he had promised for the Christmas issue, our big issue, the one with some ads in it. He was probably feeling aggrieved about the $50 fee which was all we could pay for lead pieces, and knew that he wouldn't get even that honorarium for six months unless I lit a fire under the business manager. I had held my high office since September and had dazzled Amy Loveman and George Stevens, who were used to literary people, by a journalist's willingness to write pieces on short notice. Four or five days before our Christmas-issue deadline they decided that the editor had to rise to the emergency. Besides, if I wrote the lead piece we would save fifty bucks.

We didn't. When they decided that our Christmas had better be Early American, I offered to write about a U. S. Army detachment in the Upper Missouri wilderness on Christmas Day 1804 and at the mouth of the Columbia River on Christmas 1805. But I stipulated that the *SRL* would have to buy me Coues's edition of Nicholas Biddle's *History of the Lewis and Clark Expedition.* Since it cost $37.50, our net saving was $12.50. In 1952 my capital gain is zero; a catalogue I received last week lists the set at $37.50, which shows that rare books are the best investment in the world. If you're Dr. Rosenbach.

Called "Passage to India," the piece led off our Christmas issue, distressed the business

never because it said nothing about books, and was received with unforgettable calm by our readers. Most of them customarily read only the Double-Crostics anyway, except publishers, who wanted to find out if any of their books were getting a free ride. That motive led my publisher to read my piece and the next time I saw him he said, "You ought to write a book about Lewis and Clark." It seemed a sound idea and I could work it into my plans, which had been recently and violently remodeled. There was room for a good short narrative account of the Lewis and Clark expedition, say two hundred pages of brisk prose that would tell what happened and let it go at that. It is still a sound idea and there is still room for a short narrative account of the Lewis and Clark expedition, say five hundred pages shorter than my book.

For about fifteen years I had been studying primitive America and frontier experience. (Here I always have to explain that "frontier" does not mean "West.") I had planned a number of related books showing their effect on the contemporary United States. The plan had had to be remodeled because Harvard University, where I had been teaching, decided that I didn't know enough to go on teaching there and so had better accept the job I had been offered editing, as Harvard understood it, the *Saturday Evening Post*. Only one of the books I had laid out ever got written. It was called *The Year of Decision* and I began to construct a new plan around it. The new plan included, at some time in the future, the book I had promised my publisher, a short narrative account of Lewis and Clark. Just what else the plan included I didn't rightly know, in fact I didn't realize that it was a plan till a friend pointed it out to me. In retaliation I dedicated the next book to him; it was called *Across the Wide Missouri*.

Five years before the first of those books was published I had got a bellyful of the editorial life and had quit it. I went on studying primitive America and preparing to write, sometime, a short narrative account of Lewis and Clark. Friends of mine kept asking me when I was going to get around to it, and so did my publishers. The answer was always easy: any time now, all I've got to do is tie up a few loose ends. In 1945 I gave up every other activity except writing an occasional piece for current cash and sold the securities —what a word!—that represented my savings so that my family could live while I wrote a book about Lewis and Clark. By the summer of 1946 I was only a couple of days short of beginning. I spent that summer covering the trail of Lewis and Clark, studying the topography and the rivers and the weather, talking with historians and geographers and engineers. I had made several such trips for that purpose before this one; as it turned out, I was to make a number of others after it. When I didn't start writing that fall, the questions of my friends and my publishers got pointed and they have grown sharper over the years. They knew that at any time from say 1940 on I could have started to write about Lewis and Clark tomorrow morning. I knew as much myself but I knew too that there was a sound reason for not writing yet. The closest I could come to phrasing it was, "I don't know enough; I've got to do some more work." When asked, usually in words I would not care to print in *Harper's*, what that meant, I talked about "background." That convenient word does not mean a thing but it protected me against further questions which might have revealed that though I knew I had to do some more work I didn't know why.

Like this. In a letter which Jefferson wrote to Meriwether Lewis before the expedition got started, he alluded to a young man who had gone up the Missouri River some years before in search of the Welsh Indians. I had never heard of them but clearly the allusion called for a footnote in my book. I directed my secretary, whose proper title would be research assistant, to spend a couple of hours finding out what she could about them. A week later she had a bibliography of some twenty items; presently the two of us had run it up to 370 items. She worked on nothing but the Welsh Indians for five months. I worked on them for two months and then took off on a number of new subjects which they opened up, all relevant to my book though I did not know how. I corresponded with other students, beat the underbrush, dug in the unlikeliest places, and swore at the loss of time. An uneducated man, I do not read Welsh and so I had to pay high

to get a lot of letters, journals, and scholarly articles translated. Presently I knew more about the American history of the Welsh Indians than anyone before me had ever known —all right, you name the others—indeed, I knew enough to lecture about them at Harvard and I did. So far as Lewis and Clark were concerned, the Welsh Indians were worth about two paragraphs, and the young man Jefferson had alluded to was worth about five pages. But by the time I was finished with them and ready for another time-consuming detour I understood why I had previously spent a good many months reading about mythical continents and islands, mythical people and cities, the delirious dreams of the conquistadors, El Dorado, the Amazons, and so on and on and on.

I got used to having specialists of all kinds, after I had pumped them for hours, say, "Will you tell me what So-and-So has to do with Lewis and Clark?" Brazil wood, for instance. "My dear fellow, don't you know that by the time of Lewis and Clark nobody supposed there was brazil wood in North America?" Sure; I knew better than this chap did, for I had found out, whereas he was merely assuming; but I knew too that brazil wood had something to do with my book. It is not even mentioned in the text but it led me to several detours that paid off, for instance a demonstration that a famous narrative of exploration which had always been accepted as fact was entirely fictitious.

There was a period when I was reading Spanish narratives of the sixteenth century. I could not have said why but it seemed logical enough; by now, reading about the fall of Troy would have seemed logical preparation for Lewis and Clark. My intimates would inquire what the hell Cabeza de Vaca had to do with Lewis and Clark. Nothing, but maybe it would be fun to write that great story as a kind of introductory chapter. "See here, people who write history aren't permitted to take time off to have fun." That's true, but how about letting the reader have some fun? But while I was reading about Coronado a figure clad all in white came in through the window and nudged my shoulder. I perceived that Coronado was the first white man who had ever heard of the existence of the Missouri River. (I needn't say that he didn't know what he was hearing about.) I am an ignorant and naïve man; I supposed that I was the first person who had ever perceived that fact. Presently I found out that I wasn't; but the figure in white, now wearing an emerald star on the end of a chain, came back and nudged me again and I picked up some significances that had been disregarded. I began to suspect that one theme of my book was the Missouri River. That would explain why I had been visiting it at least once a year for a decade.

WHAT was the importance of the Missouri? Clearly that Lewis and Clark, about whom I was going to write a short book, had gone up it. Well, you have to begin at the beginning. My training in geology can be described as imperfect but I studied the geological history of the Missouri, which in some places is pretty hair-raising. Maybe I'd better learn something about its volume and seasonal flow; that took me to monographs that are even duller than those political historians write, which is high praise. Either the Geological Survey or the Army Engineers, and I forget which, has a sectional map of the Missouri, sixty or a hundred and twenty or five hundred sections. I sweated that out. Every so often I get asked to speak at some college; I usually find reasons to decline but I was accepting any offer that would take me near the Missouri. So I accepted one from the University of South Dakota, which is at Vermillion and near the river.

While I was at the university I cajoled a historian, a geologist, and an anthropologist into giving me a seminar on the local stretch of the Missouri. In the course of it we drove to a hill called Spirit Mound. Lewis and Clark had stopped for a day in order to look it over, having heard that the Indians of the region said a race of ferocious dwarfs lived there. I had chased those dwarfs through a full century before Lewis and Clark; the French in Canada and Illinois had been hearing about them for a century. They were very interesting dwarfs and had a talent for rapid change; sometimes they were bloodthirsty cannibals, sometimes elegant and civilized, sometimes Chinese. I had found that they tied in with a lot of things that had something to do with my book, with the Welsh Indians, the bearded Indians, Deacon Arnold's round tower at Newport, the Kensington Rune Stone, the

Book of Mormon, and the Western Sea. [illegible] summer got to Spirit Mound I asked a rancher who lived nearby if he had ever seen any dwarfs there. He said he certainly had, he saw them frequently. They were, he explained, mirage. Why not? And that put them square in the center of my [illegible] full to the bung with mirages, including many of my own.

By 1948 I was ready to write my narrative account of Lewis and Clark, that is I would be as soon as I could tie up a few loose ends. Had I better read Marco Polo? Was it true that the big trees had been named for Sequoya? Who first expressed an intelligible idea of the continental divide?) In 1950 the Army Engineers flew me and some of my friends, one of whom was Bud Guthrie the novelist, the entire length of the Missouri River in their tony DC-3. They took us on stretches of it in big boats and medium-sized boats. I wanted to travel the upper stretches in a little boat. The idea shocked and frightened the Engineers—*boats* on the Upper Missouri? That would be dangerous, in places the river was four feet deep, they could not be responsible for our safety. Eventually they gave in, though they sent out their DC-3 twice every day to make sure we hadn't been drowned.

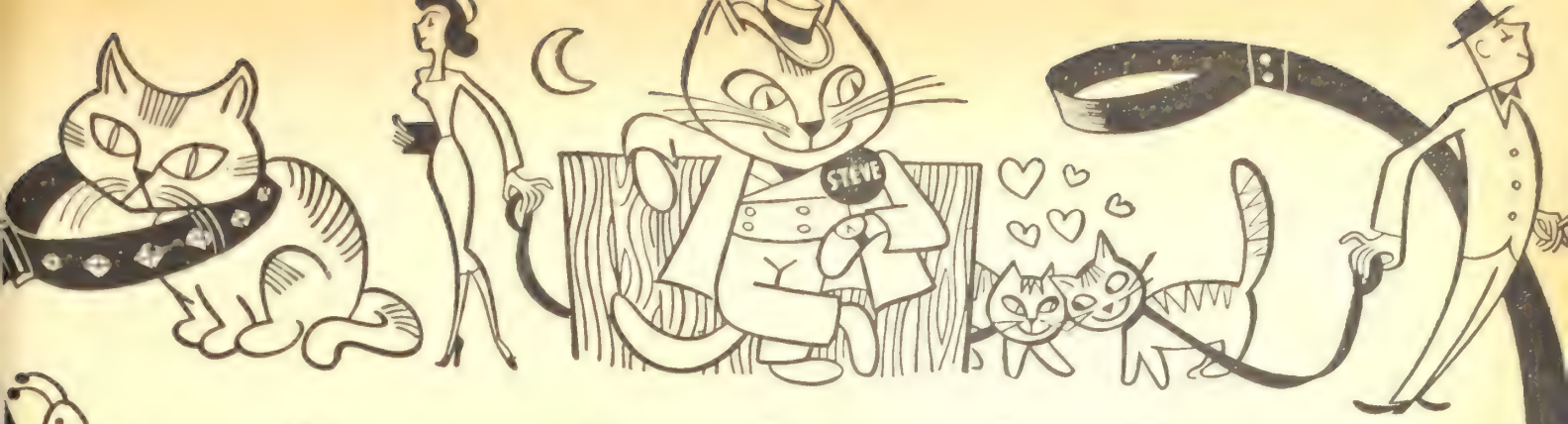
We got only three days of navigating the Missouri but we shoved our steel dugout off as many sandbars as Lewis and Clark did and I learned more in those three days than I had in any of the fourteen years I had now been working on my short narrative. God bless, in a limited sense, the Army Engineers. At that moment the *Saturday Evening Post*, which I never did get round to editing, was printing an article of mine that put the slug on their flood-control activities. When the piece came out General Sturgis, our host, wrote me that he wasn't feeling as sorry as he had been about the frequency with which writers were [illegible] in Korea.

Shortly afterward a deep sleep came upon me and when I woke up I knew what the book said about the Missouri River. The Missouri was the Northwest Passage, it was the Passage to India, it was Bud Guthrie's Way West. It had been entirely logical to detour through Verrazano, John Smith, Lahontan, brazil wood, dwarfs, the Jesuits in China—you can always trust the disorderly mind, it never errs. And sure enough the book was about Lewis and Clark. I had merely misjudged their place in it by some hundreds of pages; they came at the end, not the beginning. Now when my friends or my publishers asked me when I was going to start writing, I had a reasonable answer. I would start writing as soon as I learned a little more about Sir Humphrey Gilbert, James Cook, Columbus . . . and maybe I had something there. Could I begin with Columbus? As it turned out, no; I had to begin seven hundred years earlier. But if any reader of the book, assuming that it finds some readers—if any reader thinks it a bit long-winded, he may reflect on the fact that the first draft opened with a comparative study of interior North America in Late Ordovician and Middle Devonian times. Very logical too, for in both epochs there really was a Northwest Passage, but, I decided, somewhat far afield for a short book.

I could keep this up indefinitely, telling you how I got started on Indian tortures for instance, or bragging about the months of work I did on the Louisiana Purchase, some of which provided fully as much light as you can get from a match at five miles. Actually I started writing a few months after I found out what the book was about, and starting to write was the biggest anticlimax since first love. I finished the book last July. I finished it again last January. With this advertising copy I finish it forever.

I understand that it is to be published in October and is to cost five or six dollars. Facing my obligation to pass judgment on books I discuss in the Easy Chair, I hesitate to say it is worth what it costs. Maybe, considering how the dollar has fallen off. Writing it certainly wasn't worth what it cost.

I could formulate a lot of morals from the experience I have outlined here but most of them would not be trustworthy. This one may hold water: if the *SRL* had been able to sell a little more space in 1936 we might have been able to offer a hundred dollars for a Christmas piece, and in that event I would never have had the experience, which would be just fine. And I would like at least to break even on one part of it: anyone who wants my Coues's edition of Biddle for $37.50 can have it by return mail.



Stevenson & the Independent Cat

STATE OF ILLINOIS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
SPRINGFIELD, *April 23, 1949*

To the Honorable, the Members of the Senate of the 66th General Assembly:

I herewith return, without my approval, Senate Bill No. 93 entitled "An Act to Provide Protection to Insectivorous Birds by Restraining Cats." This is the so-called "Cat Bill." I veto and withhold my approval from this Bill for the following reasons:

It would impose fines on owners or keepers who permitted their cats to run at large off their premises. It would permit any person to capture, or call upon the police to pick up and imprison, cats at large. . . . This legislation has been introduced in the past several sessions of the Legislature, and it has, over the years, been the source of much comment—not all of which has been in a serious vein. . . . I cannot believe there is a widespread public demand for this law or that it could, as a practical matter, be enforced.

Furthermore, I cannot agree that it should be the declared public policy of Illinois that a cat visiting a neighbor's yard or crossing the highway is a public nuisance. It is in the nature of cats to do a certain amount of unescorted roaming. . . . Also consider the owner's dilemma: To escort a cat abroad on a leash is against the nature of the cat, and to permit it to venture forth for exercise unattended into a night of new dangers is against the nature of the owner. Moreover, cats perform useful service, particularly in rural areas, in combating rodents—work they necessarily perform alone and without regard for property lines.

. . . The problem of cat *versus* bird is as old as time. If we attempt to resolve it by legislation who knows but what we may be called upon to take sides as well in the age-old problem of dog *versus* cat, bird *versus* bird, or even bird *versus* worm. In my opinion, the State of Illinois and its local governing bodies already have enough to do without trying to control feline delinquency.

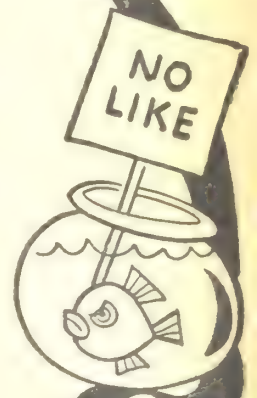
For these reasons, and not because I love birds the less or cats the more, I veto and withhold my approval from Senate Bill No. 93.

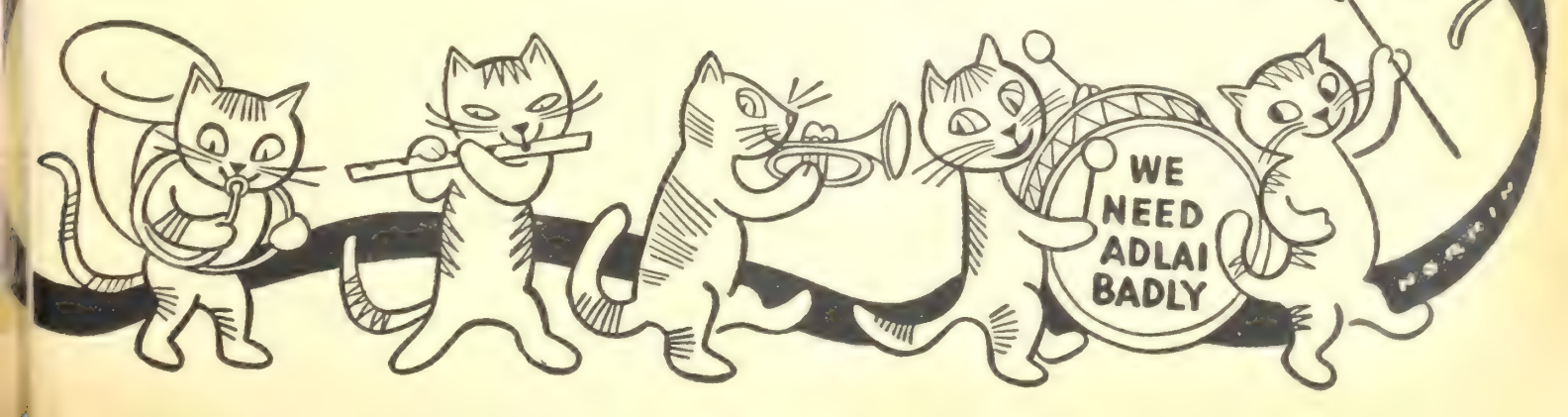
Respectfully,

ADLAI E. STEVENSON, *Governor*









Vox Populi and Foreign Policy

Elmer Davis

BEFORE you read this, we may have had opportunity to observe the reaction of public opinion to either an armistice in Korea, or definitely no armistice in Korea. I shall not venture to predict what that reaction may be; but if it should be reasonably definite and coherent, the view of an apparent majority, it will be something that neither the President nor Congress could prudently disregard. The power of public opinion in foreign policy is now such a commonplace that it is hard to remember that only thirty-five years ago there was a great agitation for "democratic control." It began in England, among people who probably knew they had to fight to defend the Channel coast, but resented the idea that Sir Edward Grey had committed, or demi-committed them to do so without asking them first; and who were much annoyed when they learned that they were also fighting to turn over Fiume and Zara to Italy and Constantinople to Russia. (Probably the only useful effect of the Bolshevik revolution was that this latter ambition was never realized.) The agitation was taken up in this country, by people who seemed to forget (until reminded in 1919) that the Constitution imposes an oligarchic control of foreign policy, at least when it comes to acceptance or rejection of treaties. And it ultimately triumphed when President Wilson embodied in his Fourteen Points the principle of "open covenants openly arrived at."

Two very different things, of course. That a democracy has a right to know to what its government proposes to commit it, and to accept or reject the commitment, cannot be denied. The principle of open covenants has long been established, in so far as formal treaties are concerned; publication and some form of legislative approval are now universal, among the democracies. Even totalitarian governments publish parts of their treaties, though usually the less interesting parts. (Irate persons may ask, What about Yalta? Well, the political agreements at Yalta would have had no constitutional force unless embodied in treaties approved by the Senate; they were eventually repudiated by so informal a procedure as a remark by the State Department's information officer to the Tass correspondent; and as for their practical effect, the Russian armies would have been in there anyway, even if the agreements had never been made.)

But when President Wilson went to Paris to arrive at his covenants he soon found that he could arrive at nothing openly. Nor, it soon turned out, could he operate in total secrecy; neither could his successors, except for occasional military conferences in wartime, and even there the secrecy was not entirely impermeable. With the right of popular approval of treaties established, it is hard in principle and impossible in practice to deny a good deal of popular control of the process by which those treaties are concluded. Diplomacy is now more than semi-open; formal conferences have their communiqués, their daily briefings, their authoritative leaks. And thanks to the numerous diplomatic correspondents in every capital, to the cable and radio that carry their reports all over the world, even the routine of day-by-day negotiation is under constant democratic observation which amounts, if not to democratic control, at least to democratic kibitzing.

As a reporter I welcome the partial opening up of diplomacy; but it has been disputed whether this blend of secrecy and publicity

combines the best, or the worst, features of both. It is certainly open to question whether the career of the greatest of our Secretaries of State would have been possible in an age of instantaneous nation-wide and world-wide communication. The policies of John Quincy Adams were in accord with the dominant national sentiment of his time; but he represented a small nation, which not long before had started a war which it had conspicuously failed to win. To get his way, in dealings with great and formidable powers, he needed a high degree of tactical skill—sometimes going out on a very shaky limb, occasionally sidestepping. He might never have got away with it if every newspaper editor in the country had been continually breathing down his neck, and saying that what he did yesterday was wrong.

For as Dean Rusk, one of the abler of our contemporary diplomats, has remarked: "There are few fields of human endeavor where wishful thinking and self-delusion are as common, or as dangerous, as in foreign policy. We demand simple answers to the most complex questions confronting human intelligence. We expect consistency in policy, though the facts themselves are full of contradictions. We should like an easy way to carry a heavy burden, an agreeable way to perform disagreeable tasks, a cheap way to bring about an expensive result." Mr. Rusk prudently reserved these observations, however, until he had retired from the State Department to the privileged sanctuary of the Rockefeller Foundation.*

Yet it is under this system that the democratic world has operated for thirty-odd years past; and in view of the history of those years it is not surprising that some people have wondered if all this was not a terrible mistake. International relations are beyond the comprehension, it is argued, of the average man who has no time to study their complexities. We were better off, so the argument runs, when foreign policy was conducted by educated and leisured gentlemen who understood all the factors involved and could arrive at sound decisions based on the national interest, without having to worry about making them palatable to the ill-informed and emotional masses. And the argument is usually pointed up by contrasting the Treaty of Versailles with the Congress of Vienna, which made a settlement that averted a general war for a century.

If there is a case for aristocratic diplomacy, that instance does not prove it. The pattern in which the Congress of Vienna tried to freeze both the map and the political philosophy of Europe was maintained, almost from the first, only by force; it was badly shaken in 1830, worse shaken in 1848, and almost nothing was left of it after 1866. Meanwhile there had been plenty of wars, several of which narrowly escaped being general; and escaped, it would seem in retrospect, pretty largely by luck. It is true that the period from 1871 to 1914 was the most peaceful Europe has known since the days of Antoninus Pius; but that stability, by no means perfect, was attained only after most of the errors of the Congress of Vienna had been corrected.

Yet the noblemen who met at Vienna had one great achievement to their credit, which would have been impossible to democratic diplomats—the early alignment of two of the victorious powers, England and Austria, with the defeated power, France, to resist the aggressive demands of Russia and its Prussian satellite. That may have prevented another and calamitous war; certainly it prevented some undesirable readjustments of the map of Europe—or more exactly postponed them, since readjustments not dissimilar, in substance if not in form, were made a hundred and thirty years later. No such clear evidence of Russian ambitions was available at Potsdam in 1945 as at Vienna in 1814; nor were there diplomats in the Western delegations comparable in skill and experience to some of the men of Vienna. But even if Jimmy Byrnes had been a Metternich and Ernest Bevin a Castlereagh, American and British public opinion would never have tolerated, in the summer of 1945, the attempt to arrange an alliance with Germany against Russia which we actually got to work on five years later.

* Since the foregoing was written the House of Representatives has voted to investigate the great foundations, to see if they have been contaminated by subversive or un-American influences; presumably meaning something that some member of Congress does not like. There are no privileged sanctuaries any more—except of course Congress itself; where a man convicted of crime can retain his seat and go on helping to make our laws.

Men who had dared to propose it, in the first flush of a common victory and the afterglow of a common hatred, would have been howled out of office.

There was this further advantage in aristocratic diplomacy—that its practitioners spoke the same language. The class to which they belonged, in every country, had the same general outlook on life and more or less similar interests. These interests usually required the maintenance of as much stability as possible. Any serious change was likely to be for the worse; so whatever the clash of dynastic ambitions, they were all inclined to balance, to compromise, to give and take in an adjustment that would make any general upset unlikely. The system had its points; but it would work only in an age when there were no compelling pressures toward a general upset. It depended at first on ignoring the people; and when they could no longer be ignored, on holding them down. The time came when they could no longer be held down.

Aristocratic diplomacy was generally suited to the conditions of its time, as popular diplomacy is generally suited to ours; the shortcomings of both are perhaps no more than can be expected from any work of imperfect man. At any rate, we can mark it down as a triumph for democracy—though a somewhat dubious one—that public opinion now counts for so much in foreign policy that even totalitarians try to turn it to their advantage. Saber-rattling is still a technique of aggressive diplomacy, but with a difference; Vishinsky rattles not his saber but ours, as a warning that he may reluctantly be compelled to draw his own. And it is clear that the next war, if there is one, will be fought between the peace-loving nations and the "peace-loving nations." Which side will get the quotation marks, in future histories, will depend on

II

But what is public opinion? G. P. Baker, in his biography of a man who understood public opinion as well, and used it as effectively, as any politician in history—Augustus Caesar—unkindly calls it "a crazy labyrinth of hopes, fears, prejudices, ignorances, passions, and fantasies." Yet the public opinion of Italy and the Caesarian army did come to the right decision between Augustus and Marc Antony; as public opinion has often done since. I suppose that public opinion, in the Almost Perfect State, could be defined as the judgment of the majority of the people, after they have had ample information, and time to sort it out (if they can) from the misinformation that accompanies it. But how is that judgment to be ascertained? How be sure that it is the will of the people, and not merely of the small segment of the people that makes the most noise or has the greatest nuisance value? No certain method has yet been found.

Practically, Presidents and Secretaries of State usually have to determine it by rule of thumb—a combination of newspaper editorials (with the necessary deductions for partisanship), reports from party leaders and trusted personal informants, letters to the White House and members of Congress (again with deductions, since people who don't like something are more likely to write or telegraph than those who do), and any other evidence that seems valuable. This is far from satisfactory, and no wonder there have been some rather desperate efforts to find something better. Fifteen years ago there was a proposal that war be declared only by popular vote. The idea was not entirely without merit, but it had some obvious and decisive drawbacks; it is worth noting that if this provision had been in force throughout our history, such a plebiscite would probably have approved the declaration of the two least morally justifiable wars in which we have been engaged, as well as of the one we came nearest to losing.

No doubt the pollsters would tell us that the will of the people can be discovered by asking four hundred selected citizens, whose views will accurately represent those of a hundred and fifty million. Recent events cast considerable doubt on this. There are to be sure five hundred and thirty-one selected citizens—selected by the people themselves—who constitutionally have considerable authority (mostly negative) over foreign policy, and may be supposed to represent the will of the people. It is said that the members of Congress are an average of the nation; I am not too sure of that. Some of them are much above the average; too many are merely the lowest common denominator of the pressures

in their districts. And what they do on foreign policy is apt to be determined by domestic exigencies, or supposed exigencies, of their party. When one Republican Congressman demands the annexation of Canada, whether the Canadians like it or not, he can be laughed off; though the Canadians did not seem to think he was very funny. When two hundred of them demand the dismissal of the Secretary of State on the eve of an important international conference, it is more serious.

Yet the direct exercise of the constitutional powers of Congress in recent years has, with few exceptions, served the national interest. Not so much can be said for the irregular and extraconstitutional (not unconstitutional) pressures which may reflect only the opinion of an activist minority, perhaps merely of a single influential Senator or Representative, but which can be effective because Congress controls the money. It is hard to say how far our shift in policy toward Spain was the work of the Pentagon and how far of Senator McCarran, with his powerful influence over the State Department appropriation. John Carter Vincent, attacked by Senator McCarthy, was sent from Berne to Tangier—actually a more important post, but technically a demotion—shortly before the appropriation came up. Anybody who has ever worked for the government can understand that, even if he does not applaud it. A head of any department, if he is worth his keep, believes in the great work he will be able to do if Congress will only give him the money to do it with; and when the appropriation is up, he may feel that it is expedient that one man should be demoted for the people. Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

Senator McCarthy's campaign of terrorism has not, at this writing, broken the State Department's will to resist; but the Department has been forced into some retreats by his attacks and those of Senator McCarran's Internal Security Committee. This remarkable body quotes diplomatic intelligence reports written years ago, which do not happen to agree with the present views of the Senators, and cross-examines their authors on the apparent assumption that they were and are traitors.

That sort of thing threatens to stop the flow of the confidential material that is the raw material of foreign policy. No foreign-service officer who cares for his future can any longer afford to set down the situation in the country to which he is accredited, as it looks to him, without peering into the crystal ball and trying to guess how it will look to congressional investigators ten or twelve years later.

There is reason to believe that Russian diplomats dare not report anything but what will please the men in the Kremlin. But at least they are dealing with the men who are in the Kremlin now; they know who they are; they do not have to try to trim their reports to fit the prejudices of men they have never heard of, who may be there in 1962.

The classic instance of extraconstitutional pressure by Congress was the heat put on the President last spring by most of the Republicans and some few Democrats, to try to make him adopt General MacArthur's policy of a (he hoped) limited extension of the war. This was no formal action. Members of Congress have the same right as any other citizens to speak their minds; but their position gives their views more publicity, if not more weight, than those of the man on the street corner; and when they attempt to force the Administration into a policy in which it does not believe by noise, uproar, propaganda, talk of impeachment, it becomes a form of extraconstitutional pressure approximating mob rule. For all the while there was at hand an unquestioned constitutional authority which Congress could have exercised if it had chosen. Only Senator Harry Cain of Washington proposed that they exercise it. He offered alternative resolutions—one calling for withdrawal from Korea, which in form was only advisory, but could easily have been implemented by congressional refusal of appropriations. The other was mandatory—a declaration of war on China. Mr. Cain's colleagues wanted the President to make war on China; he proposed that they make him do it, for a President who refused to fight a war that Congress had declared could certainly be impeached.

But if Congress thus exerted its authority, there was an unspoken corollary—that Congress must accept responsibility for what happened. Senator Cain's resolution got no support whatever. Many men wanted to make the Administration do it; but they lacked the guts to do it themselves.

III

Congress is usually an accurate barometer of public opinion only when that opinion is so unmistakable that no barometer is needed. The isolationism of Congress, in the nineteen-thirties, reflected the isolationism of the nation; but that sentiment probably lingered longer in Congress than among the people, for the simple reason that it is extremely difficult and painful for a statesman to admit that he was ever wrong. If he did, people might think he could be wrong again. Professors Langer and Gleason, in *The Challenge to Isolation*, believe that President Roosevelt overestimated popular reluctance to aid the British in 1940; hence his zigzags and hesitations. It may be so; yet he did eventually get enough support to put over his policy of aid short of war. What aroused that opinion? Langer and Gleason believe, I think correctly, that the active agent was the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, and more especially its predecessor, the Century Dinner Group. The work of this latter body was certainly unremitting, intelligent, and effective; but they had to have something to work on.

For the most cogent influence on public opinion, the most powerful propaganda, is a fact; a fact so undeniable that even newspapers that don't like it must print it. The great and irrefutable piece of anti-German propaganda in the war of 1914 was the invasion of Belgium, which in that far more civilized time gave us such a moral shock as hardly anything could give us now. Hohenzollern Germany never lived it down. Popular support for the destroyers-bases deal in 1940, and later for lend-lease, came partly from distaste for Hitler but far more from the growing realization, which the Century Dinner Group helped to spread, that the British situation was dangerous but not hopeless, that with help England might hold out.

That group, many of whose participants later held high public office but few of whom had done so then, may fall into the category that I have called "small segments of the people who make the most noise." So does an equally amorphous but otherwise very different combination—what is called the China Lobby. It is not clear whether the primary objective of this group is to make war on the Chinese Communist government, or to convict the present United States government of treason. Toward this latter end they have made little progress; they have had better luck in working up sentiment against the Chinese Communists, thanks to the behavior of the Chinese Communists themselves. If we should adopt (or before you read this may already have adopted) something like MacArthur's policy in the Korean war, it will be neither MacArthur nor the China Lobby that deserves the credit. It will be Mao Tse-tung.

IV

This appears to justify the democratic faith that when the people have absorbed and studied all the evidence, the majority will make the right decision. But only those who read honest newspapers get all the evidence; and in any case a look back at our recent wars suggests some reservations. The most popular war we ever fought, the war with Spain, was forced by public opinion—but a synthetic opinion, largely created by the competition for circulation between two New York newspapers.

The situation in Cuba did involve a national interest for us, perhaps worth fighting for if there had been no other way out; but long before the blowing up of the *Maine* it had become a moral and emotional issue. Public opinion had become so inflamed that when Spain at the last moment conceded all our demands about Cuba—conceded, that is, all that our national interest required—President McKinley merely appended the Spanish note as a postscript to his war message to Congress, with a very perfunctory commendation to their attention. Grover Cleveland would have torn up the message and told Congress, "This means that there need be no war." But Congress would almost certainly have declared war anyway, might even have impeached a President who energetically opposed it, and would probably have had the support of public opinion in either course.

That however was a little war, which we could hardly have lost if we had tried. The two great and dangerous wars of our generation were fought in defense of a major national interest—to prevent the domination of Europe (the second time, of Asia too) by a single aggressive power. Both times, public

opinion was slow in building up; when we finally got enough of it, in 1917, it was aimed at symptoms rather than at the disease itself. German atrocities horrified us, tame though they were by modern standards; the culminating atrocity, which was also an insult, was the declaration of unrestricted submarine war. The atrocity and the insult, rather than the national interest involved, seem to have had most influence on public opinion. (Fortunately no one could then foresee that twenty-five years later the most successful, and in some respects most unrestricted submarine war in history would be conducted by the United States Navy.)

Even Woodrow Wilson, though he told H. B. Brougham as early as December 1914 that an Allied victory "would not greatly hurt the interests of the United States"—which implied that a Germany victory *would* hurt them—kept shying away from an idea which belonged in the field of power politics rather than of moral principle. When he finally asked for a declaration of war he sublimated his perception of the national interest into the argument that we must make the world safe for democracy, and prepare for a universal dominion of right by a concert of free peoples. Noble ideals; powerful propaganda slogans, of immense value in solidifying national and world opinion; but in the end they backfired so hard that it took us twenty years to get over it.

President Roosevelt perceived the national interest much earlier and much more clearly; but his proposal in 1937 for the quarantine of aggressors raised such an outcry that he moved very cautiously thereafter. When war came, he had to deal with a very volatile public opinion, as well as with a determined opposition. In the end we went into the war with Japan with almost total national unity, thanks to the combined insult and injury of the surprise attack on Pearl Harbor; but many people still opposed the war against the really dangerous enemy, and did as much as they dared to hamper its prosecution. Some remarks of General Eisenhower's not long before the Normandy landings about the difficulties of that operation were interpreted, not only by Dr. Goebbels but by the newspaper with the largest circulation in the United States, as an advance alibi for failure. That newspaper's readers did not stop reading it.

It would seem, then, that George Kennan has plenty of evidence to support his regretful conclusion that peoples as a whole incline to regard foreign-policy issues not as matters of national interest but as moral and emotional issues; which, he reasons, makes wars easier to win but harder to end. People dislike war; when they have to get into it they hate the enemy for disturbing their normal routine; and go on from that to hating the enemy in general. Hatred rouses the nation to the tremendous effort that modern war entails; but once roused it is likely to stay roused, to demand the complete overthrow of the enemy—his humiliation if not his obliteration—even though something less than that might be all that the national interest requires. So, Kennan argues, under democratic control all wars tend to become total.

MAYBE. But what made the last war total was less the nature of democracy than the nature of the enemy. It would have been impossible to end the war against Hitler with the kind of peace that ended, say, the War of the Spanish Succession; that would only have given him time to get his breath and get ready to start all over. But what about that next war that we may have to fight, even though we hope not—a war not against China but against Russia, or against both combined? The nature of the enemy would be the same but there would be this great difference. In the last war we were fighting nations of relatively small area, which could be pretty thoroughly worked over by our air power, and occupied afterward so that they wouldn't bounce back too soon. As a pure matter of geography, the next war could not be total in that sense.

Our enemy—as I observed in these pages three years ago—would be a government, not a people; and the ideal outcome would be the overthrow of that government by its own people—though God knows what would take its place. But that could come only through a military revolt; it would be unlikely to come soon; and in the meantime the war between governments might have transformed itself into a war between nations. We have officially proclaimed that we love the Russian people. That is good Christian doctrine, good politics, and good propaganda. But residents of regions overrun by the Russian

on foreign policy issues than it was a dozen, or even half a dozen years ago.

But there are people who are working hard to miseducate it—not only on specific issues, as to which honest citizens may honestly differ: but on the presuppositions and the entire structure of political thinking. Not merely the China Lobby, but the considerable segment of opinion which has come to share its views, insists that circumstances do not alter cases: that there can be no such thing as difference of opinion or mistaken judgment: that whoever did not think, five or ten years ago, what there is good reason for thinking now must have been and must still be a traitor.

This—disregarding its ethical aspects—is the kind of thinking that can get any government and any nation into trouble; the doctrine that it is not permissible, in a highly complex international situation, to examine all possible courses and try to decide which one would best serve the national interest. No—says this doctrine—we must not only all think the same way, but we all must always have thought the same way, whatever reasons may once have suggested alternatives. If that view prevails—and some energetic men are working hard to make it prevail—there will be little realism and less flexibility in American diplomacy: and diplomacy that is not realistic and flexible is disastrous.

Some of our Senators have demanded that we declare not only that we are not going to recognize the Chinese Communist government now or in the presently visible future—which makes sense—but that we shall never recognize it under any conditions at all. "Never" is a word that should never be used in foreign policy. The way the Chinese Communists are behaving as this is written (still more perhaps when it is read) does not suggest that we should ever have reason to change our attitude toward them. But who would have dared to predict six years ago that we would now be rearming Germany and Japan? Who would have dared to predict five years ago, when American planes were shot down over Yugoslavia, that we would now be giving military aid to Tito? Last summer there was a saying around the press bar at the United Nations that five years after we have won the next war we shall be rearming the Russians to resist Chinese aggression. I can

imagine a future situation—highly improbable but not impossible—in which that might make sense from the viewpoint of American national interest. And it is from that viewpoint that foreign-policy issues must be regarded if we want to preserve the power, perhaps the very existence, of this republic.

This of course is substantially the argument of George Kennan's *American Diplomacy: 1900-1950;* and it has been challenged. Sebastian Haffner, foreign editor of the London *Observer,* says that national interest is "a most elusive conception, wholly undefinable in the abstract and highly doubtful in the concrete instance." What do we substitute for it? America, says Mr. Haffner, wants to create and enforce an international system governed by the rule of law; which in his opinion is "a highly enlightened answer and in the present power distribution in the world a wholly realistic one." I confess I cannot follow him as to the realism. If we had a Kerensky-type Russia, an early-Chiang Kai-shek-type China, an international system governed by the rule of law might be feasible; human nature might still break out somewhere, but there would be enough force, and conceivably enough unity of intention, to keep it in bounds. In the world of today, this is fantasy; it could be attained only if one of the two power centers is completely crushed. Maybe the wrong one.

That nations have not always correctly discerned their national interest is true; also that details of that interest may shift from time to time. England backed Turkey against Russia at the Congress of Berlin in 1878; years later Lord Salisbury admitted that they had bet on the wrong horse; so it seemed for decades, but now it looks as if they bet on the right horse after all. The continuing national interest of England was to prevent the domination of the Continent by a single aggressive power; that interest was served by supporting, in varying circumstances, the Turks, then the Russians, then the Turks again. Who would now want to see the Red Army on the shores of the Mediterranean?

This policy is not free from danger, but what is? Some of us have grave qualms, both emotional and practical, about rearming the Germans and the Japanese. But it was to our advantage, ten years ago, to arm the Russians against them, as it is now to arm them against the Russians. We may have paid more than we needed for Russian help and it can be hoped that this error will not be repeated. That hope now seems somewhat dubious, so far as the Germans are concerned; in which case, if we had broken the power of Russia, there might again be occasion to worry about Germany and Japan. Certainly an unhappy historical parallel suggests itself—the last century of Greece before Alexander. They all ganged up against each power that in succession became strongest—first Sparta and Thebes and Corinth against Athens, then Athens and Thebes and Corinth against Sparta, then all the others against Thebes; and by incessant wars they so wore themselves out that there was little left in man power or will power to stop the Macedonians.

At least there are now no Macedonians—unless they should come from another planet, as often happens in science fiction. Indeed certain science-fiction writers, observing that nations co-operate only when they are scared, have imagined the American and Russian governments getting together to invent a fictitious extraterrestrial menace so that the United Nations will work. It might be done, if the Russians had any desire to make the United Nations work.

So long as we remain on the terrestrial level, however, it is hard to see a better policy than this shifting association with whoever might be useful to us against the present danger. It has brought us some unsavory allies (and I don't mean Adenauer or Yoshida); but we have had unsavory allies in the past, and they helped us win a war which, in Europe, we could not have won conclusively without them. I know of no American statesman of the present, or of the past since the days of Manifest Destiny, who could clearly see the interest of this nation for a hundred years ahead (nor any foreign statesman who could so see the interest of his nation, for that matter). The best we can hope for is men who can see clearly five or ten years ahead what will be the American national interest, which fortunately coincides with the interest of the free world. If we can keep working for this dual interest, by whatever permutations and combinations may be necessary, we may gradually move somewhat nearer to that reign of law which many men desire, but which nobody has told us how to get.

SUCCESS STORY

by *Joyce Cary*

Drawing by William Binzen, Jr.

An old man in a brown bowler walked slowly along the path. His narrow trousers, in a pale brown whipcord, were cut in the style of the nineties. The sleeves of his long-waisted coat were so tight that one wondered how his great yellow hands could pass through them. He was like an old grasshopper, left over from last year to shuffle when it could not leap. He reached a bench, stared at it a long moment, tapped it with his stick as if to require something of it. Then he turned himself carefully round; bringing into the spring sunlight, pale as a primrose, his dun face, hollow-cheeked and dry; the great orbits of his sunk eyes; the long nose fallen at the tip; his white mustache, of thin separate hairs like glass threads. This face expressed resolution and some alarm. A string of muscle jerked in the shadow of the cheek bone. Suddenly he swung forward from the hips, placed both hands upon the knob of his stick, and broke at the knees. His look of alarm became intense, his long flat feet jerked upward, he collapsed upon the seat as if his body had telescoped into itself, like a picnic beaker. But in a moment it began to rise again; the clothes to fill. The old man straightened his back, raised his chin; until, upright at last, he pulled down his waistcoat, settled his hat, and looked about him. He had now the air of success. His attitude declared, "Good for you, old man; that was well done."

A small child, a boy of about three, came running along the path with a wooden truck on a string. He carried a whip with which he whipped the truck; at the same time, he pranced up and down and snorted. He was the horse as well as the driver. He passed the old man on the bench; then turned back and made two circles in front of it.

The old man did not notice the small boy. He was still enjoying himself and he had no time to enjoy anything else. He twitched one side of his mustache, spread his knees, stretched out his long thin arms, and pressed down upon the stick so hard that it slipped a fraction of an inch upon the gravel. This startled him; he frowned at the stick. But at once, ignoring such a trifling accident, he raised his head again and looked defiantly into the air over the small boy's head.

The child, attracted perhaps by the desire for an audience, was making another circle in front of the bench, whipping and prancing. He paused within a foot of the old man's knob-jointed legs in their shining cloth. The old man noticed the boy, looked at him for a moment with surprise, and then gradually began to smile. A slight flush appeared on the hard dry skin of the cheekbone. He stooped forward and said, "Gee gee."

"Gee gee, gee gee," the child shouted.

"Gee up," the old man said.

"Gee up, gee up."

The old man was surprised by his success with the child. He smiled broadly; his mustache rose; his eyes sparkled; he looked round to see if anyone had noticed this triumph. But there was no one within twenty yards.

"Gee up, gee up," the child shouted, whip-

ping the cart. At each stroke of the whip, he raised his knees higher.

"Gee up, Dobbin," the old man cried. He laughed, showing rows of china teeth, and swayed his whole body in a circular movement. It was a sitting-down dance of pleasure, a spring ballet. He called in loud confident tones, "Gee up, gee gee. Gee up, Dobbin."

"Gee up, gee—" The child stopped close to the old man's knees and looked up at him with piercing inquiry.

The old man smiled down at him and put out a knotty finger to touch the round rosy cheek. But at the last moment he hesitated, as if fearing to take a liberty. "Gee gee," he said, "gee up, gee gee."

The child suddenly dived for the truck and held it up to show the old man, who, startled, as by an unexpected condescension, jerked his whole body forward in order to examine it. He nodded. "Nice gee gee."

"It's a lorry," the child said in a loud clear voice.

"Yes, yes, nice lorry."

Suddenly the child planted the lorry on the old man's knees, and scrambled upon the bench beside him. He had fallen in love with his admirer.

The old man was astonished. He still smiled and there was still in his eyes the look of success; but apprehension had appeared in the middle of his forehead. He said in a mild hopeful voice, "Gee up, gee gee."

But the boy had abandoned that game. He put one hand on the old man's shoulder and shouted, "Iss a lorry—a lorry." Then fixing his bright keen eyes on the old man's face, he began to jump up and down on the bench. Each jump became more energetic and more affectionate, that is to say, closer to the old man's legs and body. At the same time, he burst out laughing and shouted something incomprehensible. The old man's smile was



now full of alarm and deprecation—it was the grimace with which the humble, everywhere, seek mercy from the strong.

The boy, uttering another loud and incomprehensible speech, tripped against the old man's leg and lurched into his lap on top of the lorry. One foot was planted on his thigh, one hand grabbed him by the lapel. He gave another jump, using the lapel as a lever, and roared with laughter.

The old man's smile had gone. His mouth fell open. He looked round in terror and despair: but no one was within call. His body began to sink; his waistcoat to sag.

Suddenly a small thickset girl came running across the grass, picked up the truck from the old man's knee, put her arms round the boy's stomach, and lifted him to the ground. She said nothing but her round, rather pale face expressed the most formidable calmness.

The boy uttered a yell and grabbed the old man by the trousers. The girl set in her heels and tugged. Neither looked at the old man, who, for his part, was too far gone even to move. His only sign of life was a feeble wave, as if to brush the boy's hand from his trouser leg. But he did not actually touch the child's hand. He was too diffident, too polite. His hand performed the gesture of removal and at the same moment, disowned it.

The girl gave another heave and tore the boy away. She bent herself back at an angle of at least forty degrees, to keep his kicking heels from her shins, and staggered across the path onto the grass. She opened her fingers, dropped the truck, and then with a powerful jerk forward planted the child on the ground as a navvy might ram a pavement, with ferocity rather than indignation.

The child's legs crumpled like macaroni. He rolled over backward. His screech was ear-piercing, heart-broken. It called on heaven for justice and revenge. The little girl picked up the truck, put it beside his left ear and trotted away to some unseen nurse among the trees. The boy suddenly rolled over and scrambled to his feet. His action was full of vindictive purpose. He rushed at the truck and kicked it over on its back. Then he uttered another howl, longer, louder, but more musical. It was a repeat howl, an encore, with little passion but much recollected artistry.

The old man paid no attention either to his friend or his rescuer. Probably he could not have told, offhand, by whom or what he had been saved. He lay broken in, ravaged like a pie after a birthday party. His very clothes, hat, trousers, waistcoat, seemed in ruins; a little broken heap, from which projected the long insect legs and flattened feet; his mouth hung open; his filmed eyes, pale as fish bones, gazed forward without expression. It appeared that the grasshopper was dead. Only the finger-muscles twitched from time to time, fumbling on the knob of the stick.

The small boy was now forty yards away. He was aiming another kick at the truck, which had already lost a wheel. He had stopped howling. He was laughing so heartily at the new game that when at last he kicked, he missed the truck altogether and staggered sideways with shouts of laughter. He was drunk with laughter.

The old man's hands had closed upon the stick. His chin gradually rose from his chest. His neck tilted back. His eyelids blinked, his brows frowned, and he shifted his feet on the gravel.

Suddenly, as if to take an enemy by surprise, he made a plunge forward, swinging his head downward almost to the knob of the stick. His long thin buttocks rose three inches from the seat and hung suspended. The battle was joined. The issue was in the balance. The hands pressed, the stick swayed, the old man's face was creased with alarm, appeal, desperate resolve. Then slowly he swayed forward, head, stick, thighs. He was on his feet. Gradually his knees straightened.

At last he stood upright. He raised his chin, a trembling hand went up to set the hat straight. For a moment he stood. Then all at once he lifted his stick about two inches and struck its iron ferule hard upon the gravel. He had done it again.

Who Will Win in '52?

Louis H. Bean

WHILE politicians are erecting the stages for the Democratic and Republican national nominating conventions, and the leading Presidential candidates and "dark horses" are preparing their roles for the conventions' curtain rise, you may find it as rewarding as in 1948 and 1950 to take a look at the political trend so far. Those who noted the facts I marshaled in this magazine in April 1950, pointing to a normal mid-term Republican gain of 25 to 30 seats, were not, I am sure, as surprised as they might have been when the final returns showed an actual Republican gain of 27 seats.

The returns next November for Congressmen, Senators, and the President also may come closer to your expectations, if you build them on the underlying broad facts and trends in two-party strength before the candidates are selected.

Let me put down a few preliminaries, for it may be more important this year than it was in previous years, to make sure the line is clearly drawn between the facts you are about to examine and the forecasts you may be tempted to make.

It is a peculiar matter of record that the statistical clues I assembled in six of the elections since 1938 gave, in each case, fairly satisfactory indications as to the final election results.

If this experience is mere accident, the laws of chance would seem to call for crossing one's fingers even more tightly this year. Or, you might say the early indications turned out correctly for the wrong reasons. The appropriate response to this, of course, is that it is more satisfying to be right for the wrong reasons than wrong for the right reasons. I prefer, however, the view that there are always unforeseen and intangible developments after the conventions; but many of them tend to cancel each other out and others, such as the pre-election threat of war in 1940 or the Korean outbreak in 1950, bring regional or group shifts in party preference that also tend to cancel out in the national results.

But what if an unforeseen postconvention event, such as a nation-wide business depression, causes the same reaction in all regions and among all classes, and your analysis on the basis of the preconvention situations goes wrong? In that case the discrepancy from your preconvention bench-mark indications will measure the influence of that new factor.

Statistical analyses of political trends end with the known facts. At that point your intuition and your assumptions as to the future take over. Both 1948 and 1950 serve as interesting illustrations. In early 1948 there was no statistical way of anticipating the strength of the Progressive and Dixiecrat parties. Fortunately for the Democrats, a com-

In estimating party prospects for victory in November, Louis H. Bean of the U. S. Department of Agriculture here applies, with all the evidence on the table, the techniques which he used in his highly successful book, How to Predict Elections.

[illegible] of other unforeseen circumstances brought about a Democratic upsurge in the Farm Belt which saved the day for Truman. In early 1950 there was no statistical way of forecasting the Korean outbreak in June, but apparently the Korean issue must have produced a crossing of party lines in both directions, with the result that the Democrats sustained approximately a normal mid-term loss, due to the usual decline in mid-term voting interest, mostly on the part of followers of the party in power.

In one major respect your problem this year is simpler than it was before the conventions in 1948. No Progressive party is in the offing to draw away the northern Democratic votes. With Truman's "abdication," there is reasonable certainty that no Dixiecrat party will draw away Southern Democratic votes. The probable course of business by election time is also somewhat clearer than in the spring of 1948. The expanding defense program promises to sustain a general condition of full employment, with few local exceptions, such as Detroit and the New England textile centers. Living costs, while relatively high, have not—since Korea—outrun workers' earnings as they did with the abandonment of price controls in 1946.

There are other imponderables that you must note before you pass on to congressional and Presidential figuring. The international situation is anyone's guess, so you wisely assume it may not change enough to affect election prospects. The personalities and popularity of the candidates to be chosen by the conventions, of course, can be crucial, but as an objective analyst you hope the conventions perform their essential function, which is to nominate candidates who are well matched. That leaves the other new and real imponderable, the crime and corruption issue the Republicans have chosen as their most powerful weapon. There is no statistical way of judging what surprises, if any, may be in store to increase or minimize the impact of this election issue.

II

In spite of the fact that there is greatest interest in the Presidential election, I suggest you start with the congressional bench-mark first. For you will find it helpful, if used judiciously, in judging both senatorial and Presidential prospects.

The historical perspective for the present make-up of Congress you obtain by looking back to the beginning of the New Deal tide, following the 1928 election. In 1928 the Democrats won 43 per cent of the seats in the House. The great depression of the early nineteen-thirties gave them 79 per cent in 1936 (or 333 seats). In three mid-term setbacks, between 1936 and 1946, the political tide receded to its 1928 position. With the help of increased unemployment and the public reaction to sit-down strikes and the proposed packing of the Supreme Court, the Republicans gained 70 seats in 1938. They gained 49 more in 1942, as a result of greater wartime political apathy among Democrats than among Republicans. The ample Democratic margin of 1940 in the House was cut down by 1942 to a mere handful. More apathy in 1946, coupled with great confusion on the domestic front, arising from the sharp increase in prices after OPA was abandoned and confusion in foreign policy dramatized by the exit of Secretary of Commerce Wallace from the Cabinet, returned the Republicans to power in both the House and Senate. But this was short-lived. The Democrats regained control of both houses of Congress and re-elected Truman in 1948—the political tide in the House rising from the 1946 Democratic level of 43 per cent to 60 per cent in 1948.

Where is that political tide today? Since 1948 we have had the 1950 election and several by-elections during 1951. These all point to the conclusion that the 1948 party balance remained practically unchanged up to the spring of 1952; that a majority of the voters still favored the Democratic party on the major economic and social issues. The 1950 election, as already noted, was just about a normal mid-term performance except for certain senatorial and gubernatorial surprises, especially the Senate races in Connecticut, Maryland, Ohio, and Utah, and gubernatorial races of the Southwest. In other words, the normal decline in Democratic strength in the House from 60 per cent in 1948 to 54 per cent in 1950 really meant that had a Presidential election been held in 1950 the power of the Presidential coat-tails would have kept the Congress 60 per cent Democratic as in 1948.

Number of Democratic Congressmen Elected in Mid-Term and Presidential Elections

Year	*Mid-Term*	*Year*	*Presidential*
1930	214	1932	313
1934	322	1936	333
1938	262	1940	267
1942	222	1944	243
1946	188	1948	262
1950	235	1952	?

Still another way of describing where we are in the course of the Democratic political tide is to say that the tide has two levels, a lower one in mid-term years of voting apathy and light turn-out, and a higher one in the more exciting Presidential years; that its lower level moved upward from 43 per cent Democratic in 1946 to 54 per cent in 1950, while its upper level moved up from 55 per cent in 1944 to 60 per cent in 1948.

If the tide has neither fallen nor risen since then, a 60 per cent Democratic House would be your present preconvention benchmark.

That the two-party balance actually has not changed during the year and a half since the 1950 election, you can infer from two bits of statistical evidence. In the mayoralty election in barometric Chicago in April 1951, the Democratic candidate Kennelly received a larger percentage of the vote than in 1947. It corroborated the judgment that the Republican gains in 1950 in Illinois and nationally were by-and-large mid-term gains that would not necessarily be retained by them in 1952.

Similarly, a special congressional election in Pennsylvania and another in West Virginia in the fall of 1951, after an allowance for normally very light by-election turn-out, also showed that no recession in the Democratic tide had taken place since 1948. Public opinion polls corroborated this statistical conclusion. As of November 1951 the American Institute of Public Opinion found that in a cross-section of voters, 40 per cent labeled themselves Democrats, 32 per cent Republicans, and 28 per cent independents. A survey in March 1952 indicated that the tide was beginning to move toward the Republican side, chiefly as a result of an increase in the number of "independents" now labeling themselves "Republicans." Yet in the two-party total the Democrats still numbered 53 per cent compared with 55 per cent in November 1951, and 53 per cent in the 1948 election (leaving out the Dixiecrat and Progressive votes).

The latest soundings of public opinion (April) show voters would take a typical "Mr. Democrat" instead of a typical "Mr. Republican" by a handsome margin.

III

Now suppose the political tide as measured in terms of Democratic strength in the House actually is somewhere between the 54 per cent figure of 1950 and the 60 per cent figure for 1948. What would it mean normally for Congressmen, Senators, and the President? For Congressmen, it would mean just the opposite of what happened in 1950. This being a Presidential year, you would expect certain marginal Republican seats, won in 1950 by only 50 to 55 per cent of the vote, would be regained by Democrats, while marginally held Democratic seats would be more firmly held this year. There are 26 such marginal Republican seats. The bulk of them are in industrial districts that lie between Connecticut and Illinois.

What this supposition would mean for the Senate may be shown very simply, merely by lining up the party percentages of House membership with the comparable number of party Senators elected in recent years. For the Democrats the tabulation appears as follows:

Democratic Strength: House and Senate

Year	*Percentage of House Membership*	*Number of Senators Elected*
1946	43	11
1942	51	15
1950	54	19
1944	56	21
1948	60	24

Since thirteen Democrats are up for re-election to the Senate this year, it is clear from this tabulation that if the Democrats in this Presidential year elect as many of their candidates to the House as they did in the last mid-term election (54 per cent), they will elect more of their senatorial candidates than the 13 that are up for re-election.

Outside the South only six Democratic senatorial seats are involved, those held by

Benton (Connecticut), Moody (Michigan), O'Mahoney (Wyoming), Kilgore (West Virginia), Chavez (New Mexico), and O'Conor (Maryland). On the other hand, 18 Republican Senators, all outside the South of course, are up for re-election.

Which of these Republican Senators normally would lose out in a Presidential year shows up in this bit of simple arithmetic. Jot down opposite the names of these candidates the two-party percentages by which they won in 1946. Then jot down the comparable Republican percentages they would have received had they run in 1950, assuming they would have lost or gained as much ground as the general Republican ticket did in their respective states between 1946 and 1950. This is what your tabulation would look like:

Percentage of Two-Party Vote for Republican Senators

Candidate and State	*1946 (Actual)*	*1950 (Hypothetical)*
Brewster (Me.)	64	59
Bricker (Ohio)	57	54
Butler (Nebr.)	71	65
Cain (Wash.)	55	49
Ecton (Mont.)	54	53
Flanders (Vt.)	75	84
Ives (N. Y.)	53	46
Jenner (Ind.)	56	55
Knowland (Calif.)	55	57
Langer (N. D.)	70	62
Lodge (Mass.)	60	56
McCarthy (Wis.)	62	54
Malone (Nev.)	55	43
Martin (Pa.)	60	54
Smith (N. J.)	59	55
Thye (Minn.)	60	54
Watkins (Utah)	51	47
Williams (Dela.)	55	56

Four of these Republican Senators, Cain, Ives, Malone, and Watkins, elected in mid-term 1946, probably would not have been re-elected in mid-term 1950. And, normally, their chances would be reduced even more in Presidential 1952, if the Democrats were to do better than in 1950.

Seven others, Bricker, Ecton, Jenner, McCarthy, Martin, Smith, and Thye, would fall into the marginal class, with re-election chances considerably in doubt, if you were to assume a mid-term to Presidential-year (1950 to 1952) Republican loss of 3 percentage points in each state. You must be warned, however, that this is an exercise in speculative political arithmetic and not in forecasting. Judging from a similar exercise in 1950, much will depend on local situations, the voting record of the candidates, and the personalities of the opponents, as for example in Ohio in 1950, where the personality of the opponent re-elected Senator Taft.

IV

The norm for Presidential voting you can also derive very simply from the assumptions you make with regard to the political tide as reflected in the House. In 1948, when the Democrats elected 60 per cent of their congressional candidates, Truman received about 53 per cent of the two-party vote. But for the 2.5 million votes drawn away by the Progressive and Dixiecrat candidates, the total Democratic vote would have come to 56 per cent. This is exactly in line with the formula I developed in my book, *How to Predict Elections.* You may, therefore, find it a useful device again this year.

Democratic Strength: House and Presidential Vote

Percentage of House Membership	*Percentage of Two-Party Presidential Vote*
40	43
45	48
50	52
55	54
60	56

Assuming you have correctly appraised the political tide (House membership) to be 55 to 60 per cent Democratic as of the first quarter of 1952, *this formula says that a Democratic Presidential candidate would obtain 54 to 56 per cent of the two-party vote.* Another formula that I have developed says that this would be ample to provide the necessary votes in the Electoral College. In order to get the necessary minimum of 266 electoral votes, a Democratic candidate usually needs to win about 52 per cent of the two-party popular vote.

V

THERE are two final observations that you should make in addition to having these bench-marks to help you unscramble the probable confusion and conflicting evidence in what grass-roots reporters, political commentators, and public opinion pollsters will be telling you. What about the number of voters? Will we see at last a return to normal voting participation, which we haven't had since the large vote cast in 1940? The 1944 turn-out was held down by the war. The 1948 turn-out, 49 million votes, I estimate to have been about 10 million short. Perhaps as many as 6 million potential Democrats, and 4 million Republicans, weren't sufficiently interested in their candidates to go to the polls.

With new faces in the campaign, there is a good chance of a much greater turn-out this year than in 1948—well in excess of 50 million votes. Democrats, on the basis of recent experience, of course would expect a larger percentage of this larger turn-out. Republicans hopefully will look back to 1940 when other factors combined to cut down Democratic strength in the face of a record vote. Roosevelt's percentage of the vote dropped 7 points in his re-election for a third term in 1940.

Statistical analysis brings us today to about the same point as before the conventions in 1948. Then the records pointed strongly to a Democratic year, particularly for the House and Senate. Yet gloom hung over Democratic Presidential prospects and many said only a miracle could lift it. The miracle occurred at 2:00 A.M. of the last day of the Democratic convention when Truman put on his political overalls and talked plain language.

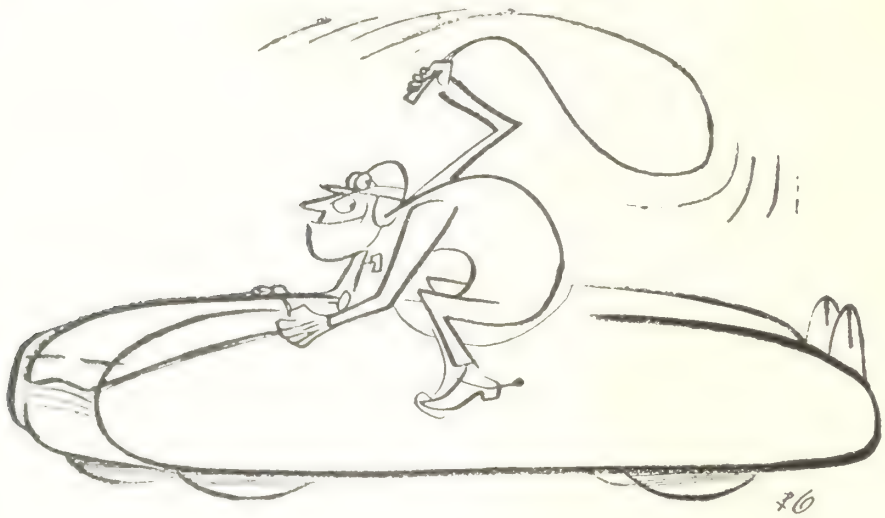
Today as I write, the air is charged with unpredictables: Truman's decision not to run, but to make the whistlestops for the Democratic candidate; talk of a possible Taft-Eisenhower deadlock at the Republican convention; strikes and threatened strikes; a possible truce in Korea; the firing of Newbold Morris, in charge of the corruption clean-up, by Attorney General McGrath followed by the President's firing of his Attorney General; the emergence of Republican names as well as Democratic in the investigation into influence in tax and other cases.

Factual analysts of political trends, even in this kind of atmosphere, haven't any business with miracles, so I leave it to you and your intuition as to whether the Democrats will or will not need a new miracle to offset continued charges of crime and corruption, and of Communists in government.

In the final analysis the 1952 election results may be shaped by some unsuspected development beyond the control of politicians, even more powerful than man-made political miracles. Truman's surprise victory in 1948 is a case in point. I accept the view that Truman's acceptance speech electrified the convention delegates and lifted morale throughout the Democratic party. I have presented analyses (in my book, *The Mid-Term Battle)* demonstrating that the "green uprising," an upturn in Democratic strength throughout the Farm Belt, reminiscent of 1932, turned the trick for Truman, offsetting the damage done by the Progressives and Dixiecrats. Farmers didn't think Mr. Dewey understood their farm programs; they feared a lowering of the price-support standard down to 60 per cent of parity; they had not been given adequate storage facilities for their bumper crops, and grain and dairy product prices were on the way down as the campaign developed.

But note that behind all of these reasons for the Democratic upturn in the farm vote stood one basic cause, the large grain crops of 1948 produced by unusually favorable weather and growing conditions. With apologies to analysts, politicians, and candidates, shouldn't we, at least half seriously, conclude that it was the weather that elected Truman? The 1952 results, for all any of us may see in historical analysis, emerging polls, and personal judgment, also could turn on some unsuspected, man-made, or natural "miracle."

How to Drive a Car



Lincoln Dryden

I AM interested in driving as a sort of art, a challenge to my wit and abilities. But most of what I read about driving is pretty poor fare. It is nearly all about the mounting accident rate, and what should be done about it. The "what" takes many forms. One writer says that our decaying roads are to blame; another that there is too much drinking-and-driving; and still another that the mechanical design of our cars baffles us.

I do not say that any or all of these ideas are wrong, merely that they are insufficient—purely negative. They tell us, after a fashion, what's wrong, but they never tell us what's right. They don't even consider what is the best way to drive a car. They do tell us not to get drunk before we start. They do advise us not to back from a blind driveway onto a traffic-full superhighway, not to drive so fast that the car gets out of control, not to "overdrive" our headlights at night, and not to snarl and get our blood pressure up. But I have almost never seen anything positive, or anything positive that makes any sense to me. For example, it *is* positive (and the law) in a number of states, that to make a left turn, you have to signal by extending the left arm, pointing to the left with all three joints of the index finger, at a prescribed distance before the turn. But I have never seen it stated that the main reason for doing this is to signal someone behind you; and if there is no one behind you, do you have to signal to the empty air? Of course, this raises the point of how, and why, and when should you *know* that there is somebody or nobody behind you, and I have never seen anybody consider this. I will have a little more to say about it, but meanwhile let me observe that most newspapers and magazines treat us like children or morons, or both, in their many articles on driving.

YOU might like to know my qualifications, whether I am a member of the so-and-so safety council, or an officer of an automobile club. I am none of these: I am just the best driver in the country—amateur, summer-and-holiday driver, that is. I can't prove this to you, since you know that *you* are the best driver. You have probably outdriven my three or four hundred thou-

Pictorial Comment by Robert Osborn



sand miles, and have been driving longer than my twenty-five or so years, and have had not a single accident or arrest, compared with my two tiny scrapes with both. The best thing for me to do is to tell you my way of driving; you be the judge.

When I talk about driving, I do not mean anything really specific, such as knowing how to shift from first to second, or how to turn around in the back yard, or how to get over a stretch of deserted country road. I am talking about the sort of thing you meet if you try to make good time between, say, New York and Boston, or Kansas City and Seattle, running around forty to sixty miles an hour on the open road and pushing through towns and lines of traffic as quickly as common sense will let you. Almost nothing that I say will apply to the snail-like pace in a traffic-jammed city street.

Now that we are on the open road, let's pass quickly over what may be a major reason for our high accident rate. If you have read anything about psychosomatic medicine, you have heard of "accident-prone" drivers. It seems that some people *want* to have accidents, though they don't know it, that they are the habitual offenders, and that comparatively few of them account for a high proportion of all accidents. Another theory is that bad driving stems from an unhappy childhood. If explanations such as these are valid, perhaps most articles on driving ought to focus on our mental health. But the practical truth is that we consider our neuroses our own business and we will not put up with being probed and tested to see if we are just a little bit odd or just a little bit accident-inclined. So far as the "average" driver is concerned, I think we may as well drop this subject, at least until such a time as we can pay as much attention to ourselves as we lavish on headlights, brakes, and other objects that cannot protest to their congressmen.

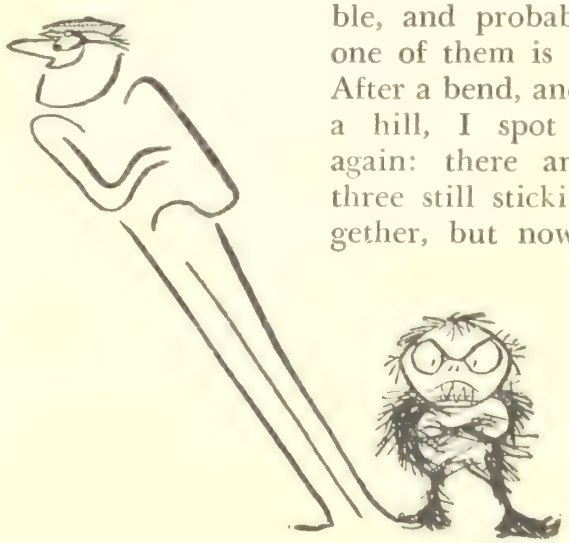
Let's consider a few simple truths about getting from here to there in a car.

II

WHAT is the most important single principle for open-road driving? It is this: that you must constantly drive not only your own car, but you must drive the car(s) in front of you and the car(s) behind. Let's take the one(s) behind first.

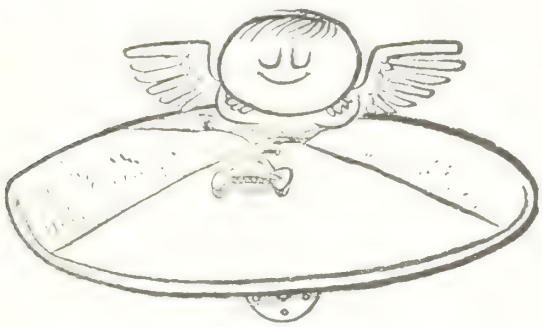
First, you have got to know, at all times, just what is behind you; that means that you have to look in your mirror perhaps every ten to thirty seconds (depending on the road) to see what's going on there. You may protest that on a straight road, with little or no traffic, there's no use. To this I reply that on a straight road, with little or no traffic, there isn't any use. If there isn't any traffic, I haven't the slightest interest in what you do. You can go along in first at two miles an hour or run so fast that your wheels fly off; that is not the problem. If there is a fairly good chance that a car will come up behind you, you must know if it does.

Let's see how it works. Sometimes I push the speed limit a bit, particularly when I think the limit does not make sense. In a situation of this sort, I keep track of every car in sight behind me. I say to myself: there are three in a bunch, a quarter of a mile back, and they are respectively red, and baby blue, and a convertible, and probably no one of them is a cop. After a bend, and over a hill, I spot them again: there are the three still sticking together, but now they



have been joined by a fourth, which I can't, as yet, see clearly. I watch him. All right, suppose he isn't a cop. It is still vital that I know what is behind me, and what changes are taking place, so that I have the knowledge necessary for action, whether I take it or not.

But let's take a more usual case; you look in your mirror two or three times, and you see that a car is coming up behind you and getting fairly close. Obviously that car is making better time than you are. What do you do?



What you do is so important that I think it needs to be established as an extremely important principle: any car traveling faster than you must be allowed to get ahead of you and out of the way just as fast as is safely possible. Sometimes you may see that the driver can't pass you (or if he does he is a suicidal maniac), but let's assume that he can pass you, and that he and you will come through the experience intact. Your first move is this: pull over a little closer to the right side of the road to show that you are aware of his presence behind you and to give him as much room for passing as you can. (I would say that in a 10,000-mile trip last summer, not more than five or ten cars blew to pass me; they could see that I knew they were going to pass by the fact that I moved over to the right a foot or so more than my normal driving position on the road.) Suppose that the driver doesn't pass you right away. There are two chief reasons for this: (a) the road or the traffic conditions don't allow him to do so; or (b) he is what I should like to call a "follow-traveler."

Saving this second reason for a moment, what can you do to help in the first situation? Here is what you don't do: you don't say to yourself, "There's a poor chap behind who's in a hurry and who can't get by, so the best thing for me to do is to speed up a little so that even if he can't pass he can, perhaps, go as fast as he wants to." If you speed up, that just makes it all the harder for him to pass, and even if conditions ahead improve somewhat, at this new, higher speed, he may be even more seriously stuck behind you. The best thing to do is to slow down (and, if necessary, even pull over onto the shoulder); this may slow him down momentarily, but it's much easier now for him to pass, and if he really wants to he shouldn't be long in doing it. To me, every driver who wants to go faster than I do is a person I admire (not revile, as some drivers do). I say to myself; well, there's somebody who really wants to get there, and I am going to help him (and, incidentally, get him off my tail, where he is annoying me, and over the hill and away). The general rule is: do whatever is necessary to get him past in the shortest possible time. You won't do it by speeding up.

And now let's take the "follow-traveler." Even as I consider him I begin to feel my blood pressure going up. I mean to give him his due importance.

The most dangerous average driver on the road today is the one you will find behind the wheel of the *second* car in a line.

Think this over. To be second, he must have been going faster than the car (or truck) now leading the line, and his duty was to pass as soon as he could. Perhaps for a few moments, or even for a few minutes, he couldn't pass. But that length of time is seldom long enough for two or five or twenty cars to come up behind him, and be stuck there. Most "second-car" drivers don't pass, not because they can't, but because they have some completely irrational habit of following. If I have seen it once, I have seen it ten thousand times. I have, a thousand times, been driving along an average road when someone came up behind me, obviously going faster than I was, then slowed down, just behind me, and "decided" to follow. I say "decided," but I don't think he decided anything; I don't think he thought at all. Sometimes I believe he is incapable of thought. He is just a "follow-traveler"; he wants someone else to do his thinking for him.

You know as well as I do the result of this irrational following: much of our traffic on the open road moves not car by car, but in bunches and often in long lines. (I am not



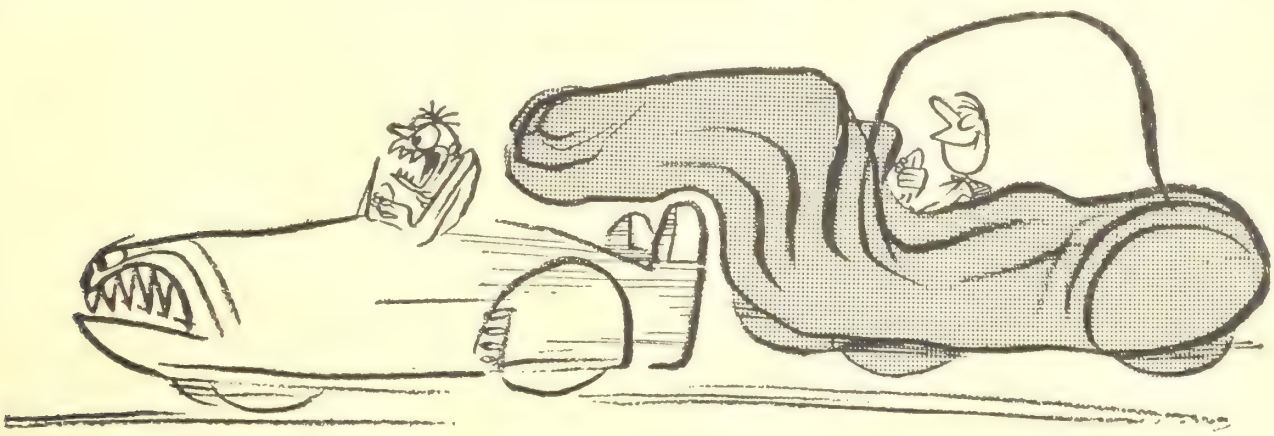
talking about weekend traffic jams on inadequate, over-traveled highways where there is no choice but to follow as there is no open space ahead.) A line is a group of drivers who were and are anxious to make better time than the cars in the lead. They may restrain themselves for a while, but you know what happens to them after ten minutes of it, or half an hour. They get, to put it mildly, impatient. Then at one swoop, they start to pass the six or eight or ten closely spaced cars ahead of them. Theoretically, with everything just right, it is no more difficult to pass a hundred cars in a bunch than to pass one. Practically, since nothing is ever completely right, the difficulty and danger of passing more than one car at a time goes up, I believe, in some sort of geometric ratio. Two cars are surely four times as hard as one, and on the average two-lane highway, six or eight cars with no space between them are, unless you have a long view ahead, an almost impossible obstacle.

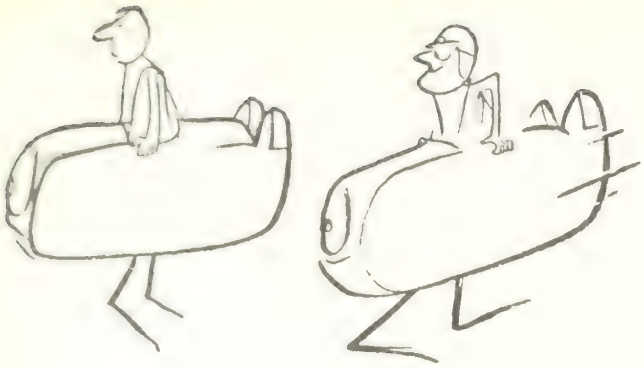
Something must be done about the mental attitude that makes some drivers followers. Most of the time they are able to pass, as you can see when the third car and then the fourth car and so on successively whiz by. It's not the slow-poke at the head that's to blame; it's the second-car driver, that despicable character, the congenital follower, whom I regard as the most dangerous man on the road (dead-drunks and blind people, of course, excluded).

I could write a good deal more about the treatment of the car behind, but let me just mention a few other things to take into account. First, remember that you have *complete control* over the car behind. You can keep it from passing (by just moving over to the left, or by otherwise scaring the driver); you can force it to pass, and get rid of it; or you can very easily run it off the road by swerving out at just the right moment. The way you behave is fully as important as the way he behaves, if not more important. Second, some progress is being made in the mechanics of the car itself. Improved rear-vision mirrors are advertised and praised, and many new cars have more window space in the critical direction. Finally, some state authorities are beginning to recognize that you ought to know what is behind you. In one state, not many years ago, directions for passing only warned you to be sure of the road ahead. In their recent rules, you are told that to pass, you must first be sure that no one is about to pass you; this implies and requires an awareness that is positively revolutionary, though good drivers have followed this rule for as long as cars have been able to go faster than fifteen miles an hour. So much for the cars behind you.

III

THE essential truth about the car ahead is that you can't control it. If it is coming toward you, and is weaving or keeping in the middle of the road, or passing in an impossible spot, the only thing you can do is to protect yourself. You can slow down and pull out to the right, if necessary into the ditch, or you can (if you're lucky) run up a





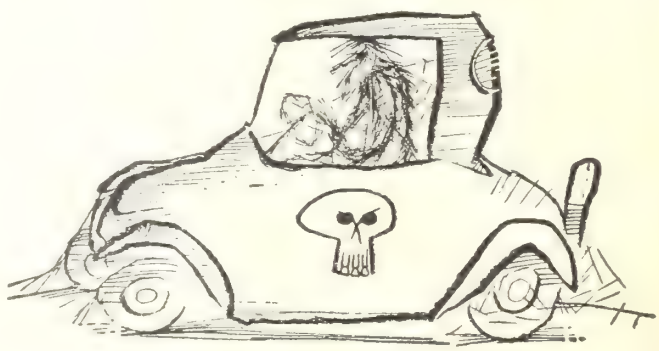
side road. There is not much point in blowing your horn, as so many people do to show their anger, unless you would burst if you didn't; taking a hand off the wheel in such a tight situation may mean less good control over your own car. One salient fact about the car coming toward you is that it seldom gives you much time to do anything, and most of what you do is not your choice—it's forced upon you.

The situation with the car you are about to overtake is a little different (I trust that you haven't even considered the possibility of following him). First, you must choose your own time and place for passing. If your man ahead is helpful, there won't be any trouble. But if you can't see ahead, don't let him make up your mind for you, even if he is a co-operative truck driver, who waves that all is clear. Second, as you approach him, you have time enough to get some idea of how he is driving—whether he obviously sees you and pulls over slightly to the right, whether he is going fairly fast or is just poking along, or whether he is unaware of you and is in the middle of the road. You can't control him except by getting up close and trying to blow him off the road with your horn, a disagreeable process that I find necessary only a few times a year.

The main thing that you can do is to size up the probabilities ahead. If he is driving very slowly, he is particularly dangerous, for then he is able to turn or stop suddenly. (If he is going fifty miles an hour and makes a sudden left turn he is going to turn over; not many people do that, what with the high price of automobiles.) Another thing is to see if there are any places into which he could possibly make a left turn—a side road or driveway. You can always watch his front wheels (as you come up alongside), for you can see his wheels turn before the car as a whole moves any appreciable amount. And as you come up abreast, if he makes any not-too-sudden swerve or turn, you can often brake fast enough so that he doesn't run you off the road. The chances are that when you brake, he will not, and that he will pass ahead of you. (If he is determined to cause an accident, and is clever about it, there is nothing you can do.)

My ideal way of getting rid of a car I want to pass is to keep my speed, watch the road ahead, but at the same time watch the driver and how he is driving, and get past him quickly. How neatly this works depends, of course, on the kind of road you are traveling, and the amount of oncoming traffic. I think I am a good driver because I almost never get hung up in average traffic. Time after time, I have come over a hill, or around a curve, and my passengers, looking ahead at a line of cars and trucks, have groaned, and more or less said, "Well, that settles it," or they have said, "It's only ten miles to ——, so why push." In the majority of cases I can get by without any shrieks or deep-breathing or grabbing of the upholstery, and without taking several layers off my tires; usually it requires only a minute or two. I think that apart from any skill that I may have, one very important thing is my attitude; I never dream of just resigning myself to driving at the tail end of, or in, a bunch of cars, whereas most of that bunch are just following each other without a thought in their heads.

There are two other familiar types that you cannot control. One is the admirable fellow who sticks firmly to the inner lane on a four-lane highway and won't move over. Do you pass him on the right? I do, but I don't like it, or him. I try to be prepared for the worst, for if he swerves over to the right and runs into me, I am not only unhappy but (in a number of states) legally in the wrong. And



then there's that really despicable person who, with plenty of room on the shoulder, stops or parks with a piece of his car on the road. I saw a rather hideous five-car smashup, on a bright Sunday morning in Oregon, as a result of a ten-inch carelessness in parking. The gentleman in question stared at the piled-up cars with what I was sure was complete astonishment and innocence.

IV

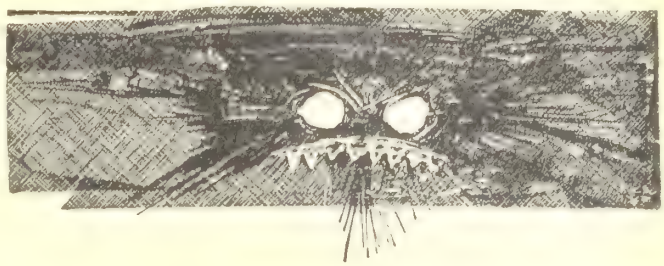
So much for my major points; I think that they are all essential to good driving. But there are a number of minor (but sometimes critical) items that I would like to mention briefly.

How do you know when it is safe to pass a car parked near the edge of the road, apparently ready to pull out? I have had passengers start to push on the floor-boards when I went sailing by, until they, too, noticed that there was no driver in the car, or that one or more of the doors were open.

What about turn signals? Sure, if they are needed. But, as many law-makers now recognize, it's a great deal more important to put your car in the proper position to turn, than, for example, to get in the right lane and then signal that you are going left. If there is nobody behind you, there is not the slightest reason for signaling. Have you ever noticed, when walking, how many drivers coming up to a left turn signal frantically although there is no one but you, on the sidewalk, to pay any attention to them? Those drivers don't know what's behind them, and I believe that it is not just the law that makes them signal so carefully. I think it's ignorance.

How about yielding the right of way, and being polite? My rule: don't ever do either. The road is no drawing room. Rules have been formulated so that one car in a certain position, or on a certain road, has precedence over another. Don't ever give up your right, for although you and another driver may carry on in a pleasant Alphonse-and-Gaston manner, a third car coming along may well ram into one of you, or be in a serious accident trying to get around you. But don't take this advice to mean that you lose all common sense; if a large truck comes out of a side road, taking your right-of-way, your resentment should be tempered with wisdom. I have never yet tangled with anything much larger than I was; something my own size usually gives me the right of way, when it belongs to me.

What's the best thing to do about the appalling headlight problem in night driving? I almost never drive any distance at night. If you can't avoid it, I have only one suggestion to offer: when the oncoming car is some distance away, use his headlights to size up the part of the road that you will come to in a moment, while blinded. The best thing to do is to stay at home and go to bed.



Aren't there different rules and driving habits in different states? Indeed there are. I would like to cite a few that may be familiar or unfamiliar to you. For one: in New York City (particularly) the pedestrian is something you hunt down and try to exterminate; only the really agile ones survive. (Of course, there are several million agile ones.) But in the Northwest, especially in Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia, when a pedestrian starts across a walkway all traffic immediately comes to a (sometimes grinding) stop. An Easterner, I came closer to more rear-end collisions there than in all the rest of my driving career, and I thought, perhaps unjustly, that there was a high percentage of bent bumpers out that way. As for California or Texas (once more, particularly): people really drive out there, whatever the speed limit (if any) may be. If you drive along at only fifty or fifty-five everybody whizzes by you, but the beauty of it is that they don't slow down, or blow their horns—they just shoot by and disappear. I thought it was wonderful. On the other hand, have you ever driven in New England? I have read recently that New England has the lowest rate of fatalities in the country, and I know why. No one drives fast enough to hurt himself or anybody else, and it's pretty clear why this is so: the driving is so poor that to crawl is the only way to survive. For example, when I was last there a few years ago, the



four-lane Boston-Worcester turnpike was exactly like any fairly good two-lane road. Everybody stayed either in the middle or in the left lane because cars were constantly darting out of the side roads without the least sign of stopping or slowing down. In Pennsylvania drivers really stop for "stop" signs; in New Jersey the signs merely seem to encourage them to disregard the through traffic entirely.

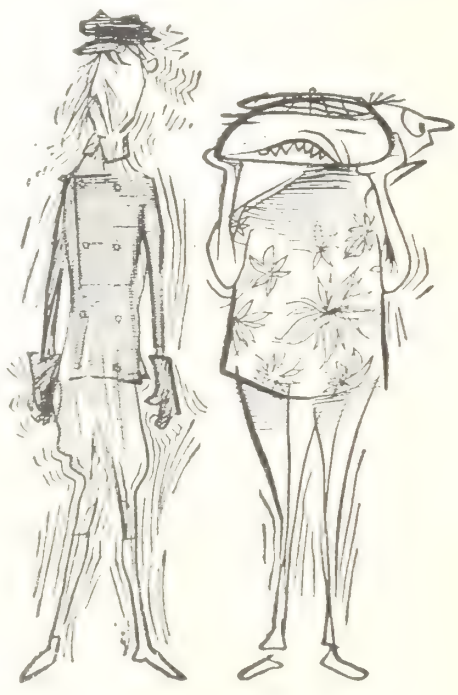
Are there any "worst" and "best" categories of drivers other than the species I have already mentioned? The worst group, without any competition, are the private chauffeurs. Maybe it is because the comparatively few surviving ones are getting along in years. Another group in the same category are the taxi-drivers. They may be fine at denting fenders and blowing horns in the cities, but put them on the open road and their hard veneer peels right off, leaving them in a really pitiable state. In the "best" group we have, of course, the truck and bus drivers. I did not mean to deal with these professionals; they are in a different class, but I will say that I make an extra effort never to have a truck or bus held up behind me.

How often should you use your horn? My first impulse is to say never, and I almost stick to it. If it is your intention to annoy or confuse other drivers, don't hesitate. Certainly, there are occasions for tooting—heedless children playing in the road, someone driving in the middle of the road who doesn't know you are behind—but most horn blowing takes the place of looking and thinking.

How long should you drive without stopping, and should you stop often for coffee? If you are on a tough schedule of day-long driving, change from your usual three-meals-a-day routine to six or more bites or snacks, one every couple of hours or so. I have nothing at all against coffee, or Coca-Cola, but you will find yourself stronger if you take some sort of food at short intervals. The stretch and relaxation that go with it play their part.

What about car insurance? This is a big question, and I want to say something about just one aspect. Why can't we have some sort of reward for not getting into accidents? True, I now get 10 per cent off my premium each year for not having caused my company any headaches during the previous twelve months. But that means that I go on paying 90 per cent of the usual policy, year after year. I have driven some twenty-five years without costing the insurance companies a cent, and I think that my record is worthy of more than routine attention. Why not increase the premiums for accident-prone drivers and give a real saving to the others?

Finally, what about the woman driver—is she better or worse than the male? No matter what I say, I am about to antagonize half of





the human race, so let me approach the matter obliquely. I have just read a newspaper article which sets out to prove that women drivers are better than men, in that (among other things) their accident rate is lower, and the fatality rate still lower when they do have accidents. I don't think that this compares them fairly. For example: suppose that we were to contrast the accident and fatality rates for farmers, and for all other male drivers. Needless to say, I haven't done this, but I will bet on the outcome—the farmers' rate in both categories is lower than the other-male average. Whether my guessed statistics are true or false, would such a comparison prove that farmers are better (or worse) drivers than males in general? To me, it would prove that in the kind of driving they do, they are better (or worse). In my experience, most women do not do the same kind of open-road driving as men; they do not on the average drive so fast, they do not push so hard in tight spots, and they don't make as good time. All right, if you insist, they are safer drivers, but if the only criterion of driving ability is safety, then the best drivers are the ones who never take the car out of the garage. Their accident rate is zero. Just one little cutting remark: did you ever see a woman driver who knew where the right side of her car was? (Thunderous objection: car makers, designing for men, make it impossible for smaller women to see where it is. Reply: we are talking about driving present-day cars, not what cars might be.)

MY CONCLUSIONS may well be gloomy, but there are bright spots here and there in driving. There are a lot of poor drivers on the road, just as there are a lot of poorly educated people in the country. Such a condition seems to perpetuate itself; if we could all start out anew as well-educated, or as good drivers, perhaps we would never fall back to our present low level. But in general education we are making a terrific struggle to improve our lot; in driving I know of almost nothing that is being done, unless it



be the new high-school training some of our younger drivers are getting. I don't know the content of this training, but I think that open-road driving would be a little difficult to fit into the high-school curriculum. I know, of course, that there are driving schools and instructors, but their only object is to get you a license, so that for some time you can add to the menaces on the road.

But what's bright about the situation? Two major things occur to me. One is that driving is better than it was. I don't know how it has come about, unless we have just been keeping company with our four-wheeled gadgets for a longer time. On my trip last summer I remember having seen only a few examples of egregiously crazy driving. Ten or fifteen years ago, a trip across the country always brought me into contact (well, maybe not quite contact) with characters who would make me shudder for months afterward.

The other bright spot is that in driving, more than in most of our other activities, we are giving natural selection a better opportunity to weed out the unfit. In our work, in eating or drinking, or in playing canasta, a mistake seldom means that we are eliminated for more than a brief interval. Bad judgment in driving is different. But don't take these remarks too seriously; I know that this is an insufficient and perhaps ineffectual way to improve our driving habits—that is, by killing off the worst offenders. But I at least like to hope that the best drivers come through safe and sound.

The Automatic Heart

Leonard Engel

One day a few weeks ago in Philadelphia, I was privileged to make the acquaintance of a lively two-year-old black and white part-poodle named Jack. His personality aside, Jack's good health was evident. Yet four months before a "mechanical heart" had taken over the functions of his heart and lungs for an hour and forty minutes. He looked none the worse for the experience.

In this league Jack is a champ, but he is only one of a sizable number of dogs that have now survived similar experiments in the laboratory of Dr. John H. Gibbon, Jr., at Jefferson Medical College. Over the years Dr. Gibbon's record has steadily become better: only a few dogs have been lost in recent months. Plainly, the mechanical heart is nearly ready for the operating room.

During the past decade and a half, no branch of surgery has made more dramatic progress than that of the heart. Operations can now be performed on three of the crippling heart defects of childhood—the tetralogy of Fallot (the foursome of defects in blue babies); patent *ductus arteriosus* (incomplete separation of the pulmonary and general circ- and coarctation, or narrowing, of the aorta, the main artery from the heart. The heart itself has been surgically pene- A variety of ingenious procedures devised for overcoming stenosis of the mitral valve, a frequent

however, some which would logically be subjects for surgical repair—openings in the wall between the right and left sides of the heart, transposition of the great arteries, stenosis of the aortic valve (like mitral stenosis, a consequence of rheumatic fever), leaky valves. Imaginative surgeons have been working on new operations that might relieve some of these conditions. But they labor under a great handicap. The heart is a pulsing fist filled with blood; the crimson stream spurting forth from it—at the rate of a gallon and a half a minute in a 150-pound adult—cannot be interrupted for more than a few seconds without risk of irreparable harm. Some heart operations are therefore out of the question altogether, while others must be performed blind, through a hole in the heart wall just big enough to admit a finger and nothing more.

Heart surgery would be comparatively simple—simpler than many abdominal operations, for instance—if a machine could take over the functions of the heart, even for a few minutes. The heart could then be drained and the surgeon would have a dry, visible field to work in. Beyond that, a mechanical heart might also be of great value in non-surgical heart disease. Even hearts severely damaged by coronary arteriosclerosis, for example, retain considerable recuperative power. Many individuals who now succumb to coronary attacks might survive if there were a way to relieve their hearts of at least part of the circulatory load for a short period.

Conceptually, the mechanical heart is simple; practically, it has been very difficult to

achieve. To begin with, what is really needed is not just a mechanical heart, but a combination heart and lung. The human heart and lungs are so closely associated that a stand-in for the heart alone would not give the surgeon a clear operating field; besides, it would be useless for coronary patients, since it could not be connected without opening up the chest. A heart-lung machine, on the other hand, could be attached to any of several large vessels. The nice balance of flow between the pulmonary and general circulations achieved by the heart, though, isn't easily duplicated. Nor are the innumerable tiny chambers of the lungs, which provide a surface area of more than six hundred square feet for the exchange of carbon dioxide and oxygen between the blood and the air we breathe.

A good many experimenters here and abroad have built mechanical hearts, but only six or seven have attempted true cardiopulmonary machines (as combination heart-lung devices are technically termed). Among the researchers of the latter group, the one who has been longest in the field is Dr. Gibbon, professor of surgery at Jefferson Medical College. A tall, energetic, ruddy man of nearly fifty, Dr. Gibbon has been working on cardiopulmonary machines since 1935 and has already developed, with consecutive improvements, five of them.

Dr. Gibbon's earlier machines (like most actually built to date by other investigators) consisted of little more than the bare essentials—a pump to draw blood from a vein, an oxygenation unit, and another pump to return the blood to an artery after aeration. His latest, and by far the most advanced heart-lung machine in existence, is a rubber-tired box of gleaming Monel metal about as high and long, and twice as deep, as an upright piano. Packed with elaborate control and safety devices, it can deliver up to three liters of fully oxygenated blood a minute—enough to meet the total circulatory equipment of a sixty-pound child, or a third of the requirement of a good-sized adult.

Between the Jefferson professor's earliest and latest machines lie a long series of experiments with pumps, oxygenators, and other components (Dr. Gibbon has tested nearly every oxygenation scheme ever proposed), plus a stroke of good fortune. One afternoon shortly after the war, a student asked to see the heart-lung machine of the moment (Dr. Gibbon's third). In showing it to him, Dr. Gibbon remarked that he had reached the point where he could use expert engineering assistance but that he didn't know quite what to do, as it was going to be expensive. The student told him that a large manufacturing company was engineering a machine that he'd thought up—a device to write down the notes automatically as a song is composed on the piano—and he thought the corporation might be willing to engineer Gibbon's as well. It was and did, at its own expense. A team of the company's engineers spent more than four years translating Dr. Gibbon's ideas into metal and plastic, then built the fourth and fifth machines. In the process, they helped turn the cardiopulmonary machine from a crude laboratory tool into a device that is nearly ready for the operating room.

The heart of Dr. Gibbon's newest heart-machine is a series of four pumps and a battery of corrosion-proof stainless steel wire screens, which serve as the "lung." To prevent damage to the blood's corpuscular constituents and to eliminate a possible source of contamination, there are no internal valves or moving parts; the pumps work by means of rollers passed over rubber tubes, and backflow is prevented by the arrangement of the rollers. Blood is drawn from two veins by pumps Nos. 1 and 2 and passed into the battery of screens. The blood spreads out in a thin film and flows downward over the screens, in a clear plastic case atop the machine, while pure oxygen flows upward. Pump No. 3 keeps the volume of blood in the "lung" constant regardless of the rate of flow—a necessity if the blood is to be properly oxygenated and the volume of blood in the patient's body kept constant. Aerated blood comes out the bottom of the screen battery and is returned to an artery by pump No. 4. A filter guards against clots; it isn't strictly necessary, though, since the blood is always treated to render it incoagulable. Electronic circuits with enough vacuum tubes for three TV sets record blood temperature, acidity, rate of flow, and degree of oxygenation automatically and continuously to make sure that nothing goes wrong.

Cardiopulmonary machines are inevitably

tested on dogs, since the dog's heart and circulation most nearly resemble those of man. With each of his machines, Dr. Gibbon's experiments have easily improved, both [illegible] to the length of time the circulation can be maintained by machine. In one [illegible] the new machine, twelve dogs survived an hour or more of artificial circulation without detectable harm. Only half a dozen dogs were lost, three because of errors in procedure that have since been corrected. Thus, the mortality rate is down to [illegible]

Dr. Gibbon and his chief associate, Dr. Bernard J. Miller, are properly circumspect in considering the next steps. It is quite obvious, however, that the time is close for trial on human patients who have no other chance for survival. Experienced cardiologists, for example, have no difficulty in picking out those coronary patients who will die despite the best of conventional treatment. Similarly, there are inborn heart anomalies, such as large defects in the septum dividing the two sides of the heart, which carry a 100 per cent mortality and for which there are yet no accepted operative procedures. In these cases, any lives saved will be pure gain and the risk involved in employing a new machine is amply justified. As experience is gained on such patients, both the techniques and equipment for momentarily superseding the heart will be improved to the point where wider use is feasible, not only in treating heart disorders still beyond the physician's or surgeon's control, but in improving upon present procedures that are still thought to be risky. Dr. Gibbon's gleaming box to that extent suggests the opening of another dramatic chapter in medicine.

Tourism

CLAIRE NICOLAS

EVEN the world knows where to look
For the stars mentioned in the book.
Turning on its windy hinges
Its vista changes.

Like angry bees flung to the air
A flock of rockets rumbles there
While postcards, traveling third class,
Bring geography to pass.

But it is good to lie and sleep
In a constant direction
With the arms of those we love
Spread out in protection,

With the bones of those we lost
Stuck in the ground to make the most
Of what was given and was grown,
The land sung and the corn sown.

While the night is streaming cool
Into the room, like a deep pool
The moon pours its familiar wine
On yours and mine.

"Old Men for Council, Young Men for War . . ."

Richard L. Neuberger

EVERYONE who served in uniform during World War II heard many times that "the boys" would run the government when the war was over. After all, 14,000,000 of America's youths had been in the armed forces.

What elective office could conceivably be beyond the reach of this multitude?

Nor was the prophecy confined to barracks and fox holes. The country as a whole braced itself for a vast surge of young men into high governmental posts once the mustering-out period had ended.

Nearly seven years after V-J Day it might be illuminating to examine the precise status of this anticipated youth movement.

Harry S. Truman, the President of the United States, is 68. Should he die, his successor would be Alben W. Barkley, 74. The most likely Republican candidates for President Truman's job are either Senator Robert Taft, 62, or General Dwight D. Eisenhower, 61. If a stalemate occurs between them at the Republican convention, the party probably will turn to Governor Earl Warren, 61, or General Douglas MacArthur, 72.

In the absence of the Vice President, the regular presiding officer of the Senate is the president *pro tem,* Kenneth McKellar, 83. The Speaker of the House is 70-year-old Sam Rayburn. The chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, where constitutionally all tax legislation must originate, is Robert L. Doughton, 88. Every House bill must funnel through the Rules Committee, whose chairman, Adolph J. Sabath, is 86. Treaties have to run the gantlet of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, where the chairman is Tom Connally, 74.

The average United States Senator is 58 years old and the average member of the national House of Representatives, 52. On the Supreme Court, where once the reigning Democrats promised to infuse younger blood, sit nine men whose average age is 62. The President's Cabinet averages 56. The director of the Federal Security Agency is 63, the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, nearly 63, and the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, 71.

My wife and I serve in a typical American state legislature, traditionally a realm for young citizens just beginning their political careers. The average age of members of the Oregon State Assembly, where my wife sits, is 50. My fellow Oregon State Senators average out at 53.

I still can hear the words of the staff sergeant from the Bronx, spoken as we huddled around a heated oil drum in a Quonset Hut at Whitehorse, with the temperature outside on the new Alaska Highway a clawing 66° below zero.

"Just wait till a few years after this war winds up," the staff sergeant said. "You'll see the young fellows, the fellows who've been in the war, taking charge in the United States. They'll get into politics and crowd out the old men who have been running things to suit themselves."

After Hours

One of Bing's Things

Nothing, according to one interpretation of the folk-lore of foundations, is as good as a million dollars. Nobody, on the other hand, but the most embittered critic of the free-loaders on Ford and others, would deny the right of entrenched benevolence to refuse to subsidize the unimaginable. Between the two extreme positions exists a conflict familiar to all unhonored prophets and garret geniuses, among them the fortunate few who may some day acquire lucrative patent rights or an academic grant-in-aid. Obviously my gadget or my single-tax plan will make a million, but how to get it started? Here the words "venture capital" become emotionally overloaded, and it is scarcely possible to talk to inventors or other enthusiasts without encountering the glaring eye, the clutching hand at the lapel, the hoarse indictment of The Interests. Hence my pleasure in reporting that a new contender is about to enter the lists—an organization, amply backed but apparently devoid of avarice, whose purpose is to help the unaffiliated dreamer "either to fulfill a need which has never been satisfied or establish a demand for items which have never existed."

Mr. Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr., the outfit's president hereinafter to be referred to as "Bing," will perhaps derive contingent profit from the fact that it is called Bing's Things, Inc., though publicity was not Bing's foremost purpose. Mr. Crosby's embarrassment of riches has long been the subject of institutionalized humor on the radio—as in Bob Hope's jibe that Bing no longer pays an income tax, he just asks the government how much it needs—with the result that the makers of better mousetraps have beaten a wide pathway to his door. Mr. Crosby, according to his brother Everett (his business manager), has always felt responsibility to those who put this trust in him. "That," says Everett, "is the human-interest side to this whole thing. You can say it's a great tribute to Bing's personality that people believe he can help them do anything."

Under the pressure to invest, Bing's interests have continually expanded. A stable of horses, his own films, phonograph records, a baseball team, and frozen orange juice were just the beginning. Crosby Enterprises, which took over his activities in mechanical and technical research, branched out into tape recorders, breath sweeteners, and a device for measuring coffee. But still the opportunities for dropping cash arrived in greater variety than the Crosbys were able to assimilate. "There was nothing we could do," says Everett, "but send most of them back."

Bing's Things was set up, consequently, to take up further slack. Its object is to bring "to the point of acceptability" those products that might be sold in department stores and specialty shops but are the inventions of "little people without enough capital." The first batch ranges from rainwear to children's toys and includes a mechanical razor and a lunch box—which "obsoletes the present-day lunch box," says the advance advertising. You can come to Bing's Things with nothing but an idea, provided it has been patented, and no attempt will be made to buy you out. Bing's Things will help you with design, arrange for manufacture, and split the profits on a percentage basis. "We'll make it if you make it," says Everett. One of the first of Bing's Things, a "new game of bombing skill" called Togglier, was concocted by a thirteen-year-old boy, the youngest patent-holder in the country (he is now nineteen and a student at Cornell). "He had it six years," says Everett. "He'd never been able to bring it out until he brought it to us."

The twenty-six initial things in Bing's Things will be released this autumn in some forty-five department stores throughout the country. These twenty-six, to which two or

three will be added every month or so, represent the survivors of a winnowing process which began with over three thousand items. Among those which had to be rejected were an ear-straightener, a baby's play-pen that could be converted to a coffee table, sunglasses with a rear-view mirror, a rubber piggy bank with an air-compressor to expand it at each entry, and a self-propelled pogo stick. The last still causes some regret to Larry Shea, general manager of the company, who came to it from a successful experience helping Fred Waring to market his famous Blendor. Mr. Shea feels that the pogo-stick project might have been feasible if only its one-cylinder engine hadn't required critical materials. "Have you ever seen the way it is in Europe," he says, "where they all ride bicycles? Can you imagine a couple of hundred thousand self-propelled pogo sticks?

The trademark of Bing's Things will be made of musical notes, a pipe, a loud shirt, and a floppy hat ("Anywhere in the world," said Mr. Shea, "people will know who *that's* supposed to be"). Yet there is a distinction, an important one, between the products Mr. Crosby is blessing and the usual "name-endorsed" objects like Schmoo-shaped kitchen clocks or cap-pistols approved by one of a number of conspicuous cowpokes. In putting his resources behind novelty for its own sake Mr. Crosby is a pioneer; in helping to fill the unanticipated needs he will fill an old one for the man who will take a chance and back it with convertible currency. He could so easily have contented himself with licensing out his personality; but "that," said Mr. Shea, "would merely be helping Bing make more money, and he needs more money like he needs a hole in the head."

The Improbable Circus

On the evening before the Circus opened in New York in April, I went to a dress rehearsal. Well, not exactly a dress rehearsal, for although the trapeze artists and the like were in costume, the clowns did not deign to dress, and at the moment when my wife and I—a little late—entered the vast arena of Madison Square Garden, the great Emmett Kelly was standing at the edge of a group of them under a strong spotlight in mid-arena, wearing nothing more comical than a gray suit with a gray fedora and a light overcoat over his arm. As representatives of the press we had the run of the whole place, so that we could alternate between sitting with a few hundred other people to watch the dancing horses and the swooping aerialists go through their magical acts, and strolling through the backstage passageways where the performers were awaiting their cues. It was our exploration of those concrete corridors that made the greatest impression on me, I confess; for it is one thing to look at the improbable when it is on public exhibition under the glare of the lights, and another thing to come upon it casually, off guard. The net effect, I found, was curiously destructive of one's sense of what is normal and expectable.

Out in those backstage corridors there were a great many people coming and going, or gathered in little groups. Some of them were presumably visitors like ourselves, though a few may have been clowns in street dress; but one was eight feet tall or thereabouts, and several were only waist-high. One was walking on his hands; another, in tights, had a little girl with him, also in tights, and every now and then, with a fine economy of effort, he would hoist her above his head and hold her there at arm's length. We came upon two little rooms opening off the corridor; in one of them was a bear in a cage, and in the other was a woman in a dashing evening dress spectacularly ornamented with plumes. The bear's attendant, perhaps? The costume didn't seem quite right for that, but by this time one answer seemed just about as logical as another.

We arrived at the wide ramp which leads up to the corner of the arena and had to draw back to let a herd of elephants go by. Suddenly there was a cry of, "Watch it!" just behind my ear and I jumped nimbly forward out of the way of a pair of horses dragging a neat Victorian carriage. A little further along a group of acrobats were chatting together in a language unintelligible to me, and for that matter unidentifiable; and a little later—just after we had passed the man walking on his hands and a tall man practicing cuffing a dwarf—we confronted a pretty girl in a black leotard, standing behind a large object on the floor which appeared to be a rather elaborate chandelier. She informed us in a distinctly

[illegible] she would [illegible] on her head. This now seemed such an altogether reasonable thing to do with a chandelier that we didn't think to ask her what, if anything, it was supposed to symbolize.

Presently we turned and walked down the wide, curving ramp—watch out here for elephant dung—to the basement, where they have the power plant, and the stable, and the lions, and things like that. And as we passed the sideshow-platform on our way out to the world of the probable, we saw on it just one person—a woman in perfectly ordinary clothes, engaged in a matter-of-fact way in packing a trunk. But there was something a little queer even about this operation, for the blankets she was packing seemed to be heaving of their own accord, and I caught a glimpse of something long and slinky that she was poking into place.

She was packing her python. Of course.

Belated Review

A writer named Truman Capote
Wrote a play quote The Grass Harp unquote.
He put adults in trees
With the birds and the bees,
And the whole thing seemed rather remote.*

Me, I'm Scrub Work

THEATRICAL make-up is one of the few arts in which the artist has failed if his artistry is apparent. It is an art in which only the superficial (or superfacial) is ultimately important, and if there is a great deal more to it than meets the eye, the make-up artist would prefer not to have you notice it.

Let me introduce you to Barbara Brigham, who knows more about this subject than anyone else you are likely to meet. Miss Brigham is the director of the make-up department of WOR-TV. She has worked on such dissimilar faces as those of Governor Dewey, Cardinal Spellman, and General Spaatz, and [illegible] in the pay of Elizabeth Arden, Inc., the Republican party, and any number of other organizations and individuals who have wanted to put their best face forward. She spent a couple of hours recently telling me what it is like to "have a face handed to you," and what sorts of problems she has been called upon to solve.

Among the minor problems she has solved are what she calls "scrub work." Scrub work to Miss Brigham is a routine job. I gathered from the way she looked at me that I would be scrub work. Some people, Governor Dewey is one, have to be made up for TV, others can use their faces as lived in. Without make-up the Governor would look on TV, Miss Brigham said to me, "like something dug up." This, she hastened to add, was no reflection on the Governor; it is a reflection on what TV lights and camera do to a man who has to shave twice a day and whose eyes are deeply recessed. Miss Brigham was in charge of the Governor's make-up the day he did his TV marathon. She was on hand from five o'clock in the morning until midnight. She took the Governor's make-up off a couple of times and put it on fresh, and she gave his nose and cheeks an occasional pat with a powder puff in between. She had been chosen for the job because other make-up artists who worked on the Governor had gone in for a lot of fancy business in order, she thought, to impress him. She had made him up very simply and he liked it. "The Republican party paid me very handsomely," she said. But as a problem in make-up the Governor would also probably be classed as scrub work.

Take an actor who has to be made into a witch doctor, on the other hand, and you have an interesting problem. "I'm expected to know all sorts of things," Miss Brigham told me, "and when you try to find out what a witch doctor looks like you find that he can be anything from a native in a GI uniform to a man in a tremendous mask. So what I do is to make up something that I think is the American's idea of what a witch doctor ought to look like."

Miss Brigham's most recent complicated job was for a TV thriller in which the villain first appeared with his face covered with hideous scars (which she made out of fish skin, flexible collodion, and spirit gum). That was simple enough, but the story in-

[illegible] Mr. Harper! Please add a brief note: [illegible] Capote.**

—*The Editors.*

volved a plastic surgeon who presumably removed the scars at the point of a gun, bandaged up the face, and then took off all of the bandages but one on the forehead. The script allowed just six minutes for the removal of the scars, for spelling the word "KILLER" in scar tissue under the forehead bandage, and for putting the bandage over it. As ground work, Miss Brigham put some scars on the forehead in the original make-up that were parts of the word "killer." All she had to do was slap on some more fish skin to fill out the word. While she did this the actor cleaned off the make-up on the lower part of his face, and when he finished, she went to work to pull the job together. Miss Brigham worked out the make-up, the routine, and the timing on a model; then she and the actor practiced it, so that they wouldn't get in each other's way while they both were at work on his face. It came off all right. It was nice and gruesome. "As long as they gasp in the control room when they first see a make-up like that," she said, "everybody's happy."

Miss Brigham gets called on for odd jobs. She has used make-up to cover the label on a bicycle. She has changed the colors of accessory jewelry for color shots. She has taken scratches out of prop furniture. She has even shined models' shoes with make-up. Not long ago she was called upon to make up a caterpillar for a TV show, a little beast known as a "woolly bear." The woolly bear caterpillar is a weather predictor, and the width of the little brown stripes on his body is supposed to tell whether the winter will be a mild or a severe one. The stripes didn't show up clearly on the TV screen, so Miss Brigham touched them up. She had three of them to practice on.

I ASKED Miss Brigham how she got into the make-up business. "Through pull," she said. "My mother was a friend of Elizabeth Arden and I went there looking for a job. I was brought up in Europe, so I could speak a lot of languages, and I had studied painting, but I didn't know anything else. Miss Arden saw me and said, 'It's a little late to start work today, dear. Come back in the morning, and look around and find a job you'd like to do.'"

The other girls in the place resented her, she told me, so she more or less stayed to herself "painting pictures in make-up." After a while when a customer wanted some sort of fancy job done on her face, the girls would turn her over to Miss Brigham and subsequently she organized classes for customers. In the thirties CBS called her in to devise make-ups for TV tests with their first experimental cameras. Miss Brigham was a pioneer. "I got into radio and TV through pull too," she told me.

But in some ways the most remarkable part of Miss Brigham's career has nothing to do with the theater or TV. She has done a great deal of work with veterans, devising make-ups for them to cover facial discolorations and scars, and then teaching them how to do the job themselves. The devising is difficult enough as skin pigmentations are extremely subtle, but teaching the men to use the cosmetics is often a long and slow process.

Her most exacting and dramatic job was on a woman who had been poisoned, and whose face had turned into a monstrous thing, so hideous, indeed, that for five years the woman never appeared in the street without a heavy black veil. She was sent to Miss Brigham by a doctor, and she was partially demented when Miss Brigham started evolving a make-up for her. The job took three months and endless experimentation and teaching. "She always looks like a very much painted woman," Miss Brigham explained, "but you wouldn't stare at her." That was some years ago. The woman still wears her make-up twenty-four hours a day, but otherwise she leads a normal life and her mind is sound again.

I asked Miss Brigham about non-actors who are guests on TV and what their reaction to make-up is. "I never mention make-up to a man. I don't use the word. I just say, 'Let me touch you up a little or you won't look like you on TV.' When the show is over it is often those he-men types who won't let you take the make-up off. They want to wear it home to show their wives, or they say, 'I've got to show this to the boys.'"

I talked to Miss Brigham in the gold and white rococo living-room of her house on Seventy-second Street in New York. Suffice it to say that Miss Brigham does not live in the lap of poverty—and wears very little make-up.

—Mr. Harper

NEW BOOKS

The Varieties of Adventure Tales

Charles Poore

The [illegible] to freedom are giving literature the grimmest and most compelling adventure stories it has ever known. Their confessionals, when they turn at long last from darkness at noon in Koestlerian voyages, keep our eyes popping, our [illegible]. Converging themselves before the great flawed mirrors of history they make tragic yet commanding figures of supernal importance, towering from the crime to the sublime. It is unthinkable not to be moved by the eloquent repentance of those who have danced for despotism in one decade and denounced it in the next, impossible to cast the first stone. All have a single, grievously documented story to tell: Tyranny is hell upon earth. Most people know as much without undergoing such harrowing experiences. Why, then, do we undergo those experiences vicariously; why should we read them again, [illegible]?

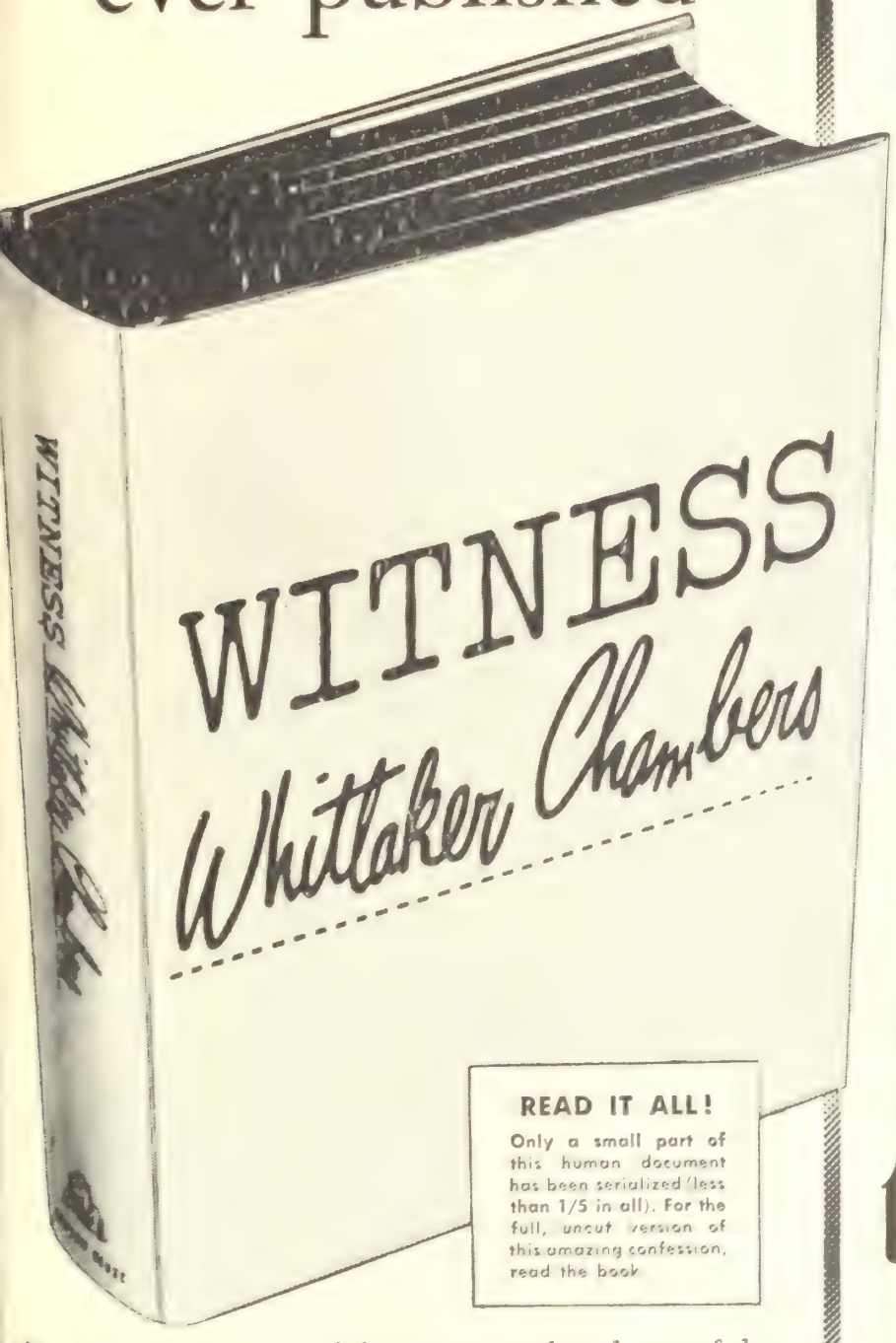
The answers are three: First, because we are aware that these books discuss a clear and present danger—even though the books keep [illegible]ing us, sometimes rather truculently, that [illegible] are fast asleep to the peril of totalitarianism. Second, because we want to know what [illegible] the authors finally change to the side [illegible]ty. Third, because the narratives are [illegible] of adventure, astounding chases through the lower depths of treason, sudden torture, and slow death. In these lies a terrible narrative power.

Within the field there are many varieties. Three stand out right now. One is ***Life and Death in Soviet Russia*** (Putnam, $3.50) by Valentin Gonzales, the famous Spanish Loyalist general known as El Campesino, who learned as a Communist that the choice was between dying on his feet before Franco or living on his knees before Stalin. Another is Whittaker Chambers' ***Witness*** (Random House, $5), bound to be the most discussed book of the year, a vast, Wagnerian story of a profoundly tortured lifetime climaxed by the Hiss-Chambers case, the duel between two Quakers. A non-Communist third is George Orwell's ***Homage to Catalonia*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), the forgotten account of his independent disenchantment with the Popular Front—that famous opportunity for men of good will to be cozened by the Communists as a sort of prelude to being devoured at leisure. After finding out what the Communists were really up to in Spain, Orwell put down his grisly vision of the future, *Nineteen Eighty-Four.*

Others Held the Fort

Fathoms deep in these books it is hard not to forget that in those same years other people were leading very different lives and in their own ways holding the fort for freedom. We shall come to them presently, particularly to Robert Lewis Taylor's

"One of the most remarkable human documents ever published"



READ IT ALL!
Only a small part of this human document has been serialized (less than 1/5 in all). For the full, uncut version of this amazing confession, read the book

➡ The inside report of the greatest political case of the century by one of the chief participants . . .

Whittaker Chambers' challenging story of the 20th century's greatest struggle—the violent conflict between the two irreconcilable faiths of our time—Communism and Christianity . . . the struggle on which hinges the fate of this nation and the West . . . Eloquent, moving, unforgettable. *$5.00*

"The most diverting book of the season."
—SATURDAY REVIEW

Duveen

By S. N. BEHRMAN. "Duveen was indeed spectacular, a one-man phenomenon who dominated the strange world of art merchandising in his time. Mr. Behrman's book about him is a hugely amusing collection of extraordinary and often hilarious anecdotes."—*New York Times.* *$3.50*

"Moving, beautiful and deeply significant."
—RACHEL L. CARSON, author of The Sea Around Us *

A Land

By JACQUETTA HAWKES. ★"A picture of the restless movements of earth and sea that laid the foundations, and later filled in the details, of the land. Informed with scientific fact and leavened with imagination and intuitive understanding."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.
With drawings by Henry Moore, $3.75

The most eloquent writings of the founders of Protestantism

Great Voices of the Reformation

Edited, with commentaries, by
HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

"An enormous contribution to the Protestant phase of the current religious revival. This whole collection is remarkable indeed. The editor's comment on each of the writings is always interesting and informative."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* *$5.00*



AT ALL BOOKSTORES, ***RANDOM HOUSE,*** *N. Y.*

[illegible] from Winston Churchill, who [illegible] maintaining a faith that millions [illegible] as ready to die for, [illegible] Moscow] went baring after totalitarian gods. These books, however, do [illegible] the converts do, which is: If a confession helps the cause of freedom, should others go and sin so they in turn can come out and help freedom some more?

El Campesino was the man of action, as distinguished from the more literary Communist man of talk. He was a tremendous fighter in the Spanish civil war, and the Bolshie bureaucrats built him up as a folk hero. When he turned against them, they tore him down. First, however, they used him, or tried to use him, in the purges and terrors whose beginnings Orwell saw in Catalonia. He was cast as the fall guy to show that only the Communists could hold Teruel. The plan miscarried but the Popular Front was split wide open and anyway the Loyalists lost the war. Still a useful hero, Campesino was welcomed in Russia with more than the usual propaganda fireworks—but told to mind his p's and q's. He could never do that, and when he was asked to inform against his friends he grew furious. One thing led to another, until it occurred to him that under his new Russian name, Piotr Antonovich, he was being trained as an oppressor. And when he charged that the Spanish Communist party had directed a rule or ruin policy in Republican Spain, that didn't make things any easier for him. The long ordeal of degradation and torture began. Indeed, no man who has escaped from Soviet Russia in recent years has brought out with him a more searing story than Campesino's. Only he could have survived so many different deaths between Teruel and the Persian border, one feels. And then one remembers others.

The Trial and the Witness

THE ordeal that Whittaker Chambers went through, on the other hand, is often forgotten in violent arguments [illegible] whether he really was or was not a nicer man than Alger Hiss. He has his day in [illegible], however, and I don't see how even his most scornful enemies can fail to be moved by it, as they were moved by the plight of Hiss, in compassion. It is Chambers who sees the two of them, objectively, in this passage from his book, at the climax: "As hour by hour the agony mounted, died away and mounted again, point by damning point, I was more and more bowed under the sense of how much each of us was the prey, rather than an actor, in this historic experience to which what had been best in us had led us, from motives incomprehensible to most of those who watched or heard us, to this end." That is the kind of passage that sticks in the mind more deeply than page after page of verbatim testimony in this very long, very skillfully written book, covering communism, farming, family, and life at *Time*.

One of the things that must remain, as Chambers says, incomprehensible, is how members of an underground conspiracy group could know each other well, live in each other's houses, go on trips together, and yet not know each other's full names. You'd think the ordinary habits of espionage would take care of that. Much more comprehensible are the scars that were left on Chambers by a desperately unhappy childhood and early family life. He went into communism at the height of this nation's prosperity, in Calvin Coolidge's palmiest days, when most members of his generation were having a better time, by far, than any American generation has had before or since. Thus, for once, the Depression is not given credit for the invitation to that dance of death. It was a conviction that the world was going to hell in a handbasket. The evil of communism finally drove him out, after many violent experiences in the underworld of treason and terror where communism operates, out of sight of the publicly known members and most of their fellow-travelers. To me, one of the most callous things in this book of revelations is the place where one out of many clandestine meetings was held in Washington. It was Arlington National Cemetery, above the graves of men who died fighting for their country.

Prelude in Spain

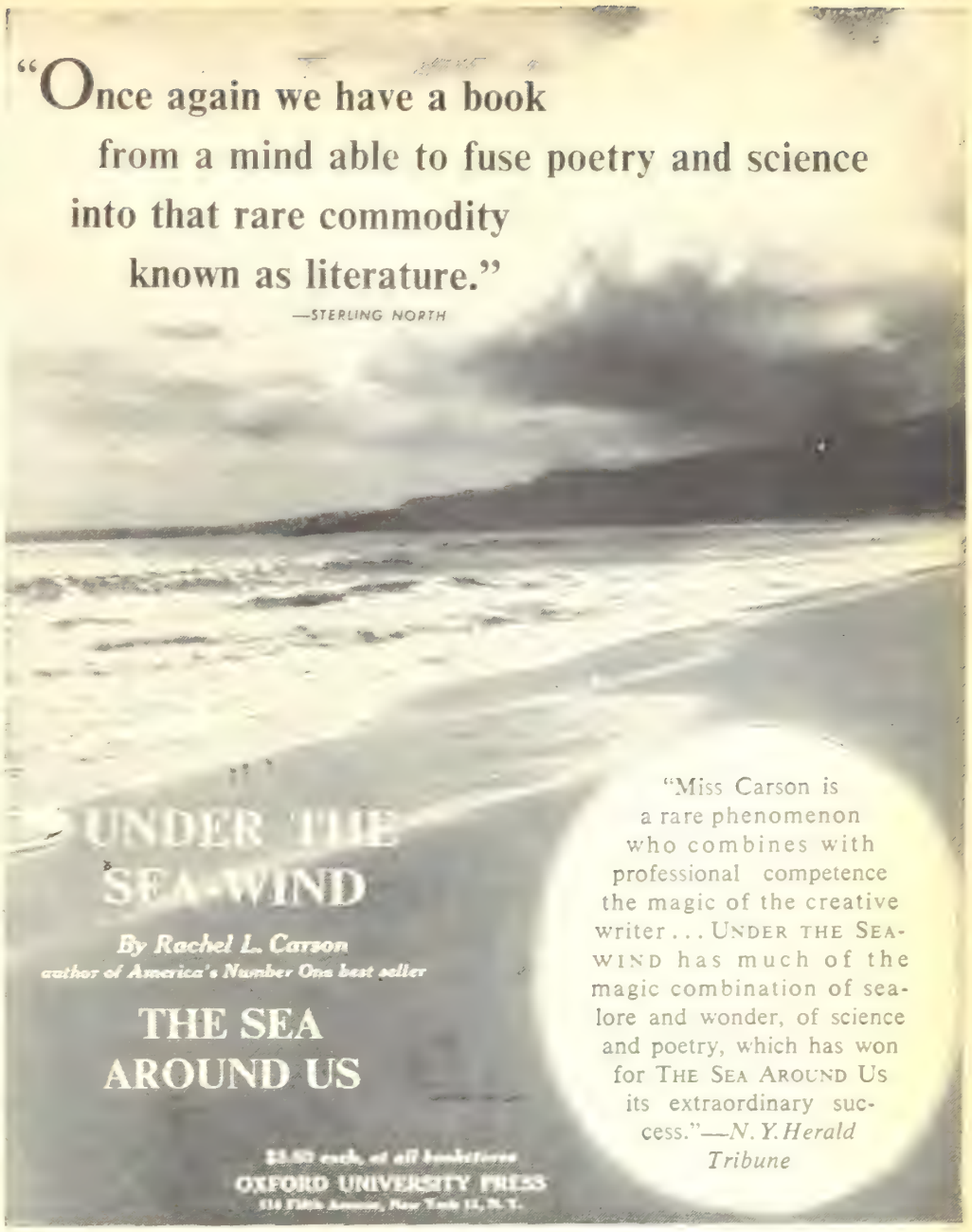
GEORGE ORWELL'S *Homage to Catalonia* is an account of his adventures as a volunteer in an Anarchist outfit during the Spanish civil war and a personal testament to the way the Communists marched to their disastrous power in Barce-

Iona. It was published in England while the war was still going on, and long before the truth came out, so that it has the rare interest of true prophecy seen in retrospect. The book is not flawless. An erratum note found in Orwell's papers after his death, for example, clears a fairly important error in confusing the Assault Guards with the Civil Guards. But Orwell's capacity for describing action in terse, cantless prose never showed to better advantage. And one can see how his satire on Stalin's totalitarianism, *Animal Farm,* as well as *Nineteen Eighty-Four,* grew from roots in this book. "I had the ineradicable English belief that 'they' cannot arrest you unless you have broken the law," he remarks in describing the civil-war-within-a-civil-war in Barcelona, and adds that it is a most dangerous view to hold during a political purge. Yet that English belief in a man's rights under the law was to save a good many hides in the years ahead.

The Worlds of Winston Churchill

Winston Churchill: An Informal Study of Greatness, by Robert Lewis Taylor (Doubleday, $4.50), is the most entertaining and the most revealing collection of Churchillian anecdotes ever assembled in one book, and probably the most human biography we shall ever have of the great man, to boot. Once in a while I grew a little uneasy while reading it. As the good stories clattered on at a bantering, cantering pace, I felt like a diner at a banquet who glances out of the corner of his eye to see how the guest of honor is taking all the toastmaster's admiring persiflage. Once in a while I got the distinct feeling that Mr. Churchill might reach out and pin Mr. Taylor's ears back. But the feeling soon passed. For Mr. Taylor has obviously done a formidable amount of research to put this book together, and the whole story is here. "It is engrossing but idle to ponder the probable course of England," Mr. Taylor writes, had a headstrong young Winston Churchill fallen in the terrible cavalry charge at Omdurman. "It is not fantastic to suggest, however, that today's government in London would be in the hands of either a

"Once again we have a book from a mind able to fuse poetry and science into that rare commodity known as literature."
—STERLING NORTH



UNDER THE SEA-WIND

By Rachel L. Carson
author of America's Number One best seller

THE SEA AROUND US

$3.50 each, at all bookstores
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

"Miss Carson is a rare phenomenon who combines with professional competence the magic of the creative writer... UNDER THE SEA-WIND has much of the magic combination of sea-lore and wonder, of science and poetry, which has won for THE SEA AROUND US its extraordinary success."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

THE HANDBOOK OF PRIVATE SCHOOLS
33rd edition, 992 pp., $8.00

A completely revised edition of the standard annual Directory. Critically describes and classifies Private Schools, — Primary, Secondary, Specialized, Boarding and Day Schools, and Junior Colleges. Many new features have been added.

"The 33d Handbook is the best one put out yet." "I find that some of the new features, in the way of listing schools and school memberships, are particularly helpful." "We congratulate you for your fine editorial on your father and the various improvements."

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTIONS
A Report—1951
132 pp., red silk cloth, $2.00

Endeavors to throw light on contemporary trends and extend our perspective. A memorial volume to Porter E. Sargent who, for thirty-seven years, edited and published the Handbook, "Educational Directions" includes many tributes to his long and constructive career.

Educational Counseling for Parents
Hundreds of families are helped in finding the right schools or camps for their children. Catalogs and requested information supplied. Write stating particulars.

PORTER SARGENT
11 Beacon Street Boston 8, Mass.



An exotic pilgrimage into the richness of a distant land

JOURNEY TO PERSIA
BY ROBERT PAYNE

AFTER a journey to fabled, far-away Persia, a writer of magnificent prose pays tribute to its splendors, past and present — the mystery, customs, landscape, cities and ruins of a dazzling world. Illustrated with photographs. $3.75

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC. - NEW YORK 10

FOR
. . . and
permanent
reference



STANDARD DICTIONARY of
FOLKLORE,
Mythology, and Legend
Edited by Maria Leach

These two volumes gather together in one major, overall survey the folklore, mythology and legend of the world. In one alphabetical arrangement of 8,000 entries are the gods, heroes, tales, motifs, customs, songs, dances, games, guardian spirits and demons of all the cultures. Includes original signed articles by 33 of the world's leading folklorists and anthropologists.

TWO VOLUMES, BOXED $20.

At Your Bookstore or Direct From
FUNK & WAGNALLS
153 E. 24 St. • New York 10, N. Y.

Get the BEST! Get
FUNK & WAGNALLS
DICTIONARIES

New College Standard Dictionary EM'-PHA-TYPE Edition
Most complete college-size edition — 145,000 definitions — at-a-glance pronunciation.
$5.50 plain $6.00 thumb-indexed

New Desk Standard Dictionary EM'-PHA-TYPE Edition
Perfect for home and office use. 100,000 definitions - synonyms, antonyms, secretarial practice, charts,
$3.75 plain $4.25 thumb-indexed

New Standard Dictionary Unabridged Edition
$15.00 Sheepskin binding

FUNK & WAGNALLS
153 E. 24 St. New York 10, N. Y.

German or a Russian gauleiter, and that mankind would be much farther advanced on its determined return to all-fours."

A man who offended Churchill with a tedious story was told: "I predict that you will go far in the wrong direction." When he heard that suffragettes were chaining themselves to railings in the park, and would stay till they got the vote, he suggested that a gentleman might just as well "chain himself to the railings of St. Thomas Hospital and say he wouldn't move until he has had a baby." While persons who have since recanted were still finding utterable beauties in the Bolshevik state, he was impaling "the bestial appetites of Leninism." In a short burst of spare time he once wrote a novel about high doings and low plots in a mythical state, called *Savrola*. It netted about $3,500. "I have consistently urged my friends to abstain from reading it," Mr. Churchill later said, a novel point of view for a novelist.

On board the battleship *Prince of Wales* during the Atlantic Charter session, he read C. S. Forester's *Captain Horatio Hornblower,* and he has probably enjoyed the latest in that exuberantly anachronistic series, ***Lieutenant Hornblower*** (Little, Brown, $3.50), which takes us on a spirited expedition to the Spanish Main.

A Graham Greene Omnibus

ANOTHER excellent book of adventure is ***Three by Graham Greene*** (Viking, $3.95), which is highly recommended for your summer reading if you do not already know the three novels it contains: *The Ministry of Fear, The Confidential Agent,* and *This Gun for Hire.* And a book you may want to consult carefully before you start on your holiday travels is ***The Columbia Lippincott Gazeteer of the World*** (Columbia University Press–Lippincott, $50), edited by Leon E. Seltzer. This is a miraculously useful volume to have around at all times, though I imagine it would rather overbalance your baggage allowance on any plane, since it is the size and weight of a well-nourished cornerstone. And it seems to be able to answer just about any geographical questions you ask it, from a column and a half on London, three and a half columns on Spain, four and a half columns on Mexico, the state of Mexico, and the city of Mexico, to four lines on Rocquencourt ("agr. village ((pop. 147)), Seine-et-Oise dept., N central France just NW of Versailles. Military hq. of North Atlantic Treaty Organization was established here, 1951"), and the same amount of space on Mount Eisenhower in Alberta ("Renamed 1946 from Castle Mtn.").

"Romancing over a Bottle"

I HAD to consult the British *Who's Who* to find out anything about that mysterious novelist, Henry Green, whose new book is ***Doting*** (Viking, $3). Mr. Green, it seems, is the managing director of an engineering company in Birmingham, a fact that must amuse him when he notes that lit'ry critics find him too fine a stylist for their simple tastes; he is also an Oxford man and a veteran of the wartime London fire services. What is his recreation? "Romancing over the bottle, to a good band," according to *Who's Who,* which is sure enough of itself to permit a light touch, and that's precisely what *Doting* is about. In fact, it would have made a good subtitle for this novel, a rueful, brilliant satire on a man at the dangerous age, somewhat in love with a young girl and head over heels in love with the idea that he is appallingly misunderstood by his wife. She knows all, and expertly turns the tables on him—as well as a few incidental cartwheels of her own. The story is told entirely in dialogue, some of the best dialogue that anyone is writing today.

Presenting Wilkie Collins

IN A more Victorian mood, read ***Wilkie Collins*** (Macmillan, $4.50), by Kenneth Robinson, a first-rate biography of the strange and gifted friend of Charles Dickens who wrote those two masterpieces of chilling adventure, *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone,* both of which should turn up on lists of vacation reading. He was in the great tradition of the English eccentrics, given more to saying what he thought than

BACK DOOR TO *War*

Roosevelt Foreign Policy 1933-1941

704 Pages, Index, $6.50

by Charles Callan Tansill

Before the truth about Roosevelt foreign policy could be known, the State Department's confidential files had to be opened to a historian who was not an Administration apologist. Such a historian is Charles Callan Tansill. He was given access to the secret diplomatic archives for the years preceding Pearl Harbor, and BACK DOOR TO WAR is based largely on this data. It contains more unpublished materials than any book yet printed on this subject.

Tansill's book on our involvement in World War I, *America Goes to War* (1938), was greeted by Henry Steele Commager as "...the most valuable contribution to the history of the pre-war years in our literature." Of his new book, the author himself has written: "I was given access to the confidential correspondence that revealed the President's policy of proclaiming pacifism while working for war... I have not been under any compulsion to write a 'whitewash' of the Roosevelt regime and have told the story as it developed from the examination of countless pages of diplomatic correspondence."

Charles Callan Tansill is Professor of American Diplomatic History at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. As technical adviser to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee from 1918 to 1928, and a respected scholar in the field of diplomatic history, he is uniquely qualified to give an adequately documented account of the steps which led to our entrance into the second world war.

Ask for it at your nearest bookstore.

HENRY REGNERY COMPANY
20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4

considering what he should say, making sweeping judgments and cheerful atonements, plowing through triumph and disaster with humor and urbanity. Occasionally, though, these gifts almost failed him, as when he was trying to tell Hawthorne's son how much he admired *The Scarlet Letter*.

"Even the second volume, where most novelists weaken, is fine," Collins said, with imprudent generosity, "and the third fulfills the splendid promise of the first."

Young Hawthorne was unkind enough to suggest, at this point, that *The Scarlet Letter* was strictly a one-volume work.

"Pardon me! Three volumes, and large ones!" said Collins, and marched to his bookcase, where the single volume he discovered seemed to baffle him, as well it might. Then he rallied:

"You are right. One volume and not over seventy thousand words in all! It is incomprehensible! Such a powerful impression in so small a space!"

Puccini's Golden West

GIACOMO PUCCINI, who wrote "Tosca," "Bohème," "Madame Butterfly," "The Girl of the Golden West," and so on, also had a pretty nimble wit, which is well exhibited in Dante del Fiorentino's ***Immortal Bohemian*** (Prentice-Hall, $3.50), an exuberant, intimate, imaginative memoir, as full of adventures in love and tragedy and uproars as one of Puccini's operas.

Father Dante, who grew up near Puccini in Lucca and knew his whole life like a well-liked score, says that "next to music, beautiful women, and the Tuscan earth," Puccini liked speed, particularly in motor cars and motor boats.

Once he saw just the boat he instantly knew he had wanted all his life, in a Fifth Avenue window. The trouble was that it cost $3,000 and the notion of spending so much money for it seemed strikingly disloyal to a lifelong romance he conducted with the goddess of thrift, whoever she may be. It seemed to him, on reflection, that so lavish a sum would look better in engraved deeds to land, or negotiable securities.

THE Case AGAINST Psychoanalysis

A sensational new book by **ANDREW SALTER**

author of Conditioned Reflex Therapy

$2.50 *at all booksellers* **HOLT**



the boy who grew up in a house full of manless women

The Strange Relationship

between Nietzsche
and his sister Elisabeth
SUPPRESSED
FOR FIFTY YEARS
revealed at last in the philosopher's own confession

MY SISTER AND I

The story of a Famous Brother and a terrifyingly ambitious younger Sister, who grew to love each other physically as children and continued to do so into maturity — to the exclusion of all other men and women.

One has to read only a few pages of this breathless book to realize why it has been hushed up all these years.

Quite simply, and in fearful earnest, the 19th century's greatest philosopher tells how he was gradually led into this extraordinarily dangerous love-trap which kept him from marrying and caused the suicide of his sister's only husband.

MY SISTER AND I was written in an asylum in Jena. Undoubtedly it was his studied revenge on his family for refusing to let him publish an earlier and much tamer confession, entitled *Ecce Homo* which did not appear till ten years after his death.

MY SISTER AND I had to wait over fifty years because it could not be made public until all the actors in the great drama had passed away.

PUBLISHED AT $4
Special Price to Our Readers
ONLY $2.95
Order Before Stock is Exhausted

[illegible]
full credit if it does not fully meet my expectations.
NAME _____
ZONE___STATE_____

Nevertheless, the boat continued to speed through his dreams, waking as well as sleeping, apparently, for one night at a Vanderbilt party in his honor he met a distinguished banker (all bankers in stories like these are patrons of the arts) who said it was his ambition to own an original score by Puccini. What occupied *his* dream spaces at the moment, it turned out, was his favorite passage in music, Musetta's waltz in "Bohème." And he made it clear that he would pay well for a copy of it in Puccini's own handwriting.

"Would you," Puccini ventured to say, possibly just to keep the conversation urbanely alive, "pay three thousand dollars for it?"

"Yes," said the banker, without batting an eye.

"Then you shall have it," said Puccini. "I will write it out and bring it to you tomorrow."

The boat was christened *Minnie,* after the heroine of "The Girl of the Golden West."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

Who Walk in Darkness, by Chandler Brossard.

With a little inattention to book titles mentioned in the text, specific prize-fight dates, etc., it would be easy to read this modern novel as a Greenwich Village Depression novel of the early thirties. There is no hint that anything new goes on in the world. Here is a familiar lot of unemployed drifters (too proud to work?): the same *dolce far niente* attitude, and a central preoccupation with matters no more important than who is to buy the next round of drinks and where the next easy woman is to be found. There are two characters who have a minor sense of decency, but even for them the greatest use for courage seems to consist in publicly denying any decent motives they may privately hold. . . . There are fine descriptions and fine feeling about New York, for which the author seems to have more affection than for any of his characters. If this is a rounded picture of the way a group of young people — pseudo-"intellectuals" — is choosing to live in a world of Korean war, the United Nations, and national mobilization, not to mention the cultural interests (besides prize fights) that New York has to offer, I don't believe they are a very significant group. They influence nobody. They interest nobody. If they are important, the Russians might as well step in tomorrow and who will care?

New Directions, $2.75

Flee the Angry Strangers, by George Mandel.

A non-Greenwich Village New Yorker reading the novel noted above and then this one can only feel gratitude at the city's diversity; a relief to be living in some other part of it. And many Villagers will not recognize their own part. Yet the authors make the point that only in the Village does one find such a cross-section of all kinds of life. And these two authors are concerned with the more miserable characters, even in the Village, Mr. Brossard with the intellectually perverted, Mr. Mandel with the moral diseases induced by drugs. Of the two, Mr. Mandel's book is the more credible, for all its sordidness. Here are people fighting against their doom, especially Diane, the seventeen-year-old mother of an illegitimate child. The author has endowed her with beauty and a childish grace as well as a stark and believable terror of the world, and the reader cares about her and about some of the staunch characters who try to help her. The story has universal human dimensions. . . . But there is just too much of it; many too many scenes in the dives of the fallen where the same doomed people carry on the same doomed conversations time after time. No matter how well reported, they are dull. In fact the better they are reported, the duller they are. For the purposes of the novel a little more suggestion and a little less delineation would have brought it to its moving and inevitable conclusion sooner and better. But it is a serious and thoughtful piece of

Who is MacArthur's choice for President? . . .

You'll find the answer in

NEWSWEEK'S

HISTORY of our TIMES . . .

Volume 3 - 1952



IN this dramatic account of the significant headline-making events of recent history, 21 top *Newsweek* editors report the news in perspective—to give you a fuller, clearer understanding of today's trends. It's a new kind of reference work that reads like your favorite news magazine—a permanent, valuable annual reference with popular appeal and unquestioned authority. **$6.00**

At your favorite bookstore or direct from

FUNK & WAGNALLS

153 E. 24th St. New York 10, N. Y.

A mysterious land that's growing as a power

Liberia

AMERICA'S AFRICAN FRIEND

By R. EARLE ANDERSON

A concise, colorful report on Liberia — its history and life today, its new importance. The author, a corporation executive and government official, brilliantly analyzes such developments as the Firestone enterprise, with its implications for the Point Four program; the fabulous Bomi Hills iron mine; the infant and growing cocoa industry; the Lend-Lease construction of the Port of Monrovia; and other vital issues that make Liberia of strategic importance to the Western Hemisphere. Illustrated. $5.00

Chapel Hill

At all bookstores

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS

BOOKS IN BRIEF

work if occasionally pedestrian, occasionally overwritten.

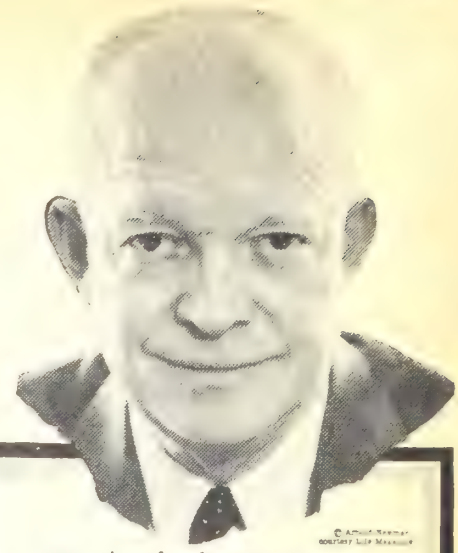
Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75

Invisible Man, by Ralph Ellison.

Geographically this novel is set in another part of the city—Harlem. But its stature as a novel is such that the geography is unimportant. It is the story of a trusting man, who happens to be a Negro, traveling through disillusion to distrust of his fellows and of himself. It is profoundly important that the hero of the book is a Negro: the fact charges every situation with special tension and adds much to our understanding of the unsolved racial problem in our midst. But in another sense these tragedies of disillusion are those of any sensitive innocent facing an unkind world. . . . The book is violent and terrible, but it is also beautiful as the Greenwich Village novels are not. The difference is that between two perceptive reporters (in the novels above) and a perceptive poet here who knows the meaning and use of symbols, who makes his meaning transcend his scene, and the scene serve his idea. Moreover the scenes are all memorable, whether dealing with sexual aberration, Communist meetings, or personal betrayal, and the whole adds up to a first novel of great power. Random House, $3.50

Missing, by Egon Hostovsky.

"People who aren't indifferent to one another, who have traveled through life together for awhile, naturally shape one another's destiny to some extent." Here, perhaps, is the central idea in this spy-thriller story about Prague just before the coup in '48. Several people in various walks of life are looking for their friend, Paul Kral, a Czech journalist who is suddenly and inexplicably missing. He means something special in each of their lives. That is the central idea. Another, almost equally important, could serve, in its confusion, as an epitaph for free Czechoslovakia and perhaps for her beloved Jan Masaryk, who appears as a character in the book: "How clear it all used to be and how obscure it was now: heroism, honor, treason, cowardice, friends,



An intimate book about Eisenhower—by the man who knows him best

MAN FROM ABILENE

Kevin McCann, close friend and associate who worked constantly at his elbow for more than five years—now reveals what Eisenhower thinks about vital issues of the day his life, development, achievements "A great man—and a humble one – emerges from these pages."—*Virginia Kirkus.*

At all booksellers, $2.50

DOUBLEDAY

The final book of a brilliant writer . . .



Louis Adamic

His firsthand account of Tito and Yugoslavia, their significance to us today.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROOTS

This is the vital story that Louis Adamic had to tell to awaken the world—an eyewitness report on his beloved homeland, Yugoslavia. Here is the land and its people today, how the Communists took over, the sensational break with Russia and, for the first time, the complete life of Tito—key to the revolutionary temper of our times.

At all booksellers $5 • DOUBLEDAY

READ
REBECCA WEST
OR
WHITTAKER CHAMBERS
IN THE JUNE
ATLANTIC
NOW
AT NEWSTANDS

OUT OF-PRINT BOOKS
supplied. All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 58th Street, Dept. H, New York 19, N. Y.

UNUSUAL
LITERARY
ITEMS

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE
FRANKLIN, O.

ATHEIST BOOKS
N. Y.

SELL YOUR LITERARY SERVICES

CHANGING
YOUR ADDRESS?
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

and foes." But around these serious ideas runs a wonderfully amusing and exciting story of spying and counterspying with all that such a story must have these days: an intricate plot, a convincing background, plenty of psychological trimming, symbols (that are sometimes not quite clear to this reader), and an unmistakable moral. Mr. Hostovsky worked with Masaryk in Prague in the diplomatic service and never returned to his country after the revolution. For all the humor and easy storytelling the words stand out on the pages in something stronger than ink.

Viking, $3

Epitaph for a Spy, by Eric Ambler.

In 1937 stateless people were not the tragic commonplace they are today. But they did exist, and in a story written then but never published in this country before, Mr. Ambler uses a DP as the centerpiece of a harrowing and exciting tale. Because M. Vadassy was an exile from Yugoslavia and not yet a French citizen, he was ready prey for the police when some mysterious films were found in his possession. How he was made to co-operate with the local authorities in a man hunt on the French Riviera is the heart of this spy thriller by the author of *A Coffin for Demetrios* and *Judgment on Deltchev.*

Knopf, $3

The Soft Voice of the Serpent, by Nadine Gordimer.

The title story in this book of short stories by a young South African woman appeared in our May issue, and we published another, "A Present for a Good Girl," a month earlier. *Harper's* readers need no further introduction to the work of this able storyteller whose first novel, still untitled, will be published next year.

Simon & Schuster, $3.50

NON-FICTION

Prisoners at the Bar and *Guilty or Not Guilty,* by Francis X. Busch.

These two volumes contain between them the stories of eight famous American trials. The reader is sup-

Have You a
SCHOOL
or
COLLEGE
problem?

If you want **catalogs of one or more schools or colleges advertised in this issue, HARPER'S will have them sent to you, and save your making a number of individual inquiries.**

If you want **catalogs of any schools not advertised in this issue but have heard about otherwise, we'll gladly have them sent also for your study and guidance.**

If you need authoritative **and impartial suggestions about schools or colleges, we can assist you as we have thousands of parents, guardians, etc., *for over 50 years.***

The coupon below is for your convenience. There are no fees involved.

Address **Mrs. Lewis D. Bement,**
Director of Educational Guidance
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me catalogs of the following schools and colleges:

.....

.....

.....

I would be glad to have you suggest schools or colleges. (Check)

Boys ☐ *Girls* ☐ *Coed* ☐

Age ☐

Location preferred .....

Other requirements .....

Name .....

Address .....

6-52

posed to participate as the "thirteenth juror." Mr. Busch is a well-known trial lawyer himself and has taken his stories directly from the court records. The four trials in the first book are all murder trials—William Haywood, Sacco and Vanzetti, Loeb and Leopold, Bruno Hauptmann—inevitably dramatic and fascinating, however tragic. The second volume includes two murders, and the trials of Samuel Insull and Alger Hiss in addition. If these books are not as distinguished in their writing as Edgar Lustgarten's *Defenders' Triumph* published last year (all murder cases in which the defendant went free), they are still perceptive and concise records, and by their nature full of excitement.

Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50 per vol.

Is Anybody Listening? by William H. Whyte, Jr., and the editors of *Fortune*. Drawings by Robert Osborn.

Where have Big Business, Free Enterprise, the Corporation, fumbled the ball in their relations with the public, with their employees, with the wives of their employees? Where have they been all too successful with their hymn to conformity, in their stunting of creative impulses in terms of personality and life? Does anybody know? Mr. Whyte and his colleagues have attempted, aided by interviews and questionnaires, to answer these questions in a provocative series of chapters (several were in *Life* and *Fortune*). The book is both stimulating and disturbing. Can we pull ourselves out of this swamp of phony "integration" with the "system"? This book —and Mr. Osborn's drawings—are a bit of firm ground in any case.

Simon & Schuster, $3

Give the Lady What She Wants: The story of Marshall Field & Co., by Floyd Wendt and Herman Kogan.

Today's lady who doesn't hesitate to call Best & Co., or Wanamaker, or Marshall Field and casually ask them to pick up a dress she has bought and wishes to return, doesn't realize to whom she owes this convenience. In 1861 an inspired Chicago storekeeper, Potter Palmer, ran the following advertisement in a Chicago paper:

> Purchases made at my establishment that prove unsatisfactory either in price, quality, or style, can be returned (to the Cashier's Desk) for which the purchase money will be with pleasure returned.

It was an entirely new policy in merchandising and is the basis on which Marshall Field & Co. has continued to do business ever since. This book tells the story of the various men—Potter Palmer, Marshall Field, John Shedd, Harry Gordon Selfridge, Huston McBain, and others who have built up the Marshall Field store in Chicago into the institution it is today. It is quick, somewhat superficial history of men and merchandising with many diverting tales of changing fads and fashions over the last century. Delightfully illustrated.

Rand McNally, $4.50

FORECAST

Campaign, On and Off.

When Truman announced that he would not run again for the Presidency a lot of people thought the sales of the Hillman biography of Truman would fall off. They don't seem to have, and in any case Farrar, Straus & Young announced proudly that in June they expected to be ready with a biography of Adlai Stevenson by ***Noel Busch,*** senior editor of *Life*. Mr. Stevenson's "No" has not changed this plan. A lot of people still seem to want to know about the man from Illinois.

More Summer Novels

June is as full of novels as of brides. On June 12 Rinehart is publishing a ghostly novel "in the tradition of *Rebecca*" called *The Other Elizabeth,* by ***Jess Gregg.*** On June 19 Harcourt Brace will release *The Closest Kin There Is* by ***Clara Winston.*** This is billed as a spectacular first novel of a brother and sister relationship that will remind its readers of *Ethan Frome*. From Houghton Mifflin on June 26 comes *Matador,* a story of bullfighting by twenty-nine-year-old ***Barnaby Conrad,*** who has served as U.S. Consul

the new book

almanac

Literally hundreds of books are published *every single week.* In this flood of print that sums up so much learning and so much wit, many a fine book goes unreviewed . . . almost unannounced. Some are privately printed, others too special for the literary column. Many more are missed simply because there are so many new books that critics can find time and space for only a few with broad appeal. The New Book Almanac is planned as a reference place where publishers can call to the attention of Harper's readers, who are bookhounds of a specially eager breed, good books, reviewed or unreviewed, which they may have missed.

LITERATURE

JOHN STUART MILL AND HARRIET TAYLOR— Their Friendship and Subsequent Marriage, by F. A. Hayek. Newly discovered correspondence affording a charming glimpse of Victorian England. ". . . in addition to being a valuable contribution to the understanding of a historical situation . . . a thoroughly good picture gallery." *Manchester Guardian.* University of Chicago Press. . . . $4.50

MASTERPIECES OF WORLD LITERATURE edited by Frank N. Magill and with an introduction by Clifton Fadiman. This comprehensive survey of literature contains accurate, sequence-by-sequence plot synopses of 350 novels, plays, tales and epic poems covering 20 centuries of world literature. 1,144 pages. Harper & Brothers $5.95

PHILOSOPHY

CULTURAL SCIENCES: Their Origin and Development, by Florian Znaniecki. How the physical, natural, and cultural sciences relate and how they are unique, as shown in a penetrating, lucid account of accomplishments and potentialities of each. For scientists in every field, and laymen interested in the question what is knowledge. "A landmark in sociological literature."—P. Sorokin. Univ. of Illinois Press $6.00

POLITICS

SIDE PORCH DEMOCRACY, By Wilbur Clarke Benton. Portrays the middle class at its best, with liberal, optimistic, democratic views. A remarkable narrative of people exemplifying political, scientific and educational views during the rapidly changing decade, 1940-1950. Written with both good humor and good sense. . . . . DORRANCE $2.50

HISTORY

THE AGE OF THE BAROQUE: 1610-1660, by Carl J. Friedrich. The well-known historian portrays the essential pattern of a tumultuous period, and shows how "the baroque state of mind" molded such great and diverse figures as Richelieu and Cromwell, Descartes and Galileo, Reubens and Velasquez. 32 pages of halftones. Harper & Brothers $5.00

ART

BEAUTY BEHIND BARBED WIRE, *The Arts of the Japanese in our War Relocation Camps* by Allen H. Eaton. Foreword by Eleanor Roosevelt. The story of how over 100,000 people of Japanese ancestry brought beauty into their lives when they were evacuated from their West Coast homes during the last war. Over 100 photographs & bibliography. Harper & Brothers. $6.00

COSTUME OF THE WESTERN WORLD. *Fashions of the Renaissance in England, France, Holland and Spain* edited by James Laver. A beautifully illustrated account of the developments of fashion, from the Middle Ages through the Renaissance, with a text which give sthe political, social and economic background of each country and each period. 170 illustrations. Harper & Brothers. $12.50

ORDER ANY OF THESE BOOKS FROM YOUR OWN BOOKSELLER

PLEASE MAKE MY DADDY WELL



"Mom says he is not in Korea any more. So I thought he would come home to us. But now Mom says he is in a Navy hospital and he needs blood to get well. I wanted to help, but they can't take my blood till I am 18. Please give my Dad some blood so he will come home to us soon."

Our Armed Forces require 300,000 pints of blood every month to save the lives of wounded men in hospitals in Korea, Japan and the U. S., and to rebuild reserves that could be wiped out in a single national disaster. The need has *never* been greater. Make your appointment for a blood donation today. And keep it for the sake of thousands of men whose lives still depend upon you.

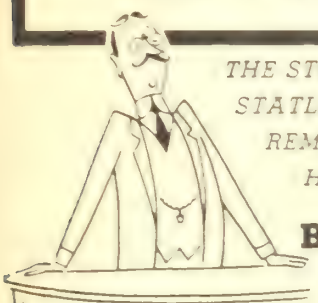
ARMED FORCES

BLOOD DONOR PROGRAM

CALL YOUR RED CROSS TODAY!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT PINT OF BLOOD YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE?

It isn't easy to go from bellhop to millionaire —but it's wonderful fun to read about someone who did



THE STORY OF E. M. STATLER AND HIS REMARKABLE HOTELS

By RUFUS JARMAN

a BED for the NIGHT

Once there was a little bellhop who decided that it would be lots of fun to own a thousand-room hotel in New York City. But, because this is a true story, there wasn't any fairy godmother to give it to him. And so the little bellhop, whose name was Ellsworth Milton Statler, engaged in a series of brilliant gambles on a billiard parlor, a bowling alley, a lunch counter, and a couple of world's fairs, and developed some magically new ideas on how a hotel should be run. And, as everybody knows, he got his wish — in the form of not one, but eight fine, huge hotels. He also did a lot to insure that people would live happily, in hotels, ever after, because most modern hotel techniques were Statler innovations: from the location of keyholes to the best way of easing undesirable young ladies out of the guest rooms.

Take it from us — the lighthearted, all but incredible story of E. M. Statler and his famous inns is one that you must read to believe — and you'll love every word of it.

With twenty-five cartoon chapter heads by TONY BARLOW.

At all bookstores • $3.50

HARPER

in Seville, where he studied bullfighting with Sidney Franklin and Juan Belmonte. The book is a dual selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club for July. On June 30 Macmillan is publishing a first novel which they feel is so worthy of wide distribution that they are trying the experiment of printing a large first printing in paper-bound covers, selling for $1.50. The book is *Six Angels at My Back* by ***John Bell Clayton,*** whose short stories have often appeared in this magazine.

Giants Coming Up

As we close the summer novels, fold up our tents and our hammocks, here are a few books to take indoors with us. They wouldn't fit in hammocks anyway. On September 12, *The Man on the Donkey* by ***H. F. M. Prescott*** is being published by Macmillan. It is a 637-page historical novel about England in the time of Henry VIII, which has had great acclaim in England. But Houghton Mifflin goes them one—or several—better. They are to publish, also in September, a first (still untitled) novel that is the longest American novel ever printed. It will be two volumes, 2,000 pages, selling for $10. It is about early days in Texas, written by a Texas business man named ***Madison A. Cooper,*** who has worked at it off and on for twenty years. Even his best friends didn't know he was a writer until it was announced that he was winner of the 1951 Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship. . . . In September Dutton will publish *The Age of Steam,* a really long railroad book by ***Lucius Beebe*** with more than 1,000 half-tone illustrations. Later in the fall come the wartime essays of eighty-seven-year-old ***Bernard Berenson,*** art critic and scholar, *Rumor and Reflection.* This from Simon and Schuster, who also have on their fall list a new Pogo book (***Walt Kelly***); a new ***Abner Dean*** cartoon collection, *Let's Get the Hell Out of Here;* a *Life of Wendell Willkie* by ***Joseph Barnes;*** and ***S. J. Perelman's*** *I Wasn't Born Yesterday.* . . . Julian Messner's headliner for fall is *Steamboat Gothic,* a large new novel by ***Frances Parkinson Keyes.*** By the time you've finished that, the elections should be upon us.

Let these MILTON CROSS Records show you how to talk your way to SUCCESS!

The Famous Dr. Robinson Course in

EFFECTIVE SPEAKING

Narrated by MILTON CROSS

Five double-side, non-breakable standard speed records in a beautifully bound, sturdy album

Now, you can improve your voice and speaking ability this quick, easy way — merely by listening to Milton Cross on these self-teaching records for a few minutes a day. You gain poise, a rich speaking voice, and the knack of expressing your ideas clearly and naturally without stepping outside your own home. At last, here is your golden opportunity to acquire the secrets of successful speaking at an extraordinary low cost and with minimum effort.

10 Powerful Lessons

Ten dynamic lessons explain and illustrate every aspect of speaking effectively. You discover how to banish forever the fear of talking on your feet—how to make your voice more resonant, richer in tone, and more capable of holding the interest of listeners—how to achieve complete relaxation of voice, manner and body—and how to speak without the slightest trace of nervousness, timidity, or self-consciousness.

Let Milton Cross show you how . . .

On these records, Milton Cross, in the voice that is familiar to millions of admirers, brings you the methods which helped him become one of America's finest speakers. You hear him pronouncing words with his flawless diction. You get easy-to-follow drills and specific exercises. You learn to speak fluent, effortless, powerful English — the easy way — by listening and imitating.

In his Carnegie Hall studios, Dr. Walter O. Robinson has helped thousands of men and women whose careers were being handicapped by their inability to talk well. Now, that his famous course is available on records — he can do the same for you right in your own home.

Ten Days' Free Examination

HARPER & BROTHERS
51 E. 33rd St., N. Y. 16

Gentlemen: Please send me Dr. Robinson's Course in EFFECTIVE SPEAKING for 10 days' free examination. Within that time I will remit $8.95, plus a few cents mailing charges, or return it postpaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone.... State.....

SAVE! If you enclose payment publisher will pay mailing charges. Same return privilege. 1523 P4

A brilliant survey of violent changes and their effects from the American Revolution to the present day.

THE PRICE OF Revolution



By D. W. BROGAN

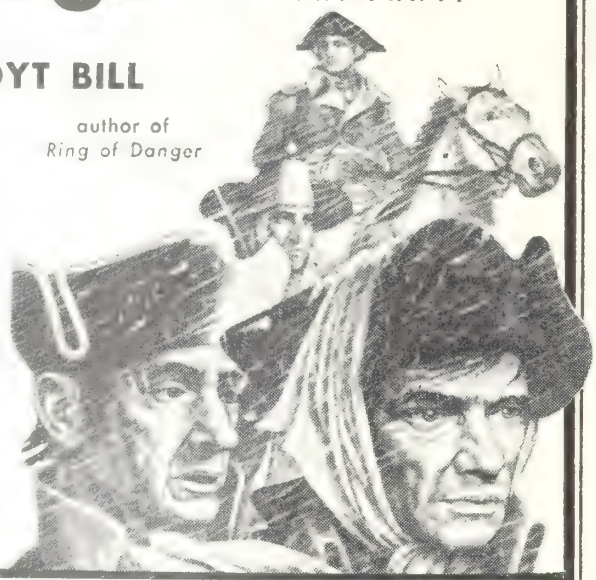
"The range of Professor Brogan's information and the readiness of his learning are now proverbial, and here . . . are displayed in all their brilliance. But there is something more; there is coherent argument and there is imagination."
—*The Spectator* (London)

"A work of extreme excitement and intellectual stimulation . . . a-glitter with a myriad historical treasures."—*The Daily Telegraph* (London)
$3.50

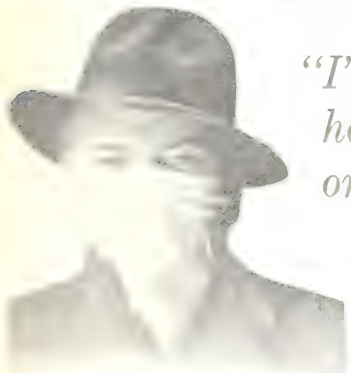
Valley Forge: *THE MAKING OF AN ARMY*

By ALFRED HOYT BILL

author of *Ring of Danger*



"It is more than a good book; it is a book that needed to be written . . . Mr. Bill has given us the story of the great, the hopeful and creative labor of transforming a half-starved mob of ragged men into the first truly American army . . . an excellent job."—LYNN MONTROSS, author of *Rag, Tag and Bobtail*. Illustrated with maps. $3.50



MY LIFE IN Crime

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PROFESSIONAL CRIMINAL

"I've been in some of the finest homes, I'm sure. One way or the other."

Word for word and fact for incredible fact this is the utterly candid personal story of a man who confesses to burglary, grand larceny, safeblowing, arson, armed robbery, assault with intent to kill and bootlegging to name a few of the lively elements of a busy life. You've never read anything like it before! $3.00

Reported by

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

At all bookstores

All Hits All Harper's

"The best single-volume work on the war in Europe" is how *Life* describes **THE STRUGGLE FOR EUROPE** by Chester Wilmot. $5.00

To know the real Eisenhower, be sure to read **JOHN GUNTHER'S** *Eisenhower.* $2.50

"Funny and nice . . . and more than anything, young and gay!"—that's how the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* describes **EMILY KIMBROUGH'S** *Through Charley's Door* — her recollections of the years she spent at Marshall Field's. $3.00





JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS has written, in *Strange Lands and Friendly People,* "a rich narrative of travel and adventure . . . north and east of Suez . . . one of the liveliest and most unusual travel chronicles of the year."—*N. Y. Times. Illustrated.* $4.00



The essential book for everyone with a sense of humor is **THE NEW YORKER 25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM.** Nearly 1000 drawings and cartoons. $5.00

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

"A unique portrait of F.D.R. as Governor, President and human being" *



JUDGE SAMUEL ROSENMAN'S

Working With ROOSEVELT

"For 17 years Judge Rosenman was closely associated with Franklin D. Roosevelt in the most vital of his historic decisions, speeches and actions. Rosenman's story of those years is incontestably accurate and authoritative."—*ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

"Informative, illuminating and genuinely moving."
—ARTHUR E. SCHLESINGER, JR.

16 pages of illustrations • $6.00

"No book about politics published in this election year will cause more discussion."
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

THE FUTURE OF American Politics

By SAMUEL LUBELL. "The most suggestive and challenging book about the American party system which has appeared in some time . . . energetic and hard-headed, filled with important fact and penetrating observation . . . an acute and vigorous contribution to the revaluation of our American culture."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

"A book that will not soon be surpassed in its field . . . Mr. Lubell represents something of a combination of the contemplative scholar of breadth and perspective and the skilled research technician."
—*Saturday Review.* $3.50

Where "permissible borrowing" ends and piracy begins

Plagiarism AND Originality

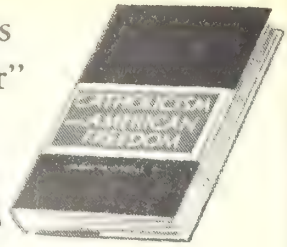
By ALEXANDER LINDEY. An old, established art, plagiarism has been practised since the time of Homer — but there has never been a report like this, to show you when, how and why it occurs and how the law will protect you and your property. Fascinating for the general reader — for theatre and movie goers, TV watchers and radio listeners, PLAGIARISM AND ORIGINALITY contains a special appendix of legal information that makes it essential for every lawyer and all who are concerned with the creative arts. $5.00

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

The important reply to Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power"

CATHOLICISM AND AMERICAN FREEDOM



By JAMES M. O'NEILL, Author of "Religion and Education under the Constitution" . . . nobody can be imagined making [illegible] with more moderation, more ample and exact documentation, or more literary skill than James M. O'Neill exhibits." —HOWARD MAYNARD, *New York Times Book Review*

[illegible] reading for every literate American — Jew, Protestant and Catholic — I do not know of any other writer in a field so partisan who deals with issues at debate more dispassionately." —DANIEL A. POLING. $3.50

A penetrating analysis of the social forces at work in our society, with an accent on the positive . . .

THE NEXT AMERICA

PROPHECY AND FAITH



By LYMAN BRYSON, Professor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. "A great book, a timely book, an eminently readable book. Third in the series of appraisals of America begun by Lord Bryce in his *American Commonwealth* and followed by Herbert Croly's *Promise of American Life,* Lyman Bryson's book comes nearest of all to the real and the ideal America." —ALVIN S. JOHNSON, President Emeritus, The New School for Social Research. $3.50

CREATING AN INDUSTRIAL CIVILIZATION



Edited by EUGENE STALEY. A remarkable cross-fertilization of ideas, from nearly 100 distinguished business and academic leaders, concerning a common problem: the place of *human values* [illegible] increasingly dominated by the products of mechanical [illegible]

"The Corning Conference . . . was of great historical significance. The published report on it is an amazing piece of work and in its field was as important a contribution to progress as any research ever conducted by a physical scientist or laboratory."—LAWRENCE A. APPLEY, President, American Management Association. $4.00

FUNDS AND FOUNDATIONS

THEIR POLICIES PAST AND PRESENT

By ABRAHAM FLEXNER. "A thought-provoking book by the 'educational knight errant,' one of the great pedagogical reformers of our time . . . It will produce violent disagreement in some professional quarters and perhaps a pause for stocktaking." —*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $2.75

FOUNDATIONS OF WORLD ORGANIZATION

A POLITICAL AND CULTURAL APPRAISAL

LYMAN BRYSON, LOUIS FINKELSTEIN, HAROLD D. LASSWELL, and R. M. MacIVER, Editors. Fifty-four intellectual leaders and men of affairs boldly set forth the broad basic conditions that must underlie the creation of any effective world government, and the steps necessary to assure these conditions. *11th Symposium of the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion.* $4.00

CONFLICT OF LOYALTIES

Edited by R. M. MacIVER. A distinguished group of scholars examines the issues which create conflict between group loyalty and personal standards of conduct — including such vital issues as the Hiroshima bombing, and limitations on academic freedom. *A Publication of the Institute for Social and Religious Studies.* $2.00

HARPER & BROTHERS 49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.



Maybe It's Time You Knew WHAT HERBERT HOOVER REALLY STANDS FOR

The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover

1920-1933 The Cabinet and The Presidency

"THE CABINET AND THE PRESIDENCY," immensely important reading, is the second volume of the memoirs of a great public figure. It tells vividly and frankly, the inside story of three Republican administrations.

Where did Herbert Hoover *really* stand on collective bargaining? What did he do to abolish child labor? How did he affect the relations of business and labor? The answers to these questions are important. You can't afford to miss this book. $5.00

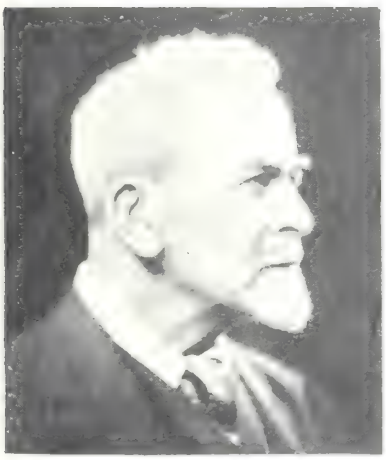
"The most satisfying (as well as comprehensive) theatrical biography I have ever read."
—Harold Clurman, *The New York Times*



HENRY IRVING

By LAURENCE IRVING

Sir Henry Irving, the great Victorian actor, lives again in one of the finest biographies of an actor ever written. The peculiar richness of this biography lies not only in its story of Irving's professional and private life, but also in its background of theatrical and social history. Fully illustrated with 48 pages of photographs, line drawings. *Boxed.* $10.00



One of the most influential sets of books in the history of Western culture...

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

By SIR JAMES G. FRAZER

In 13 volumes — COMPLETE, unabridged, exactly as Sir James originally wrote it. Every student of anthropology, folklore, religion, everyone interested in strange customs, superstitions, taboos, rituals, festivals, and magic, will find a veritable mountain of fascinating information in this tremendous masterpiece of scholarship. Complete in 13 volumes, including the final book, *Aftermath.* $55.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY



. . . it's always

a pleasure

to drink . . . to serve

I. W. HARPER

since 1872

The Gold Medal Whiskey

THE *Prized* BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT *Bourbon*

. . . DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY